**MNR**

by Theylo\_Bleu

**MNR Ch. 02: Casual Encounters Pt. 01**

*A tale of taking her power back.*

Friday morning, first official day of a long weekend, home, with my new roommate Charlie Vey, still processing what had happened the night before...

By the time the morning had come, I'd almost forgotten that it was a long weekend and there was no work that day. Largely because my mind could barely stay on anything else other than desperately trying to diagnose what the hell had happened the night before. It felt like my whole world had been flipped upside down, and in so many ways.

For one, unless I'm getting all sorts of backwards messaging, that sort of thing isn't exactly normal, right? Someone fully, completely casually giving themselves a huge, wet and loud orgasm in the main living space next to their new roommate without any words or intention for them to be a part of it. That's weird, right? Again, I am not a prude, I love love and sexuality and all of that, to each its own and everything, but, there's usually so much more communication or clarification of what kind of space it is, and... all of that, right?Shiver.

The other big reality shift was whatever this new unfolding said about myrelationship with my new roommate; with Charlie. Was this a new normal? Was it a fluke? What about the agro energy? Like, where the hell does this go? Where do we go from here? I'd managed to avoid her after that intense and unique interaction, mostly because all I could do was sit with my thoughts. These thoughts. And I had no answers and honestly, I was terrified to leave my room and see her in what I thought was 'public' space.Sigh.

When I finally did get up and prep to leave my room, there was no sign of Charlie anywhere. I took advantage of the moment of freedom, did my bathroom needs, and started for some coffee when I realized that her shoes and bag were gone from the front door. "Oh good," I said with a sigh. I'm not fully sure why that was my innate response, and I don't want to feel that way about a person that I am legally sharing a lease with, but my non-conflict ass needed a break from the stress of whatever interaction was upcoming.

All in all, I was able to get through most of my usual morning routine before there was any sight (or sound) of her. I was all the way finished with breakfast and rinsing my plate for the dishwasher, watching reruns of some gameshow when I finally heard footsteps coming up the porch outside followed by the voice of Charlie talking, confirming it was her and not one of my neighbors.

She burst through the front door, the phone held between her ear and shoulder, tossing out some "uh-huh's" and such to whoever was telling whatever story on the other end. She made brief eye contact with me, gave me a quick smile and nod as she wrestled her denim jacket off her shoulders and flung it on the coat hook.

She stood there for a second, giving me a moment to take in what she was wearing; a tight red shirt that gripped her figure at each curve and showed off her mildly erect nipples. As she wriggled a little, putting her things away at the door, her heavy breasts danced and swayed beneath the stark red fabric.Hypnotizing.

She then B-lined for her room after kicking off her shoes, with the last thing seen before she passed the threshold of her room being her start to pull her shirt up and off, then closing the door behind her with her foot. I don't know if she knew it, but the door didn't close all the way, leaving a tempting crack wide enough for me to make out her shape when she passed back and forth. I think I leaned further over the counter without even realizing it, feeling that shift in my chest and the lightest moisture on my brow. From my angle which was very indirect, I could make out the line of her back and occasionally the backlit silhouette of her breast's edge from beyond her frame. And at one point, I could see the outline of her waist, hip, and much of her round ass.Stop looking! I looked away.

I could hear her still talking for a while, but only in faded mumbles. Honestly, I considered if maybe I should duck back into my room before she'd come out again at some point, but then, at the same time, it wasmy apartment (too, I guess). However, I didn't have time to fully commit to the decision either way as she came back out, now dressed in a pair of lavender short-shorts with frilly and free-flowing legs, and a different crop top, this time made from a hoodie which still dangled down her back underneath a messy bun of brown curls. "Hey, finally up?" she said casually as she crossed the living room to the other side of the counter-island, perching up on her long arms.

Uhm... I was speechless, but mostly because I was aware that I was speechless. I had no idea what to say as she stood directly opposite of me acting as if nothing had ever happened. WasI supposed to act like nothing had happened too? Did I even want to bring it up?

Luckily I didn't have to be the one to break the awkward silence. "What'd you do for breakfast?" she asked as friendly as could be.

"Uh, eggs," I finally mustered. "You? Uh, did you eat?" I stammered a little.

"Yeah. I met a friend from work for coffee. Had a muffin." She released her locked elbows and sunk to a stool, sitting and resting her chin on her hands, still looking at me engagedly. I fought to look back at her respectfully but I noticed that for a moment, how she was sitting, that the open bottom of her shirt met the edge of the counter, and though I couldn't see behind the wall of fabric, it seemed very much like her soft and large breasts must be resting on the countertop.Pay attention, man.

I sprung up, saying the first thing I could think of. "I thought you didn't work today," I chose, just trying to make it sound something like simple conversation.

"Yeah, I didn't. But, we just had to debrief, yesterday was wild in the office."Oh, was it? Maybe that explains... something? Everything?

"Word? What happened? If... you wanted to-"

"-Oh my fucking god, did I not tell you? Full transparency, I was fully not myself yesterday when I got home."OH!! "My fucking boss made a pass at me yesterday. Like, he's been a creepy bastard essentially the whole time, but yesterday he made contact." Her eyes widened as she told the story.

"Wait, shit, really?"

"Yep. Motherfucker got ass. I was bent over grabbing some files and shit when I feel a firm fucking 5-finger squeeze. I look up and shout "hey" or some shit and he's like 'Sorry, didn't see you there, must have bumped you' and kept walking. Like, the fucking fuck you didn't see me. Shitbag." She paused and looked up at me, "sorry. I've got a mouth."Now I'm thinking about her mouth... I don't know if this had always been a thing for me, but for some reason, her dirty mouth and propensity for avant-garde curse words was strangely titillating.

"No worries, but damn, that's fucked up. What'd you do?"

"I fucking chased his ass to his office and confronted him is what I did. I'm talking blind rage. I fucking hate being touched like that. I saw red, dude."

"I mean, yeah."Well there you have it, right?

"I told him 'I know he fucking grabbed my ass' and other shit I don't remember and he had the audacity to fucking admit it! That's the shit that messed me up. He said I have been giving him signs ever since I started there. Talking about how I don't wear bras and no panty lines and shit. Like, just 'cause I'm sex positive and like to be comfy doesn't mean you get to rub your filthy fingers over me. Fucking bullshit."

I really was invested in what she was saying and 100% agreed with everything, but, whatever she said about sex positive and all that, triggered my whiskers. "That's terrible. What are you going to do? Or whatdid you do? Did you report him?"

"That's what I was talking to Rosie about today. Like, I don't want to be one of those bitches that stays in some shitty job because she doesn't want - or can't - fight the system or whatever, but I also can't afford not to have a job. So I'm doing some risk management. But..." she looked away.

"But?" I don't actually know why I felt so confident with my questions and everything, I didn't reallyknow Charlie that well and I wouldn't say we were any sort of friends - barely acquaintances honestly. Our relationship up to this point had been completely situational. But, somehow, the familiarity of how she was talking to me mixed with the collective fuckery of this conversation, and, I guess, the automatic intimacy that had occurred from last night... I felt like I could talk to her in a more real way. "What happened?"

She looked up, maybe a little guiltily. "I may have fucked everything up..." I waited patiently for her to continue. "I said whatever I said to him in that office and he walked up to me and - sorry, this is a little graphic, you good?" I nodded. "He came up like he was hot shit and... I sort of let him. He got real close, like, closer than us right now," she said, pointing to the counter in between us, "and said 'I can tell that you want me' or some shit. Which - in retrospect, I should have like, bolted or something and got a witness, but, like, on instinct I leaned into him. His hand got full titty and I let him kiss me, or, made it seem like I was into kissing him."The absolute fuck???

My jaw accidentally dropped. I didn't want her to tell any of my feelings as she talked, you know, safe space and everything, but I was definitely stunned. "Seriously?" I said in astonishment.

"Bro, we made out for what felt like forever. He clearly wanted more, trying to get my shirt off and shit, but every time he'd get extra, I'd bite his lip and he'd back off."Why is she telling me all of this? "He started kissing down my neck at one point then whispered in my ear 'I want your mouth' and gestured down. Like, he fucking wanted me to suck him off full gag style; and I KNOW that motherfucker is a skull fucker. I could read it in his eyes. Bitch."

"Jesus," I said involuntarily.

"Yep. So I, sort of, slid my hand down his pants, grabbed his teeny little cock, rubbed it til it was hard or whatever, then fully gripped his balls and squeezed until he squealed like a little shitty pig and I told him 'I'm fucking gay, I will never want you or your fucking baby dick' andthen I left. So..." My jaw was on the floor. Also... gay??

"Damn, Charlie. Fierce!" I encouraged.

"Thanks," she looked up rather bashfully. "I'm scared I fucked it up though. Like, did I do too much and now it's on me? Can he fire me? Uhg - I fucking HATE men!" she said through gritted teeth and clenched fists.

I didn't blame her at all for that. "Men suck." And I don't pretend to be one of the good ones necessarily. But I definitely try.

"I went out, got some drinks, came home, just in a world of fuck off energy, y'know?"

Was this my chance? Should I bring up last night? "Fair. Uhm, about last-"

"-Rosie says wait until Monday to see what happens, but she'll back me up with HR if it comes to it. She thinks he'll probably be shitting himself all weekend and maybe it won't become something, but, I guess we'll see."Nevermind. I'll let it slide.

"Ah, yeah. Glad you have someone on the inside who can help with that."

"Sorry, I cut you off, you were saying something?"Or... Not.

"Oh, uh," I stammered, "I was just gonna - you had mentioned last night, and I was-"

Her hands shot up. "-oh fuck. Yeah. So... about that..."

"Ha, yeah, uh..."

"Sometimes, I get, sort of, an attitude, when I drink and shit, and well, with all that happened at work, I kind of, needed to, y'know, own my own world? If that makes sense?"I think so...?

"Yeah, totally, of course. I get it 100%." I... Lied??

She laughed a little. "I mean, it's 2023 so I figure we're not all hung up on stupid shit like nudity and people having fucking orgasms and shit, but I'm not always a dick about personal space. I hope anyway, haha."So, what does that mean exactly? "And you give off 'safe man' vibes so I feel like I can be myself around you, and around this space. I'm pretty open, y'know. I like to feel like I can do what I want and shit like that and get my needs met, so, thanks for being chill."Oh, that's what that means...

I won't lie, that created more questions than answers. What was she expecting? Was that going to be commonplace? Was she planning on some exhibitionist shit in the house? I... I don't know if I really minded per se, but it was definitely a foreign thought that I had to wrap my mind around. "Of course, makes sense. Do what you gotta do."I'm such a fucking non-conflict baby...

The energy fizzled out a little, we chatted about the day plans and other simple stuff before she went to her room saying she'd take a nap before she had a phone call or something. I tried to tidy up a bit once she left, but, I just couldn't get...certain things... off my mind. I felt really weird about it, but, the story she described, and honestly, the fact that she felt comfortable sharing it with me like that, it just got me riled up.

I excused myself to my bedroom and closed the door, lock and all, laid down on my bed and just let my thoughts drift. I was dazed. Having seen more of her than I frankly ever thought I would, made the imagining a lot more tangible.

I didn't know what her office looked like, but I imagined some nice upscale lawyery office with mahogany wood paneling and glass everywhere. I saw her walking to the end of the hallway to her boss's office where she stuck her finger in his chest and gave him a mouthful. I bypassed a bit of the dialogue as my mind really wanted to imagine this pseudo-sexual encounter. To see some weird white asshat with his scrunchy 'I drive a convertible and drink too much scotch' face and wispy hair get served. But then I saw his hands on her chest, pressing against her tits, same shirt she had on today. I didn't think about his lips, but I thought about hers. Pressed against his, pulling her lying bottom lip in her teeth. She was rough in my imagination. She crammed her tongue in his facehole almost as if she'd suffocate him.

Then my mind shifted to him escaping the grasp of her teeth, tongue, and lips and trying to entice her into a BJ with his eyes. They looked snakish. This isn't what she said happened, but I saw her slide down the wall behind her until she was lined with his waist, unzipping his jeans (I don't know if they had been jeans the whole time, but whatever) and, unfortunately, a large hammer-dick falling out in front of her (even in my imagination, I prefer a larger prick on a prick - menare gross...).

In my mind's eye, she takes it into her soft lips and gives it a sloppy back and forth. I think I stayed on that imagery a bit longer than I was comfortable with and when I came out of that little mini-trance, she popped up, looked him square in his eyes and gripped his shaft, squeezed with Athenian strength, called him some hot, cursy names, spat in his face and left.

I... came...

I almost never came to only the thoughts swimming in my head, so clearly, she unlocked something in me that just made every bit of this more real. Every breath felt deeper, heavier, more vibrant. It was... SHE wasSO HOT. And yes, she was attractive, definitely, but I think more than that, what was so hot was her confidence, her attitude, her take no shit approach, her man hating even. She just exuded an ownership of the space around her in a way that both turned me onand inspired me.Well... let's see where this goes...

I cleaned myself up, went back into the kitchen andactually tidied up and then sat down to play some video games on the big screen, headphones and everything. I don't know what's upcoming in this newfound situation-ship, but, maybe today would just be normal.

Haha, fucking yeah right...

**MNR Ch. 03: Casual Encounters Pt. 02**

*Sometimes the most alluring things aren't sexual at all.*

Same day, a few hours later. Back to my game...

My game wasn't particularly loud but it was loud enough that I was a little startled when Charlie emerged from her room (her door being nearest to the couch, so I saw her suddenly appear in my periphery). She was on the phone already and still wearing the same loose outfit as before, which from my seated angle meant I could ever so slightly see up her shirt for a quick second when she passed by. I wasn't staring, but, I can't say I didn't notice.

I don't remember what she was talking about and most of her conversation was responsive for a while, other than one long moment where she was retelling the same story she told me, which from the one or two times my game was quiet enough to overhear, it was just about the same.

I don't remember how long I was able to mind my own business but, being real, I held out with ease until sign of what would become my new normal. Let me explain, when Charlie said she was sex positive, with the previous night as any indicator, it felt like anything could happen, but it turned out that the line about 'casual nudity' and 'being able to do what she wants, etc' was the real gold nugget.

A few minutes into her softly pacing around the open-concept living room/kitchen layout of my apartment, she'd stepped into view, fidgeting with the collection of plants that sat by the far window. On a higher, harder to reach hanging plant, she reached up, revealing the soft underside of her breast. This happened a few times in a row as she pulled dead petals off a flowering bush. She was sideways facing to me, so it was unfortunately easy to train my eyes at her midsection and wait for another slip of which there were many.

It felt wrong, and it probablywas wrong, to witness her like that; probably why voyeur itself often lands in the subsections of adult websites. There's no consent, which for me had never been the pleasure. I always hoped or built in my mind when I could that there was some knowledge and agreement from the viewee but, beyond my arousal, I knew it likely wasn't the case. And so voyeur stayed on the computer screen where it felt safer and less "stalkerish" but this... this was happening in my own house. Also, the night before fucked me up. I'd been trying to figure out the "rules" if there even were any.

I watched as a few more times, her shirt rose up her breast, uncovering the rose-pink line of her areola then fell again as she shifted. My breathing shifted right along with her. I felt that sinking 'this isn't happening' feeling in my chest and stomach, I felt sweat start to form on my brow. This was nothing like the incident on the couch, but it still triggered a rush within me. It felt naughty to see what seemed in itself 'not naughty'. But I couldn't stop watching. Despite my game, my eyes were fixed. That was, until...

Until she finished plucking at the plant and she turned, leaning her back against the windowsill, her one hand still pressing the phone to her ear, the other in the air, her using one nail to pry dirt from underneath another. She looked downward, I looked away, back at my screen, but still with her in my periphery. The voyeur was over, there was nothing to see, no need to listen in, just-Where is her hand going???

After her little moment of self-grooming, her hand went to her shirt, presumably to adjust her crop top down as far as the fabric could go, but she didn't do that. With her fingers, she gripped the hem of her top and flipped it up, instantly exposing the entirety of her left breast. I gulped then realized my eyes were laser-focused on her chest, unaware of her gaze.Shit, did she see me staring? I scanned my eyes upwards to see her face as I forced my view back to my screen. On the way, I looked and she wasn't looking at me at all. She was looking the other way entirely.I don't think she saw me.

But now to contend with the fact that her breast was hanging out, and for what reason? I gave it a second, staying focused on my game, trying not to reveal that I was aware of her actions, but then I looked back at her and her hand was holding and she was massaging and her nipple was hardening, and... it was happening again.Holy fuck!!

I felt every fiber of my body tense, as if it were fighting off the virus of this arousal. I didn't want to cave to the pressure of it. I kept tricking myself into thinking it wasn't even happening. She simply stood there, leaning, staring off, massaging her chest, andtalking on the phone!!?? I'd almost forgotten that she was on the phone this whole time. Who was she talking to? What were they talking about? Was it someone with some sexual chemistry? Was it somehow stimulating?

Almost unconsciously I paused the game, listening through my headphones as I heard "uh-huh. Of course he did, he's a prick." Before she started listening to her caller again, all while kneading her soft, supple breast. There was no sign of any vocal shift that would say to me she was turned on. Nothing in the little bit of context clue to say it was a sexual conversation.Was it not? Was she just doing this?

I paid a little more attention, as she continued to hold herself, as she gave witness to every feature of her breast in broad daylight, clearly in my line of sight. Each time I inhaled, I felt it deep in the well of my stomach. This couldn't be happening in... real life. Soon though, she moved, stepping away from the window and crossing in between the TV and me, still holding her chest, but passing quickly, I presume out of courtesy. Which means this wasn't necessarily mindless in the sense that she knew I was there. Was it possible she wanted me to see? No, she wanted to own her own space. That's what she said earlier. It didn't matter that I was there. I was irrelevant. And somehow, that was hotter than any other meaning I could make up in my mind.

It took everything in my strength not to follow her with my eyes as she went back to the kitchen area behind me. So the next time Isaw her was about 10 or 15 minutes later when she brought a snack and leaned against the back of the couch.

She engaged me, tapping my shoulder until I looked over, mouthing the words "you want?" as she offered me a little cut of cheese sandwiched between Ritz crackers. I smiled and took it, then saw past her hand as, still, her nipple hung out past the line of her shirt. I could have choked I gulped so hard. The greatest pain was looking away, wishing so badly I could have been invisible and kept looking without alerting her to what I saw, which clearly looked to be accidental. I took the cracker and swung back to my game, upset at what I could no longer see.

But it didn't take long before there was another opportunity to have her in my line of sight. She seemed to grab a few more cracker sandwiches for herself before crossing my path again quickly and then landing on the far end of the couch, this time huddled up against the big pillow, her feet drawn in as her legs bent, her knees pressed against her chest. She held herself in that somewhat fetal, self-cuddled position for a while, finishing the last of her snack.

The problem this time was that unlike earlier, she could very much see my game being played on the big screen, so I couldn't exactly stop and stare or let my eyes even drift too hard in her direction in case she realized I was watching her more than my game. But I stole glances, maybe hopeful I'd see something, or just out of sheer fascination with her. It was mostly nothing additional or revealing but eventually, one of these glances proved a return to this strange casual/sexual dance she was doing.

At one point when I looked over for a second, first scanning her face to see the direction of her gaze, which was looking off into the kitchen area, then I let my eyes fall down over her body when I saw that her free hand had moved from hugging her legs to her chest and was now playing with the fabric of her shorts.

From what I could see, there wasn't much to her actions, nothing blatantly sexual, but as short as her pants were, it was revealing. Dark curls of unshaven hair crept out down the first few inches of her exposed thigh. Tracing upwards, her fingers clung to the fabric edge, tossing it from side to side, thusly half the time, exposing almost all of her thick, hairy bush, and a peek at the pink of her lips.Am I drooling...? I only saw for a second before I knew better and returned to my game.

I played a bit more then let my eyes wander back to her. Her chest was still covered by her legs but between her feet, and between the fabric opening, I saw more of her again. Her fingers this time had migrated from the shorts themselves to twisting the thick of her hair into little knotty circles around her fingertips, then smoothing them out again.Oh fuck... it was so fucking casual and absent of any clear intention to get off or anything like that. She just kept her hand busy like it was a fidget toy.Why does this turn me on so much? I looked away again.

The next time I returned to witness her was the last in this moment. Her hand continued to stay lurking down there, but this time graduating past her messy hair and now to a much more exposed canvas as her finger drew up and down the outer lip of her vagina, softly caressing, no sign of insertion, no sign of stimulation, just that gentle motion. She was even talking about something, a movie I think, while her hand just...Wait...

Her finger paused its up-and-down rubbing against her, but it did not get taken away. Instead, it pressed inward, moving past the labial doorway and into the soft, wet pink, quickly danced around, never going deep, and then withdrew, bringing with her fingertip a long strand of her own wetness. Her hand glided upwards and upwards until it reached her mouth, and between whatever words she was saying, entered her lips and she sucked her finger clean, pulled it out and kept talking. It only lasted a few seconds but I swear it felt like a life-Oh shit, she's looking at me. Her eyes suddenly moved, her gaze landing on me, in my eyes. We saw each other.

I wanted to dive behind the couch and army crawl into my room, lock the door and hide.She caught me. She fucking caught me. My eyes darted back to the TV as fast as they could but there was no universe where she would believe I didn't just see all of what she had just been doing. And a few seconds later, I thought my heart would explode as she called out "hey."

In another life, I was an actor, but even with that I had no confidence that I could pull off the heist of pretending my innocence, but I paused my game, pulled my headphones back and turned to her, eye contact, looking nowhere else. "Yeah?"

She turned the phone away from her ear and mouth and looked at me. "Do you want to watch a movie tonight? I just got a good recommendation." I could not have sighed relief any louder.

"Oh yeah, totally," I said, "sounds great."

"Awesome," she said, thrusting herself forward as she kicked her legs out and muscled off the couch. "I'm gonna go to the store next door real quick and get snacks and stuff, I totally finished the crackers, sorry. And we need, like, real movie food." I nodded and smiled. "Oh, maybe a pizza?" I nodded harder. "Sweet. I'm gonna get changed."

She walked into her room and I thought for a moment that I could let my body reset from the rush of tension that it had absorbed in the few fleeting seconds. But then, her door didn't close...

By the time I realized there was no hit of the door closing as she left the living room, she was already removing her clothes. At first, her back was to me and I saw as she pulled her shirt off over her head then seconds later dropped her shorts to the floor, all while still managing to maintain her phone call. She kicked her shorts up with her toes and flung them on her bed and stretched.

She raised her free arm up to the ceiling, standing on her tip-toes then landing back on her heels. Then she leaned forward, dropping her head towards the floor, her butt jutted out and up and her hairy lips thrust back and out. Then she stood again.

She walked over to her closet and I lost sight of her for a moment, which was good as I could reset and look at the TV. But soon enough she was back in view in the doorframe, tossing a wide-necked sweater and a long skirt on the bed to wear. But before she would get dressed, while still talking, she sat at the edge of her bed, facing out towards the living room but not looking at me, and ran lotion over her body.

Every single part of her was visible. Even more than I had seen the night before, no clothing to cover any part of it. I saw in a flash the full curvature of her shoulders, her sides, her hips, her legs, her feet. I could see the full contour of her body-hair, how it collected in the luscious valley between her legs. At some point, from this angle, I could see hair under her arms which I liked as well. She looked up.Shit. I looked away.

I hate to say I angled my face so that I could see her as well as plausibly stay focused on my game. I didn't like the potential 'creep factor' of this real time voyeurism, but it felt equal parts my desire to witness as it did her desire to be able to have that freedom. I didn't know well enough at the moment, but it felt that if I had looked at her directly even, she may not even have minded, as if she was redefining her naturality and sexuality. I don't know. Maybe I just wanted to look. Maybe she was okay being seen?

Her one handed lotioning started with her shoulders and worked its way down her chest. She massaged her breasts so tenderly, but also with a rough and quick jerking energy, getting around the curves and hills of herself. At one point, I could make out that she spent some time pulling at her nipples for whatever reason. My breathing intensified. Her hand drifted downward, covering her stomach and sides in lotion then driving her fingers through her wealth of hair, pulling on loose strands and flicking them away.

She seemed for just a moment to linger down there, to rub in a way that arguably was more than just applying the moisturizer. Before getting more lotion on her hands and continuing to her legs, I saw as she pulled at her lips a few times, almost as if she was airing herself out. I don't know.

When she finished, she tossed the sweater on and then the skirt, nothing else. The sweater had a very wide collar area which crept around one shoulder and then left the other exposed. Wearing nothing underneath, the crest of her breast seemed to show, especially now that I had seen them in full.

I don't know how directly I looked or how long I had been possibly staring, but she stood and made way for the front door. For whatever reason, I instinctively paused in case she needed to say something to me. In so doing, I heard the last few sentences of her side of the phone call. "Okay, I'm gonna head out, call you later. Tell Mom and Dad I love them or whatever, well, tell Mom, Dad can suck it. Love you, bye."Wait wait wait wait... Mom and Dad?? Was she on the phone with a sibling that whole time!?

She gathered her things, waved bye and left. I don't even know what I really saw. The thoughts that played in my head were louder than this semi-sexual chain of events; her rubbing herself, tugging softly at her nipples, playing with her bush, and then fully tasting herself. It was a voyeuristic paradise.

So many little fantasies played out in my head. So many moments of "I'm not really seeing this, am I?" I had seen her fully fuck herself the night before, but still, somehow, this was a trick in my mind as if I'd never seen anything before. As if each time I saw a new glimpse of her body, the moment before hadn't happened. Something about all of that really met me in the core of my arousal. Was this my new thing?

Fuck this game, I need a shower, I thought to myself as I went to go... take care of a few things before she got home. This morning revealed a lot, gave a lot of context to this person I now shared my home with. Very curious to see where this thing was going to go.