

SPICY STORIES

VOL. 44

"A short Break"

Chapter
03



NGT Visual Studio presents:

SPICY STORIES VOL. 44: "A short Break"

Based on an Original story by Anonymus.
Illustrations by NGT VisualStudio

**This is a work of fiction.
All characters aren't real.
All characters are 18 years or older.
Enjoy it!**

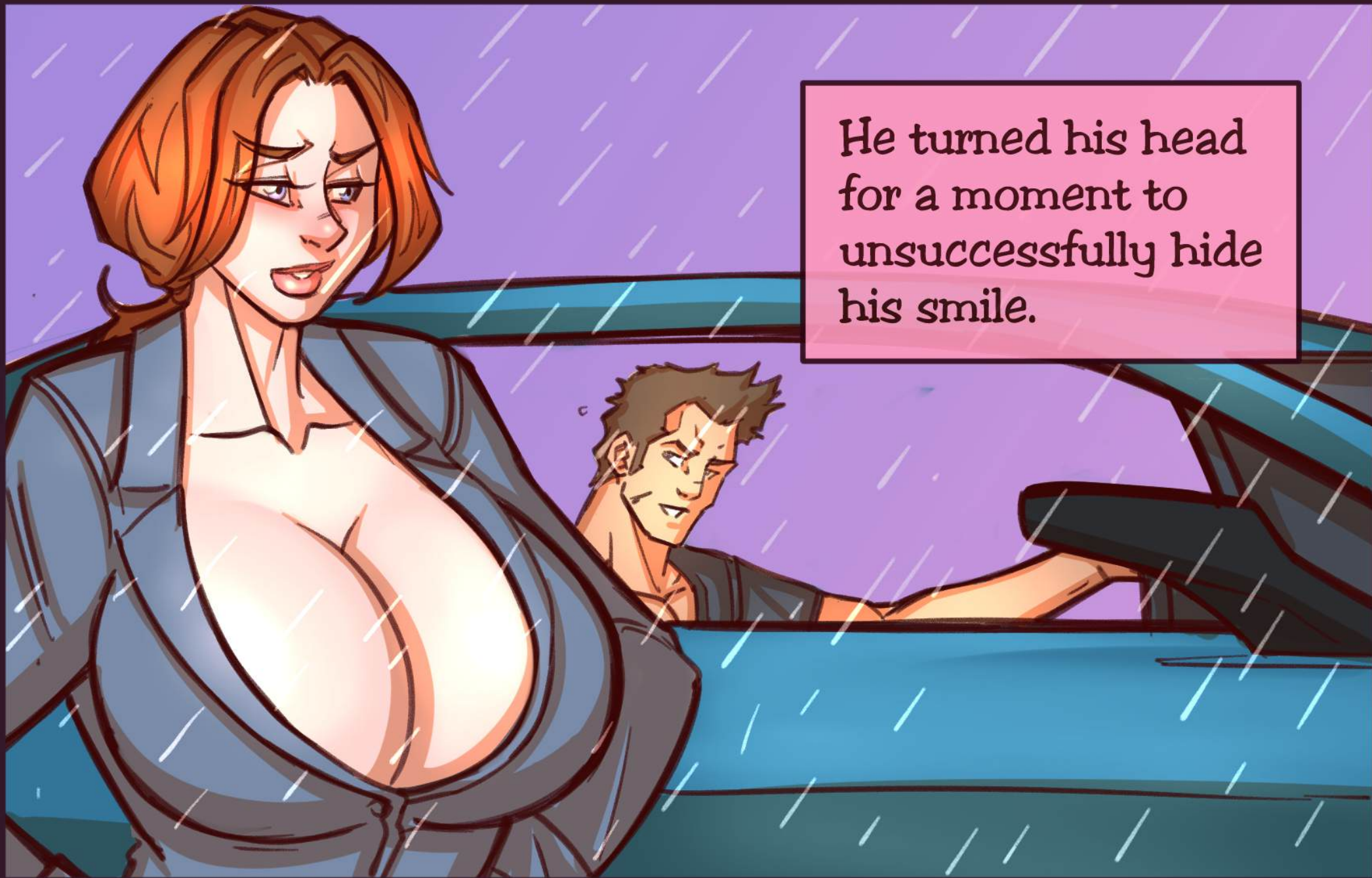
CHAPTER 03

The car came to a halt beside me
and he leaned over to roll down
the passenger window
a bit.


His eyes were huge
as he suddenly recognized me
and I knew I must have been quite a sight,
as it was perfectly obvious that
he was stifling a huge grin.



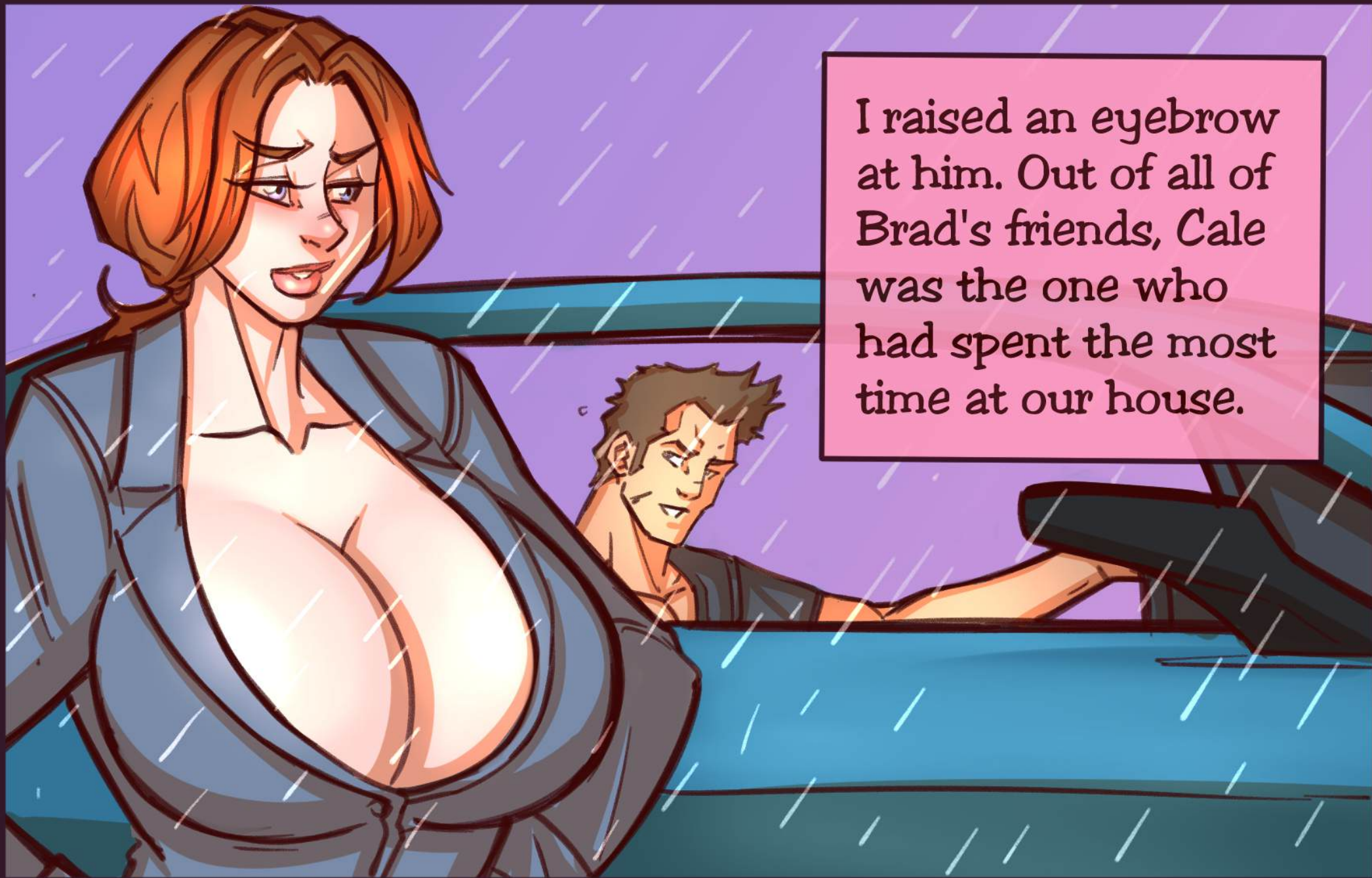
I gave him a "it's not very funny" look, narrowing my eyes and putting my hands on my hips, my lips twisted into a playful grimace.



He turned his head for a moment to unsuccessfully hide his smile.




"I was just heading up to your house to see if Brad was home yet. Want a ride, Ms. Wise?" he asked, grinning fully now.



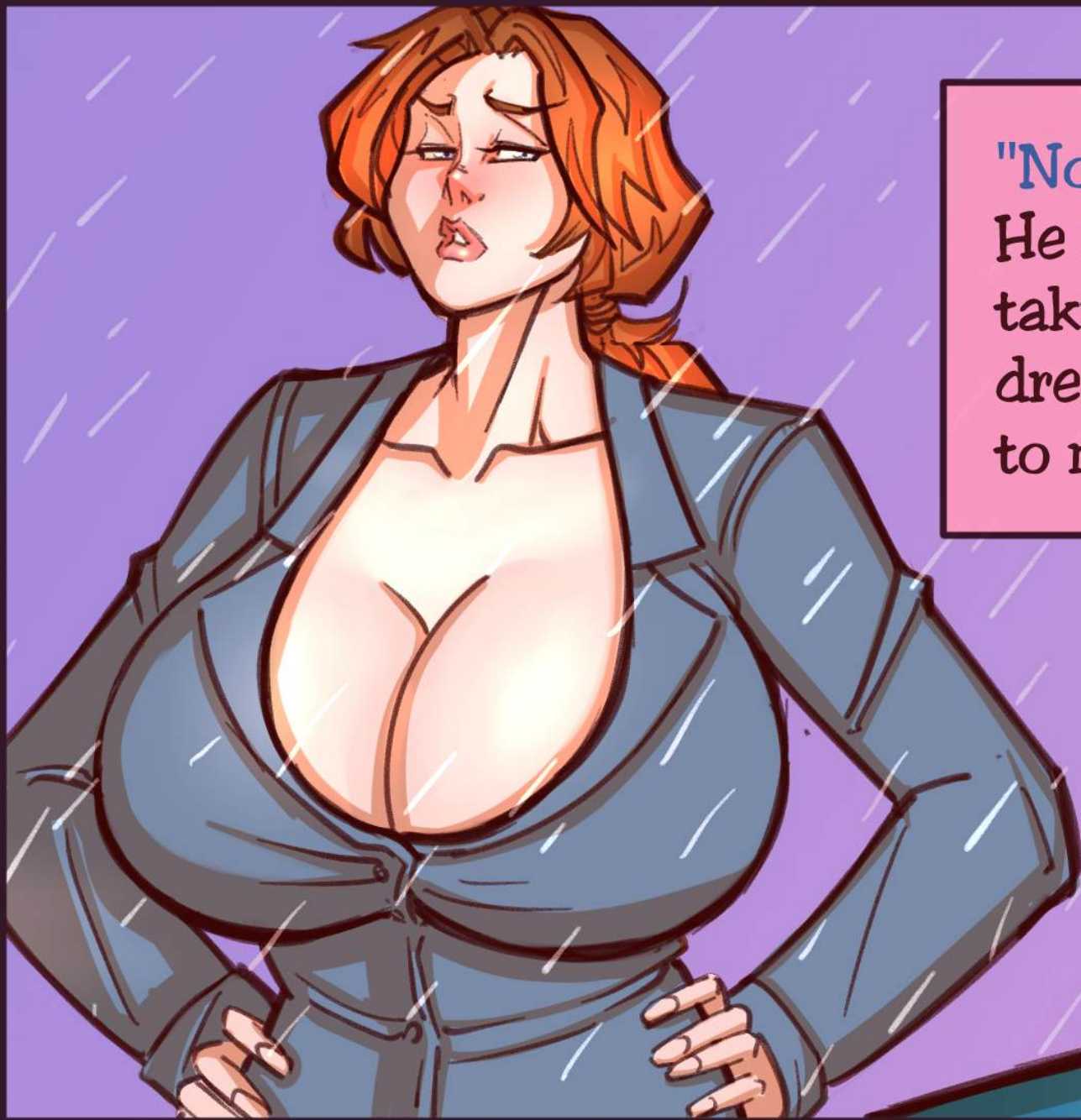
I raised an eyebrow at him. Out of all of Brad's friends, Cale was the one who had spent the most time at our house.



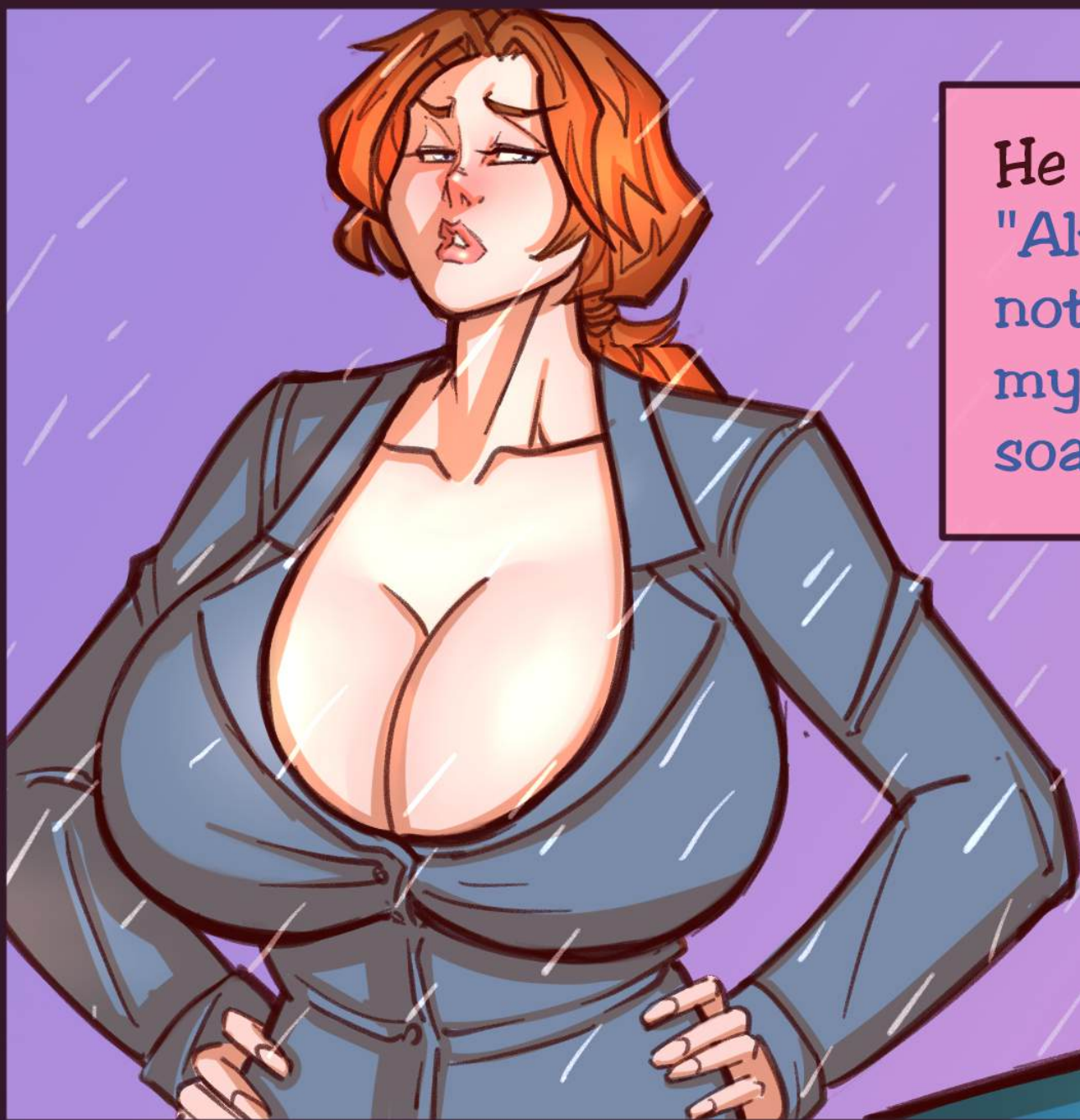
We had long ago settled into a lively relationship based on him trying to get the best of me and me always keeping one step ahead of him.



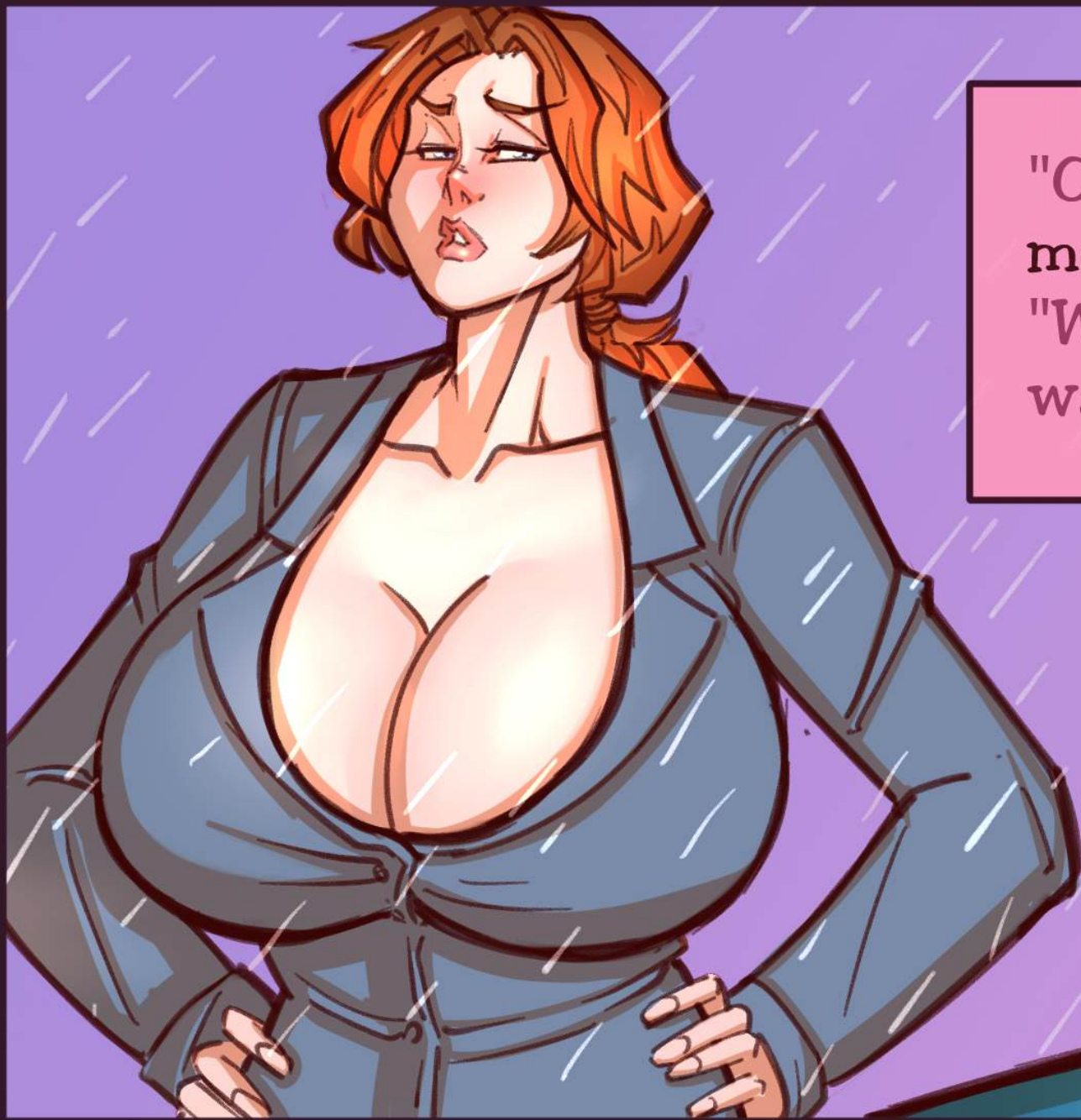
"Are you laughing
at my predicament,
young man?"



"Nooooooo, not at all!!"
He looked me over,
taking in the absolutely
drenched fabric stuck
to my body.



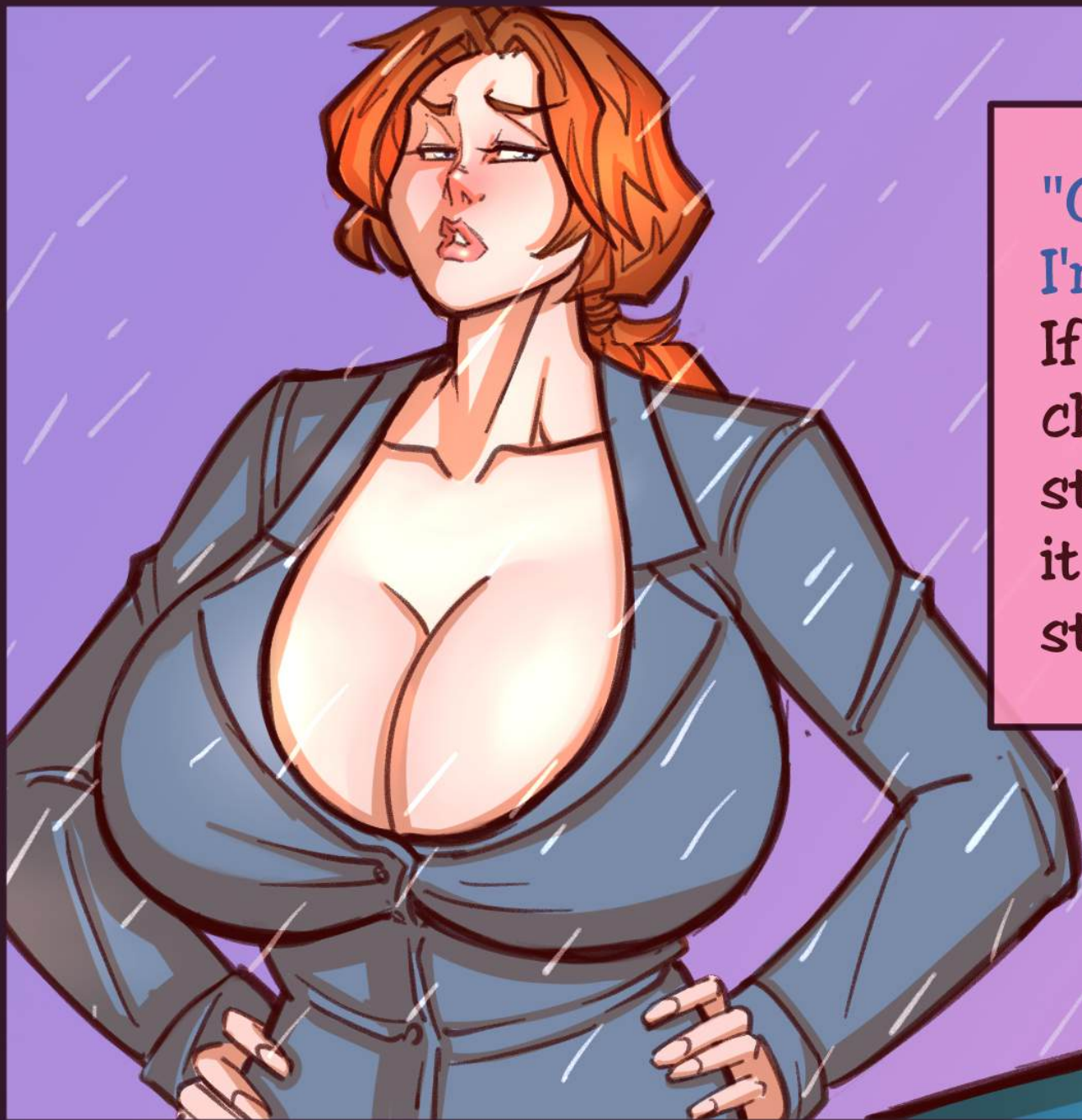
He chuckled impishly.
"Althooooooough, I'm
not sure I want you in
my car when you're as
soaked as you are."



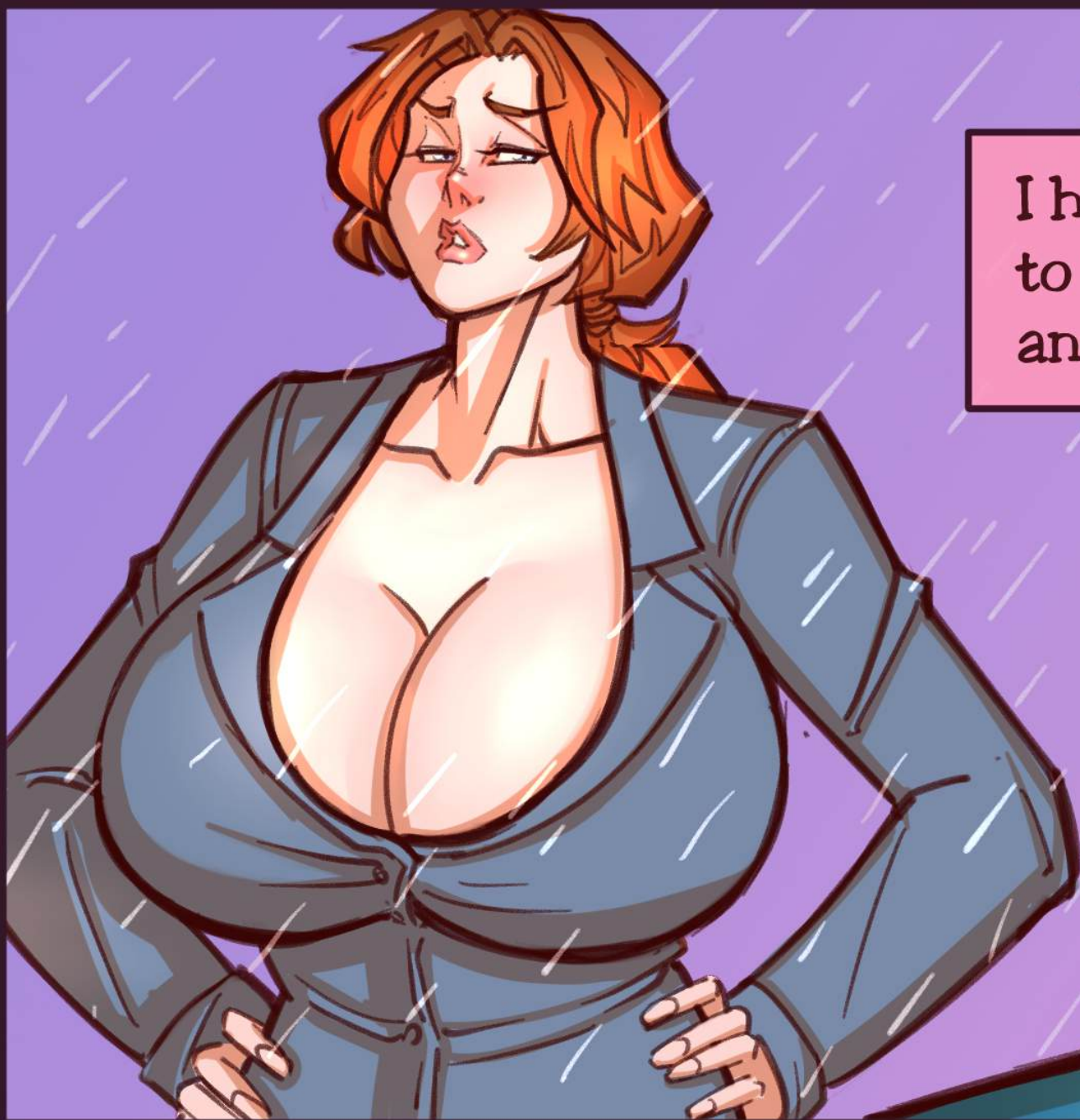
"Oh really?" I said in
mock indignation.
"Well, maybe I didn't
want a ride anyway."



I stuck out my tongue and started walking again. I could hear him laugh and pull up beside me once again.



"Oh, come on, get in.
I'm only teasing you."
If there was one
character trait that
stood out about me,
it would be my
stubbornness.



I hated, hated, hated
to lose. I grinned back
and kept walking.

I could hear the engine idling, and I smiled as I imagined that he was frowning to himself, trying to decide exactly what to do.



I resisted every urge to look behind me, totally curious about whether he'd drive to the house and wait, or pull up one more time to ask me again.



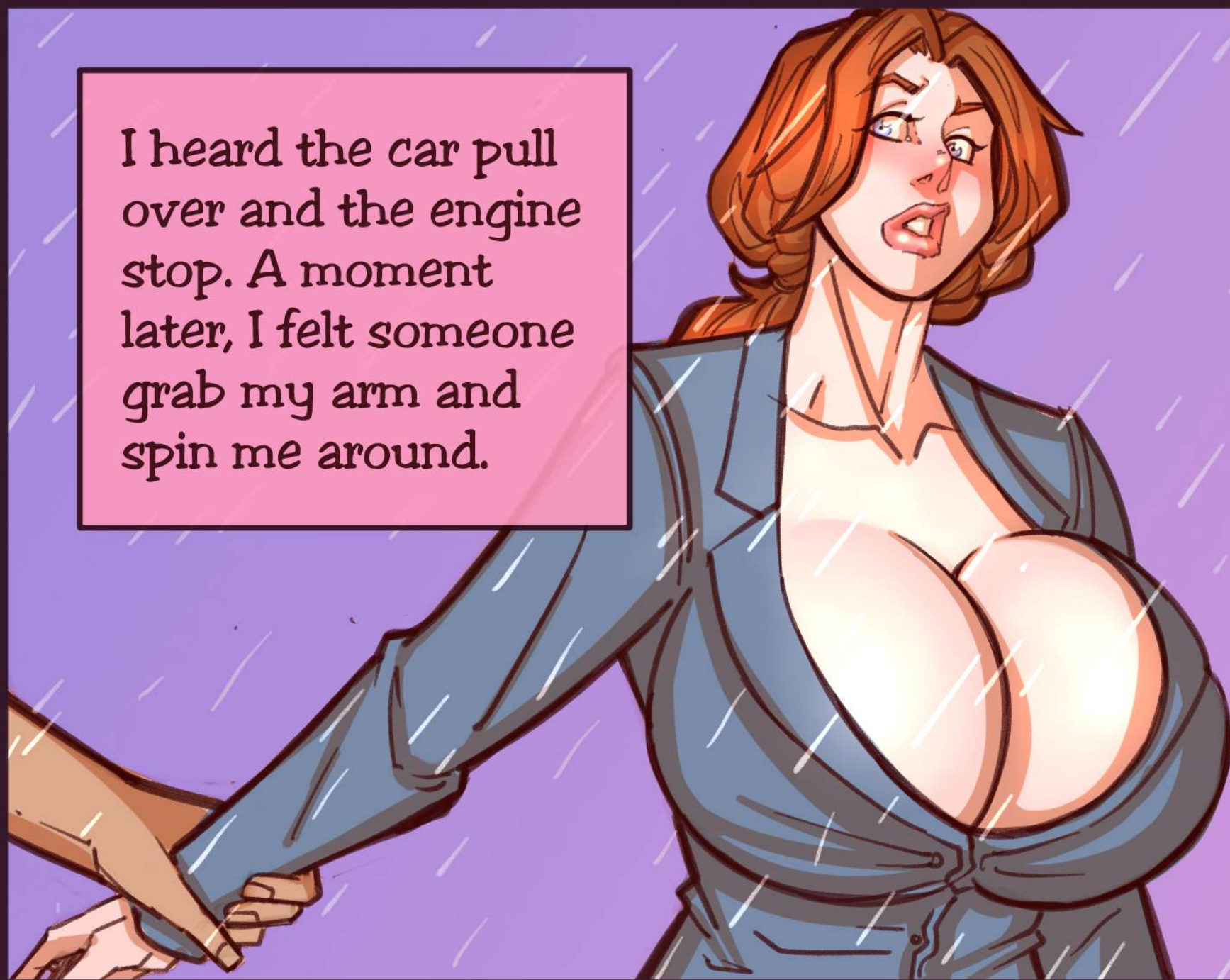
I sure did enjoy the way we matched wits. Interacting with Cale was like a chess game; you always had to think a few steps ahead.



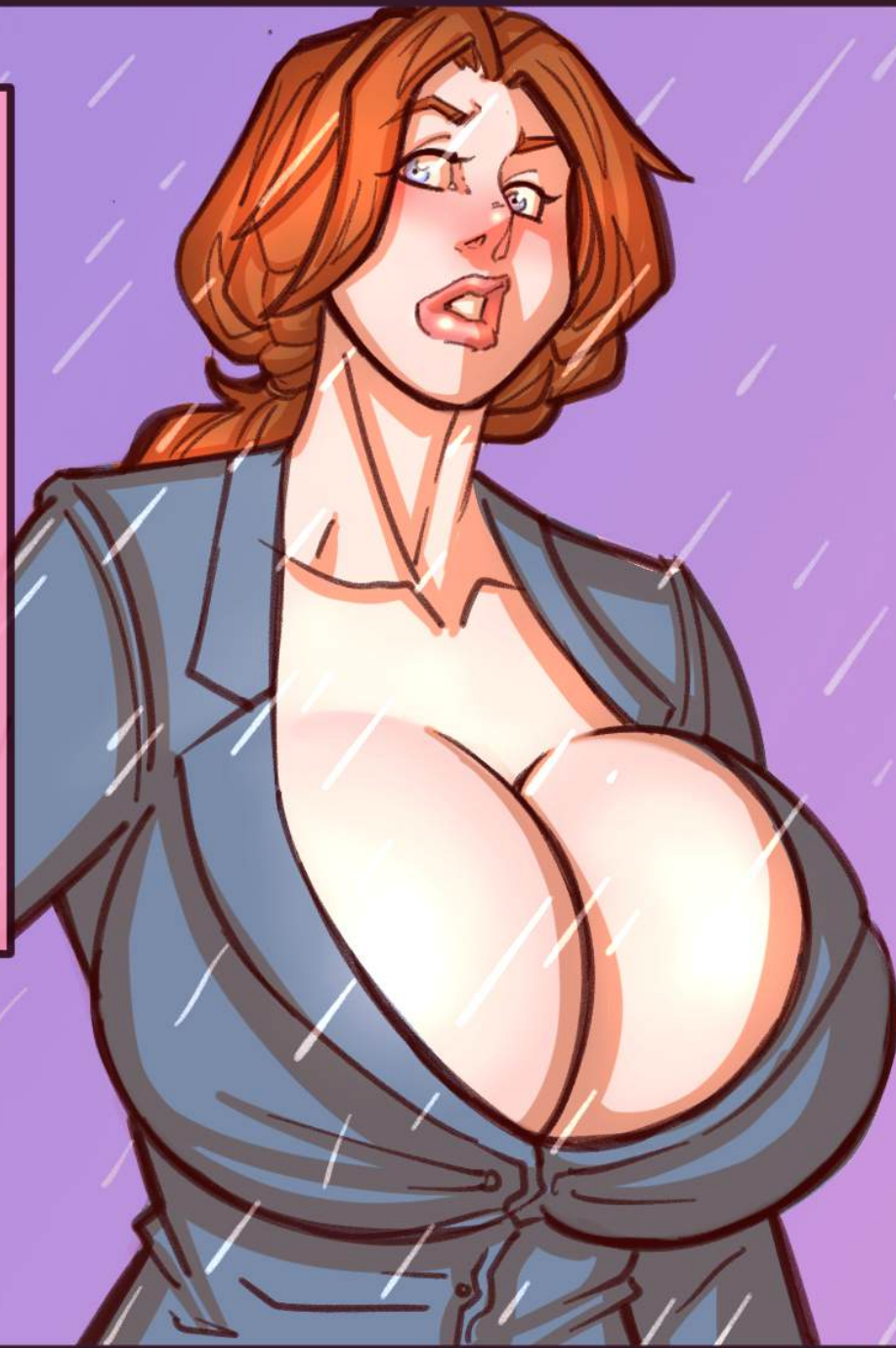
Brad always just shook his head at us and after a while would bore of our bantering and pull his friend off to play video games or shoot some hoops.



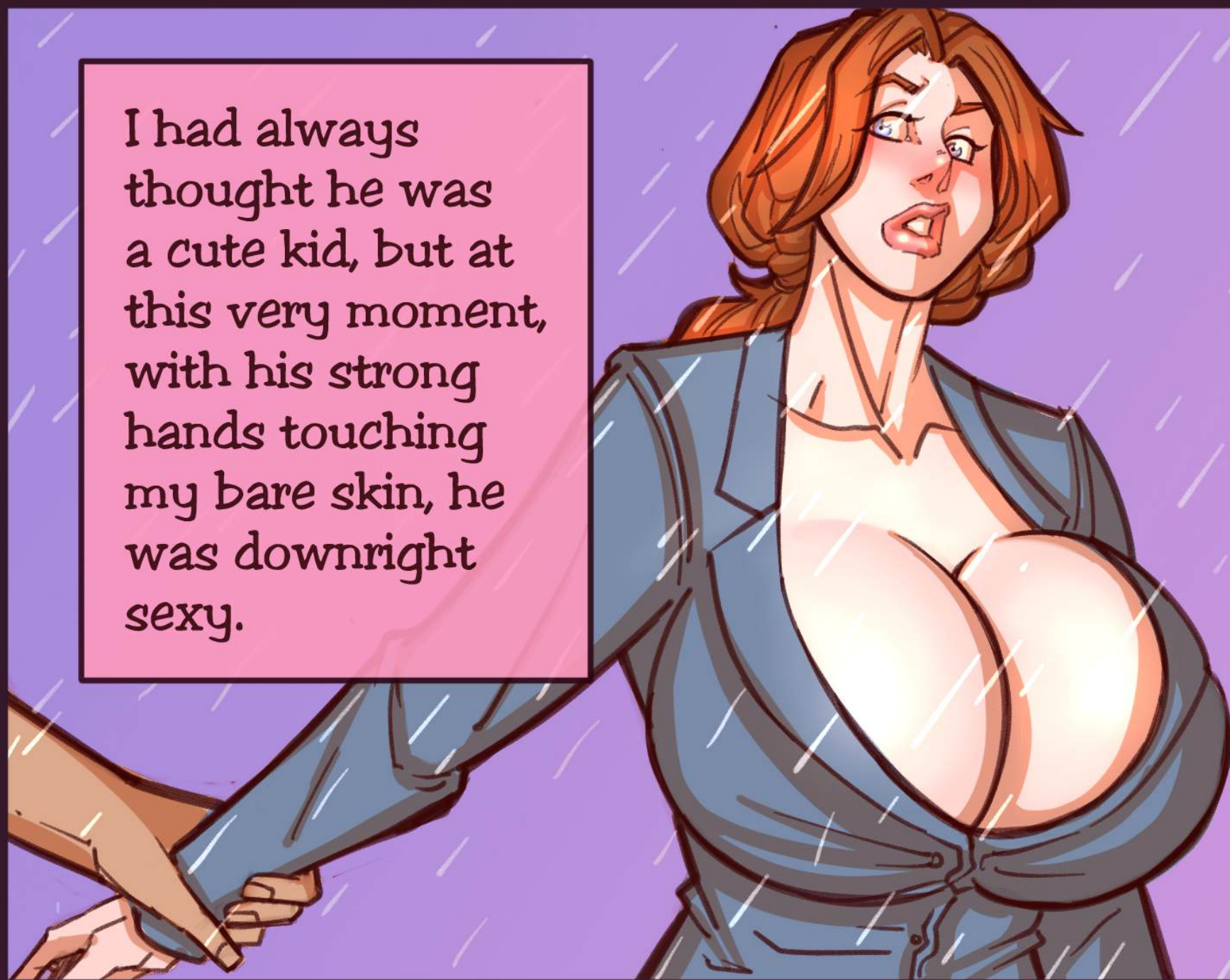
I heard the car pull over and the engine stop. A moment later, I felt someone grab my arm and spin me around.



I found myself looking up at 6'2" of boyishness. He took me by my shoulders and looked down at me sternly, getting wetter by the second.



I had always thought he was a cute kid, but at this very moment, with his strong hands touching my bare skin, he was downright sexy.



"You're crazy. You DO know that, right?" He said with a shake of his head, his eyes sparkling.



I tilted my head a little to the right and tried to put on an innocent look, and suspecting that I had not succeeded very well.



'Oh my god, am I
actually **FLIRTING**
with my son's
best friend???'

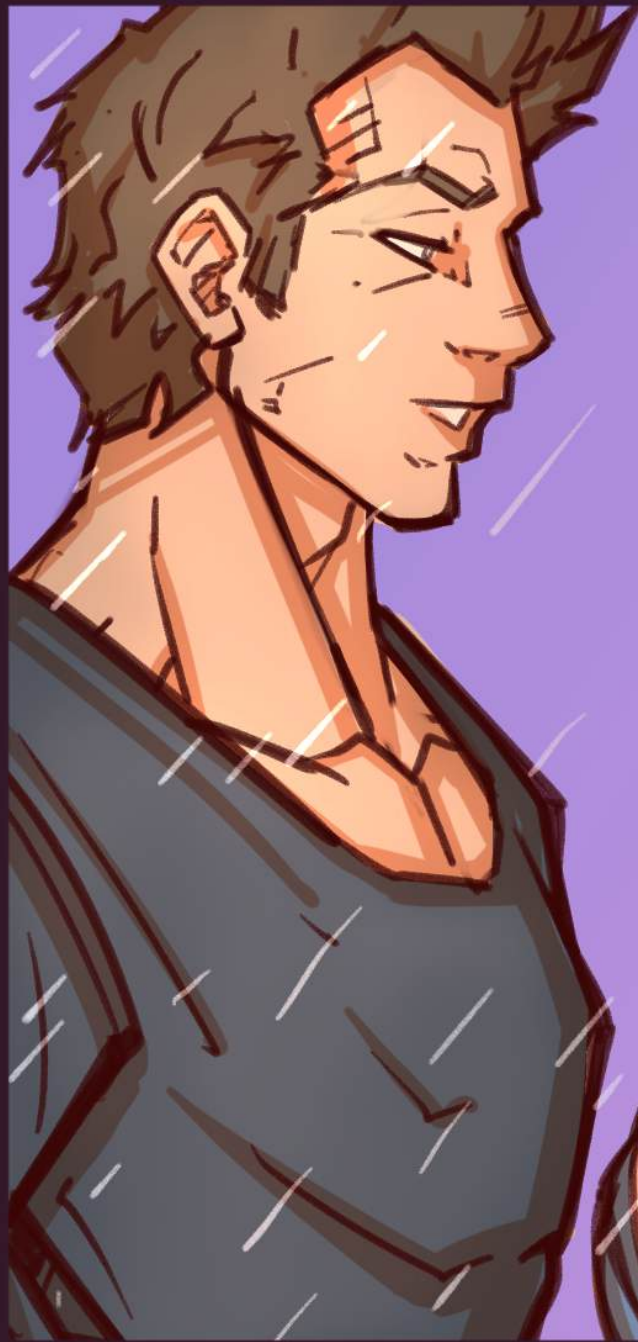




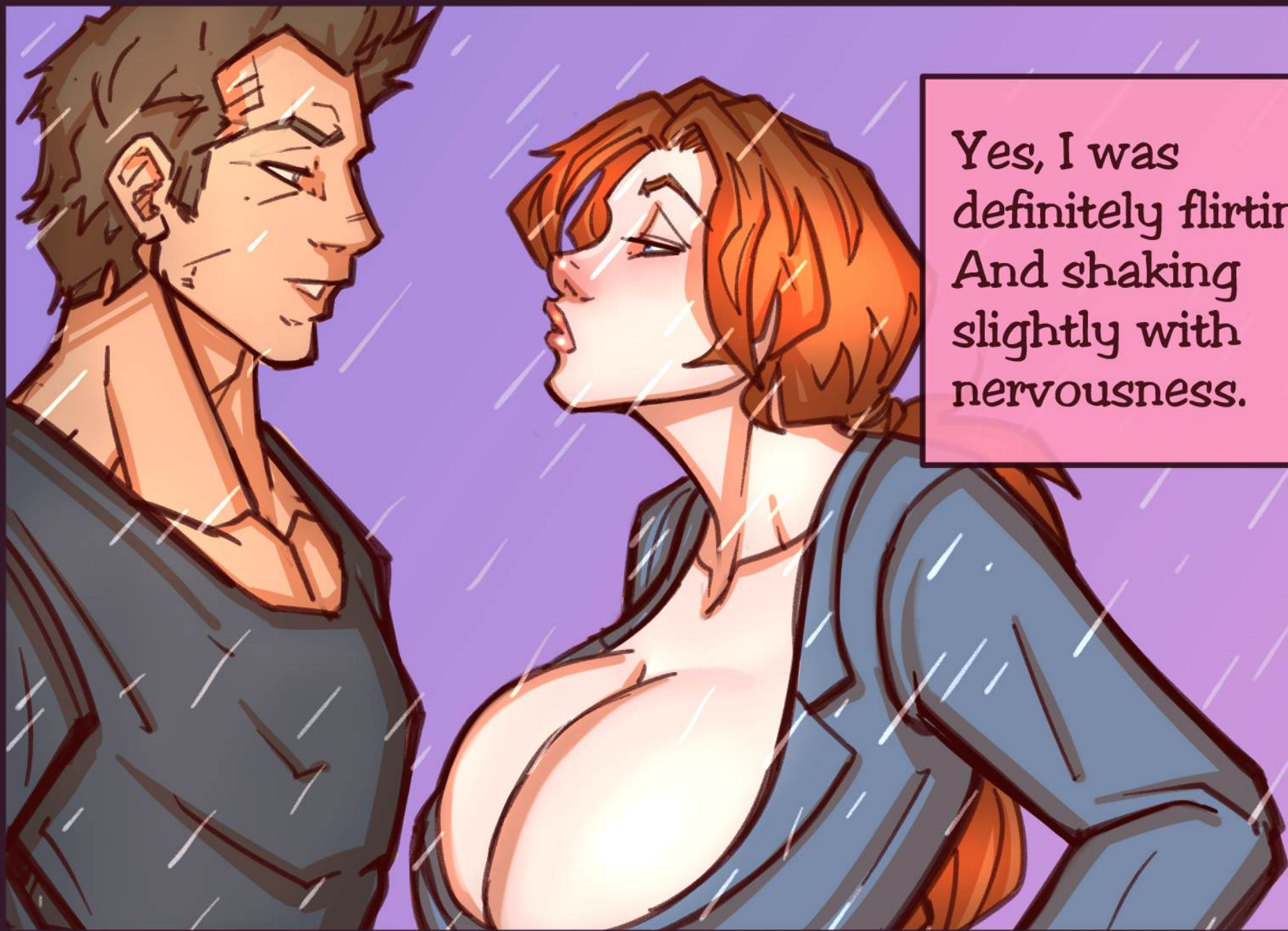
"Okay, you win," he said. "I would hate to be responsible for you catching cold. Brad would kick my ass for not taking care of his mom. So get in the car."



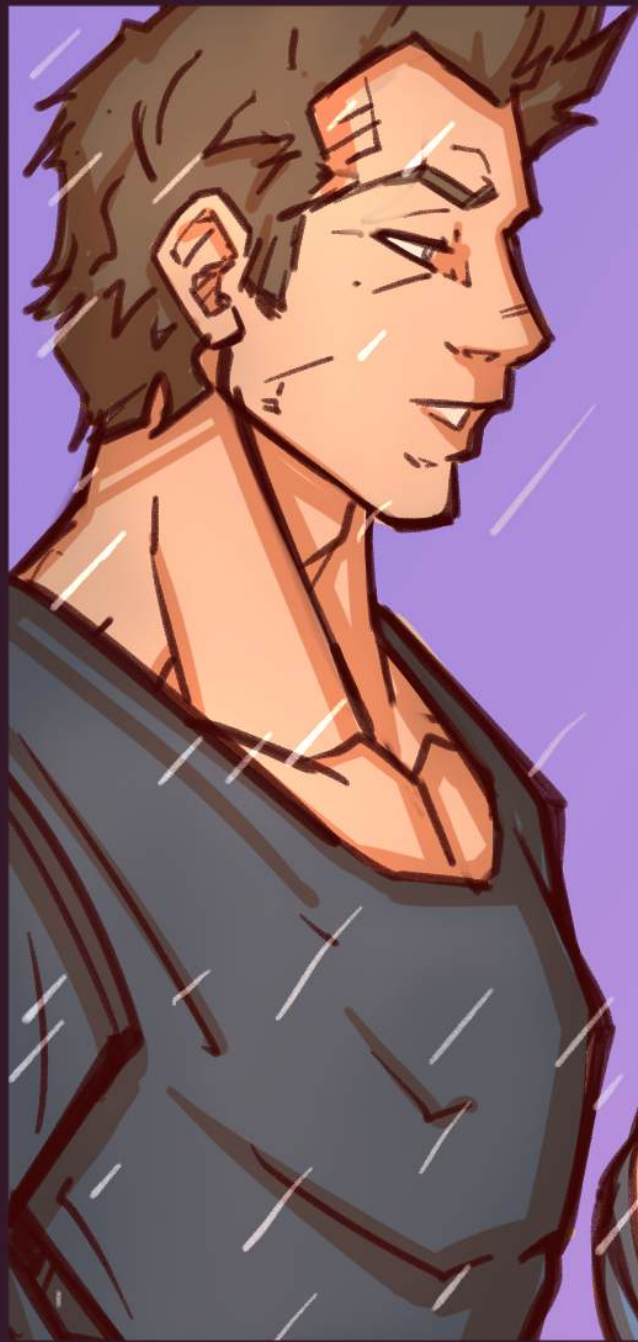
I stood on my tiptoes and brought my wet face close enough to his to smell the peppermint gum he was chewing.



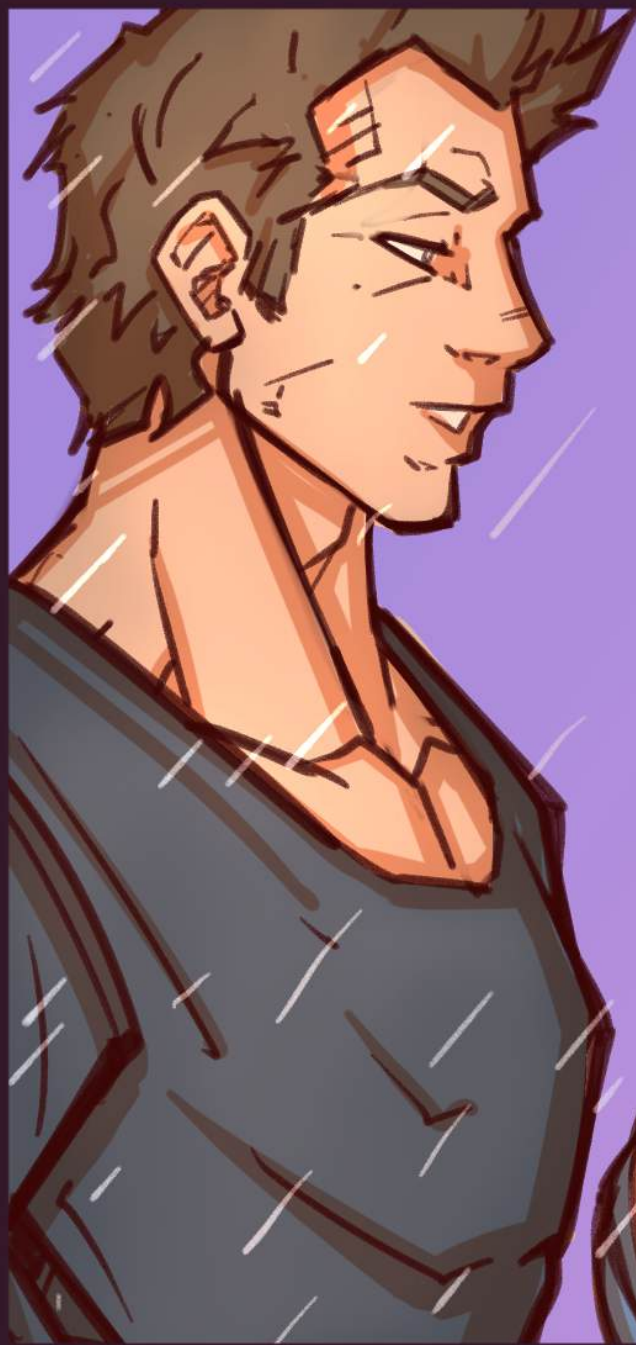
I looked deep into his hazel eyes for a moment before winking and whispering, "Nope."



Yes, I was definitely flirting. And shaking slightly with nervousness.



I turned on my heel, slipping out from under his hands and started walking again.



I could hear his snort of disbelief, then the sound of a quick honk of the horn as he locked his car and set the alarm.

As much as we'd always teased, our interactions had always stayed well within an acceptable set of boundaries.



I will admit there was a faint undertone of sexual tension that I had just chalked up to raging teenage hormones,



But I was acutely aware that I was getting very close to challenging those boundaries.



The question was:
was Cale feeling
the same thing I was?
Was this just more
playful banter, or was
his heart pounding like
mine was?



And if it came right
down to it, was I
actually capable of
crossing that line,
of... of...



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