

# Nicole—The Magical Panties

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A hand reached out from the nest of blankets on the bed, groping blindly for the shrilly buzzing alarm clock. Fingertips slapped against the edge of the nightstand and the muffled curse that followed was nearly drowned out by the noise. After what seemed like ages, the searching hand finally found the infernal plastic box and flipped the switch to silence. At first it seemed like she wasn't getting up. Then with a huge sigh she flung back the blankets, revealing a pair of ponderously large breasts sitting atop a petite woman. She smothered a yawn with one hand.

Nicole padded into the bathroom, dragging a brush through her long, ink-black hair. She pulled it back into a messy tail. Teeth brushed and mostly ready for the day, she stopped in front of her closet, her expression resigned. She pawed through the hanging clothes, finally throwing an outfit onto the bed and grabbing a pair of plain black satin panties from the drawer. Her eyes went longingly to the sports bras piled up in the same drawer, now much too small to contain her super-sized breasts.

Instead, she simply pulled the tags off a brand new blouse of some kind of slippery, shiny material thick enough to mostly hide the bulge of her large nipples—as long as the office wasn't cold. She glanced at the clock, cursed under her breath and hurried into the rest of her clothes, also shoving an extra pair of panties into her laptop bag. She raced off to her car. The door slammed and the key turned in the lock.

The bedroom was in disarray after the woman's hasty departure. Hangers were scattered across the hard wood, blankets falling off the bed. The underwear drawer was still half open. Amidst the piles of satin and lace, cotton and super hero logos, something moved. Fantasia's wings flared softly as she stroked a pale pink thong edged in bright yellow lace.

“Of all the panties she could have picked!” The faerie giggled and fell back into the piles of underclothes. “I wish she’d picked the pink ones, but those—oh, she’ll have a grand day.” Grabbing the edge of the drawer, she flung herself into the air, the tiny strap of the thong still caught over her shoulder and trailing behind her like a strangely shaped cape.

Nicole was not feeling particularly charitable when she finally got to work. The elevator was out of order and the climb up so many flights of stairs had been excruciating. And on top of that, she was ten minutes late for a meeting she’d forgotten about. Hoping her hair wasn’t too disheveled, Nicole tugged her blouse straight and shivered as the slinky fabric rubbed over her nipples.

*Oh not now!* she thought, exasperated. Luckily, beyond the shiver of pleasure down her spine her body seemed remarkably calm this morning. Thankful for small things, she forced a professional smile on her face. Her polite knock on the door was answered by a mumble that sounded sort of like ‘what?’ and she took it as an invitation to go in. Maybe she’d be lucky and he’d have forgotten about the meeting as well. She could cut things short that way. And he wouldn’t realize she was late.

“Oh Nicole, good! I was just about to send you an email to make sure you hadn’t forgotten.” Adam wasn’t that different from a lot of the programmers she worked with, or hell, even the ones she’d gone to school with. Tall and lanky, perfectly happy wearing jeans and t-shirts to work, he wasn’t much more than average in the looks category, but he had good hygiene and decent manners. At first she thought it a little weird that he didn’t have a girlfriend. Then she saw him trying to talk to a woman who wasn’t just ‘one of the guys’ like she was, and everything was clear. He had no game. Heck, she thought, he had *anti-game*.

She realized suddenly that she’d lost her treasured position as one of the guys. His eyes weren’t focused on her tits by some valiant effort, but they flickered there every few seconds. When he realized she noticed, he blushed. Nicole just sank into one of the chairs across the desk from him and prayed the meeting would be over soon. If this kept up, she decided, she would just have to go to a convent. Maybe she’d be safe from Viktor and faerie shenanigans in a place like that.

“Traffic was bad this morning, sorry I’m late.” She shifted a little, trying to get comfortable in the chair.

“R-right.” He swallowed hard, his eyes drifting down again. “I wanted to find out where you think you are on the current project. The client got back to me with a few more comments after the last review session that I want to talk to you about before I tell him what we can and can’t do.”

Nicole shifted in her seat again as she tried to explain as quickly as she could. The faster she got this over with, the faster she could leave. Hiding in her office sounded like the perfect plan right about now. Her thighs rubbed together and the friction made her clitoris tingle. She spread her knees a bit to relieve the sensation. At least he wouldn’t

think it was a come on since he couldn't see from behind the desk. Was he ever going to take his eyes off her tits?

She finished briefing him on the status of her team and they fell into an awkward silence. He hasn't been listening at all, she realized. And dammit, she was starting to feel warm. Down there. She struggled to keep the faint flush off her face, holding onto her irritation instead despite the deliciously shivery sensations that was radiating out from her clit. Nicole may not have really wanted his attention, but she had to acknowledge that her body was reacting to it. Now, she didn't even bother being confused.

It was either her own hormones or Viktor and his faerie bitch again. Nicole certainly wasn't sure she believed Fantasia's 'woe is me' act. She enjoyed herself way too much. Adam finally realized the silence was stretching thin and stammered a few times. He fiddled with the papers on his desk, glanced at his computer screen and then looked right back down at her breasts. She tried to focus on what he was talking about. It was work after all and client comments were important. She had to interpret what was possible, what was plausible, and what was downright absurd and then translate them to her team.

Unfortunately, it was getting a little hard to focus.

Heat pulsed between her legs. The sensation of blood rushing to fill the aroused tissue seemed particularly acute today and it stole her attention away from Adam's strained dialogue. One of her hands crept up to undo the top button on her blouse. Maybe a little air would help her cool off, stay under control.

She was starting to get uncomfortable. It seemed like no matter how carefully she moved, everything bumped or rubbed up against her sensitive clit. Add to that the building, throbbing heat that was both soothing and arousing at once and she wasn't sure how much longer she was going to be able to sit here and keep a straight face. She could already feel the dampness of her panties against her skin.

"Did-did you have any questions?" Adam's voice startled her out of her distraction. She jumped a little in her chair and a lance of pleasure raked up through her body. Her breath caught in her throat.

"No, that's it, thanks." She barely managed to avoid stumbling over her words. Nicole pushed herself out of her chair and scurried to the door, not daring to glance back at the chair to see if she'd left a damp spot or not. There were some things she'd rather not know. Every step made her muscles feel weak and tingly. It was so tempting to let her knees buckle and just enjoy the pleasure washing over her in waves.

She barely made it to the restroom. She staggered into a stall and through the latch. What exactly had they done to her now? This didn't feel exactly like any of the other faerie mischief that had caused her grief recently. She collapsed onto the edge of the toilet and hiked her skirt up around her hips. She didn't get much further than that before the first evidence became clear.

There was a small but distinct lump pressing against the front of her black satin panties. The unflattering fluorescent bathroom lights glinted off the lustrous fabric, the shine showing off the little bulge prominently. Carefully, just barely touching, she passed her fingertip over the bump. Her head fell back and she bit her lip to hold back a moan, her muscles turning to water from the shock of that small touch. Her clitoris had never been this engorged, or this sensitive.

Her purse began to vibrate. Nicole fumbled with the bag, digging around for her phone with fingers she wasn't quite certain she had full control of again. Every move seemed to concentrate her attention on the swollen nub rubbing deliciously against her suddenly too-confining panties.

"Nicole, could you meet me in my office? –Lydia" The text message was short, but it made a cold knot of fear settle into Nicole's stomach, chasing back some of the lust. Lydia was HR. Did she know? There was a wild moment when Nicole thought she might, then she forced herself to look at things objectively. There was no way Lydia could know. After all, she hadn't really done anything that could be construed as misconduct at work.

Right?

Might as well get this over with. Nicole sighed and staggered to her feet, smoothing her skirt down as best she could. Was it just her imagination or could she still see a little bit of a lump? She twisted from side to side to try and get a better idea if it was just her paranoia or not, but quickly stopped. The tight skirt pressed the fabric of her panties just that much tighter against her bulging button.

Every step was agony. She tried to hurry, but each stride put more friction on her now very sensitive loins. It was pleasure that bordered close to pain. She wasn't sure she had ever been so sensitive. She tried slowing down and choosing her steps carefully but that just seemed to drag things out. Though she normally preferred the stairs, the elevator seemed like a sanctuary today.

Well, it would have if it hadn't been packed shoulder to shoulder with maintenance workers. In the strained silence as the floors dinged down, she tried not to notice the muscular outline of the man in front of her, or the way his shoulders strained against the fabric of his t-shirt. He glanced over her shoulder and caught her looking. She looked down at her shoes and blushed, trying not to fidget and embarrass herself. Then the doors slid open and she thankfully tried to weasel out. The work men moved just enough to let her pass. Her breasts rubbed suggestively against the man she'd been watching as she squeezed her way through. His eyes met hers for a moment and he gave a knowing smirk.

Flushing scarlet, Nicole fled the elevator, unable to catch her breath. The Human Resources offices were thankfully just a short ways down the hallway. She scurried to Lydia's door, ignoring the lightning flashes of pain-pleasure from between her legs and the faintly sticky gleam of sweat that she could feel forming between her thighs and on her stomach from the sweltering heat that seemed to surge with each beat of her heart.

This time, she didn't even have to knock. The door was already partially open and the minute she'd come to a standstill, Lydia swung it open completely as if she had been waiting.

"Thanks for coming so promptly, Nicole. Come right in, have a seat." Lydia was a good looking fifty, tall and slim with brown hair striped through with silver. She had always been nice enough, though she seemed to have a bit of a proprietary interest in Nicole. It hadn't really bothered her too much before—in fact, it reminded her a bit of her mother.

Nicole sank into a chair, grateful to be off her feet. Instead of rubbing, now the sensation only came from gentle pressure as long as she sat still. "It's no problem Lydia, what do you need?" Her voice was slightly breathy, as though she'd been running. She tried to take slow breaths and calm down, hands laced in her lap to cover any possible indication of her current 'problem'. She was pretty sure this was one thing Lydia couldn't help her with. The older woman slid into the chair behind her desk and clasped her hands on the immaculate surface. Just like Lydia, there wasn't a hair out of place in the office.

"Nothing I need really, I was more worried about you." She fixed Nicole with a look that made her squirm. And once she started squirming it was awfully hard to stop. "It's become obvious that you are going through some changes of a very personal and... ah... physical nature." The older woman seemed to be searching for the right words—the least offensive ones most likely. Nicole wasn't really paying as much attention as she should have been. Really she was trying, but something was happening between her legs that was more than a little distracting.

"I've heard there's been some gossiping and agitation among your colleagues. I know most of them people you work with are men and I want to make sure you're feeling safe in the workplace." Lydia levelled her gaze at Nicole, who was at best only paying her half a mind.

"Oh I am, I am," Nicole murmured breathlessly. The fabric of her panties felt like it was slithering in between her wet pussy lips and wrapping around her swollen clit. Rubbing up and down, sliding gently along the tiny length of it. She shuddered, trying hard not to squirm or show her arousal.

"Alright..." Lydia watched her suspiciously, but couldn't seem to think of anything to hold her with. "Just let me know if any of them say anything or do anything to you. We girls need to stick together."

"Yes, of course Lydia. I'd better be going. Lot of work today." Nicole pushed back her chair and stood hastily. She almost stumbled, her knees shaky and weak. Before Lydia could call her back, she darted out into the hallway, panting. Crap, she needed to get her panties out of their twist and fast! The last thing she wanted to do was fall over from sex overdrive in the middle of the office. Her mind conjured up a vision of herself writhing on the floor, moaning and panting, hands roaming over her body as everybody

was watching and taking snapshots for social media. She felt a rush of heat rush to her face, unsure whether it was from shame or rising lust.

Between meetings and her own lateness, it was lunch time. And the restrooms on this level were full. Every stall locked and a gaggle of secretaries and paper pushers powdering their noses in the mirrors. It seemed like no place was safe. The space in front of the elevators was equally packed. She ducked into the stairwell, some part of her thinking that maybe she'd get to the next floor and find a bathroom or something there.

The door clanged shut behind her, leaving her suddenly, blessedly alone in the cool, bright stairwell. She managed to make it to the first landing before her knees gave out and she sagged against the wall. It was blessedly cold against her back and ass. She shoved her skirt up, barely bothering to glance around and make sure she was alone. After all, her feverish mind reasoned, their steps would echo on the stairs the way her barely muffled moans did.

She reached down and slipped her fingers around the soaked crotch of her twisted panties, tugging the fabric down to try and relieve some of the pressure. To her surprise, the fabric writhed under her touch like something alive. It slithered around her oversized clitoris and squeezed.

Nicole cried out as she came, her head thumping back softly against the wall. Her eyes rolled up and she slid down the wall to the floor, her legs splayed wide. Her fingers shifted back and forth, back and forth, tugging on her panties to make the material squeeze and stroke. Her body twisted in all directions, out of her control. Mindlessly she drew the orgasm out, her pants and moans ricocheting off the concrete.

Moisture seeped out and pooled under her ass. Slowly, her heart rate returned to normal and her moans slowed to whimpers. Her hand hung limp. Suddenly, a door clanged open above her. She scrambled to her feet, pushing her skirt down over her ass. Noticing the mess she'd made, she felt the blood drain from her face. She lurched for the stairs and staggered over the first step when her body shuddered under another wave of sensation, much closer to pain than pleasure now that her body had crossed that thin line into oversensitive.

The voices came closer. She righted herself and kept her head down as she moved up the stairs as quickly as she could. Still she could feel her panties twisting like like they had a mind of their own, gently caressing her enormous clit. She imagined she could almost feel it growing.

Two men in business suits jogged down the stairs past her, laughing over some joke between themselves. She could feel their eyes sliding over her, lingering on her breasts. She hurried past them. There was no doubt about it now. This definitely stank of faerie work. That little bitch. And Viktor. She gritted her teeth, her nails biting into her palms when she curled her fingers into fists. She'd get him one of these days.

For now, she just had to make it through the day. One foot in front of the other. She reached her desk after what seemed like an eternity and sank into the seat, determined

not to leave it until it was time to leave. Maybe she'd put in a little over time, just to make sure the building was mostly empty before she had to try and make the trek.

The afternoon was a true nightmare, the sensations keeping her distracted and aroused all through the day. There was no doubt, her clit was getting bigger and longer with each passing hour. At some point, in a short bout of clarity, she came to the conclusion it had to be her panties causing this and sought to remove them in a bathroom. The panties gripped her clit so tightly that she nearly passed out from the resulting climax. She resolved to tough it out and wait to be home before trying this again. By day's end, her clit was thick as her thumb and over four inches long, poking through her skirt like an obscene erection.

The drive home was something between a nightmare and a wet dream. She felt every vibration of the engine as it travelled through the floor and her seat. Memories of her orgasm in the stairwell put her right on the edge again. She felt so sexy, so slutty! At the stoplight in front of her neighborhood, she twisted her hips and tried to grind into the seat. Her hand crept down between her legs, but just before she brushed the heated mound between her legs, the light changed green. She jerked her hand back to the steering wheel. She drove with exaggerated care, worried that her trembling and distraction might lead to an accident.

Nicole made it to her driveway with a profound sense of relief—and urgency to get her clothes off and her hands down her pants! She bumped open the door with her shoulder and tossed her purse onto the table in the foyer, hardly even registering that the door hadn't been closed all the way, much less locked. She walked towards the living room in a haze of lust, unbuttoning her blouse.

Julie was standing by the coffee table.

Nicole stopped, her hands suddenly still, letting the sides of her blouse fall open. The other woman's eyes roved slowly over her bared chest. It was a frank, appraising look that Nicole was much more accustomed to coming from men.

The look alone nearly drove her over the edge.

"Sorry to barge in like this Nicole, but you never asked for your key back." With some apparent effort, Julie dragged her eyes back to Nicole's face, smiling a little.

"It's alright, you're always welcome." Overcoming her surprise, Nicole gestured to the couch. "How've you been?" For purely selfish reasons, she was grateful when Julie sat and she could join her on the couch. She wasn't sure how much longer she could hold out. Trouble was, she didn't want to stay in control. She was struggling to concentrate on anything but her body's demands.

"I've been... oh Nicole, I don't know how to explain it." Julie buried her hands in her thick, wavy blonde hair. "I've been so mad about you trying to break me and Viktor up, but I don't know who else to talk to. You're still my best friend." She reached out and clutched Nicole's hand in a grip that was almost painful.

Nicole bit her lip and didn't argue. She knew what version of events Julie believed and it wouldn't do any good to argue. Better to concentrate on the strength of Julie's

grip because it was keeping her from giving in and just masturbating right there. She hardly cared that her shirt was hanging open and she didn't have a bra on. She and Julie had seen each other naked or in their underwear a hundred times over the years. She was more startled that Julie hadn't mentioned her oversized breasts or noticed the ridge her clitoris was making pressed into the front of her skirt. It seemed horribly obvious to Nicole.

To make it worse, the sensations never really let up. It felt as if the finest, silkiest hand was slowly stroking her erect clit, caressing the length of it. It had to be five inches long at this point she mused, before she recalled that she needed to be paying attention to her friend. Julie was carrying on as if this was the most natural thing in the world. Couldn't she see Nicole was having a sexual meltdown right before her eyes?

"Oh my god though, Nicole, the sex has been amazing. Like I thought it was good before, but now it's just incredible. And," Julie's voice dropped conspiratorially, "the other night he brought home another woman."

The blonde's cheeks flushed bright red, the color creeping all the way down to her shoulders. Her tasteful lipstick looked out of place with the sudden blush of color. Nicole squirmed, trying to keep her mind from imagining what Julie was talking about. She remembered the redhead from the library, all soft curves and clever fingers. "What did you do?" Nicole finally asked, hoping it sounded casual. It came out a little breathier than she would have liked.

"Well, we had sex." Julie looked away, then back up shyly. "It was amazing. I never even realized I could be attracted to another woman, but I really liked it. I don't think I'm a lesbian, really, but... is it wrong Nicole? Does it make me some kind of crazy freak just because I like to have sex with women?" Her voice caught in her throat and Nicole thought for a moment she was going to cry. Then she noticed the way Julie was shifting, rubbing her thighs together, and she realized it wasn't angst that was making it hard for her to breathe.

Some tiny voice in the corner of Nicole's mind was rejoicing that Julie was here, that she was still talking to her, but that was quickly drowned in the raging torrent of her lust. Driven by reckless need, Nicole tugged one of her hands free and reached out to touch Julie's cheek. "It might have been a one-time thing, Julie. Viktor was there too. So maybe you should try again, without him there, to... to make sure you really liked it." Then she leaned forward and pressed her lips to that perfectly lipsticked mouth.

Julie kissed back without hesitation. It was a hungry kiss, tongues exploring each other's mouths. The taller woman's hand slid down Nicole's arms, caressing over her shoulders and pushing her blouse down until Nicole had to let her arms fall so the shirt could come off. They broke apart for a breathless instant so she could peel Julie's skin tight t-shirt off and admire the tasteful nude lace of her lingerie, the shadow of her areola visible behind the peek-a-boo floral.

Then Julie's hands were on her hips, sliding back to tug the zipper of her skirt down. A momentary spike of anxiety was quickly smothered under her body's fierce need, but

Nicole broke their desperate kiss, breathless with anticipation. “Julie, you should know I’ve been having a bit of a situation down there...” She hesitated, not sure what to say. It wasn’t a problem, exactly. At least, she hoped it wouldn’t be. Long fingers twined in her dark hair and tugged, drawing a lewd moan from her throat.

“It’ll be fine,” Julie murmured, releasing her grip and returning to pulling down Nicole’s skirt. Nicole fell back on the couch and lifted her hips, giving herself over into her best friend’s hand. She closed her eyes, savoring the deliciously silky touch of the other woman’s hands. The fabric of her skirt rolled down over her hips and she heard a tiny gasp. “Oh my.”

Nicole lifted her head and looked down her body. Somehow they’d ended up twisted sideways on the couch with Julie kneeling next to the back, tugging Nicole’s skirt down her legs. Her eyes were fixed on the thin bulge pressing against the front of Nicole’s black panties. Her clit was swollen, stretched to nearly five inches long and thick as a thumb. Strangely the pressure seemed to have eased and Nicole realized that the fabric was no longer wrapped around her small erection. It offered no struggle when Julie hooked her fingers into the sides and slowly dragged it down and off, flinging the damp underwear off into some corner.

Her lips found the piece of engorged lady flesh and Nicole ceased to think. Her back arched as the bundle of nerves was tenderly enveloped in the heat of Julie’s mouth, the other woman’s soft tongue stroking gently along the underside to the root where the hood had been pushed back. She screamed until her throat was raw, writhing and clawing at the couch while Julie gently and purposefully brought her over that edge she’d been riding ever since mid-afternoon.

Somewhere in the haze her hands found skin instead of upholstery and she clutched Julie as if she was the only thing keeping her earthbound. Her fingers found the straps of that pretty nude bra and pushed them impatiently down, revealing Julie’s plump breasts to her half-hooded eyes. In comparison to her own, the other woman’s rack looked positively petite even though in the past she’d always thought of her best friend as well endowed.

Following some unspoken urging, Julie’s mouth left her throbbing clit, licking and kissing up Nicole’s stomach. She swung one long leg over and knelt, straddling the smaller woman’s hips. For a moment she just hovered there, touching Nicole only with her thighs and hands gently caressing her sides and breasts. The anticipation was delicious and for once brief moment, Nicole felt no urgency to close the distance between them, still wrapped in the glow of her previous orgasm. Instead she took the moment to admire the woman she’d known for so long, caressing her body with both hands and eyes to show her appreciation.

Then Julie lowered herself down and rolled her hips. It pressed their clitorises together in one firm stroke. She ground her wet slit along Nicole throbbing erection, still so sensitive from earlier. Stars flashed in front of Nicole’s eyes and this time they both

screamed as the climax crashed over them, driving their bodies together harder and harder to prolong the spasms of bliss.

Julie's hips shifted a little farther forward and the next time she ground down, Nicole's eyes shot open. Her lengthened clit sank between the slick folds of the blonde's pussy and thrust into her. There was a whole new heat now, velvety folds caressing her in ways she'd never imagined. With a muffled groan she grabbed Julie's ass and bucked up into her.

Under the force of the thrusts Julie leaned forward and caught herself with her hands on either side of Nicole's head. Every motion made their breasts bounce and swing and now they were close enough that the movements rubbed the tender nipples against each other bringing in a whole new level of lust.

As they fumbled on the couch, Julie's toes swept across the edge of the coffee table, knocking a remote to the ground. Fantasia bounced out of the way just in time, ducking behind the edge of a game controller. She pressed her hands over her tiny mouth to muffle her giggles, though there wasn't really a need. After all, both of the women were way too involved in what they were doing to pay attention to little ol' her. She'd made sure of that.

It was just too easy. Viktor didn't have a chance. The faerie jumped up on top of the controller and idly stepped from button to button, briefly balancing on one foot on the analog stick. It started to wobble and she jumped off of it, hovering for a moment in the air.

There was a thump and the women rolled off the couch and onto the floor without so much as a breath between moans. "Geez, what sluts," Fantasia snickered. She crossed her arms under her generous bust, quite pleased with herself. This blonde floozy was going to make winning this little bet a breeze. She was just too easy to control and arouse. It just took a little hint there, a little nudge here—hardly any magic at all. At this rate Nicole and Viktor would be so exhausted they'd hardly be able to walk, much less do the nasty! And that's assuming Nicole would even be *willing*, which was unlikely.

Turning a somersault, Fantasia popped up to her feet at the edge of the table and leaned over to smack Nicole's pale ass. The programmed cried out and her body jerked with renewed vigor as she ground and thrust against her friend. Looking down at the dark hair mingling with blonde, tan skinned against white, Fantasia nodded again. She had thought about using the redhead from the library, but that girl was smart. She might've noticed something. Julie? Well, she was as good at sex as any slut, but not too high on brains. Perfect.

It was just what Fantasia had ordered. And well, faeries always know best.

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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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