A Pleasant Surprise

By : lauricula

It isn't erotica from the start, but it will slowly work it's way to it.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/lauricula

Copyright © lauricula, 2014
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Table of Contents

A Pleasant Surprise Chapter 1

A Pleasant Surprise Chapter 2

A Pleasant Surprise Chapter 3

A Pleasant Surprise Chapter 4

A Pleasant Surprise : Chapter 1

ï¿½

I took one last drag from my cigarette, and crushed it onto the pavement with the toe of my shoe. Exhaling, I picked up a grocery basket, and walked through the automatic doors. Cleaning supplies and fresh fruit filled my nostrils; I wrinkled my nose at the smell. I hated grocery stores, but it was the price I paid for living alone.

I turned left, avoiding a run in with a mother and two squealing kids, and headed towards the shampoo aisle. I stopped midway, staring at the countless brands before me; I hated making decisions. I ruffled my hand through my black, curly hair and sighed. I picked up my usual brand: Dove men 2-in-1, and tossed in the basket draped over my arm. Next stop, laundry detergent.

I groaned as I saw the aisle was packed with people; I'll come back in a couple minutes. What else do I need again? Retrieving the crumpled list from my jean's pocket, I saw that I needed bananas. Heading in the opposite direction, I went back to the front of the store. Thankfully, the produce section wasn't nearly as crowded as the detergent aisle. Only a few elderly people mingled here and there, contemplating which fruit they wanted. I saw Mr. Henderson, my neighbor in my apartment building and gave him a quick wave.

Walking over to the bananas, I dropped my basket to the floor. Picking out fruit always took the longest because I was so god damn picky. I eyed two bunches of bananas that both looked as close to perfect as I was going to get. I reached out for the one on the left and was surprised at the sudden appearance of hand reaching for the same bunch. I drew back quickly and turned my head.

A woman with long, auburn hair and light green eyes stood about a foot away from me. Her grocery basket was draped over arm like mine had been only moments ago. I drew in a sharp breath at the sight of her. She really was quite pretty. Her sweater and jeans accentuated every curve of her body, and her skin seemed soft and angelic. She cocked her head and smiled apologetically.

"I'm sorry." She said, her voice sweet. "You can take that bunch."

It took me a moment to register what she said, but when I finally did, I shook my head vigorously. "No, you take them. They're basically the same as the bunch next to them."

"Are you sure?" she asked, already reaching for the bananas.

"Absolutely." I said breathlessly. *Shit.* *ï¿½ï*

She laughed; a pure, innocent, sweet, musical laugh. A laugh I could listen to all my life. She placed the bananas in her basket, and tucked a strand of auburn hair behind her ear.

"So what's your name?"

Clearing my throat, I put the other bunch of bananas in my basket. "Christopher."

"Well, Christopher, it's nice to meet you." She said, extending a hand. "I'm Amy."

I shook her hand, and gave her a weak smile. Her grip was unexpectedly firm. "Nice to meet you, Amy." This woman was making my knees grow weak by just the sound of her voice. *How the hell was this possible?*

We exchanged an awkward stare, before I picked up my basket from the floor behind me, and walked away. My cheeks blushed, and my neck grew hot. A knot formed in my stomach, and I felt a tightness in my jeans. *Oh God no, not here. Not the grocery store.*

I rushed through self-checkout, not bothering to gather the rest of the items on my list. I just wanted to get back to my apartment. My groceries in cheap plastic bags less than five minutes later, and I was out the door.

Amy. I think I could start to like the grocery store.

~~~~~~~

Putting my one bag of groceries on my small kitchen table, I cursed myself for running out of the store so quickly. *What the hell was I thinking?* There was the fact that I hadn't any sort of conversation with a woman in over a year, let alone an attractive woman such as Amy. The shape of her pink lips, and her sweet voice was enough to make my knees weak. It couldn't be possible for someone to this much power over me. Then there was the fact that we met in the produce section of the fucking grocery store. That would be a great story to tell the kids. *You see sweetheart, daddy met mommy when they both reached for the same bunch of bananas.* Oh hell, who am I kidding? Kids were so far-fetched. It was unlikely that I'd never even see her again; our town wasn't that small.

Her face appeared in my mind; her light green eyes, sparkling in the fluorescent lights, her auburn hair that shaped her face in the most beautiful way, and those lips, those sweet, sweet lips. My mouth went dry, and my breath quickened at the thought of her. Jesus, she wasn't even here and she was doing this to me! *How?*

Somewhere in my mind, I made the decision that I needed to see her again. I needed to find out more about her; if I had any sort of chance with her. I needed to know. How I was going to see her again, I had no idea. *Leaving the apartment more often would be a decent start,* a sarcastic voice said. *Shut up,* I told it, rolling my eyes. For now though, there was nothing I could do.

Putting away my groceries took all of five minutes, and I grabbed a beer while I was near the fridge. Migrating into the living room, I grabbed the remote off the coffee table and turned on the T.V. One good thing about living alone; the T.V. was always on the same channel every time I turned it on. It didn't take long before my mind wandered away from the events of this afternoon. I got a few Amy free hours, as I engulfed myself in the college football game currently airing. When it was over however, Amy's face was back. *Get out.* Her laugh echoed throughout my brain; so sweet, and pure... I groaned and leaned my head back. I could tell this wasn't going to stop until I saw her again.

I checked the clock hanging above the T.V. It was almost five o'clock; time to watch the news. I flipped to the local news channel, and repositioned my body to a more comfortable position. My eyes were fluttering when I heard it; that sweet, pure laugh. I sat up straight, my eyes wide, staring at the screen. *There she was.* Dressed in a navy blue, pinned striped suit, was Amy from the grocery store. She was standing in front of a giant weather map, now talking about a possible thunderstorm headed for us later in the week. *It can't be. Twice in one day?*

I didn't believe in fate until this moment. I am supposed to see her again. I just don't know how.

~~~~~~~~~~

For the next three days, I went out all over town, hoping to spot Amy. I went to the grocery multiple times a day, often leaving empty handed. Fellow shoppers gave me stranger looks, as I ushered down the aisles, looking for her auburn hair. I ignored them of course; they didn't understand.

I knew perfectly well that I seemed crazy to everyone. I met a girl in the produce section, saw her on my T.V. and was now desperately searching for her. I know I'm crazy, but I just can't help it. I won't be satisfied until I see her again.

At the end of each Amy-less day, I would watch the news, waiting for the weather, so I could see her. I'd observe her beauty all over again; it was something I could never get enough of. There was electricity between us when we met in the store, and it had been buzzing ever since; a constant buzzing.

By the fourth day, I admit I was losing hope. It seemed silly to me now, searching all over town for a girl I didn't really know. I still went about my usual routine, but this time not expecting to see her. Reality was taking over.

I was at the local diner, stopping for a cup of coffee to refuel before I continued my day. I had a window seat and was staring out at the busy street, my head resting on my hand. I mindlessly sipped my coffee and watched a toddler throw a temper tantrum; his mom struggling to put him in the car.

The bell chimed, signaling someone had come into the diner. I ignored it and continued to watch the toddler and mother.

"Hey Hal." A woman's voice said from across the diner.

The greasy cook answered with a grunt and continued making breakfast sandwiches.

She laughed, and the second she did, I turned my head in her direction. It was that pure, sweet laugh. *Her laugh.* It was Amy. She was here!

I debated if I should get up and greet her, but realized she probably won't remember me. We exchanged nothing more than a few words, and that had been the extent of our relationship. But the electricity was growing stronger, I had to do something. I had been waiting for four days for this.

Slowly, I got up out of seat, and walked towards her. She had taken a seat at the counter, studying her menu. Her hair was down today, just like the first time I saw her. She was in a navy blue sweater, and black jeans. God, she was beautiful.

I cleared my throat and she spun around, somewhat alarmed.

"Hi, erm, sorry, you may not remember me but-"

"You're Christopher from the grocery store right? The bananas?" a smile spread across her face, and butterflies in my stomach soared to new heights.

I could feel a blush creeping up my neck. *She remembered.* "Yeah, yeah that was me. I was hoping I would see you again, actually." I mumbled. She made me feel like a little boy with his first crush.

She raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued. "Oh, really? Why's that?" she gave a mischievous smile; she was testing me. She wanted to see if I had the guts to say what she already knew.

I brushed a hand through my hair and laughed nervously. "I just, uh, I thought you were the most beautiful woman I've ever seen and well..." I couldn't finish my sentence. What the hell was I supposed to say? I left the store with half a hard-on? I wanted to grab you and kiss you from the moment you faced me? *No.*

She cocked her head, and smiled, more sincerely this time. "Is this some cheesy way of picking up a young woman trying to get breakfast?" she joked.

I shrugged, laughing with her. "This is me confessing my attraction to a girl I met in the produce section after a two minute conversation."

She patted the seat next to her, and that morning, Amy and I had breakfast.

~~~~~~~~~

Two sizzling plates of eggs, sausage and home fries were placed in front of Amy and I. I had now joined her at the counter, and she had been telling me about her job. Amy was so easy to talk to; it was like opening a book that was just waiting to be read. She was so willingly to tell me about herself, letting me in to her life.

I couldn't help but notice everything she did, every movement she made. The way she puckered her lips when she was wiping them with a napkin. The way she constantly tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, or the way her eyes squinted shut when she laughed really hard. I found that it was quite easy to make her laugh.

"So," I said nervously, playing with the last bit of home fries on my plate. "Would you be interested in having dinner with me some time?" It was a bit of a long shot, I knew that, but I was still hoping she said yes.

Something changed in her expression as she realized what I asked her. "Oh, uhm, I don't really know if that's a good idea." She mumbled, not making eye contact.

"Okay. It's fine. I was just wondering." I said casually. Truthfully, I was hurt. She had been so happy to see me again, and invited me to eat with her, and now she didn't want to see me again?

She gave me a look of confusion. "You're not mad?"

I shook my head. "No, you don't want to, and that's fine. I didn't really expect you to."

She smiled again. "Thank you for being understanding." She grabbed her purse, laying money on the counter for her bill.

"Will I see you again?" I asked, sounding like a little kid.

She grabbed her jacket, and tossed her hair. "Maybe, who knows?" She said before walking out of the diner.ï¿½
~~~~~~~~~

Chapter 2

Chapter 2

I stared, open-mouthed, at the door that Amy had just walked through. She is the most confusing woman I've ever met.

"You know she's out of your league right?" Hal sneered from the kitchen.

I scowled, through some money on the counter, and left without a word. Pulling out a cigarette, I ran through my conversation with Amy again. She was happy to see me; that much was clear. She answered all questions easily and enthusiastically, and laughed at practically everything I said. Yet she froze when I asked her out for dinner. I took a drag and thought of all the possibilities for her decline. She didn't have to have a reason, maybe she just didn't want to; which was fine. I just wanted to understand; if only she hadn't run out so quickly, I could have asked her.

I should just be happy I got to see her again; something I thought was impossible just hours before. But it wasn't enough. I needed her to say yes, to be in my presence. Her image crept into my mind again, and I cursed myself. A bulge appeared in my pants, and I tried positioning it so it wasn't visible but it was hopeless. *Why did she have to do this to me?*

~~~~~~~~~

Honestly, I didn't expect to see Amy after she rejected me at the diner; that didn't mean that I stopped trying. I still went out every day looking for her; but this time, I had a new mission. *Why did she reject me?* Even if it was as simple as "I don't want to." I just needed to know. She consumed my every thought every second of the damn day, and at this point it was more of a nuisance than anything. I didn't want to think about her either; if I could choose not to, I would. Wellâ ¦maybe not as much.

I was careful not to go anywhere near her work; I definitely did not want to come off as a creep. Though the thought was tempting, I stayed away. It would only set me back further.

Frustrated, I sat down on a bench in the local park. Kids were running around the playground shrieking, and their mothers were chatting away incessantly on benches nearby. There was an elderly couple strolling by, hands intertwined. I smiled to myself thinking how nice it must be to still love someone after so long. A knot formed in my stomach again and Amy came to my mind. *God dammit.*

I felt someone tap me on the shoulder and I turned around; startled. Amy stood before me, a smirk on her face. I tried to speak, but my words came out jumbled.

"Continuing your hunt for me, are you?" she asked playfully. Her tan jacket made her skin seem ghostly pale. The sun was illuminating her hair, and her eyes sparkled. She was breath-takingly beautiful.

"No." I lied.

She chuckled. "Yeah right." Amy sat down next to me, staring off at the playground where two boys were now fighting over a swing.

"So I assume you want to know why I rejected you at the diner the other day?" she asked, her tone airy.
~~~~~~~~~

I flinched. "I wasn't going to use quite those words, but essentially, yes. Even if it's as simple as you don't want to, I just need to know is all."

"Why?" her voice had become hard all of a sudden; it was a tad bit frightening.

"Because you invited me to sit down and have breakfast with you thirty minutes prior! Then I ask you to go to dinner and you say no? Come on, how would that not be confusing to anyone?" I said a bit angrily.

She looked at me with wide eyes like she hadn't realized what she had done. "I'm sorry. I-I didn't think it would make you angryâ¦" her voice was low, and she hung her head.

I sighed. "I didn't think I was angry. I justâ¦you threw me off. That's all. Just tell me why you don't want to go to dinner, and I'll leave you alone. I'll stop looking for you. If I ever see you by complete coincidence, I won't bother you. I swear, just please, tell me." I couldn't believe I was pleading with the girl from the grocery store I had only met a week ago.

She looked at me quizzically and still said nothing. Her eyes gave nothing away, and her mouth formed a straight line.

"Fine." My fury was taking over, and I got up to leave when I felt her tug at my sleeve.

"Wait. Sit." Her voice was firm, and so I sat.

She took a deep breath. "I want to go to dinner with you, I justâ¦I don't want it to be a date." The last part came out very fast, and I barely understood what she said. A blush spread from her neck to her cheeks.

"Okay. It doesn't have to be. It can just be two grown-ups going to get dinner, and chat. Friendship and appropriate social interaction is allowed?" I asked, half-teasing.

She pondered on this for a moment before nodding. "Yes, friendship is allowed. Justâ¦no dates, okay?"

"Okay. So, tomorrow at seven? The diner? Not too formal of a setting."

"Sure." She smiled, and my heart melted. *She's killing me.*

"I'll see you there then." I said, as we both got up to leave.

"Yeah." She smiled again, and waved as she walked off.

I stared after her, watching her slim figure disappear. This was going to be difficult. Very difficult. She was beautiful, incredible, infuriating, confusing, frustrating, wonderful and perfect all at once. I hated that about her; yet I didn't hate her at all.

~~~~~~~~

Six-thirty. I had half an hour until I was supposed to be at the diner. I double checked that I brushed my teeth, and made sure my outfit of choice didn't look like I was trying too hard. *This wasn't a date after all.*

Fifteen minutes later and I was out the door. I arrived a few minutes before seven, but it was enough to pick a table. Remembering that it wasn't a date, I chose one by the windows, in a row of booths, so we weren't secluded. Staring blankly at the menu, I waited for Amy to arrive.
~~~~~~~~

I checked my watch. Seven fifteen and still no Amy. Oh my god, was she standing me up? Half-amused and half-annoyed, I decided to give her another fifteen minutes and if she still didn't show up, I would leave. I had already put off the waitress twice now.

Seven twenty-five. I looked out on the street and saw no signs of her; I have to admit I was becoming a little angry now. I was fairly certain the waitress felt bad for me, as she gave me a cup of coffee and some cookies on the house.

The bell tinkled, and I looked up instantly. Amy was striding towards me, her cheeks flushed and fear all over her face. *Was she okay? What if something happened and I was going to be mad at her for being late? I'd feel like an asshole. Okay, just ask her what's wrong.*

"Amy! Are you ok?" I stood up to greet her, but was careful not to touch her; in case it gave her the wrong idea.

"Chris, I am so sorry! Things got crazy at work today, and I got stuck behind, and it set my whole evening off! If I had your number I would have called you or something." She said breathlessly, plopping down into the booth.

I smiled; more relieved that nothing happened to her. "Hey, it's okay. When you came in looking scared I thought something had happened." I sat down opposite her.

She laughed. "I was scared you would be mad, or that you leftâ ¦" she didn't meet my eyes when she said the last part.

"Well, to be honest, I was slightly mad towards the past couple minutes but only because I thought you stood me up!" We were both laughing now.

"I wouldn't dare stand someone up. That's just rude."

I smiled; a completely goofy smile. "Nor would I."

This was the first chance I got to really look at her. She was wearing jeans, and a long black sleeve shirt. Her hair was straightened tonight, and she was wearing a touch of make-up that lit up her face. How is possible for a woman to look so beautiful in such a simple outfit?

We ordered food, and I asked her why she got caught up at work. I noticed how expressive she is; her face, the way she uses her hands when she talks. It's completely amazing and captivating. Apparently there was a malfunction with the green screen and as it's a crucial part of doing the weather, Amy was left to wait for it to be fixed.

While I waited for Amy all I wanted to ask her was why she didn't want this to be a date, why she just wanted a friendship, but as the night went on, I found that I didn't really care about that anymore. I was having dinner with a beautiful woman, and that's all that mattered. Sure the electricity that buzzed between us was somewhat hard to ignore, but I did it and I did it quite well.

We must have talked about everything possible that night. Even after our food was gone, we sat there talking and laughing. She was truly great company; I could never get bored of her. She lit up the room when she smiled; Amy was purely intoxicating.

Around ten o'clock she checked her watch. The smile faded from her face.

"Oh no, I have to get going!" she said, gathering her jacket and purse.

Only slightly disappointed, I agreed. "I know this isn't a date, but is it okay if I pay for the bill?"

She nodded, now putting on her jacket. "I'm so sorry; I have two dogs at my apartment and I didn't get a chance to feed them or anything before I came here. The poor things."

I laid the money on the table and walked with Amy onto the busy street. "Are you going to be okay getting home?" I asked, truly concerned.

"I'll be fine. I always take a taxi if it's late." She said, stepping up to the curb. I admired her confidence in herself.

"Well, here," I said pulling out my little notebook I carried everywhere along with my pen, and scribbled my number on it. "Just send me a text letting me know you got home okay, please?"

She eyed me hesitantly, as if figuring out if this was some sort of game. She studied me a few seconds more before grabbing the paper from my hand. "Sure." She waved before getting into the cab.

Bye Amy.

~~~~~~~~

Just as I walked in the door of my apartment, my phone vibrated. It was a number I didn't recognize but I knew it was Amy. *I'm home safe and sound. :P Thanks for tonight by the way, it was fun!*

I typed a quick reply thanking her for agreeing to have dinner with me, and wished her good night. I was surprised when she replied back. *What you don't want to keep talking to me?*

I could practically hear the playfulness in her voice and smiled to myself. She was so confusing. I replied back, *Of course I do, I just didn't think you would want to.*

Well you thought wrong! She replied back a few seconds later. Laughing, I settled into bed and kept my phone tucked under my pillow. Amy and I talked for another hour or so before she finally fell asleep. I stared at my ceiling replaying our non-date in my head, hoping sleep would find me soon. Slowly but surely, my eye lids grew heavy and I drifted off to sleep.

My phone buzzed directly underneath my head and stirred me from the deep sleep I was in. Groggy and still half-asleep I felt for my phone. When I found it, I saw that I had a text from Amy.

Meet me for coffee in an hour? At the diner?

Smiling, and sitting up, I typed back yes, and went to jump in the shower.

~~~~~~

Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Amy and I strolled through the park, people watching and observing nature. I was enjoying myself; laughing with her, pointing at funny shaped clouds, but I was still itching to ask her why she asked to hang out with me today. Finally, a moment of silence rose between us and I took my chance.

"So, not that I don't mind or anything, but, why did you ask me to hang out today?" I bit my lip, afraid this would make her mad.

She stopped, and blinked at me; as if this was the stupidest question she ever heard. "We're friends right?"

"Yes."

"And friends hang out right?" she seemed slightly annoyed, and I felt a bit stupid for thinking it was anything more than that. After all, she had made it clear when she accepted my dinner invitation.

"Well, yes. I was just surprised that you wanted to hang out again since we just saw each other last night." I said sheepishly, feeling like a child now.

"Do you not want to see me this often?" she asked, utterly confused by this point. God this was infuriating.

I ruffled my hands through my hair, staring at her. "No, I do, it's just. You're confusing! You ask me to eat breakfast with you, and then say no to dinner. Then you say yes to dinner, but not as a date. Then you want to talk to me after we have dinner, and then you want to hang out with me the next day. You're justâ¦you're sending different signals, and you're losing me here." Now I was the one who sounded annoyed, and I was.

She stared at me, and then turned away. "Well I'm sorry if I'm confusing you but I told you it was a friendship and nothing more. Maybe you're just reading into my actions too much." She mumbled the last part in the hopes that I wouldn't hear it. *Nice try.*

I sighed heavily, stepping in front of her so we were facing each other again. "Look, I told you how I felt that morning at the diner. I *like* you. I think you're beautiful, and I like being in your company, and if I could, I would spend every day with you. So pardon me for reading too much into your actions. I can't help it and I hate it." I had grabbed her hands, and as soon as I realized it, I let go.

She blushed, and shoved her hands in her pockets. "Chris, I like you too, but I just don't do relationships."

I groaned. *Why did she have to be so difficult?* "I'm not asking you to. Justâ¦never mind. You're right. I need to stop reading into things too much." I didn't feel like discussing this anymore.

She looked at me sadly; as if she felt sorry for me. "I like being friends with you, can't we just stay that way?" she pleaded.

"Yeah, yeah we can." I sighed.

~~~~~~~
~~~~~~~

Amy and I hung out practically every day. Some days we met up for lunch at the diner, other days we would go to the park, or I'd accompany her while she did errands. I hadn't said anything more about the way she acted, and she seemed to tone it down on the 'mixed signals'. At least once during my time with her, I found myself conspicuously readjusting my erection and ignoring the pull in my groin. I had never masturbated this much before I met Amy either; and each time I did, it was becoming less and less satisfying.

I'm pretty sure Amy caught me staring at her on several occasions, but her silence told me she didn't really mind. We were usually in situations where I didn't have much to look at besides her, so I had an excuse.

I checked the time and saw it was almost four o'clock. My article was due at ten, and I had barely started it. Amy and I had been visiting some shops in China town, and I doubted she wanted to come all the way back to my apartment.

"Listen, I have to head back to my place. I have an article due tonight and I've barely started it." I said.

"Okay, well, I could come with you? Help you write your article even? Or stay out of the way until you're finished?" she raised eyebrow at me and tilted her head; making it impossible for me to say no.

"I mean, my place is kind of dirtyâ ¦"

"Perfect, that gives me something to do while you write." She smiled, and led us to the curb to call for a cab.

~~~~~~~~

Half an hour later, Amy and I were back at my place. Any other day, I would be excited to have her over, but I wasn't lying when I said my place was dirty and I was embarrassed that this was how she was seeing it for the first time.

Dishes were piled in the sink, there was a trail of clothes from the bathroom to my room, the trash hadn't been taken out yet, and the coffee table had a pizza box and other items laying upon it.

"Like I said, it's dirty." I muttered, ashamed, as I placed my coat on the coat rack by my door.

Amy didn't seem to mind though. "I'll have your place sparkling by the time you're done your article. And by the way, if there's anything embarrassing you don't want me to see, better go hide it. Because if I find it, you'll never live it down." She teased, now hanging up her coat.

"Does porn embarrass you?" I asked, half-serious.

"No." she said, placing her hands on her hips.

"Then we should be fine." I said and sat down at my computer. Before she could make it out of the living room, I wheeled around. "Are you sure you're okay with doing this?" I asked, still uncertain.

"Duh, why would I offer if I wasn't okay with it? Get it to work!" she snapped.

"Okay, okay. Sheesh." I turned back around and opened up my laptop. *Ok, let's get to work.* I said to myself.

Around six-thirty Amy asked if I wanted to order pizza. "We could watch movies once you're done? Just have a night in?"
~~~~~~~~

"Sure." I said almost mindlessly, typing furiously. My article was about half way done, and I felt bad that Amy got stuck cleaning my apartment. "Take my wallet, I'm paying. Don't argue, because you cleaned my apartment." I said sternly.

I could tell she wanted to retort, but she didn't. She took my wallet and pulled out a twenty. "So what magazine do you write for anyway? I don't think you've told me."

"TIME." I replied.

"Impressive." She said as she picked up the phone to order the pizza.

Forty-five minutes later, when the pizza arrived, Amy convinced me to take a break long enough to enjoy dinner. My article was almost done, and I just needed to edit it. We sat on the couch and I let her flip through the channels. She picked the news. "I like watching when I'm not on! I make fun of the other weather girl." She said defensively. I rolled my eyes and ate my pizza, listening to her snide remarks about the other weather lady.

~~~~~~~

By eight o'clock, I was done my article. After double checking that it was saved and sent, I turned off my computer, feeling the relief of another work load off my back.

"So we can watch a movie now?" Amy asked. I had to admit, she had been wonderfully patient this whole time.

"Yes, and you can even pick." I said, taking my usual spot on the couch.

She grinned, like I had just made her day, and dove for my collection of movies next to the T.V. A lacy, red thong peeked out from her jeans, and I tried to hide my laughter. I managed to readjust the now pestering erection before she picked a movie.

I saw her draw back, a movie in her hand. When she turned around, she was fighting a fit of giggles. "Nice to see you're in touch with your feminine side." She teased as she tangled a copy of A Walk to Remember in my face.

"It's my girlfriend's actually. She likes to leave her movies here." I said with a straight face.

She gave me a dead-pan sort of look and popped in the movie. "Ha-ha. You're so funny."

When she sat down, she crossed her arms over her chest, exposing more cleavage. I tried my hardest not to stare. It's just thatâ¦it had been so long since I had been with anyone. Almost three years now, and my hand was not enough anymore. Amy is real, Amy is here. *But she wants to be friends remember?* The voice said in my head.

That's when the idea hit me. *Friends with benefits.* I know it doesn't usually work out butâ¦what if this time it did? Or what if it was just a one-time thing? Should I even ask her? *No.* said the voice in my head. There was only one way I was going to know.

"I have to use the bathroom. Do you need anything while I'm up?" I asked casually.

"Some tissues, maybe. This movie always makes me cry." She joked; I think.
~~~~~~~

Nodding, I headed towards my bathroom. I closed the door behind me, pulled out my phone and dialed my sisters number.

"Hello?" she picked up on the second ring; there was a baby crying in the background.

"Sarah, hey! I need your opinion on something." I said in a hushed voice. My walls weren't exactly thick.

"Sure, what's up? Oh, is this about a girl?" she giggled.

"Shut up, but yes. It's about a girl."

"Okay, so what's the deal?" she asked.

I sighed, rubbing my eyes. "So, she doesn't want a relationship, she's made that clear. She just wants to be friends. But she's always asking me to hang out, and we text constantly. She asked to come back to my place with me while I finished an article. Now we're watching a movie, and Iâ¦it's been a long time Sarah." Not wanting to say the actual words.

"So what's your question? I mean she seems into you besides wanting to be friendsâ¦"

"My question isâ¦should I ask her if she wants to be friends with benefits?" I asked, embarrassed. I could feel a blush spreading to my cheeks.

"Ugh, Chris, that never really works out for people. Butâ¦I know that's not going to stop you. So I'm going to say no, you shouldn't ask her, but she is most definitely in to you."

I smiled. "Thanks Sarah. And hey, I'll call you tomorrow so we can actually talk."

"Okay. Love you."

"Love you too."

I opened the door to go back to the living room and jumped when I saw Amy standing in the door way.

"Busted." She said with a smirk.

~~~~~~
~~~~~~

Chapter 4

Chapter 4

I stared at Amy; wide-eyed and horrified. *How much of my conversation had she overhead?* I could feel the color draining from my face and fear filled my body. *Say something.*

She was still staring at me, with that eyebrow raised once again.

"How much of that conversation did you overhear?" I asked nervously.

"All of it." She said, her face emotionless. *What was she thinking?*

"Why were you spying on me anyway?" I asked, making this realization.

"Don't try and change the subject. Why were you calling for outside help on whether to ask me if I wanted to be friends with benefits?" she asked; her tone stern.

"Because I didn't want to ask you, get turned down and feel stupid and awkward." I said. She always made me feel like a little kid.

Her face slowly spread into a smile. "So what did your outside help tell you to do?"

"To ask you if you wanted to be friends with benefits." I muttered. Was she purposely trying to embarrass me? By the judge of her smile, I'd say she was.

"And why do you think we should?" she was testing me now, I could tell.

She had moved a couple inches closer, and my back was now pressed against the wall. I could smell her perfume and feel her breath hot on my face. I didn't dare look down.

"Because you don't want a relationship, and we're both attracted to each other." I said; my knees weakening by the second.

She nodded, debating what I had just said. "Fair enough. But what if it ruins our friendship?"

"It doesn't have to if we don't let it." I was practically begging now; I felt pathetic.

"I think it's an excellent idea." She breathed.

I raised my eyebrows in shock. "Wait, really?" The strength in my knees returning for only a few seconds. I was pretty sure she could see the outline of my erection but I didn't care.

"Under one condition." She whispered, her mouth now next to my ear. I could feel her chest rising and falling against mine.

I tried to find words to respond somehow, but I just whimpered.

"Don't fall in love with me."

~~~~~~

Amy's lips were so close to mine, and the electricity between us was stronger than ever. I looked at her hesitantly before pressing my lips gently against hers. Her lips were soft, and warm. I worked my tongue into her mouth, and I could hear her moan in the back of her throat. Her body relaxed against mine, as I wrapped my arms around her back. She bit my lip and I groaned in response. One of her hands moved to the back of my neck, and the other was at the base of my back.

I moved one of my hands to her breast and grasped it firmly in my hand; it fit perfectly. She moaned again, and I smiled as I continued to kiss her; our tongues exploring each other's mouths. She broke the kiss and moved to my neck, trailing wet, warm kisses all the way down; like a line of fire. I leaned my head back against the wall, letting her take control. Her hands were exploring my body; my chest, my back, my arms. I loved the way her small, soft hands felt against my skin.

Realizing this was my chance, I grabbed her by the shoulders, and pinned her against the wall. She gasped and smiled wickedly in response. Our mouths reconnected and our hands went back to exploring. Her nails scratching at any skin she could reach, and my hands exploring the bumps and curves of her body. My erection pressed against her leg, and the knots in my stomach were getting tighter. *God I wanted her so bad.*

"Bedroom." I breathed in between kisses.

She nodded in response, and we walked our entangled bodies to my room, slamming the door behind us.

~~~~~~~~

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2014-09-23 19:08:24