

Nicole—Can't Help Themselves

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Published by *Bloomin' Faeries!* at Smash words

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"Hello?" Viktor answered the phone distractedly, trying to adjust the raging erection in his slacks to a more comfortable position. He heard panting on the other end of the line, a woman's husky voice mingling with Nicole's nearby reluctant cries.

"Hey sexy, it's Paula," purred the voice over the line. "Your accounts are all—ooooh—in order." Her voice broke as she spoke, heavy with lust.

"Oh good, that was fast." Next to him, Nicole gave a high-pitched whimper and her body bucked, back arching off the couch. Her hands, by his orders, were furiously fingering her pussy and there was nothing she could do to stop them. Viktor licked his lips.

"This a bad time?" Paula asked.

"No, this isn't a bad time."

"Sounds like you're in the middle of something," Paula continued. "I'd rather you be in the middle of me." Paula's throaty laugh made him smile despite his distraction.

"You'd better come over soon to finish me off. Otherwise I think I'm going to go crazy."

"I'll be right there," Viktor said, reassuring. "You'll get your reward, don't worry—"

"I damn well better. I want to get off all over you until neither of us can see, much less stand. And don't forget the faerie." She interrupted him, voice almost petulant but still ragged with desire. The pitch of her breathing changed, harder and heavier as the fantasy seemed to really get her going. Viktor almost laughed outright, glancing back at Nicole. This woman on the phone wanted him, really wanted him. He tried not to think about the reasons.

Why then was he so distracted by Nicole? Why did always come back to Nicole?

"You're very naughty, you know that?" He shook his head and hung up before she could answer. He shifted his attention back to Nicole, mind racing. He knelt in front of her, putting a hand on her knee to get her attention. A shock ran through him from the touch of his skin on hers.

“Look at me Nicole. You’re not the only talented programmer in the world, you know. Before I go, here’s what’s going to happen.” He heard Fantasia’s coo, and felt the brush of air from her wings as she fluttered excitedly near his shoulder. “You’re going to get your hands back for one minute after I walk through that door. Just long enough to make *one* phone call. Whoever picks up you’re going to ask—no, beg—for that person to come here and fuck you. If you get their voicemail, leave a message. Then your hands are going to go right back to keeping your hot little pussy warmed up for sex. When your friend gets here, you’ll have full control back.”

He felt pre oozing from his swollen head. He quickly stood and turned away, trying not to think too hard on what he’d just ordered her to do. He could picture her doing it too, desperate and needy, her voice tight with lust. He wondered briefly what lucky man she would call, but suspected he knew already. Would she fuck him? Had he really given her any choice?

Collecting his suit jacket from the rack, Viktor headed for the door. He pretended not to hear Fantasia’s parting barbs as she fluttered out behind him, barely zipping out before he closed the door.

He walked down to where his car was parked, just a few driveways away from Nicole’s house. Fantasia perched in her normal place on his shoulder, her wings tickling the side of his neck as she fidgeted. She hummed and kicked her legs, her tiny heels thumping lightly against his skin. The engine rumbled to life and he sighed, shifting himself again. The car pulled away from the curb.

“See, I told you you’d like it.” Fantasia’s voice chimed right in his ear and he shrugged. The sharp movement jostled her off his shoulder and she made a brief sound of annoyance. The next minute she zipped across in front of him, resting her arms on the edge of the door so she could peer out the window in apparent fascination, legs kicking in the air like a swimmer staying afloat.

“You’re not getting the point, Fantasia,” Viktor protested. His hands clenched on the wheel in a white-knuckled grip, eyes fixed firmly on the road ahead of him. Despite appearances, his mind couldn’t have been farther from navigating.

“Oh don’t be such a prude!” The faerie flipped and zipped up in front of his nose, blocking his view. He nearly slammed on the breaks, but in the next instant she was gone again, walking unsteadily across the dashboard. “I knew you’d enjoy dominating her. Makes you feel like a real man.” She posed next to the hula girl bobbing on the dashboard, putting her hands on her hips and thrusting her pelvis forward like something out of a Trojan man commercial. He snorted in disagreement.

“If I were *actually* in control, I wouldn’t enjoy it,” Viktor muttered, slamming on the breaks as they came to a red light. Fantasia didn’t seem the least disturbed, lifting her hands above her head and gyrating her hips in a lewd mimicry of the doll. Viktor snatched the doll off the dashboard and shoved it into the console. His fingers drummed restlessly on the wheel, waiting for the light to change.

“Really, I’m impressed you didn’t do her like an animal right then and there,” Fantasia continued as if nothing had happened. Her wings fanned the air as she half jumped, half flew up to the rearview mirror, swinging from it like it was some kind of single bar jungle gym. “I thought you were going to bang the shit out of that horny cunt. She wouldn’t have told you no.”

She stretched along the top of the rearview mirror. Her high-pitched giggle almost made him twitch—too often the sound was accompanied by some kind of mayhem.

“I’m keeping my end of the deal,” he replied shortly.

“You’re such a party pooper,” Fantasia pouted. “It really was the perfect opportunity, I thought you’d take it. Rawr,” she curled her hands into claws and growled at him, swiping at the air, “like a beast.”

“I’m not an animal!” He took the corner a little too sharply into a quiet suburban neighborhood and carefully let off the gas. The last thing he wanted was to get pulled over like this. ‘Hello officer, yes I know how fast I was going, how would you like to see my raging boner?’ And if it was a female cop... well, who knew what Fantasia would get up to.

The idea made him shiver a little, though, his pants becoming just that much more uncomfortable. His thoughts drifted down that line—busty blonde cop, leaning in the window flashing a little more cleavage than would be professional. Bending her over the hood of her own squad car...

“I’m not like you.” He tried to squash that line of fantasy, returning to the present conversation. Fantasia’s grin said she knew what kind of turn his thoughts had taken. His words weren’t nearly as firm as other parts of him. “Besides, we agreed on ten days. Right?”

He kept his eyes firmly on the road, glancing at house numbers as they came into view. “If I succeed, then we’re done. You and me go our separate ways. We clear?”

“Yeah, yeah. But on Day Ten—” Fantasia paused, reaching down from her perch on the dashboard to click on the windshield wipers. “—you’re on your own. And good luck with that!” Her head tilted from side to side as she watched the wiper blades go back and forth across the glass. Viktor left them on until he parked. Fantasia didn’t protest as he clicked them off, only fluttered up to perch back on his shoulder.

On his own. The idea at once made him nervous and excited. He knew it wasn’t his way with words that was getting him all the ladies. Sometimes, he didn’t know what he was saying or what he was doing. But there was always Fantasia right there, putting the right words on his tongue. Every time he encountered Nicole she made him act and talk, doing things he never even thought about. He wasn’t sure it was really in him to do it. There was a little thrill to it, though, every time she turned some haughty bitch into a panting, moaning whore that wanted nothing more than his dick in her body.

She’d certainly done a good job of messing Nicole up so far. He felt his odds slipping lower every day. She had to hate him down to her very core by now.

It took a few tries to find the right key for the door. The key ring was getting heavy now, full of little brass tokens of desire. He was going to have to start color coding them, he mused. Then he shook his head sharply. Color coding, really?

The door swung open and he heard Fantasia inhale lustily. It only took Viktor a breath to figure out why. The air was heavy with the smell of sex and sweat, humid with desire. He stepped over clothing strewn across the floor, making his way to the kitchen where he could hear soft moans and grunting.

“About time you got here.” Paula groaned, grinding the damp crotch of her gym shorts against the smooth, rounded corner of the kitchen table. Her back was to him, and she barely bothered to look back over her shoulder and see who it was. The light blue material rode low on her hips and barely covered enough of her to be decent.

Viktor eyed the smooth golden mounds of her ass hanging out of the shorts. He had a good view too, her dark brown hair twisted up on top of her head in a haphazard bun. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were half closed.

Coming around in front of her, his eyes devoured the taut swell of her breasts barely contained in a t-shirt that looked a size or two too small for her. It showed off a slim sliver of flash on her belly and her nipples poked two little points into the fabric. This girl used to be flat as a board, he remembered, before Fantasia gave her some massive improvements. He resisted the urge to reach out and grab her breasts, instead glancing at the powerful laptop sitting next to her on the table. The bright pink case made him shake his head, but who was he to judge? She got the work done.

“What’s wrong Paula, not enough wood in your life?” He gestured to the table. Her body shuddered, breasts quivering in their fabric prison. She bucked her hips again and gave a small, frustrated groan.

“Damn it, you know what’s wrong!” She whined, finally dismounting from the table. She draped her arms around his neck, sticking her tongue out at Fantasia. “Let that bitch make it so you can’t jack off and you’ll see what’s so bad about it. This is the only thing that gets me off now!” She ground herself against him and he couldn’t help but be reminded of a bitch in heat, tail up and wiggling her ass to be fucked. She was just about humping his leg, and he obliged by shifting his thigh between hers so she could get a little more friction. “It’s been days, Viktor. Come on.”

Right, now he remembered. Something about not being able to touch her pussy until the work got done to his satisfaction. It was hard to keep track of everyone sometimes. Maybe he should start consolidating so it was easier to keep track of. A little smile quirked his lips. The grinding on furniture thing didn’t really make sense though. He turned an accusatory look on Fantasia and the faerie grinned, crossing her arms under her absurdly large tits.

“What’re you looking at me for?” She asked, voice innocent but eyes bright with wicked pleasure. “Aw man, it’s like you don’t trust me at all. So maybe I give her a little extra... push towards fucking the furniture.” She twiddled her fingers and giggled. “You have to admit, seeing her hump that table was funny!”

Paula glared at the faerie, then suddenly burst into laughter, rubbing her breasts into Viktor’s chest. “You’re such a brat.” She ran her fingers down the front of Viktor’s chest, tugging his shirt out of his slacks.

“Oh, I can see you’re happy to see me.” She groped his erection and he grunted softly, wrapping an arm around her waist.

“Who wouldn’t be?” He let her fingers wander, slowly pushing his jacket off his shoulders. As it fell to the floor, he caught Fantasia zipping by out of the corner of his eye. Paula moaned, fumbling with renewed urgency at the buttons of his shirt. Using his arm around her waist, Viktor guided her to the living room. She dropped to her knees as he sat on the couch, slowly pulling off his shoes. Her fingertips brushed along the sole of his foot in a sensual caress.

“It’s a wonder you got any work done at all,” Viktor mused half to himself. She slid her hands up his slacks, pulling his sock free.

“I had some wonderful incentives.” The others shoe and sock came off, and she snuggled between her knees, reaching up to finish unbuttoning his shirt. He leaned forward to let her, one hand stroking her hair softly. He could clearly see Fantasia on

the coffee table. She was probably trying to get a better view of the brunette's tight, lust-soaked shorts. Paula peeled his shirt back and tossed it behind her. As it hit the floor, Viktor saw the faerie cast a stream of magic down Paula's way

The woman pressed up tight between his legs and he could feel the soft thump as she shoved the front of her body against the couch, trying to get a little friction on her mound.

"Well, it still took you a bit longer than expected, I'm not sure you deserve your treat," He teased her, but didn't stop her from peeling the undershirt off his chest. Her hands immediately dove to his crotch to unbutton his slacks.

"Ooh," she moaned, "well I couldn't get the wood I wanted you see." She slipped her hand inside his boxer's through his now open fly and gave his swollen erection a squeeze as if to illustrate her point. "So I had to find a substitute. Nothing's as good as the really thing, though." He lifted his hips and she reluctantly let his manhood go long enough to pull his pants and boxers down in one smooth, practiced tug.

"Flattery will get you everywhere." She didn't seem to hear him though. As soon as his pants and boxers came free she shoved her shorts out of the way and climbed on top of him, nails digging into his shoulders. She plunged herself down on him with a cry of ecstasy. There was barely any friction. He heard Fantasia giggle faintly, but Paula was oblivious to anything but her need. She pressed her breasts into Viktor's face before he could see what she was doing. He gave in to the moment, hips bucking into her tight, warm passage as his hands and mouth groped the soft, toned flesh he could reach.

* * *

Julie sighed, dropping into one of the sleek, modern chairs that decorated the small living room of her apartment. Her heels fell from one hand, her purse from the other. If there was a Hell on Earth, then certainly her work had been it today. She was so looking forward to next weekend when she and Viktor would take off to Vegas for a few days. She could imagine the spa now, and sex in the huge jetted tub. The nice thing about a hotel room of course was that you didn't have to clean it. She smirked a little at the idea, but the expression was short lived. Her head sank back against the back of the chair.

Speaking of Viktor, she wished he had been there when she got home. She understood that his work was demanding though. Whatever he did. She wasn't really sure she knew exactly, but it really didn't matter. Her phone rang, the distinct bird tweeting sound startling her. Viktor's name popped up on the caller ID. He seemed to be the only one who called her now that Nicole had turned her back on her.

"Hey sweetheart—"

"Hey Julie, I'm going to be home in 10 minutes. I've got a surprise for you. Be wearing something sexy when I get there." He hung up before she had a chance to respond. A small frown bowed her lips. She debated whether or not to do as he asked. All she really wanted to do was cuddle and talk, maybe eat some Chinese take-out for dinner and watch a movie.

His voice was one of the things that had attracted her to him in the first place, she mused. Now that she thought about it, she was a little horny. Maybe sex was just what

she needed to loosen up and feel better. She rubbed her thighs together and smiled. She was lucky to have a guy like Viktor. He did so much for her, it would be a shame not to do a little for him. She couldn't imagine what kind of surprise he was bringing though. Normally if it was something like flowers, he would just show up and hand it to her, or leave them on the table in the morning while she slept. It had to be something big.

Grabbing her purse and shoes, she carried them into the bedroom to get them out of the way, picking up a few other little things of clutter as she went. Pulling open her underwear drawer, she pawed through her 'sexy' clothes. It sounded like they were staying in, not going out so she didn't even bother with club clothes. Her lingerie collection was extensive. She liked to wear beautiful underwear and most of her boyfriends, when they had money, seemed happy to indulge her. In fact, right now she was wearing a La Perla set that Viktor had given her.

She undressed and studied herself in the mirror. The soft brown lace bra and matching panties looked nice, but a bit conservative. Even though they were luxurious, they didn't quite have the sex appeal she wanted. She exchanged them for a filmy red lace baby doll and matching thong. Easy to get into and easy to get out of. The sheer barely there lace and netting left very little to the imagination, and it was cut exceptionally low to lift and frame her generous breasts. The scalloped lace edges just brushed the edge of her nipple, not quite hiding them and coaxing them to aroused peaks.

Just as she finished changing and refreshing her make-up, she heard Viktor's key in the door. Quickly she moved out to the living room to meet him, perching on the arm of the couch with her legs on display. She waited impatiently for him to open the door, brows knitting together when she thought she heard voices on the doorstep. Julie didn't have much time to think about it, however. The door swung open and Viktor swaggered in, greeting her with that warm smile that normally melted her in a heartbeat. Right on his heels was a tall brunette whose button-up blouse strained to hold in her ample tits and whose little black skirt was barely long enough to cover her ass.

Worse, the girl was looking her up and down like a decadent buffet!

Julie flushed, quickly crossing her arms to try and cover her terribly exposed breasts. Anger flustered her, tying her tongue up in knots. She stared between Viktor and this strange woman, shocked.

"You look perfect." Viktor's compliment barely registered with her. He walked over and took her hands, pulling them away from her breasts. His lips pressed warm against her cheek. Julie shook her head and tried to push him away. It felt a bit like trying to push away an oncoming tidal wave—futile.

"Viktor, what the hell is this?" She whispered trying to tug her hands back from him to cover herself. Instead he simply pulled her off the couch. She tucked her knees in together hoping it would help her seem less exposed, unable to look the other woman in the eye.

"Julie, this is Paula. Paula, meet Julie. Now shake hands." He gave her a little push and Julie hesitantly stepped forward, taking the other woman's outstretched hand.

"Wow, she really *is* a hot piece of ass," the brunette purred. Julie stiffened and pulled her hand back. How dare this woman walk into her home, with her boyfriend, and act like this! As she stepped back, she shivered at the sudden slickness between

her legs. Paula started unbuttoning her blouse and Julie found herself having trouble looking away as the tawny cleavage was exposed inch by inch, swelling out and nearly spilling over the edge of the blue satin bra underneath.

“I know you’ve always wanted to do it with another girl.” Viktor’s calm, confident voice came from right behind her and she jumped. His warm, strength hands slid up under the short length of her lingerie, caressing her sides in soothing circles. She bit the inside of her lip. Had she ever told him she wanted to do a girl? She couldn’t recall. She squirmed under his touch, her eyes locked on Paula as the other woman finally shed her blouse, smoothing her hands down her flat stomach to the waist band of her skirt. When Julie’s eyes flicked to her face, she noticed that Paula was watching her with a smug smirk, clearly putting on a show just for her. “I know your fantasies, Julie, let me make them come true.”

His lips caressed the side of her neck. God she was so hot. Her skin felt fevered and her pussy was soaking wet. One of her hands drifted down towards her panties, brushing against the damp fabric. Had she fantasized about this before? She must have. Her body was responding so strongly, it was like a fantasy turned into reality.

Paula’s skirt hit the floor and she kicked it to the side. The panties she was wearing matched her top, but the satin was edged with picot lace down the center and when she took a step towards Julie it opened, flashing a look at her smooth shaven pussy, shining with moisture. Julie licked her lips, her chest heaving with quick, panting breaths.

“Don’t bother denying it, I know it turns you on.” Viktor’s hands pulled away from her skin and she glanced back over her shoulder at him, suddenly indecisive. She wasn’t sure where it had come from, but suddenly he was holding a beautiful glass bottle full of pale golden oil. “Come on darling, get creative. Indulge yourself.” He pressed the bottle into her hands, his voice dropping low.

“Make her come, and I’ll give you an orgasm you’ll never forget.” Julie’s body shuddered in response to his low, husky words and her fingers closed around the bottle instinctively. Then a soft hand on her shoulder drew her attention. She met Paula’s eyes and Viktor, for the moment, was pressed towards the back of her mind. Her eyes drifted slowly down the buxom brunette’s body, devouring every inch of tawny skin, lingering on the glimpse allowed by her crotchless panties.

Paula led her over to the couch and sank down on it, beckoning Julie to join her. Instead, the blonde just gave a wicked smile and sank between her knees, uncapping the bottle of oil. It was so wonderful to finally be given permission to give into her desires. All these dark little fantasies that she didn’t even know she had.

Her slick hands caressed and kneaded the brunette’s smooth thighs until her skin glowed from the oil. Slowly she worked her way up, thumbs barely brushing against the other woman’s swollen, aroused lips. Her nose was full of the sweet, musky scent of woman, familiar and yet so very strange. Paula grabbed her head encouragingly, legs spread lewdly wide.

“Ooooh,” she moaned, bucking her hips and presenting her mound eagerly to Julie. Finally, her lips were pressed against the other woman’s pussy. Instinctively her tongue flicked out. Like nectar, her pussy juice coated her lips and chin, tasting so much better than any man she’d ever swallowed. Why had she waited so long to try this when she’d wanted it for so long?

Moaning, Julie devoured Paula's cunt, lapping with long strokes of her tongue alternated with worrying the brunette's clit. Paula moaned lustily, making no attempt to muffle her cries. One of her hands tangled in Julie's long blonde hair to hold her head down though the blonde needed no encouragement. The other mashed and pinched her large breasts, tugging at the sensitive nipples as her body arched and trembled. Her breathing was heavy with need, eyes half lidded as she rode out the waves of pleasure.

Viktor watched as her body practically rose off the couch in the throes of pleasure. She announced her orgasm to the room—and all the neighbors—with a piercing scream. Julie just buried her face more enthusiastically between the other woman's legs, drawing out her climax as long as possible, cherishing every drop of lust honey she licked from her. Viktor adjusted his erection in his slacks, realizing that he hadn't even managed to zip his fly all the way before leaving Paula's.

With Julie on her knees, he could easily see her pussy and ass presented to him, back arched as she lapped and nibbled the other woman's slit. He shed his clothes quickly. It didn't matter that Paula had tried her damndest to wear him out before they came here. He was so hard it hurt.

Julie glanced back at him as his hands came to rest on the warm, smooth contours of her ass. Her gaze was glassy, her face wet with Paula's cream. The oil lay spilled and forgotten on the carpet by her knees. She was so wet that it took Viktor no effort at all to sink himself into her velvet folds. She tuned back to Paula's pussy. The brunette crossed her legs over Julie's back to hold her tight while she worked her back towards another orgasm. He felt Julie's hot, tight tunnel clenching around him. She bucked back into him, alternatively trying to delve her tongue deeper into Paula and trying to push back onto his shaft so he bumped into the end of her with every hard stroke.

Her cries were muffled by Paula's body as she came, body shuddering. Viktor increased his pace, sliding one hand down to fondle her hard little clit. His other hand groped her breasts—smaller than Paula's, but oh so soft. Hardly before she'd come down from the first one, he felt her body begin to shake with the spasms of a second.

Fantasia perched on a nearby lampshade. Her legs were spread wide so her shorts rode up between flashing hints of her lips on either side of the crotch. Her corset top was pulled down so her breasts hung out over the neckline. She pulled her own nipples until they stretched lewdly long, her high-pitched voice mingling with the grunts and groans of the trio on the couch.

"Ooh, look how wet she is Viktor! Stick it in her ass!" She called encouragement from her perch, grinned as he pulled back until the tip of his swollen manhood slipped out of Julie's slit and slipped up to her tight rosebud of an ass.

"That's right, take it bitch!" She giggled at herself as Julie's back arched and Viktor slammed home. She cried out but didn't try and get away, instead writhing and shoving herself back against him like the horny little whore she was. Julie could not have known her body was magically responding to Fantasia's orders—not that it would have made a difference, had she known. The faerie let one of her tiny hands slide down to between her legs, rubbing vigorously at her own engorged clitoris.

“Kiss her, Paula, taste yourself on that tongue. You’re such dirty bitches.” She squirmed in place, wings fluttering wildly. She didn’t take her eyes off the threesome, a wicked smile curling her lips as she saw Viktor’s body tense with an oncoming orgasm.

“That’s right Viktor,” her voice dropped low and husky. “Come, come as often and as hard as you can.” Viktor’s pace picked up, the muscles on his back flexing as he continued to pound Julie’s ass, creamy white cum trickling down the backs of her thighs as their frantic fucking forced it out.

“Change place!” She lifted slightly off the lampshade with the frantic fluttering of her wings. “That’s right Viktor, pound her. Julie sit on her face until she makes you come as hard as you made her come! That’s a good girl.” There was a brief shuffling as they swapped places. Julie ground her cunt against Paula’s face, moaning and pressing her breasts together and forward, offering them to Viktor. He held Paula’s legs wide apart, the brunette showing off her flexibility. He couldn’t resist the offered wealth in front of him though and leaned in to worry Julie’s nipples with his lips and tongue.

Fantasia settled back on the lampshade, changing position so one leg propped up on the edge and the other dangled down. Her fingers pushed aside the crotch of her tight, tiny shorts. She fucked herself rapidly on her own fingers, head turned so her eyes never left the threesome. A wide, feral grin denied the innocence that usually graced her youthful face. Her voice became almost a whisper, mingled with high, eager moans.

“In three days you’ll be so drained you won’t be able to do anything. And then, you’ll be mine for good.” Her back arched and she cried out, her own orgasm echoed by the trio, mad with lust.

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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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