



Friends in Deed by Bea

FRIENDS IN DEED

By
BEA



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unintentional and is intended for purely parody purposes.

"Hey Brian!" Eric said. "Wake up! Catch the view!"

"Not sleeping, dipshit!" I growled. "See them. Been watching them for the last few minutes."

"How come you didn't say nuthin'?" he grumbled in mock outrage.

I sighed theatrically. "My fantasy man! Don't need *you* in it!"

He snorted. "You? You think you could handle two women like that without me to help you? Man, they'd suck you up and blow you out in bubbles!" "Probably." I laughed. "But what a way to go!"

He laughed as well. "Oh man! What a pair of chicks! Think when we're seniors we'll rate a twosome like that?" "Couldn't hack it in High school. What makes you think college will be any different?" I admitted regretfully. "Course - we might win the lottery," I added. "Gotta buy a TICKET dude" he laughed.

We both fell silent, watching the two gorgeous women stroll past, chatting to each other quietly. Both tall, lithe and oozing self-confidence. One a redhead, the other a blonde. The redhead wore a yellow top and white shorts, the blonde a powder blue top and white shorts. The shorts set off two pairs of the most perfectly tanned legs you'll ever see. Smooth, straight, perfect!

Eric deepened his voice a notch or two. "Hey girls! Come sit a up here a while, huh?" he called out. I sat up on the grass impressed with his chutzpah. "Yeah! C'mon up! We'll show you a good time!" I added.

They turned their heads when we called, both of them shooting out the 'Ice Glare' that women and girls have perfected by trying it out on nerdy wimps like Eric and me for centuries. But to my amazement, the glare disappeared from their faces almost immediately, and they quickly glanced speculatively at each other. Actually, changed direction and took a step in our direction! Then they stopped and simultaneously looked at their watches. Then they SMILED at us! "Sorry guys! Catch you later! Gotta go!" the blonde said. "Yeah. Later!" the redhead added. Then both of them smiled regretfully and waggled their fingers in farewell and

continued their walk - even looking backwards at us a few times!

Eric and I looked at each other in amazed consternation. "Did you see THAT!" he babbled. "They looked like they were INTERESTED!"

I looked behind me. Nobody there. "It HAD to be us! Wow! Can you believe that?" I babbled in return. "Why don't we follow them, huh?"

Eric sobered up immediately. "Brian? And do *what* exactly? We're broke. Flat assed busted. Maybe we could scrounge up enough to buy a pitcher of beer - but they look like hard liquor types to me. Accept it. They were putting us on." He let out a tremendous sigh. "Jesus! Had my hopes up for a minute, I'll tell you." With that, he lowered himself onto his back and stared up at the blue Californian sky. I followed suit.

We were freshmen at Berkeley - or Cal as it's known. Accommodations being at a premium, the college assign freshmen dorms. We shared a room with two jocks. They weren't as bad as some of the assholes we'd had to put up with at high school, but already some of the hassle was starting. Eric and I were both small and less than intimidating. At high school, we'd been amongst the highest-level students there and, coming from single parent households had both wangled scholarships.

Now though, we were at a college recognized for its high academic achievements and not doing too well. We were slipping behind drastically with our grades - and were finding it next to impossible to catch up and hold a part time job as well which we needed for spending money. Couldn't ask our moms for dough - we knew they were both strapped as it was. We were getting by - but that was about all. The idea of taking even plain looking girls out on a date was stretching it. A pair of lookers like that? Not a hope in hell! The pair of us sighed in unison.

We stayed in that night and watched TV. About 8.30 we just looked at each other. "Let's go and get a Coke," Eric said. "I'm going out of my gourd with boredom."

"I was thinking of the English test coming up," I said. "Need to

crack the books."

Eric laughed. "Think I don't? But neither one of us has done a damn thing so far tonight. Think you're gonna get all productive now? It's Saturday and we both need a break. Come on."

As you can guess, I didn't need much persuading. A half hour later we were sitting in our favorite Pizza place, nursing small Cokes and finishing off the remnants of a small pizza we'd bought. Both of us hardly talked, sunk in our miseries - while all around us, people were having a great time. I heard the hush and wondered idly what had caused it but didn't even look up - too busy staring at the stains and marks on the wooden table in front of me, pretending they were a Rorschach test. Eric was probably doing the same, because I think he jumped in fright at the same second as me!

What made me jump? Two warm, firm, hands settling on to my shoulders with the fingers almost touching my neck and a deep husky voice saying. "Hi cutie! Where did you run off to? We said we'd see you later. Didn't you believe us? We've been looking ALL over for you. Can we join you?"

As I went up from my seat I naturally looked up. Directly across from me, Eric was jumping up in surprise as well, the gorgeous redhead standing behind him, and I knew that it was the blonde that had spoken to me. My ass came back down on the hard bench with a thud that rattled my teeth. Eric must have had a softer landing than me, because he at least managed to speak - which is more than I could do.

"Sure.. sure.. Yeah.. That'd be great! Wouldn't it Brian?" he babbled.

"Uh. yeah ... Yeah ... Please!" I managed to gasp, scooting over on the bench to allow the vision of loveliness to slide in beside me. She kept her arm around my neck though and one of her breasts brushed against my cheek as she did so.

"Well, now I know that your name's Brian - you little cutie," she purred in my ear. "But who's your friend?"

"Yeah sweetie. What's your name? How come we never saw you around here before?" the redhead was saying as she nuzzled Eric's ear.

"I'm... uh ... Eric," he said, turning fiery red.

"My! Would you look at that blush! Bobbi!" My companion laughed, giving my shoulders a proprietary squeeze as she did so. She tickled my ear gently with the tip of her tongue. "Can you blush that prettily?" she whispered softly. I answered her question by doing exactly that - which made her sigh rapturously and squeeze me again.

I finally managed some sign of urbanity. Reached across the table with my right hand. "Hi Bobbi," I said. "Pleased to meet you." As I did this, the girl beside me held her hand across the table to Eric. "I'm Toni" and they shook hands.

Bobbi's hand took mine in a grip that was surprisingly firm, and she flashed a smile that must have cost a bundle in orthodontist charges - perfect, pearly, teeth. "Hi Brian sweetie. Nice to meet you. Can we buy you two cuties a drink?"

Eric and I stared at each other across the table for a second, both of us dying to accept the offer, but struggling with the fact that we couldn't reciprocate. Eric clenched his teeth and breathed noisily through his nostrils. Sighed. "That'd be great," he said, " But we're broke, and we're not freeloaders - but thanks a bunch anyway."

The two girls beamed at each other. "That's SO nice!" Toni said. Then Bobbi spoke up. "Hey, listen you two! Tonight's on us. Let's go!" With that, she stood up. "Go where?" I asked.

"They only sell beer and wine here Brian," Toni said, standing as well and pulling me to my feet, "and anyway, it's too noisy. There's a nice quiet bar a couple of blocks away. Come on. We can get to know you better. "

By this time, Eric had been pulled to his feet as well and was obviously stunned as I was at the speed with which these women moved. We never had a chance to talk before we found ourselves walking with

Bobbi and Toni out on the street on our way to the bar. Bobbi explained that it would be a waste of time to use her car as it was only a short walk, so before I knew it we were all walking along the street, arm in arm.

Both women had heels which made them even taller. They were both dressed similarly. White open toed shoes, white pants and colored polo shirts. Brightly colored blazers. Eric and I looked like tiny bums walking beside them - with our shabby T-shirts and grungy shorts providing a decided contrast to the casual elegance displayed by the women. We were also out of our depth. We couldn't talk obviously but having been friends for as long as we had we could communicate quite well with a raised eyebrow here, a twitch of the lip there. It was easy to see that he was as confused as I was. Let's face it, both of us had been dismissed by girls for most of our lives - hell we were EXPERTS at *that*. What on earth were two gorgeous hunks of feminine pulchritude doing spending time - and money - on us? But I could tell he felt the same as I - play the cards we'd been dealt. See what happens. Be grateful for mercies - ANY kind of mercy and take it while the going was good.

I'd never seen the bar before. It was down a side street and there were no neon signs advertising it to the public. It was dark and comfortable and a hostess, who obviously knew our companions, guided us to a coffee table surrounded by four small easy chairs. She didn't seem surprised in the slightest when Toni and Bobbi pulled the chairs out for Eric and I. We looked at each other and I understood that he was just as relieved as I was that it was dark - both of us were blushing. Thankfully, neither of our companions noticed this time - or at least, if they did, they said nothing about it.

The barmaid took our orders for drinks without asking Eric's or my ages - an unusual occurrence for both of us as we both look very young. The girls ordered bourbon on the rocks, I followed suit, and Eric was smart enough to order Scotch and water. Toni also waved her hand around the table "Bring us the usual for munchies, okay dear?" The girl smiled. "Got it." She said. "I'll be back with your drinks in a jiffy. The munchies will take a little longer."

As soon as the girl left, Toni laid her hand on my thigh! I was surprised but tried my damned best not to show it. Across the table from me, Eric visibly stiffened, and I had the feeling that Bobbi was feeling him up, just as Toni was stroking me. I sighed softly as one of her fingers made a little foray up under the legs of my shorts. "Mmmm!" she whispered. "You're nice and smooth. Shave your legs? They feel silky soft! Aren't they Bobbi?"

And another hand is reaching up inside my other shorts leg! It was Bobbi! Looking across the table I suddenly realize that both women are playing with us - each of them using both hands to caress us!

"Oh Yes!" Bobbi giggles. "I think that Eric needs a wax job though. His legs are SO hairy! SO masculine!"

Reflexively, I put my hand down to stop Toni. "Naughty! Naughty!" she admonished me. "Hands up on the table please! Both of you!" She was making it sound as if it were Eric and I that were playing games underneath, while her investigating fingers were now gently stroking my balls and my dick on one side, while Bobbi's were rapidly approaching the same area from the other side. Nonetheless, I obediently laid my hands on the tabletop. Saw Eric mirror my action, his eyes wide and round, just like mine must have been.

I was getting ready to shoot my load when, luckily, the waitress returned with our drinks. With the glasses now available to be handled, Bobbi removed her hand from my thigh. Toni did likewise, though she continued to slide her warm smooth hand up under my shorts on a fairly regular basis. Feverishly, I took a gulp of my drink - a mistake as it turned out. I don't have much of a head for booze and as the evening wore on, I started getting pretty woozy.

A few minutes after the drinks came, a few girls started bringing out a number of small plates of munchies. I was agog. There was lobster, crab, oysters - food items that I had eaten rarely in my life - but knew to be damned expensive! Toni and Bobbi were not fooling around. They were really laying out some dough in entertaining us.

As I stared at the small feast, Toni took a fork and speared a bite sized chunk of lobster, then turned to me. "Open UP honey!" she cooed then, as I did so, put the delectable, buttery, piece of shellfish into my mouth. Then she took a forkful for herself - then another for me. I felt like a kid but didn't feel too bad because on the other side of the table, Eric was being treated in the same fashion.

I did try to pick up a fork so that I could feed myself but got a negative shake of the head from Bobbi. "No sweetie! Let Toni do that for you!" she said. But she smiled as she said it, taking some of the sting out of what was obviously an order.

More drinks - and food - came and we all started loosening up and getting to know each other. I'm afraid that I boasted a little about the expertise that Eric and I had in tennis and golf. He was more sober than I was and tried to downplay my outrageous claims but wasn't too successful.

With the drink and the dark surroundings it probably took me longer to figure something out than would normally have been the case. It finally dawned on me though that me and Eric were the only two males in the whole place - at least as far as I could see. There was a small dance floor and couples dancing there, but then it became clear - it was mostly girls dancing with each other.

There was one puzzling aspect about this though. I knew about lesbians of course, but very little. Weren't the butch ones supposed to be mannish? The girls out on the floor were dancing cheek to cheek and looked as if they were romancing a little, but they were ALL pretty and indubitably feminine. Befuddled, I shook my head. This was beyond me.

Then two of the prettiest girls I'd ever seen were standing at our table, chatting to Toni and Bobbi. They were introduced to us as Tiffany and Alicia and were very nice to us. "Hey! We're starving. Can we have some of your munchies?" Tiffany wheedled prettily. "Sure! Squeeze in!" Bobbi said and to my amazement, the girls joined us - but Tiffany sat in MY lap - and Alicia sat in Eric's! They were very slim and quite small - about sizes with us, so it was a very pleasant experience to have such a

soft, sweet smelling, girl sitting in such close proximity. I got an immediate erection and Tiffany obviously felt it because she giggled, then wriggled about on my lap, the feel of her soft, chiffon covered body sending spasms of ecstasy shooting through my nerve ends.

Then, the two newcomers sat for an instant, obviously waiting. Seconds later, Toni and Bobbi were feeding them, just as they had fed Eric and I. This went on for a minute or two, then damned if Toni didn't start feeding me again! It must have made a strange picture, two athletic, attractive women feeding two gorgeous girls and two grungy males in the same manner, but it was fun, and it wasn't long before Tiffany and I were giggling together. Eric and Alicia weren't long in following suit.

Then Tiffany said. "Want to dance with me Brian? I'm getting fed up dancing with Alicia. She wants to lead all the time!"

"I'm not much of a dancer," I said - lying in my teeth. I can't dance at all. I was also a little concerned about how Toni would react. I was her date after all, and I didn't want her getting jealous. My concern was immediately eliminated by Toni though. "Yes! Good idea Tiffany. Go on Brian. Have a good time. Off with you now!"

Seconds later, I was on the tiny dance floor with Tiffany, very conscious now of being the only male in a small crowd of extremely feminine girls. I held my arms out towards Tiffany. She shook her head. "Told you!" she snorted. "I've been getting led all night! My turn!" Next thing I knew, we were dancing cheek to cheek. As I indicated, I can't dance, but being led made it very easy. I was embarrassed for a moment when Eric and Alicia danced by and he was doing the leading, but shortly after that the number ended and we swapped partners before the next one began. I noticed that he had no more luck in leading Tiffany than I'd had and smiled to myself, even though I found myself in Alicia's arms, again taking the feminine role in our dance.

When we all trooped back to our table, Bobbi and Toni were chatting together quietly. Bobbi saw us first and looked up smiling. "Have a nice time, girls?"

Tiffany and Alicia both smiled. "Oh yes, thanks." But Eric and I just stood there while both Toni and Bobbi looked at us as if we were expected to answer also. Then we both said at practically the same instant. "Yes - it was great!" Toni and Bobbi both nodded.

It wasn't much later when I needed to go for a pee. "Where's the restroom?" I asked.

"We'll show you if you want" Alicia said.

"Yeah! I'll join you," Eric added.

The next thing, the four of us were chatting as we walked through the bar. Tiffany opened a door. "Here," she said, holding it open but standing aside to let me pass in front of her.

Thanks" I said, passing her, with Eric close behind. Then, to my surprise and amazement, the two girls followed us in!

"Huh?" Eric asked. "What are you guys doing?"

"Think we don't need to pee, same as you?" Alicia responded.

Then it dawned. No urinals! This wasn't a Men's bathroom - it had to be a Ladies! I was bursting for a pee by this time, but turned as if to leave. The girls were in the way. "What are you doing Brian. I thought you needed a piss?" Tiffany asked.

"I DO!" But this is a Ladies. I can't go here!" I whined. "Where's the Men's?"

The girls looked at each other, then Alicia spoke. "I wouldn't go there, if I were you. Don't think the fellas would like it."

"But this is a Ladies toilet!" I persisted.

"Nah! This is the 'Dates' room!" Tiffany said. "You two are Toni and Bobbi's dates, aren't you?"

"Yeah, well, I guess so." I admitted.

"Well, the, this is YOUR bathroom!" Alicia said briskly. "And I thought you needed to go?"

I didn't have time to argue, so blushing furiously, I went into one of the stalls and relieved myself.

"Eh, Brian?" Alicia called from one of the other stalls.

"Yeah, what?" I called immediately after I'd flushed the toilet.

"I think I'd pee sitting down the next time you come in here." she said. "I mean we get sissies in here fairly regularly – but they are expected to pee properly - like a girl does, that is."

"What's this bullshit about sissies ?" Eric called out from the next stall. "That what you think we are?"

Tiffany giggled. "You mean you're NOT?"

"Hell no!" he exploded. "What gave you THAT idea?" As he said this, he and I exited the our stalls at the same time.

Tiffany blinked. "But you're here with Toni and Bobbi! I just thought.. "

"They're our dates all right." I butted in.

She shook her head slightly. "Well they *normally* date sissies. We saw them feeding you - and you danced with us! That's what the girls and sissies do here. The guys? They hardly dance at all and if they do, it's usually only after midnight. Up until then, it's only girls and sissies on the floor. And it's not cool for girls to eat by themselves - not considered ladylike - shows that we think we can get along without our fellas.

"You mean that Toni and Bobbi think we're faggots?" Eric asked in a shocked tone.

"Don't ask me. Ask them" Tiffany said. "And for your information? There's a BIG difference between a sissy and a faggot!"

"Sure, there is!" I sniffed sarcastically. "Well, I sure thought the two of you were sissies!" Alicia said. "Though now that I think on it, the pair of you are awfully grungy looking. Both of you need hairdos and you sure could use some makeup." She opened her handbag. "Yes! Thought I had brought it along" She looked at me directly. "Breanna?"

I've got a Raspberry lipstick shade here that would go really nice with your coloring. Want to borrow it?"

Eric exploded with laughter. "Yeah! Why not try the pretty lipstick-BREANNA!"

"Ah, shut UP you dip!" I said, though couldn't help laughing myself. "Thanks for the offer Alicia. But no thanks."

She shrugged and closed her handbag. Did a quick check of her face in the mirror. "I'm heading back to the table Tiffany. You ready?"

Tiffany nodded. "Yeah." She smiled at Eric and me. "Coming...?" Paused for effect "*Girls?*"

I saw Eric's face redden and spoke first. "We'll be along in a minute. Okay?"

She nodded. "Okay. See yah!" and the two girls left.

Eric looked at me. I looked at him - and we both burst out laughing. I puffed out my cheeks and waved my imaginary bowler hat - a la Oliver Hardy. "Fine mess you've got us into this time Stanley!" I said mellifluously.

He giggled. "Yeah - but seriously? How the hell do we get out of this mess. Now that I think of it, Toni and Bobbi have been treating us like we're their girls all evening."

I shrugged. "Easy. Just walk up to them and say 'Hey?' case of misunderstanding here. Sorry girls-then take off."

I shrugged. "What they gonna do? Beat up on us?"

Eric shook his head. "Don't know about Toni, but I'm pretty sure I wouldn't want to get Bobbi mad. She's a natural redhead and I'd bet she'd got a temper to match." He saw the look I gave him. "Listen dummy. These girls are bigger than us, and I'd bet they're tougher. You gonna tell me you think you could take Toni in a fight? And before you start any of your bullshit, remember who you're talking to here."

He was raising good points here and I knew it. Neither one of us

had ever shone in any kind of fighting and he was well aware that I'd once been beaten up by a girl in a schoolyard fracas. Knew that it was a shameful thing to me that I'd never want repeated. I nodded. "You're right. What do you think we should do?"

"Only thing I can think of is to close this date out. Not make any others with them-just *'had a great time Toni and Bobbi! Thanks a lot'* and skedaddle."

What he said made sense. The girls had been good to us -no, GREAT to us - would be more like it. To treat them shabbily went against our grains.

"Okay - ERICA? Makes sense. Ready to move?" I quipped. He waved his hand in front of my face. "Yes, *darling* Breanna! Shall we go and join the girls? Sorry! I meant the *fellas* of course!" He minced to the door and opened it for me. "Age before beauty!" he intoned.

"Maturity before pride!" I retorted and swayed past him, laughing until I was through the door, then quickly brought myself back to sobriety. Certainly, did NOT want anyone in that particular establishment seeing me act in any way that could be construed as feminine.