

Nicole—The Sexy Remote Control

Jaycee Knight

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"Nicole, what are you wearing?" Julie's voice, high with excitement, penetrated Nicole's focus as she played a game on her phone. Realizing her wait was over, she closed the program and dropped her phone into the pocket of her baggy black cargo pants. She looked down at herself in some surprise, then stood and hugged her best friend.

"What's wrong with it? I'm a programmer, there isn't anyone I need to impress sitting behind a computer screen all day." The baggy t-shirt she wore added some bulk to her slim build and, combined with the pants, she knew she looked a bit like a teenage boy, especially with her long, ink-black hair pulled back into a tight braid so it stayed out of her way. As Julie moved to one of the other seats, Nicole sank back into the one she had vacated.

"Well I mean... oh, I'll never understand you, Nicole. You're so pretty when you actually try." The tall, busty blonde picked up the menu card, eyeing the list of sandwich and salad options. "So what's good here?"

"Everything." Rolling her eyes, Nicole straightened in her seat just as one of the waitresses came over and set down a large mug of black coffee in front of her without even asking, clearly already familiar with her drink order. "A French dip for me today, Julie?" After taking another minute to look over the menu, the other woman shrugged and tossed the card back on the table.

"The grilled chicken salad and a Diet Coke, thanks." Flipping her hair back over her shoulder, Julie leaned her elbows on her table, chin propped up in her hands. "You'll never believe what Viktor did for me last week."

Nicole sighed inwardly. As much as she loved her best friend, a large part of her life seemed to revolve around the men she was dating. She didn't have much to say on the matter anymore, thankfully single again after her last disastrous relationship. She was never going to date a Russian man again. Still, since it was important to Julie, she put

on her best interested face and leaned forward conspiratorially. “What was it this time? Better than Valentine’s Day?”

“Oh, loads better,” Julie beamed, practically squirming in her seat with delight. “He is the sweetest guy. I really think I found a good one this time, really. Well, I wasn’t feeling well and we had planned to go out later—tickets to a concert and they were only in town for that one day. I called him to tell him to go without me and take one of his friends, and do you know what he did?”

“What?” Nicole honestly tried to feel enthusiastic about where the story was going, but it was all just so typical. Perhaps it was just her own cynicism. She had been accused of being one of the most unromantic people on Earth.

“He gave the tickets to his friend without telling me and surprised me by coming home! He brought soup from my favorite restaurant, the little French bistro. We cuddled and watched chick flicks all night. He wouldn’t let me apologize for missing the concert, every time I tried he just said we would find something else to do when I got better. The next morning I woke up after he had gone to work and there was a rose on the kitchen table on top of a letter.” She paused as the waitress came and Nicole gulped a mouthful of still-warm coffee, grateful for the reprieve.

“So, what did the letter say?” She finally asked, finding herself genuinely curious now that she had a little caffeine fortification.

“It was so beautiful. It was handwritten, and talked about how much he loved me, and how I looked like an angel while I slept. He said he didn’t want to leave, but hoped I would forgive him. Attached to the rose were two tickets to the Vegas showing of the same concert, and plane tickets! He’s booked us a room at that new hotel, I don’t remember the name. The one with the nice spa.”

“That’s great! So when do you go?” Nicole felt a tiny pang of jealousy. Once a year she, Julie, and whatever other friends Julie could rope into it went on a girl’s weekend to Las Vegas. She knew it was unreasonable, but for some reason it bothered her a little bit that this Viktor was taking her there, infringing on a place that had before only been experienced with both of them.

“Next week.” Suddenly Julie hesitated, putting one of her hands on Nicole’s. “I really think it could be serious with him. I want you to meet him. I uh....” She gave a slight, sheepish smile. “I did tell you I invited him to join us for lunch, right?”

Nicole jerked back, dark eyes going wide. “What, no! You didn’t tell me. I came straight from work, I’m not dressed for boyfriend meeting. I look like I’m twelve!” While her appearance didn’t bother her under normal circumstances, there were some occasions that Nicole did like to put a little effort to look put together and professional. Meeting a potentially serious boyfriend was one of those times. Quickly, she looked around and flagged down one of the waitresses whom she knew was just getting off her shift.

“Hey Nicole,” the other petite woman said. “I’m just heading out. Megan is taking over the tables if you need something.” She pointed out a younger girl with brilliant purple hair.

“Actually, I had a favor to ask, Melissa.” She quickly explained the situation. “Could I swap clothes with you? You know where I work, I promise I’ll return them in perfect condition.”

“Sure, why not,” Melissa laughed. Nicole gratefully followed her to the restroom and cleaned out the pockets of her cargo pants. Taking one look at the pile of phone, keys, wallet, work badge, multi-tool, USB drives and bits of cable, Melissa emptied out her purse and handed it to Nicole over the stall wall.

“I think you’re going to need this as well,” she said, repressing an amused smile. She then put on Nicole’s cargo pants and t-shirt, and looked at the result in the bathroom mirror.

“I look like a scarecrow!” she chuckled, her arms extended.

“Hey!” Nicole said with mock outrage from her stall. Then she smiled. “You’re right, I know. But look! I clean up good.”

Nicole stepped out of the stall in the fitted black shirt dress and twirled before Melissa. The waitress nodded in approval.

“All right,” she said, “you look better than me in this outfit. Now I’m jealous!”

With promises to return everything tomorrow, they parted ways and Nicole hurried back to meet Julie, walking as fast as she could in black pumps that were just a little too big for her feet.

She hesitated when she realized someone was with Julie. They hadn’t seen her yet, so she hung back to study the tall, broad-shouldered man. Nicole could only assume he was Viktor since Julie had her arms around his neck and her lips locked on his as if no one else in the room existed. His large hands almost completely obscured her waist as he held her tightly against his body. Nicole rolled her eyes. Typical possessive male. His wavy, white-blond hair fell just past his shoulders and made a nice contrast to Julie’s natural honey blonde. They were a good looking couple, she admitted grudgingly. She made her way through the bistro tables to rejoin them, clearing her throat.

Julie finally broke away from the embrace, grinning like a giddy school girl after her first kiss. Nicole couldn’t help but smile a little in response, warming to Viktor purely on the fact that he made her best friend happy. It was enough of a reason to at least give him a chance. “You must be Viktor. I’m Nicole.”

She offered her hand and was pleased by his firm handshake. He had a charming smile, she noticed, but it looked practiced. She suspected he was used to enchanting women with that smile, and the fact that his clothes were perfectly tailored and clearly designer spoke volumes. He had money, which wasn’t that surprising. She wondered if he had actually worked for it or if he was just another trust fund loser Julie had picked up.

“And you must be Nicole, I’ve heard a lot about you. It’s a pleasure to meet you.” They sat, Viktor last after he had pulled out Julie’s chair for her. Nicole couldn’t really discern if the chivalry was an act or if it was just something he did. That was so rare these days. The purple-haired waitress brought over her and Julie’s food, taking Viktor’s order (just coffee) as she did. As he was ordering, Julie’s distinct ringtone went off and she pulled out her phone. Nicole watched her face twist in disgust and took an educated guess as to who it might be.

“If it’s Jeremy, don’t even answer,” she advised. Julie sighed and nodded, but stood up all the same. Even almost a year after she’d stopped dating him, her ex continued to call her and tried to talk to her, or ask for favors. Julie never could turn down a charity case.

“It’s him, but I’ve got to take it. He’s having some trouble with his current girlfriend and he really needs my help. I’ll be back in a minute, you two play nice.” She quickly walked away and Nicole watched her step outside the little restaurant, leaning against one of the pillars as she answered her phone. Sighing, she turned back to Viktor, groping for a topic of conversation.

“So…” She picked up her sandwich, unwilling to let the unexpected meeting get in the way of her lunch. “What do you do for a living, Viktor?” The sandwich was as good as always, the au jus rich with flavor. She quickly snagged a napkin to keep it from dripping down her chin. Small talk was not her strong suit, but it had always seemed that men loved to talk about themselves and their work. Maybe she’d get lucky and he would do all the talking so she could eat. About her second bite in, though, she realized the silence was stretching awkwardly long and he still hadn’t answered her question. He stared at her with intense blue eyes and the strangest smirk on his lips.

“In ten days, you and I are going to fuck.” Nicole nodded distractedly when he finally spoke. She set down her sandwich and wiped her mouth with a napkin while she prepared to offer a polite, generic response. Then his flat words actually hit her and she stared back, stunned.

“Excuse me, what?” Her hand fisted on the table, napkin crumpled between her fingers as she tried to council herself to stay calm. Surely she had just heard him incorrectly. He repeated himself slowly, as if she were stupid.

“In ten days, we are going to fuck. You and me.” He quirked an eyebrow and his smirk grew. Nicole shivered, partly creeped-out and partly angry. Anger quickly won, though. This jerk wasn’t any different from the long string of bad choices Julie had made. If anything, he was more of a tool than the rest of her boyfriends combined. Her heart rate spiked and she leaned towards him with a scowl. She kept her voice low, not wanting to make a scene and attract the attention of the other tables or worse, Julie. She would be crushed if she knew.

“You listen here, you giant sack of misogynistic shit,” she hissed. “I don’t know who you think I am, but Julie and I have been best friends since we were kids. She likes you, though I have no idea why. She is a good woman, probably better than anyone you’ve ever dated so you better treat her with some goddamned respect.” She took a deep breath, and leaned back, crossing her arms tightly over her flat chest to keep from giving in to the impulse to hit him and wipe that damn smirk off his face.

“And I’m not that kind of friend. You’re probably used to women swooning at your feet, but here’s a newsflash for you, Viktor. Money and good looks only get you so far in life, and then you’re washed up and useless-“

“Sorry about that, what’d I miss?” Julie’s bright voice cut her off mid-sentence and Nicole forced a smile as she turned to face her. Before she could say anything Viktor spoke up, his voice rich and soothing.

“Nothing really, just getting to know each other.” He smiled and helped her back to her seat. Nicole felt like she was going to throw up. It must have shown on her face because Julie reached over and touched her shoulder, suddenly concerned.

“Is everything alright, Nicole?” Quickly, Nicole flashed a smile, grabbing her borrowed purse and pulling her phone out.

“Yeah it is, but you know we’re working on this big issue at work and I think I just realized what one of the problems is. I better go back and make sure it gets fixed, it’s a

major priority.” She lied swiftly, pretending to check something on her phone before she fished out her wallet.

“Oh, do you have to? Can’t you just call and tell one of the other programmers what to do?” The blonde pouted, but Nicole shook her head, tossing a few bills onto the table, enough to more than cover her share.

“Hey, I’m not the lead programmer for nothing,” she said with a bitter smile. “I can do things the other guys can’t even dream of.” She laughed, though even to her it sounded flat and brittle. But Julie didn’t seem to notice.

“Well, if you have to. We’ll get together again soon!” She stood up and they hugged briefly. Nicole avoided Viktor’s offered hand by busying herself with her purse.

“Looking forward to seeing you again,” he said with a broad smile. She nodded shortly, wondering if she had imagined the emphasis on ‘seeing’. Trying not to think about it, she hurried out of the restaurant.

She lost herself for the afternoon in long lines of code, ignoring the heckling of her co-workers about her abrupt outfit change. It just reminded her of why she normally dressed the way she did. It made her one of the guys and she got to avoid all the teasing and fumbling adolescent jokes. Thankfully it was all good natured and they’d been working together long enough that they all knew she wasn’t to be messed with.

Finally home, Nicole minced up the walkway to her townhouse, carrying the borrowed pumps in one hand as she fumbled her keys out of the unfamiliar purse. Shutting the door behind her, she leaned back against it, resting her head against the cool wood and closed her dark eyes. Her phone vibrated in the purse and galvanized her into action. With a clatter, the borrowed pumps fell carelessly from her hand to the tiled foyer floor and she tossed her keys on the table just inside the door. The purse joined them as soon as she had fished her phone free of it.

It was Julie. Again. She’d been ignoring her calls and texts all afternoon. Still not ready to face her, Nicole turned the phone off and set it on the table, already reaching for the buttons of the shirt dress. All she wanted was to relax and forget everything that had happened for a little while. Shrugging out of the dress, she tossed it onto a chair, entered the living room and threw herself down on the couch. She stretched her petite frame out completely across the cushions. The overstuffed couch molded to her body in ways only good, old furniture can and she snuggled back into it, closing her eyes.

Eventually she shifted, rolling onto her side with a sigh. She pulled the ponytail holder from her dark hair and shook the silky strands free, running her fingers through to try and dislodge the worst of the tangles. Her black bra and panties stood out against her pale skin. As she glanced down the line of her body, she had a token amount of appreciation for how she looked. Let other people worry about their bodies, she was perfectly content with her almost boyish figure. She could be feminine if she wanted to. It was just that most of the time she didn’t.

Nudging aside the game controllers spread across the coffee table, Nicole snagged the remote. A little mindless television sounded like the perfect thing to distract her while she tried to get the motivation to get something for dinner. She rested her cheek on the arm of the couch, her eyelids heavy as the drone of the television slowly lulled her to sleep.

Still on the couch in her underwear, Nicole flipped through channels with a frustrated huff. There was never anything good on when she got home from work. That, and she

couldn't decide what she wanted for dinner. As if under compulsion, she continued to flip through the channels, not really paying attention to the words or brightly colored images that flashed by in a blur. The voices all sort of sounded the same and strangely familiar, though she couldn't quite place why. She shrugged it off, assuming it was just because she spent too much time flipping through the channels.

She jumped as a sudden loud rap sounded at her front door. Brows knitting together in confusion, Nicole stood then padded to the foyer. She didn't even bother to check the peephole or realize that the door was unlocked; she just opened it. A man shoved a pizza box towards her.

"Large meat lover's with extra sausage?" He glanced down at the receipt in his hand.

"I didn't order any pizza." Nicole shook her head, puzzled. She didn't remember calling for pizza, she hadn't even decided what she wanted yet. She didn't even like pizza that much.

"Well, this is your address right?" He thrust the receipt towards her. "And you are Nicole?"

She nodded. "Yes, well..." She hesitated and looked down at herself, realized she didn't have any pockets in her underwear to keep her wallet. "Let me get some money." Turning around she left the door open and wandered back towards the living room, shifting things around while she tried to find her wallet. She heard him come in behind her, but paid it no mind.

"Hey, is this your remote?" She glanced over her shoulder to see the pizza guy pick up her remote off the table where she had left it moments ago. "Wow, this is a fancy model. Has anyone ever showed you how the extra functions work?" Recalling that she had left her wallet on the table near the door, Nicole turned back around to face him, shrugging.

"Not really. I didn't even know it had any." She crossed her arms under her small bust as she watched him fiddle with it.

"Here, let me give you a demonstration." He pointed the remote at her and pressed the big red 'On' button. She let out a startled squeak when heat suddenly raced through her body, flushing her cheeks and shoulders. Her nipples, abruptly oversensitive, sprang to attention. Looking down, Nicole realized she was no longer wearing her bra. Her nipples stretched obscenely long and rigid, so sensitive that the air itself was almost too much. She reached up touch them, relieve the aching itch and protect them from the cold air-conditioned breeze.

"Hold on a minute, I'm enjoying the show." Suddenly, she couldn't move. Or she could, but she was moving with painful slowness. Shifting her eyes up, Nicole saw him let go of the 'Slow Motion' button. Gritting her teeth, she tried to reach her breasts, the sensations becoming unbearable. She felt like the air had suddenly become thick molasses, clinging to her limbs and keeping her from getting anywhere fast. She tried to speak but the words came out incomprehensible and so achingly slow. She wanted to beg him to let her go so she could relieve the sensation.

"What am I thinking?" She would've shaken her head at her own mental train of thought if she could have, silently scolding herself. "Nicole, you're a grown woman, not a horny teenage girl. Get a hold of yourself."

“Wait until you see what this does.” He grinned, oblivious to her inner monologue, and pressed the volume button hard. A rush of tingling warmth swept down her spine and settled at the apex of her thighs. The longer he held it down the worse it got and her thighs trembled with need. She could feel the fabric of her panties getting wet, dampening with desire.

“Noooooo.” She moaned the sound low and drawn out, not in protest but rather in frustration as she shifted her hands, trying to reach down to relieve the burning need between her legs. Nicole’s mind was blurred with lust.

“Just let me reach it,” she whined inwardly, a maelstrom of desire and repressed need rampaging through her mind. She struggled to touch herself, desperate to get herself off to what she knew would be an incredible climax. It seemed to be just out of her reach though, no matter how hot and sensitive and damp she was. All her muscles trembled with effort as her hands slowly sank lower, away from her still hard nipples towards her soaking wet labia.

Nicole could feel beads of sweat beginning to form, creeping down her forehead and the back of her neck while her body was wracked with shocks of pleasure. She felt empty and needy, her entire body set on edge. With a smirk, the pizza man stepped towards her, stopping close to her, so close that his lips were millimeters from her nipple. He bent his head and blew gently over the engorged, distended nub, the normally pale pink flesh turned dark rose with arousal.

Her groan came out loud and seemed to drag on painfully as she arched her back, still trying to force her hands down towards her fevered loins while she tried to push her breasts towards him and bridge the tiny distance that seemed to terribly far. She couldn’t move fast enough, though, and he straightened back up, shifting the remote from one hand to the other. He thumbed the pause button just as her hands came even with her hips, so close to her goal and yet painfully far. She stopped moving completely. No matter how hard she tried, Nicole couldn’t go any further. She almost cried. At this rate, he was going to drive her insane, teasing and leaving her wanting.

His fingers brushed along her flat stomach, just above the top edge of her panties. The feather light touch made her shudder and whimper quietly, the sound catching in her throat. The warm fingertips of his free hand slipped under the thin elastic, cupping her hot mound with its neat trim of soft, dark hair. The stranger seemed to know exactly how to touch her, running his fingers along the outside of her lust-puffed lips, caressing and kneading, but it wasn’t the stimulation she wanted, needed.

“Oh just a little farther,” she moaned inwardly, wanting nothing more than to jerk her hips forward and grind against his touch. “Please, just a little more.”

Finally, his fingers slipped between, slick with the juices that soaked her panties and were slowly beginning to seep down her thighs. The first brush of pressure across her clitoris made her want to throw her head back and scream from the intensity of the sensation, pleasure racing up her spine until she saw stars. Unable to do anything more than shudder, she could feel the heat growing low in her belly, so much stronger than anything she’d felt before. She was riding the crest of pleasure higher than any man had brought her before, torn between wanting to cry out in pleasure or in frustration.

With soft, wet sounds, his fingers slid in and out of her eager pussy, her muscles trembling and clamping around him internally, eager for the touch and demanding more.

One, then two fingers he thrust into her. She wanted to wrap herself around him, press her hot body against, push him down and just take him until she finally relived the itch that had grown into an unbelievable tension. He looked up into her eyes and she saw him lift the remote again. She couldn't do anything but stare pleadingly into his pale blue eyes as he slowly pulled his hand free from her panties, his tongue slipping out to run across his fingers, tasting her wetness still sticking to his skin. Then he hit 'Play'.

All the pressure and electric pleasure that had been building up inside her exploded outward and her body arched against the well-worn couch cushions in convulsive orgasm. "OH VIKTOR!" She screamed as she came, her entire body shaking and her skin so sensitive she almost couldn't relax back into the cushions as the post orgasmic bliss set in, leaving her staring sleepily at the ceiling and wondering why she was in the living room. The pizza guy (or the pizza) was nowhere to be seen. What the hell had just happened?

The drone of the television slowly helped her come to her senses. Propping herself up on her elbows she noticed the remote had dropped to the floor. She picked it up and set it on the coffee table, unable to suppress a groan as her arm brushed across her breasts, pressing her nipples into the fabric of her bra. They felt raw and oversensitive, still hard in the aftermath of her sexually charged dream. She remembered it with vivid clarity as she slowly woke the rest of the way up. Noticing the time on the clock hanging above the couch, she sighed and went to shower and get ready for the day.

Nicole could hardly believe her subconscious was so trite. Really, a pizza boy? It was like the cheesy set up to a nineties porno. He was indistinct in her memory, but she remembered the name she had screamed out and shuddered. She wished she could tell herself she hadn't, but his name was familiar on her lips and it still rang in her ears, even as she stepped under the steaming hot spray of the shower. She scrubbed the sweat off her skin, hoping she could get rid of her disgust at the same time.

By the time she had finished rinsing shampoo from her hair and turned off the water, Nicole firmly decided that she hadn't been laid in too long. Clearly her subconscious was desperate. There was no way she was going to sleep with Viktor. She remembered his comments at lunch and shook her head angrily as she flicked on the blow drier and blasted her hair, driving most of the moisture out before she hurriedly brushed it back into a pony tail.

She noticed her nipples were still almost painfully hard and sensitive as she dressed, and even in her baggy t-shirt they tented noticeably. Flushing, she stripped out of her shirt, pulling out her one push-up bra. The extra padding helped diminish the effect, but just to make sure she folded up a few tissues and stuffed them inside before she pulled her shirt back on. The push up bra made her breasts far more noticeable despite the unisex clothing but she brushed it off. There wasn't anything else she could do, and she had to get to work.

Grabbing the dress and shoes she'd borrowed from Melissa, she reminded herself to drop the dress off at the cleaners on her way in. If she got a rush job, she could probably pick it up before lunch and take it to her. As she transferred her normal collection of things from the purse to the pockets of her trusty, familiar cargo pants, she turned on her phone, wincing at the sudden barrage of notifications.

She scrolled through the list of text messages, all from Julie, skimming them briefly. Most of them were generic, asking if she was okay, or just trying to get in touch, but

about half a dozen gushed about how much Viktor had enjoyed meeting her and how they had to do it again sometime. The last one mentioned how glad she was that she finally had fallen in love with someone who got along with the people who were important to her. Steeling her resolve, Nicole hit the reply button.

“Today, you and me, lunch? Gotta talk.”

Grabbing her keys and the bag of clothes to return, she went out to start her car, resting her forehead briefly against the steering wheel as the engine hummed to life. Nicole wasn't sure if she was going to get any work done today, either before lunch or after. No matter what she did, it just didn't seem like it was going to be a good day.

In all honesty, it was turning out to be a shitty week. Taking a deep breath she straightened and put the car into gear. First things first—the dry cleaners, then work. She would worry about lunch when the time came. She was going to break her best friend's heart, but it was the only honest thing to do.

Little did she know that in nine days now, she would sleep with Viktor, as he had predicted.

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About the author:

Jaycee Knight is the creator of the Bloomin' Faeries! universe, a world where whimsical creatures (faeries!) cause sexual mayhem in the lives of humans they encounter. You can find out more about them by visiting the website:

<http://www.bloomingfaeries.com>

Send your feedback to:

jayceeknight@bloomingfaeries.com