

Fake Boyfriend

"Thanks babe!" My boyfriend – Dean - said as leaned down to kiss my nose. "I'll let Nick know. You're doing him a real solid."

"Yeah, yeah," I muttered, pulling away from him.

Why my boyfriend was so insistent and intent on getting me to go on this fake date, God only knew. You'd think a guy would be upset about his girlfriend and his best friend parading around and pretending to be lovers. But no, Dean was all smiles and eagerness.

He was too trusting. Too naive.

His friend, Nick, was a creeper. Always staring at my chest and ass, always making lewd and flirty remarks. But Dean was blind to all that. All he saw was a friend in need.

Friend in need my ass.

The idiot had been lying to his parents for months, claiming he had a long-term girlfriend for some reason. From what Dean had told me, Nick'd managed to make excuses every time he'd visited his parents as to why his 'girlfriend' couldn't come. Lying to his own mother and father about how his 'girlfriend' was ill, or away, or had to work.

Why didn't he just confess and tell them it'd all been a lie? Or, fuck, why not lie even more and say he and his imaginary girlfriend broke up?

Why did I have to get roped into this shit?

Nick's parents were visiting, and he'd run out of excuses. Tonight, they were going to find out their son had been lying to them all this time.

Unless Nick found a girl to play the part of a loving girlfriend in front of them.

Why me?

So much about this made no sense. Yet here I was, forced to agree to it by my boyfriend's non-stop begging.

I swear to God, guys care more about 'helping a bro out' than they do about anything else. Certainly, Dean cared more about helping Nick than he did about any of *my* complaints and issues regarding the situation.

"Just tell him that if he even *tries* to touch me, I'll tell his parents just how much of a loser their son actually is."

I didn't want to put in the effort. Really, I didn't.

Why the fuck would I doll myself up and look my best for a guy I didn't actually like? Maybe if I was going on a special date with Dean, or if it was a special day or something. But a *fake* date with *Nick*? God, I was dreading it.

But again, my boyfriend encouraged me – practically begged me – to give it a hundred and ten percent. He *wanted* me to look amazing, so that his best friend could show me off to his parents like some kind of trophy!

So, standing in front of my full-body mirror, I got to work.

Red has always looked good on me. It goes well with my jet-black hair, my brown eyes and pale skin. The contrast between the deep colours – crimson and black - and the light was always guaranteed to draw the eye. If I wanted to look my best – which I didn't, but would do anyway – It'd have to be my special red dress.

It was a backless, elegant dress. Barely any cloth covering my back and chest, the whole thing held onto my body by two red ribbon-straps that rose from the chest, circled around the back of my neck, looped around my throat and ended in a simple bow. Untie the bow, and all the cloth from my waist up would drop – revealing the nakedness underneath.

The lower part of the dress ended at the knees, flaring out and flowing free. The kind of dress skirt that I had to be constantly aware of, as at any moment a strong breeze could gust by and pull it up around my waist, exposing the red and black thong I had on under it.

High heels, of course. Not too high, just a basic three inches.

And, to finish the outfit, a red ribbon to hold my black hair in place, keep it from falling over my face.

As for make-up, I went with the tried and true blood-red lipstick. Not fully matte or glossy, but a nice balance between the two. Plenty of mascara and eyeliner, and a hint of eyeshadow. Thankfully, I didn't need much in the way of contouring. Bone structure has always been one of my strong-suits. Just a dash of foundation and blush, and I was ready to go.

I looked amazing. Hott as fire and sexy as hell.

Any guy who looked at me tonight would go home imagining me, dreaming of the sexy, beautiful, busty girl they'd encountered. The girl so far out of their league that they didn't dare approach.

Usually, I reserved this look – this effort – for Dean and Dean alone. On our anniversaries or some other special nights.

The fact that I was so dolled up for his *friend*?

I shook my head.

Oh well. It was only for one night.

What was the worst that could happen?

"Mom," Nick smiled at the older couple, "Dad, I'd like you to meet Maria. Maria, these are my parents."

The couple smiled at me, genuine happiness filling their eyes.

"So glad to finally meet you," the woman said, stepping towards me with arms outstretched. "I was beginning to think you might not exist!"

I shot my 'boyfriend' a look as his mother hugged me.

He smirked, shook his father's hand.

Before long, the four of us were seated around a table, gossiping while our meals were being prepared. Nick told his parents a fanciful story about how we 'met', which annoyingly involved me being mugged and him coming to my rescue. What a piece of shit. He ended the story with a grin, telling his parents how I'd thanked him for returning my purse by offering him a date.

All I could do was nod and agree, try to act the part of a loving girlfriend. Inside, I was fuming. My stomach twisting itself into knots at the idea of this idiot being my 'hero'.

"So," Nick's father chuckled, "when are you two finally going to get hitched? How long have you been dating at this point? A year or two, at least."

"I, ah..." What was I supposed to say to that?

"I've proposed numerous times," Nick quickly shot in. "But no luck, I'm afraid. Maria wants me to *earn* it."

"Hah!" The older man bellowed. "Well you best *earn it* fast then, my boy. If you let a looker like Maria here get away, you'll never forgive yourself. I certainly won't forgive you. A girl like her comes around one in a lifetime."

"Is that so?" The man's wife said, eyebrow raised at her husband.

"But of course, my dear," the man winked at her. "I should know. I snatched my one-in-a-lifetime girl and put a ring on her myself."

Chatter. Simple, harmless, regular talking.

Save for the lies I had to involve myself in, it wasn't actually that bad. In a small, tiny way, I actually found myself *enjoying* the dinner with Nick's parents. They were nice enough people, happy for their son and more than welcoming towards me – which is more than I can say about some of the parents of *real* boyfriend's I've had in the past.

As the food came and we began eating, Nick's parents joking about how I was out of their son's league, I began growing into the role of his girlfriend.

"He's nice!" I found myself saying, coming to Nick's defence. "A lot of guys look at

me and just see a pretty face with big breasts and a slim waist. To them, I'm a piece of meat. But not Nick."

I turned to look at him affectionately.

"He sees the real me."

"That I do, babe," Nick smiled.

Then, astonishingly, he tilted his head towards me for a kiss.

The world froze around me, my heart beating a million times a second. Nick was trying to kiss me. He wanted to kiss me in front of his parents! What the fuck was I supposed to do in this situation?

Before I could think of an answer, time resumed.

My body moved by itself, leaned forward and pressed lips with Nick.

It was a tiny thing, a brief peck. And yet, it sent heat rushing through my body. My cheeks began to warm, my lips tingled.

I'd just kissed a guy who I wasn't dating!

But... Wait...

Why did I think that was so wrong?

It wasn't like I had a boyfriend or anything. Me and Nick were both single. It wasn't like kissing him was hurting anyone. It just made the act more real.

Just a kiss. No big deal.

I smiled, pushed down the sudden, silly disgust. And leaned forward again, pressed my lips to Nick's. Only this time, it was more than a chaste peck.

When his fingers touched me under the table, I tensed.

A heart-beat later, I relaxed.

Sure, Nick and I might not *technically* be dating. But we were as close to being in a relationship as two people could be. How else would we be able to trick his parents so completely?

I continued to talk to Nick's mother as her son slid his hand up my inner thigh, pressed his fingertips against my thong.

"Yeah," I told her. "I'd love to visit for Christmas. It'd be lovely getting to know you two some more."

Save for a slightly pinker blush, I gave no indication to his parents what Nick was doing under the table. I held back from moaning, stopped myself from trembling in pleasure at the naughtiness of the situation I'd found myself in.

Nick chuckled besides me, began telling his parents another fake story about us as a couple. A raunchier story this time, involving a bathing suit, a wet towel, and a bouncy wardrobe malfunction. All nonsense, yet naughty at the same time.

I slid my hand under the table, planted it on my not-boyfriend's knee. And, slowly, I did exactly what he'd done to me. Traced my fingers up his legs and thighs to his crotch.

Only, unlike him, I didn't stop at some over-the-clothes touching. I unbuttoned his trousers, fished out his cock and began rubbing it. All while smiling sweetly and innocently at his oblivious parents.

We might not be dating, but me and my best friend had *amazing* body chemistry.

I waved the older couple goodbye, my boyfriend's arm wrapped around my waist. As soon as they were out of sight, his hand rose from my hip to my chest – cupping one of my large breasts.

"Ready to head home, babe?" He asked, smiling down at me.

"Mm'hm," I murmured, biting my lip.

God, I was horny. Nick had been teasing me all night! Sharing all those stories of us being together, telling his parents all about how we met and our first date and even that accident with the bathing suit! All while touching me under the table.

How could I *not* be horny out of my mind? I was only human!

“Or,” my boyfriend smiled at me, “would you rather head to a motel?”

I nodded my head, mouth watering at just the *thought* of sucking on his magnificent cock.

A motel? That sounded *amazing*.

Dirty and kinky and secretive.

Fantasies filled my head immediately; slutty, motel-themed scenarios and roles I could play. A student fucking her married teacher? A girl paying for college by sleeping with a rich sugar-daddy? A politician having a naughty rendezvous with her intern?

No, I knew *exactly* what I'd be picturing tonight as Nick fucked my brains out.

I'd pretend he wasn't my boyfriend. I'd think of some other guy and pretend *he* was my real boyfriend, maybe Dean – Nick's best friend. And I'd pretend I was *cheating* on Dean with Nick! A naughty slut, sleeping around behind her boyfriend's back! Spending the night in a cheap motel room while her boyfriend waited alone for a girl that wasn't coming home tonight.

For some reason, that fantasy had me practically trembling with arousal.

“A motel,” I breathed. “Take me to a motel, baby.”