

“Just Add Water”

By Jane Colt

Sue gently elbowed her BFF Jasmine. When she turned her way, Sue rolled her eyes and tilted her head at what was happening on the other side of the conference table. While everyone waited for the meeting to start, Melissa was coming on to Bjorn. She hung on his every word, lit up with a big smile whenever he looked her way, touched him repeatedly on the arm, and did the signature girl-on-the-prowl hair flip.

Sue reached for her phone and texted. “Slut!”

“Meow!!!” came Jasmine’s reply.

When Bjorn accidentally knocked his pencil onto the floor, Melissa beat him to the punch in reaching down to pick it up.

Sue grimaced and texted again. “I’m about to retrieve your pencil, Bjorn. While I’m down there, would you like me to give you a blow job?”

Jasmine burst out laughing, drawing everyone’s attention. “Sorry. Just another adorably hilarious cat video. Does anyone want me to forward it?” She looked back at her phone. “It’s your own fault,” her thumbs chided, “You left him in the friend zone too long. I warned you about this.”

Sue sighed. “I suppose you’re right.”

“Cheer up, girl. That doesn’t mean it’s too late.”

“You think I still have a chance?”

“Absolutely. Let’s get coffee after the meeting and make a plan.”

“You’re a good friend.”

“Of course, if we see Melissa and Bjorn screwing on the conference table after the meeting, all bets are off.”

“Bitch!”

“Meow!!!”

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As Jasmine sat down, Sue carefully tore off one end of the covering of the straw for her iced tea, aimed, and blew. The paper missile veered off target and hit someone sitting beside them.

She covered her face with her hands and murmured “Sorry” to its victim.

Jasmine shook her head. “It’s a good thing I’m your friend. Otherwise, I’d be tempted to say something unkind ... like, if that’s the best you can do with your mouth, it’s no wonder you don’t have a guy ... or—”

“OK, OK. You made your point. Did you really mean you think there’s hope?”

She sipped her drink and quietly tapped the table. “There’s good news and bad news. The good news is you already know Bjorn likes you because of how the two of you supported each other when you went through those breakups. He’s seen how caring you are. And he wouldn’t have been such a great friend back if he didn’t really like you.”

“Yeah... like me ... *as a friend*,” Sue moaned.

“Right. That’s the bad news. But not entirely bad. If you want a relationship to go the distance, you have to be friends. So you’re more than half way there. We just have to get him to see you not just as a friend, but as a *girl*-friend.”

“But that’s what I’ve been trying to do—and failing. He loves hockey, so I got us tickets to the game last month. All that got me was a perfunctory hug.”

Her friend sighed and shook her head. “Think, Susan. What part of *hockey* says *romance*?”

“But last week, when we checked out that new club, I dragged him onto the dance floor. I made a point of wearing that sexy red dress and didn’t hold back.”

Jasmine’s eyes opened wide. “Didn’t hold back? You kissed him? Great! What did he do?”

“*Me* take the initiative to kiss *him*? No way. When I said I didn’t hold back, I meant *when I danced*.”

Jasmine shook her head, then smirked. She couldn’t resist. “Oh, so letting go when you danced means you gave him a lap dance? Even better than a kiss! And that didn’t get his attention?”

Sue was shocked. “Of course not! We were at a club! I—” The look on her friend’s face made her pause. She laughed. “You’re trying to tell me something, aren’t you?”

Jasmine chuckled. “Wow! You’re fast on the pick-up. But seriously, think about it, Suze. You looked sexy. Great! But you looked sexy in a club surrounded by a gazillion of other sexy babes as you and Bjorn were getting hammered. Meanwhile, any conversation was drowned out by music louder than the jets landing at LAX. Oh, and let’s not forget the lasers, confetti showers, and smoke machines. You aren’t

giving yourself a chance. If that's where you're taking him, of course he thinks of you as nothing but his pal."

Sue winced. "Yeah. *Pal*. That's what we call each other at the office. 'What's up, Pal? How's your day going, Pal? Give me a hand with this, will you, Pal?'"

"And there's no chance that's ever going to be, 'Oh my God, *Pal*. You look so boneable, I can't control myself."

Sue softly banged my head on the table. "Why can't I see I'm shooting myself in the foot? Argh! This is hopeless."

Jasmine put her finger under her friend's chin and made her look at her. "You forget that I said it wasn't. You just need a new approach—shock and awe. And with guys, shock and awe means only one thing. Tits and ass. Come on. We're going shopping."

The whole time they were at the store, the two friends giggled like schoolgirls. When they found exactly what they were looking for, Jasmine shot a naughty wink. "It'll be like shooting fish in a barrel."

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From the moment Sue invited Bjorn, she was on pins and needles about whether this would work. She was afraid she would end up looking stupid. But she had to take that risk. When she saw him arrive, her heart took off at a gallop.

"Hey there, pal." The tousled blonde giant gave her a big hug. "These are your new digs, eh? Congratulations! I'm thrilled for you."

Was that a bigger smile than usual as he walked towards me? Is he squeezing harder than normal? Are we already on the same page?

He kissed the top of her head.

Groan. What if I'm wrong about all of this? What if he laughs at me? Talk about humiliation. But damn it feels soooo good to be wrapped up in the arms of this handsome Viking!

Feeling warm all over, she abruptly stepped out of his arms. She was afraid she couldn't stop herself. "Thanks, *pal*."

His electric blue eyes were so hypnotic, she couldn't talk straight. "Uh ... thanks ... for coming ... um go on inside ... and ... uh ... get something to ... uh ...eat and ... drink."

Get it together, girl. You sound like a mindless bimbo not a successful executive!

When he brushed her hair out of her face and tucked it behind her ear, her knees buckled. She fell against him and quickly righted herself. "Sorry. New shoes. Slippery soles," she lied.

He looked back seriously. "Are you OK? You look flushed."

"Sure. Yeah. I'm fine. No problem." She blurted it out ten times faster than normal. "I've been out in the sun all day. That's all it is. I'm fine. It's just the sun. It's makes my face a little red. I'm good. Really! I'm OK."

Will you please stop rattling and shut yourself up!

She took a deep breath and centered myself. "Sorry. Nervous about meeting my new neighbors. Wander around. Go inside. Check out my castle. I've got to schmooze."

The next two hours were an eternity. She'd never checked her watch so frequently. And she couldn't help scanning the party every couple of minutes to

make sure one of the sweet young things who showed up didn't have her claws into Bjorn.

As soon as her last neighbor left, she knew her 'pal' would offer to help her clean up. "That's really sweet. I'll take you up on it. But first, are you going to keep your promise?"

He gave her a blank look. "Promise?"

She pointed to the pool. "When I told you how stupid I felt buying a house with a pool when I couldn't swim, you said you'd teach me."

He laughed. "Yeah, I said that. But I didn't think you'd want to start today. Don't you want to kick back and enjoy your new place?"

"Enjoying it is exactly what I want to do. The water looks so inviting, I can't resist. But I'd much rather know how to swim. Besides, if I drown, it'll be your fault. Are you prepared to live with that?"

"OK," he laughed. "Swimming lessons will officially start today. Let me grab my suit from my car. Lucky you. I was surfing before I came here."

She laughed. "Lucky, my ass. The only time you aren't surfing is when you're on the job. Use the guest room. I'll meet you by the pool."

She couldn't get changed fast enough. She was so nervous she almost forgot to cut the tags off her suit and cover-up. *Focus, girl! Take a breath.* After sliding into her sparkly sandals and putting on her biggest sunglasses, she stood in front of the mirror and smirked. *The picture of innocence. A virginal white one-piece with a scoop neck that shows no cleavage, and a white long-sleeved coverup buttoned all the way up.*

Bjorn was swimming laps, so she hung back and admired his bronze, muscular body. Even though he was wearing board shorts, the way they clung to his behind was everything she'd hoped for.

After a few minutes of drooling, she walked close enough so he'd see her. He stopped and stood up. His wet, cut body was amazing. He wiped the water from his face and looked at her. She studied his expression. They'd worked together long enough that she could usually tell what he was thinking. *Definite curiosity. Good!*

"Into the pool, tadpole."

She saluted sharply. "Yes, sir."

When she unbuttoned and removed the cover-up, she was sure she saw a flash of disappointment. *Perfect! He hoped for something sexy!*

But when she turned around to put the cover-up on the chair—and then dropped it so she'd have to bend over and pick it up—she was sure she heard a muffled, "*Holy shit!*" She tingled all over knowing he was drinking in all the exposed flesh. The suit was backless with a G-string!

She turned back acting as though nothing had happened. He blushed and looked quickly away. *Gotcha! He's interested.*

She walked down the stairs into the pool. "OK, coach. How do we start?"

He took on a professional demeanor. "Take my hands. We'll start by walking out to where the water's up to your waist. Then, we're just going to dunk up and down five times, making sure our heads go under water. I'll hold on the whole time, so you're safe."

Perfect!

By the third time, her suit was completely wet. It clung tightly to every curve, and, as designed, had become *virtually transparent!* Knowing that she was practically naked in front of Bjorn sent electric charges throughout her body. Coming up out of the fifth dunk, she pretended to stumble and pressed herself against him. Feeling his hard cock against her sent another jolt through her and told her everything she needed to know.

She stepped back and gave him a naughty wink. “You know, I think I’m really going to like learning how to swim, *pal.*”

He laughed nervously when she said “pal,” then looked at her body with such intense desire, her flesh tingled. His eyes locked onto the dark circles atop my breasts and he stood silently. It was probably only a few seconds, but it felt like forever. They were at a bridge in their relationship. Would he cross it?

Her nipples stiffened and poked against the tissue-thin fabric. Her heart pounded so hard it felt like her chest was about to explode. Deep inside, she ached. The only way her hunger would be satisfied was if this sexy Scandinavian took her and pounded her into submission. Every cell in her body screamed, *Please! Please! Please!*

In a flash, he pulled her hard against him and kissed her passionately. As their tongues danced with and fought against each other, his hands ran all over her body. When he cupped her ass and pushed his stiff cock against her, she moaned loudly. “Oh Bjorn!”

Grabbing the shoulder straps, he yanked them down to her waist. She squealed in delight as she pressed her breasts pressed against his muscular chest.

When she ground her mound against his stiff cock, he let out a deep guttural groan. “Oh Sue! God, you are so sexy!”

He yanked off his trunks, grabbed the back of her suit and, with one powerful pull, the couple was deliciously naked. His hands squeezed her aching breasts, and his throbbing dick slid between her legs and nestled against her lips. She moaned and luxuriated in what was her second-favorite moment in sex—the instant before a man entered her. The anticipation was so exciting every inch of her skin felt like she’d touched a live wire.

“I’ve waited long enough! I’ve been crazy for you since the day we met. It’s agony not being inside you!” His voice was thick with a primitive hunger. He looked at her with raw desire. Pressing her against the side of the pool, he spread her legs and penetrated her forcefully. She melted at his confidence and power. She’d had countless dreams of him taking her like this.

She gasped as her pussy stretched to welcome him. “Oh, Bjorn!” she moaned darkly. She lost control as he forcefully took her. Matching the rhythm of his cock going in and out, she slammed against him—fucking him as hard as he was fucking her. Water splashed everywhere. “Oh Bjorn! Fuck me! Oh fuck!” His steady rhythm and their animalistic grunts shot them higher and higher. She wrapped her legs around him and squeezed as hard as she could. She needed him even deeper. She’d never felt so full—so *taken* by a man.

“Oh God, Babe! Your pussy is so tight! So warm! So wet! So fucking amazing!”

“Do whatever you want with me! God, you feel so good! Make my pussy explode around that big cock!”

He pounded into her again, and his cock swelled, throbbed and pulsed. Feeling his hot come jet into her, her pussy spasmed around his dick. They both screamed as they shook in ecstasy.

They remained fused while their bodies settled down. She squeezed her legs tighter. Even though her heart told her this was only the beginning for the two of them, she wasn't ready for this moment to end. They kissed tenderly.

Then he said with a naughty smirk, "You know, you're really good at this. Are you sure you didn't already know how to swim?"