Shared Secret Between Roomates

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Ilay in my bed listening for the familiar sound of him coming home. He has *her* in tow, as usual. I rush to hide my half-naked body under the covers as he opens my door to check if I am asleep. Happy that I won't be walking in on them anytime soon, he closes my door and turns off the hall light. I hear the stereo in the living room come on. I can picture the scene already; they are sitting on the couch and she is sitting in his lap, facing him, arms wrapped around his neck and they are kissing. I quietly open the door to make sure that the coast is clear. When I know it's alright I walk out silently shutting the door behind me. As I round the corner into the livingroom I am not disappointed. There they are; lying there on the couch, his hand in her shirt kissing her hard on the mouth as she rubs her hands up and down his back while he is grinding his blue-jeaned bulge into her. He pulls her up long enough to unhook her bra releasing her tit. Though it's not enough to see them he pulls the shirt up and over her head and is greeted by two nice, plump, tight, taught-nippled breasts right in his face. He puts his face in the middle and inhales her. He moves to the left nipple. He extends his tongue to barely flick her nipple. She arches her back, a feeble attempt to get him to take the entire thing in his mouth. He replaces his tongue with his thumb and forefinger, making her nipple so much harder. She moans softly.

By now I am dripping wet, so hot. I have my my hands up my shirt. Playing with my nipples. I slowly run one finger around it, pretending it's him. Knowing I could be caught at any moment I stay quiet. Keeping my moans silent. My breathing has become labored and I feel as if they can hear my heart beat from across the room. It is becoming so hard to play with my tits with this huge t-shirt on. As I pull it off I look back at the intoxicating scene playing out in front of me, it makes me so horny.

He moves up to her mouth and is kissing her hard grinding their hips together. He has one hand on her tit and the other is down her pants doing something that makes her moan and whimper, begging

for more. She pulls his shirt up and over his head and starts to kiss on his ear and lower to his jaw line, slowly, alternating between licking and nibbling lightly, this is driving him mad. His cock is straining against his pants, begging for release. It doesn't come yet. She makes him flip over so that she is on top and has all control. She puts his hand on her tight nipple, begging him to caress her. He obliges as she grinds her pussy over the huge bulge in his jeans. Slowly she kisses him; soft at first, then increasingly harder. She moves down his body and lies flat on top of him. She starts to kiss his jaw line again moving down to his neck. She licks a trail from the base of his neck to the tip of his chin. He shivers. She moves lower still, kissing his strong pecks, licking his nipple as she passes it. She runs her tongue in small circles around his belly button then a straight line to just under the waist band of his jeans. His cock jumps at this and he lets out a soft moan.

I am still posted in my corner, watching. I know this is wrong of me but I can't turn away. I am dripping wet. I feel a little moisture slide down to my thigh. I run my finger along my slit to see how wet it is. My finger slides in due to the moisture. I let out a deep breath, not realizing until then that I had been holding it. I pulled my finger away and brought it to my lips, sticking my tongue out I slowly lick it, tasting desires. I shiver at how naughty I feel.

She unbuttons his jeans and slowly slides them down his legs taking his boxers, leaving his throbbing cock exposed and pulsating, begging for attention. She starts to kiss him in the creases where his thigh meets his pelvis, sticking her tongue out she runs it up on one side and down on the other. She then kisses the head. It throbs in appreciation. Cupping his balls in one hand, she takes his cock in the other and starts to run her hand up and down, stroking his cock, milking it. I can hear him moaning and breathing heavier. By now I am so hot that I know I need to touch myself, but I still refuse. Not wanting to miss anything.

She licks around the head of his cock and then blows on it, never slowing her hand. Suddenly his head is glistening with pre-cum. She licks it off and he shivers and moans loudly. Then as if he remembers I am in the house, he looks my direction. I try to move out of his line of site, forgetting that my t-shirt is on the floor behind my foot, I almost fall. He smiles big and winks at me. Then he turns back to the task at hand. I am so embarrassed that I was busted, though I was relieved that he didn't announce my presence. I now wonder if I should just go to bed and finish myself there, yet for some reason I can't turn away, I can't force my feet to move. So I just stand there and continue to watch as he grabs the back of her head and gently leads her mouth to his cock. She parts her lips, licks his head and then closes her lips, the head of his cock disappearing. A deep guttural groan seeps from somewhere deep within him and he keeps his hand on the back of her head, not exerting too much pressure. After all, he doesn't want to hurt her. With his other hand he reaches down and plays with her taut breast. Groping, circling, teasing her nipples. She starts to hum with his dick in the back of her throat. He starts to move her head faster with his hand making her it bob up and down faster. Suddenly his entire body tenses and she takes his entire length into her mouth, I can see her

swallowing, hear him moaning, both hands in her hair as he pumps his load down her throat.

My pussy is aching for me to touch it. It needs a release, but I know if I touch it just once then I will cum so hard that I won't be able to stay quiet. I have to stay quiet, that is, if I want to continue enjoying the show; and trust me, I do. Once his body falls limp back to the couch she straightens herself up and wipes her mouth clean. She crawls up his body, leaving a trail of kisses from his cock all the way back to his jaw line. He glances my direction again, careful not to arouse suspicion in *her.* Catching my eye he smiles. He grabs her hips and flips her over, ever so gently, lying her back on the couch. He hungrily kisses her mouth, parting her lips, forcing in his tongue. All the while playing with her tits. He breaks the kiss and starts to move down her body. Planting kisses along her collarbone, making his way to her left breast he opens his mouth and exhales on her nipple, causing her to arch her back again, with her eyes rolled back she hasn't a clue that she is currently on being watched. However he is taking full advantage of the fact and putting on a great show.

He glances my way and pulls her nipple into his mouth making her moan. Never breaking eye contact with me, he moves to the other nipple and pulls it into his mouth, biting down on it and releasing it, slowly twirling his tongue around her nipple. He pulls his tongue back in and blows softly on her nipple. Happy that he has my full attention he starts making his way lower. Taking her jeans off he leaves her panties. Looking up at me he winks and runs his tongue up the front of her panties, right along her slit. She puts her hands on his head, running her fingers through his hair, locking them in. She moans louder, as do I. I cover my mouth and back up, afraid that she may have heard me. But he shakes his head at me, signaling it was ok to continue to watch. As I move back into position I realize her eyes haven't opened yet. She is truly enjoying what he is doing to her, completely oblivious to the fact that it's all a show for *me.*

The fact that he is being watched was like an aphrodisiac to him. I had never seen him like this. It was as if he was drunk on the fact that he was satisfying two women at once, and one he wasn't even touching. The fact that he and I were sharing a secret at such an intimate moment was turning me on that much more. It all seemed so surreal. He moved her panties to the side and stuck one finger inside of her, what I can only imagine is dripping wet, pussy. Leaving her panties covering her clit he began to finger fuck her all the while licking her clit on top the thin lace material. The combination of the two was beginning to drive her over the edge. With his other hand he reached up and gently stroked her nipple tightening it until it was a little bud sticking up at the top. He moved to the next one and wasn't as gentle, he pinched her nipple and drove his finger into her as deep as it would go, that's all it took. Her hips lifted off of the couch, she pulled his head closer, grinding her clit on his tongue, her body thrashing wildly. His eyes never left mine.

He ripped her panties off and started to slide his cock up and down her soaking wet slit. She begged him to stop the torture and just put it in. He looked over at me, as if asking for permission, needing to

see more, needing to see his cock in action, I shook my head yes and suddenly he pushed his cock as hard as he could into her pussy. She moaned and pushed herself into his hips, meeting every thrust as hard as she could. I could hear the thump every time his balls hit her ass and I could hear how wet she was with every thrust. He had his hands on her hips pulling her into him like a mad man. She was screaming with lust and pleasure at this point. He looked up at me and I put my hand between my thighs and started rubbing back and forth on my pussy. He shook his head at me when he realized I was close, as if begging me to cum with him. Suddenly my orgasm was knocking at the door and I shook my head. At the same time that I sank to the floor with a shuddering, body tingling orgasm, he pulled his cock out of her pussy and she fell to her knees before him accepting his cock; she placed it between her tits and started stroking it, pulling the head into her mouth, he came with a loud moan. She pulls his cock from her mouth and licks it clean.

As soon as I gained enough strength to get up, I ran into my room, careful not to make a sound. I realized I left my t-shirt in the hall, so I just decided to fall asleep naked. Lying in bed I couldn't help but think, "I can't wait until the next time he brings her home from a date."