

Nicole—Everyone's Sextoy

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Nicole squirmed in her chair. She tried to concentrate on the computer screen in front of her and ignore the aching in her nipples, the constant reminder of her dream the night before. It didn't help that every time she squirmed a little friction built up between her legs and made her shiver. When she finally realized that she was reading the same email for the fourth time, she decided it was time to go.

"Hey Pat, I'm going to forward this to you. QA says there might be a code injection bug in the sign-in form. Put one of the rookies on it." The large man who shared her office grunted, the only response she could generally expect from him. It was more than most people got and she had long ago realized that his taciturn nature wasn't bad temper, just a byproduct of his focus on his work. She stood and stretched, biting her lower lip to keep from making a noise when her nipples, still achingly hard, rubbed and bumped against the inside of her bra cups and the tissues she'd used to help pad them.

It had been hours and the aching oversensitivity still hadn't passed. At this point she wasn't sure what to do about it. Every touch was unbearably distracting and didn't help either with work or with the less-than-pleasant lunch date she was about to have. Glancing at her phone, Nicole was a little surprised that Julie hadn't contacted her.

"I don't get it," she thought. "Last night, she texted me a hundred times. This morning, nothing."

Seeing that she had almost half an hour, Nicole detoured to the ladies restroom. In her male-dominated workplace, she wasn't surprised to find it empty, but she still glanced under the stall doors before locking herself into one. She leaned against the cool metal wall and let out a soft sigh that was closer to a moan than she was willing to admit. She pushed her shirt and bra up out of the way, triggering a small unexpected gasp as the underwire raked across her nipples. Her knees went weak. She sagged into the corner between the door and the wall, closing her eyes as her fingers tweaked and tugged at the obscenely hard nubs, her body twitching and shaking with the overload of sensations. Her head fell back against the metal with a thud.

Nicole could feel the tell-tale heat building between her legs. Her knees pressed in against each other, squeezing her thighs together so every shift generated friction against her damp pussy. Taking a deep breath, she stopped herself. She balled up her fists and let them fall to her sides, slowly opening her eyes to stare up at the ceiling, struggling to control her ragged breathing. What was she doing? This wasn't like her. "Pull yourself together, Nicole," she muttered.

Resolutely, she tugged her bra back into place, biting back a yelp as it roughly rubbed over her sensitive nipples again. The tissues had fallen to the floor. She eyed the toilet paper for a moment, but it felt even rougher than the tissues. She decided after a few moments that the peaks weren't too prominent in her shirt, unless you were looking closely. She adjusted herself again, straightened her shirt and re-did her ponytail to make sure it hadn't become rumped. Enough with this horny stuff! She was not some teenager who couldn't keep her hormones under control. She was at work. Whatever this was, she would push through it until it passed.

As she left the bathroom, she mused over what could be causing all this, reaching back towards half-remembered talks about a woman's body. It could be that she was ovulating. She thought she remembered reading somewhere that sometimes women's breasts became more sensitive at that time, and that they felt more sexual desire. Or something like that anyway. Nodding to herself, she left the bathroom and hurried towards the parking lot. That must be it. Hormones.

Nicole was still running early despite her little detour, so she swung by the dry cleaners and picked up the waitress' dress that she had borrowed the day before. When she finally rolled up to the restaurant, she practically had to talk herself into getting out of the car. Fear formed a cold weight in her gut. She had to tell Julie what Viktor had done, even if the whole thing ended in tears. She deserved someone a million times better than that blond tool. Taking a deep breath, the petite woman slipped out of her vehicle, grabbing the borrowed dress and accessories from the back.

The moment she stepped into the cafe, she was greeted by Melissa, her usual waitress. Nicole handed her over the dress with a thankful nod.

"How's it going Nicole? Do you want your normal table?" Melissa beamed, pointing at Nicole's usual spot in the corner.

"Yes please, and thank you again for letting me borrow the dress. I'm meeting my friend Julie, the same tall blonde I was with yesterday, so if you see her just send her my way?" Nicole sank gratefully into her usual chair, barely resisting the urge to bury her head in her hands.

"Not a problem," Melissa said, "I can do that. How'd the meeting go anyway?"

"It went... strangely. Can I just get coffee today? I don't think I can eat right now. It's been a rough day."

Melissa patted her shoulder sympathetically and bustled off to get the requested coffee. Nicole's stomach twisted in knots. She twined her long black ponytail between her fingers while she waited, wondering what was taking Julie so long. A glance at her phone showed that she was still a few minutes early, and considering her best friend's habit of being perpetually late, she tried to relax.

Nicole jumped as the door to the restaurant slammed open, twisting in her seat to scowl at whoever had just stormed in. It only took her a heartbeat to recognize her best

friend, blond hair in disarray and eyes red from crying. She stood, opening her arms as Julie strode towards her.

“Oh my God Julie, what happened? Are you alright?”

“Alright? How can I be alright?” Julie’s high-pitched, angry screech made Nicole flinch.

“Just tell me what happened.” She tried to touch her arm, but Julie slapped her hand away, crossing her arms tightly over her chest, taking a few deep, gasping breaths as though she were trying to keep from sobbing.

“You know exactly what happened! Viktor told me everything!” She looked away. Nicole felt a faint thread of relief, though it was followed shortly by suspicion. Why would Viktor have told her?

“I’m so sorry Julie, I wanted to tell you yesterday, but I didn’t want to upset you. He seemed like such a nice guy at first.”

“He was the first good man that has ever come into my life.” Julie finally slumped into a chair and Nicole sat as well, wondering if the blonde was hearing anything she had just said. “Why would you try to take him away from me Nicole? I thought you were my best friend?”

“What?” Nicole spluttered, almost choking on a sip of her coffee. “What did that lying douchebag tell you?”

“Shut up you bitch!” Julie snapped, her face twisted into a scowl. She shoved back her chair and jabbed her pointer finger at Nicole accusingly. “Don’t talk about him like that. Just because you can’t keep a relationship to save your life doesn’t mean the rest of us can’t be happy. He told me you’d try and pin it on him and I won’t allow it. He’s the sweetest, kindest man I’ve ever met. You know, he even told me that I should give you a second chance? Well I can’t. I guess I’m just not that forgiving.”

“A second chance? What are you talking about? He’s the one you should be giving the boot to. I didn’t do anything—wait, Julie!”

Nicole sprang to her feet as Julie stood, shaking her head violently, and resolutely headed towards the door.

“I can’t believe you would believe some guy over me,” Nicole said. “We’ve known each other forever, do you really think I would do that to you? Julie!”

The blonde just shook her head again, leaving the restaurant at almost a run. The whole place had fallen silent, some people pretending to ignore the fight while others stared on blatantly. Cheeks burning, Nicole threw a few bills onto the table and hurried out to the parking lot.

Julie was already gone. Nicole unlocked the car, but didn’t turn on the ignition. Instead she buried her face in her hands and took a deep, shuddering breath, trying to keep from crying. She didn’t have many friends, and it looked like she might have just lost her best one. Her forehead thumped against the steering wheel as a few tears managed to fight past her control, dripping onto her pants. She rubbed them away lethargically.

Her phone beeped and she glanced down to see Pat’s number flashing on the screen. She swallowed down the lump in her throat and answered. His clipped, business-like attitude helped her focus, drawing her attention to the major issues the QA team had raised. She promised she would hurry back and hung up, eager to get back to her desk if only to lose herself in work.

It was only after several hours of sifting through programming code and hunting down bugs that she was drawn out of her reverie by the incessant beeping of her phone. Annoyed, she finally unlocked the screen and glanced at it. Unknown number. Nicole leaned back in her chair and blinked up at the ceiling, letting her eyes unfocus as she stretched. Settling back down, she tapped the message to bring it up.

"I know what you dreamed last nite." She frowned, brows knitting together at the enigmatic message. A slight heat flushed her cheeks. She recalled the dream vividly even now. Annoyance followed quickly on the heels of embarrassment. This was the last thing she needed right now.

"Who is this?"

"U know who. Meet me @ EL tonight. 9PM." Nicole's scowl deepened. Viktor. *Fucking* Viktor! She flipped her phone face down on the desk and turned it to silent, looking back at her computer. How could he know? There was no way. He must be bluffing. All the same, she wanted to give him a piece of her mind for trying to turn her best friend against her.

She went to the bar straight after work, dodging traffic and still arriving a few minutes after 9PM. She had stayed late to let one of her other programmers off early, finishing some of his assignments to make sure they stayed on track. The glowing green and scarlet letters greeted her above the door. Some people thought the EL stood for the owner's initials. Nicole liked the second theory though, that they stood for the cardinal sins of Envy and Lust. It was a much more interesting story, and the symbolism seemed suiting for the meeting she was about to have.

Though she'd heard of the bar, she'd never been there before. As soon as she opened the door, she knew she was out of place. All the women were in cocktail dresses or business wear, all the men in fine tailored suits. The place screamed opulence, a poster child for the decadence of capitalism. Even after checking her ID, the doorman seemed skeptical about letting her in, but after he had spoken with someone else, she was ushered through the door.

He knew. He had to have known she would come straight from work. He must have been trying to put her off balance and make her uncomfortable. Straightening, Nicole lifted her chin and walked in. Acting like she fit in perfectly, she strolled to the far end of the bar, leaning in the convenient corner it made where it connected with the wall. The bartender didn't come to her immediately, but that wasn't a problem. She wasn't sure she really wanted to drink, not when she didn't know what Viktor had planned. Clearly, whatever it was didn't involve him being punctual.

Irritated, Nicole watched the rest of the bar surreptitiously from her vantage point, waiting to see if Viktor was going to make an appearance at all. It was a little strange. There were a few women milling about, but the demographic was clearly skewed towards men. High powered, absurdly attractive men in business suits that probably cost more than her whole wardrobe put together. Did she mention they were all attractive? Even the older men with streaks of silver in their perfectly trimmed facial hair were hot.

She unconsciously ran the tip of her tongue over her lips. Her nipples throbbed and she had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from moaning as they seemed to swell and rub uncomfortably against the inside of her padded bra, sending shivers down her spine. She laced her fingers together on the bar to keep from touching herself. She

tried to remember how angry she was at Viktor, hoping it would distract her from her rising desire.

That didn't last very long, however, and her mind wandered back to the previous night. If this were a dream, she mused, the men would all have noticed the peaking of her nipples, the way they tented the fabric of her shirt obscenely despite whatever bra she was wearing. Nicole could practically see them lining up, crowding close around her and stripping off her clothes, their hot mouths and tongues on her aching nipples. She would not resist. Their hands would knead her breasts while they suckled and nibbled. Heat pooled between her thighs and she shifted behind the bar, glad she was hidden from most of the room.

She picked them out, one by one, as she watched them. That one, the handsome clean shaven brunette, would be eager and passionate, maybe even a little rough as he manhandled her. The silver-haired gentleman would be strong and experienced, teasing the finest orgasms from her with hardly an effort. Then while they were tending her nipples the big one would come up behind her, pressing his silk shirt and tented trousers up against her back, his large hands squeezing and lifting her breasts. Presenting them to whoever wanted a taste.

She whimpered softly and then jumped as a hand touched her shoulder, flushing scarlet. Her eyes snapped to whoever had touched her. It was Viktor. She knocked his hand off her shoulder with a huff. A slim woman stood by his side, dressed in the staff uniform. She looked Nicole up and down, her professional smile faltering slightly.

"I'm glad you made it Nicole. Veronica, could you show us to the table?" His low voice twisted something in her stomach and she mentally scolded herself to calm down, remembering her seething dislike of him. The woman led them to a semi-secluded booth in the loft area overlooking the rest of the bar. It was clearly VIP exclusive, with very few other people around.

The big blond man had a hand on the hostess's waist as they climbed the stairs, his head tilted down as they spoke quietly. Whatever he was saying was clearly charming her—they seemed like old friends. Maybe more. Nicole scowled. She slid into the booth on the opposite side from Viktor, keeping as much distance between them as possible.

A minute later the woman was back, this time with drinks. She set down a glass of what looked like bourbon in front of Viktor, then a dark glass with a twist of lime on the lip in front of her. Taking an experimental sip, Nicole's eyebrows rose in surprise when she realized it was a *cuba libre*. How did he know her favorite drink? It seemed like whenever she met with Viktor, she never got any answers, only more questions.

"Alright Viktor, I'm getting sick of this. What's your game? What do you want?" Viktor didn't respond. In fact, he didn't even look at her. Instead, he simply swirled the bourbon in his glass before taking a slow sip, savoring the flavor. The glass touched back down on the hard wood table with a heavy thunk and finally his intense, pale eyes met hers.

"Tell me, Nicole, do you believe in magic?" He tilted his head slightly to one side, that irritating smirk playing over his lips.

"Of course not," Nicole snorted. She sipped her drink, letting herself lean against the padded wall of the booth and crossing her arms over her chest. Magic was nonsense,

smoke and mirrors nothing more. No magic, no ghosts, no vampires, no karma, no whatever the new age flavor of the day was.

“I used to be like that,” Viktor mused as he took another drink. “I predict that very soon you will change your mind, just like I did.”

“In ten days?” she interjected sarcastically, rolling her eyes.

“No. In nine days we fuck.” He didn’t miss a beat. “But you’ll believe in magic much sooner than that.”

Reaching inside his tailored vest, Viktor pulled out a slim grey device. It took Nicole only a moment to recognize it as almost exactly like the one from her dream. Possibly identical. She stared at it in wide-eyed surprise, mind racing. How could he know? Then the revelation came to her and she straightened, snapping her fingers in triumph.

“Hypnosis!” She declared smugly. Nicole was skeptical of hypnotists, but it was at least a more plausible idea than him knowing what she had dreamt. Clearly he had planted it there in the first place, though she couldn’t imagine when. That was the only way it made sense for him to know what had happened. She thought the dream had seemed uncharacteristic of her own subconscious. Viktor just smiled and pointed the remote at her, clicking the + Volume button.

Nicole immediately felt a shiver of heat down her spine, kindling desire in her groin. She could feel her panties getting damp and a blush darkened her cheeks as she shifted in place, trying not to inflame the suddenly sensitive area.

“You have a choice now, Nikki.” Nicole gritted her teeth at Viktor’s condescending tone and choice of nickname. “I’m going to increase the volume every minute until you let a man fondle your tits under your shirt. It starts now.” He checked his watch and sat back in the booth, reaching for his bourbon again.

“This is nonsense,” she protested hotly, bracing her hands against the table and glowering at him. “I will do no such thing. This is stupid and childish—”

Her breath caught in her throat as he tapped the button again and the heat between her legs increased, as if she’d been playing with herself all evening. Her mind flickered back to the absurdly attractive men in the bar below, with their sharp suits and expensive cologne. Any one of them would be just what she needed right now. She tried to sink into the padded back of the booth and not let her eyes slide towards the balcony and the view below. Nor could she meet Viktor’s eyes, instead scowling irritably at the table or the ceiling as she tried to make him think it wasn’t affecting her at all. After a moment, she heard the chink of the glass on the table and the soft click of the button being pushed again.

It was getting to be unbearable. At the very least, she wanted to touch herself, try and relieve some of the aching need that burned within her, though she knew that when she was this horny, only the whole shebang really helped ease the fire. With a soft, disgruntled noise she stood, still refusing to meet his eyes. She couldn’t give him the satisfaction of winning.

“This is stupid, I’m going to the restroom,” she muttered by vague way of explanation, catching his triumphant grin out of the corner of her eye. Nicole slipped down the stairs, pulling her hair out of its customary ponytail and shaking the long strands loose around her shoulders. She hesitated at the bottom, glancing around the bar. She wasn’t even sure what she was doing. There was no way she was going to proposition some random guy, even just to offer a free boob grab. Especially not here in

the middle of an open bar. Everywhere the men were gathered in small groups, none of them alone. She saw one glance at his phone and head towards the restrooms.

The restroom was secluded in the back corner of the bar. If she was going to do anything, now was her chance. Another shudder of heat and desire rushed through her, though she wasn't sure if it was internal, or because of Viktor's remote. Trying to convince herself she was still in control, she threw back her shoulders and put a sway into her hips as she strolled over to the stranger. She may not have much in the way of boobs, but her stiff, protruding nipples would certainly get his attention.

"Excuse me handsome, I was wondering if you could help me out with something," she purred. His gaze raked over her from toes to the top of her head and she saw him roll his eyes, shaking his head as he turned his attention back to the conversation he was having on his phone. She tried to get his attention again, but he kept his shoulder to her, pointedly ignoring her.

Nicole grit her teeth against the embarrassment. Men! Just because she wasn't all dolled up like a trophy for him to drool over didn't mean he had to just dismiss her out of hand. Another electric jolt of lust raced down her spine and a tiny gasp escaped her throat. The man glanced up and she quickly turned away, biting her lip from making any more sounds. Keeping control of herself was getting harder with every minute. She shoved her hands deep into the pockets of her pants. All she wanted to do was grind up against something or someone, get a little release. She couldn't really tell what was worse now, her throbbing nipples or her swollen clit.

Realizing she was quickly losing the will to be discreet, she did something she couldn't imagine doing in any other situation. She ducked into the men's restroom, quietly locking the door behind her and letting a soft sigh of relief out. The sound of running water echoed in the room and Nicole turned around, eyes going wide as she noticed a man washing his hands at the sinks, the sleeves of his crisp white dress shirt rolled up to his elbows and exposing muscular forearms. She shuddered as a wholly different kind of heat rushed through her body, imagining those strong hands on her skin.

Her animal instincts taking over, the dark-haired young woman walked over to the man, feeling a blush darken her cheeks again. He looked up, but before he could protest about her presence in the men's restroom, she tugged up the hem of her shirt, exposing her smooth, taut stomach and the dark outline of her black bra covering her breasts. Her nipples stood out even through the padded material, aching hard.

"Please touch my breasts," she said, and the words sounded horribly loud yet strangely erotic to her ears, echoing off the cold bathroom walls.

He quirked an eyebrow in confusion and she took a deep breath to thrust her small chest out a little more, wondering what was taking him so long.

"Please." She hated the sound of her own pleading voice but the thrill of seeing him move forward, eyes darkening with desire, drowned out any other emotion.

The first touch of his hot skin against her breasts arched her back as though she'd just been electrocuted. His fingers slipped under her bra and she couldn't even put together the words to protest—not that she wanted to. She moaned and pressed her breasts into his grip until his fingers found her nipples, pinching and tugging the obscenely swollen nubs. Nicole threw back her head and screamed as waves of

pleasure crashed over her, soaking her panties and leaving her knees shaking. Only her hands suddenly fisted in the stranger's shirt kept her upright.

He started to pull away and Nicole tightened her grip on his shirt, pulling him to the ground as her knees gave out. He fell awkwardly with her, but when she ground her crotch against the tent in his slacks, he seemed to understand what she wanted. Men were always fast to get that message.

"Hold on, let me get a condom," he rasped as she pulled off her shirt and bra and began to fumble with the zipper on her pants.

"Just put it in me," she begged, shaking her head as she shimmied out of her cargo pants. She reached for him, working the fly of his slacks open even as he managed to get the foil wrapped packet out of his wallet. He knocked her hands away and she groaned in heated protest. "Please just fuck me." Hearing herself say the words caused even more desire to flood between her thighs.

"A minute, give me a minute," he panted. He finally got the latex sleeve rolled down his throbbing cock. She braced her hands on his chest, shoving him back, straddling his hips and impaling herself on his hot rod. She cried out as the flared head stretched her pussy, tight from too many months without getting laid, but oh so wet with her need. She sank down to the hilt. Her whole body convulsed as another climax wracked her petite frame. The orgasm took her by surprise so soon after the last, but she was so wound up and sensitive that it couldn't be helped. His hips bucked underneath her, driving his shaft deep into her even while her tunnel still clenched around him.

Nicole dug her nails into his chest, riding out the last tail of the orgasm. It wasn't enough. She wasn't done. She started to grind back into each of his thrusts, feeling her sensitive clit rubbing against his body every time he slammed into her. She pressed back into it, whimpering and panting. His hands grabbed her ass, helping lift her up and bring her slamming back down. As he thrust deeper, she leaned down against his chest, unable to keep herself upright. She felt his head duck, muscles moving under her hands, and then his tongue swirled around one of her nipples, sucking the aching nub into his mouth.

Her back arched and another gush of fluid drenched his loins, slicking the way for harder, faster thrusts, and sending another orgasm coursing through her body. Her fingers tangled in his short hair. She pressed her small breasts into his face, screaming and moaning encouragement. Nicole was hardly aware of his breathing becoming more labored and his thrusts getting shorter and more erratic. She barely seemed to come off one orgasm before being thrown into the next, until she could barely remember her own name. Finally, he groaned beneath her, hitting deeply inside her. Nicole collapsed against his chest as he went limp underneath her, trying to catch her breath.

All at once she realized that she was lying on top of some stranger in the middle of the men's bathroom. She felt her embarrassment returning ten-fold, but she couldn't deny the incredible pleasure, and bit back a moan when she rolled off of him and his thick shaft slid out of her well abused slit. Avoiding his eyes, she scrambled to find her pants and pulled them on over shaky legs, shaking her head when he tried to say something. As quickly as she could, she pulled her bra and shirt on, fervently thankful that he had the common sense to put on a condom despite her protests. God, she was such an idiot!

Still scolding herself she fled the restroom, hurrying upstairs to the loft. Viktor was gone and she almost turned around and left right then. A flash of something grey on the table they had been at drew her attention, though, and she walked over. When she realized it was the remote, she snatched it off the table and shoved it into the pocket of her cargo pants, hoping it wouldn't press against anything. She couldn't let it fall into anyone else's hands.

Under the remote was one of the bar's white paper napkins monogrammed with the emerald and ruby logo. Scrawled across it in black ink was a simple message. "See you tomorrow." No signature, no nothing. Her drink and his empty glass still sat unattended on the table. Shaking her head, she made her way downstairs to the bar, elbowing aside one of the business dressed women who shot her a glower.

"Shot of rum." She flagged down the bartender and snapped her order more brusquely than she normally would have, frowning down at the bar top. "Make it a double," she added as an afterthought. A mixed drink just wasn't going to cut it right now.

Slamming back the shot after it was delivered, she ordered another. She studiously avoided catching the eye of the gentleman she'd ambushed in the bathroom, only managing to be mildly grateful that he simply left rather than trying to talk to her. She knew she stuck out like a sore thumb, but at this point she was beyond caring. She was ninety-eight percent sure that her day had been a hell of a lot worse than theirs. They could suck it.

So Viktor had won this round. If he thought he could get away with this than he had no idea who he was dealing with. He had met his match, even if he didn't know it yet. Day one belonged to him. Day two, however, would belong to her!

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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>

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