

Roomates Ch. 3: Showing off

By TransitionalMan

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Troy and Jane get the idea they'd like to be watched too.

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Jane and I decided to stay home Saturday night. Neither of us really wanted to hear the fallout from Rita's visit to her big brother Randy. We liked him, and we new he'd feel totally shamed. And we both vowed not to spread the rumor further. They were showing Spartacus on TV, we had beer and frankly a movie and popcorn seemed like a good plan with the world going nuts about us. We were in the living room studying when Missy burst in around five. "Did you hear what happened at the Gas House last night? Jane and I sighed and gave each other a long look. Jane nodded yes, and went back to checking her notes. Missy didn't want to let it lie. "You do know, don't you. Did you know that Randy and Chuck got into a fight on the gas house lawn. The cops came and everything." Jane set down her book. "I understand why Randy's pissed. But it's not Chuck's fault so much as Randy's little sister." "Maybe we should have stopped it," I said. Guilt had started to seep into my feelings that morning, when I contemplated what might happen among the Noble Gasses. "How?" asked Jane. "I get what you're saying, but Rita is old enough to make her own decisions. It's pretty clear she doesn't much care what other people think, especially her brother." Missy decided to put off her makeup for a bit. "How could you have stopped them?" Jane said, "We watched it happen." Missy got a wicked grin then curled around the chair. "Really! So what's the skinny?" Jane put up her hands palm out as if to stop Missy. "You think the story is going to do Randy any good? Or his little sister." Missy nodded. "Probably not. But it's already blown up and is all over campus. How is it you two saw it happen?" "We were rummaging around in the attic when Rita kicked things off." Missy through her head back and laughed. "I bet you were," she said with a wink which said she knew exactly what we were doing. "Well, I don't need to know any more. Randy's real, real pissed. I hear he almost tossed one of Peabody's speakers out a second floor window. That would have been a tragedy as Peabody had one of the best stereos on campus. "Randy's probably crushed," I said, knowing I would be in his shoes. "Think you could show him a little public attention to distract him. Missy tilted her head. "Nothing much is likely to help today. Tomorrow I'll stop by and flirt with him for a while. He turns red when you do that, so it's fun. Just like you used to Troy." I laughed at that. I had no doubt I turned red while talking to Missy back before Jane made me a man. "He'll enjoy being teased." Missy smiled. "Randy's no dummy. Now I need to get ready, because I have a date with Tom Hanson. You know,

the Sigma Pi? I shrugged because while I probably knew her date's face, there were a lot of Sigma Pi's and they were the richest frat on campus. I wished Missy luck and she spun and went to her room to begin her evening ablutions. Jane returned to studying while I went into the kitchen to make some spaghetti for dinner. Missy came out but declined a bite, as Tom was buying her dinner. And then she was off. We didn't say much during dinner, and mostly talked about next weeks classes. Then Jane turned and said, "Troy, are we turning into a pair of perverts?" "What do you mean?" Jane reached out and took my hand in hers, which made me nervous as such gestures had led to bad things in the past with other women. "I felt like I should have been appalled by what we saw last night. That it turned me on so much. And in a way, I sort of envied Rita." That brought my eyebrows up. "What do you mean by that?" "There were five guys focussed entirely on her. She had men in excess. Don't you fantasize about more then one girl? To be in the center of a bunch of guys, to have their full attention, and to see how thrilled they were that she let them. Plus she got fucked half to death." "Is a gang-bang one of your fantasies?" "One," Jane said with a grin. I wondered if she was busting my chops or hinting at a whole new arena of erotic possibilities which I might be all-too-ready to explore. "Don't get me wrong, fantasies don't need to come true." I got that, and it helped me let down a little bit more of my guard around her. That I could express my fantasies to her and it wouldn't be seen as a request to make them happen. But I don't much know what to say besides: "I've had my fantasies too." Jane laughed. "Of course you have. Probably a three-way with Missy is right up there." She knew me too well. I tried to play innocent but failed. "I knew it," she said, as if she'd pulled the whole thing out of my mind. "We're young at the age where people are supposed to experiment. Of course I thought I'd don that during my summer in Italy. It's strange finding out how much more gets me going. Maybe I'm a total perv." "If you are, you've got company." Jane laughed and went to the fridge to get us both a beer. "Yeah, we're both pervs alright. You fucked me really good last night." "Yeah," I admitted. "It did get me hot. " And having been given permission to talk about my fantasies, I thought I'd venture one. " Lately I've been wondering if we'd like being watched." Jane took a long sip. And sat back. "We sort of have," she admitted. "The other night with Missy proves that. But I'm not doing what Rita did. Not around here. My reputation is sleazy enough as it is." "Me either," I told her. "I don't want everyone we know watching us. Missy's enough." Jane laughed. "Yeah, we've come pretty close with her, haven't we? I mean she's seen us. She just never stays to watch." "Missy has her vibrator," I pointed out. And we had a good laugh at that. "Missy likes hearing us too," said Jane, only this time with a big grin on her face. "She just hasn't faced up to it yet." We studied a bit more (well, I studied a Dashiell Hammett novel) until the movie was almost ready to start. Jane made us a big, big batch of popcorn and we snuggled down in front of Missy's TV. I've always liked Spartacus, lots of fights and pageantry. But I was thinking about Missy, and about what she had seen of us. And I decided I really liked the idea of her watching us get off. "What do you think it would take to get Missy watching us?" I asked. Then I froze in fear realizing what I'd just done. Jane looked at me with her eyes narrowed. "You're really into this aren't you?" I nodded. Jane rolled her head back and eyes, up thinking, Then she grinned "Well, if you're hot like that I'm dead certain you'll fuck the bejeezus out of me." And she wriggled up against me and started stroking my thighs. "But you better remember I'm your woman.

Not Missy. No one but me. And what's good for the goose is good for the gander, if you get my drift." I heard her loud and clear. I'd owe her one. But given what Jane had already given me I was up for that. And I wrapped myself around Jane and began stroking the back of her neck, and running my fingers through her long brown hair. I felt her shift against me, and her fingers glide to the inside of my thigh. "Besides," she said, "I don't think we'll need to do anything we're not already doing." It occurred to me Jane was probably right. All we had to do was continue to have sex with Missy in the house. She would either come look or not. And I was good with that. In fact it made me much more interested in running my tongue across Jane's neck, down around the hem of her t-shirt to bite her just so on the shoulder. She shivered like I expected. The nice thing about having a steady is that you can really get to know them, and Jane liked shoulder bites if they weren't too hard.. Then I backed off. It occurred to me, and possibly to Jane, that Missy wouldn't be at home for few hours yet. In cooking to make a roux (a mix of milk, butter and flour and the base of many sauces to all of you non-cooks out there) the last thing you want to do is bring it to a boil. You want to bring it just short of a boil so everything dissolves nice and smooth but doesn't change it's nature or character in the wrong way. I decided to see if I could do that with Jane, get her up and going good but not quite so hot that she couldn't wait just a little bit longer. I wanted her to boil the moment Missy slid her key in the door. So I laid off on the shoulder bites, and went back to nuzzling her, running my nose her hair and smiling the sweet scent of her shampoo. I let the fingertips of my left hand trace the line of her chin, then move up and down her neck. I didn't want to get her ticklish, so about half the time I slid my fingers lower to trace the top of her breasts. But I made it a rule to never, ever actually touch her breast itself. The only thing she felt on her nipples was the fabric of her robe. And with my right hand I stroked her thigh, and sometimes the top of her mound. But never down there , where I figured she'd be getting warm and wet, not even that near. Just near enough to make her think about being touched down there. Just enough to make her think of my fingers closing upon her breast. So for the next two hours I teased her as we sat there illuminated in the gray light of that old black and white set. I leaned over to kiss her ear and shoulders every once in a while, but I stroked and watched the movie. It was hard to hold back, because I knew I could go there at any time, knew she'd welcome it, and I knew very well that was where she wanted to go. Jane figured out the game early, an though she'd play. Soon I felt her fingertips running down the inside of my thighs. She nibbled my shoulders and traced the outline of my very hard cock through my jeans. But she stayed cool, never going for the zipper. My cock ached for release and I could feel myself shivering, but all the naughty bits stayed safe under clothing. I could feel her hips softly rolling in time with her breathing. her nipples were hard, clearly visible through the fabric of her robe. I could only imagine what her pussy was feeling, and simply compared it to the tingling of my swollen cock. Her chest rose and fell visibly with every breath, and I had a hard time keeping my eyes away the skin revealed by her increasingly open robe. She turned to me and slid in tongue into my right ear, pushing deeply in a way she knew I liked. Her fingers began to squeeze and mold my cock. She licked around my ear and whispered, "I need you. I need you inside me." Trust me, I was in full agreement. But I'd started this game and was determined to finish it! I turned and kissed her, hard and hungry, pushing my tongue deep into her mouth. She

sucked on it and I could feel her fingers gripping the tab of my zipper. But then I broke the kiss and told her. "Not yet. I want you to go to our bedroom. I want you lie naked on the bed while I warm a bottle of lotion. Jane grinned from ear to ear and headed into our bedroom like a shot. I went to the kitchen and put a small pan of water on the stove, and turned the gas burner up to high. That was the only way you could heat stuff back then. Blue flame ignited beneath the pan and I snuck into Missy's room to borrow that strawberry scented lotion she'd been boasting about. As I returned I could see Jane lying on our bed, her legs wide open, her pink pussy lips full and glistening. She was playing with her huge breasts. "Don't take too long," she said. "I need cock. I need your cock." Her pleading sent a tingle to my groin but I really didn't care. I took the lotion back and set the bottle inside the water. It seemed to take forever to warm, and I checked it often until the lotion came out warm to the touch. And while I did that I undressed, stripping down to my boxers. And then I decided to leave even them off so the first thing Jane would see was my fat cock pointed directly at her when I entered our room. I heard my sweetie begin to moan. I knew she had stopped just touching her breasts. Her fingers would be on her pussy now, touching herself, growing wetter. Maybe she was even trying to make herself come. I stopped in the door to watch, rolling the lotion bottle between my fingers. Jane's body was silhouetted in the gray darkness, lit only by the little night light we kept in our bathroom. Her hips were rolling and I could see she had both hands between her legs. Her left hand seemed to be stroking her slit while her right index finger circled her clit. Her mouth was open, and her hips were rolling. I went and got the now ready bottle and entered the room, showing myself to her. Jane's voice was hoarse and deep, and her eyes flashed with desire. "Come fuck me, baby," she said. "I'm so ready for you now. So ready for your beautiful cock." "Not yet," I said, and she pouted at me. "I want to watch you. I want to see you make yourself cum." Jane's fingers moved faster and she slipped two fingers up inside her pussy. "Are you sure? I'm so wet right now. Are you sure you want to wait?" "I want to watch," I told her. "Once you've come, I'll come to you." "You want to watch me?" she said. "Touch yourself then. Let me watch you!" And Jane pushed a second finger inside her wet pussy, and she moved it with purpose, fucking herself hard and fast. "Come on baby, show me how you please yourself!" I reached down and ran my fingers up and down the shaft, slowly gently. I wanted this to last. I could see Jane's eyes on my fingers and prick. She shifted between them and my eyes, and I watched her as her index finger played little circles across her clit. Her plunging fingers went deeper, and then her hips began to thrust, hard and fast, and her breath came short. Her breasts shook and then she closed her eyes, threw her head back and came with a loud groan. Watching her sweet convulsions sent the heat in my groin clear up my back. It was all I could do not to run for her and replace her fingers with my swollen prick. But I restrained myself as her hips pumped and then began to slow, as her fingers slowed and then fell away from her molten sex. And as her eyes came open again and focussed on me. "Are you ready to fuck me now?" she asked. "Not yet," I lied. But I moved toward her. "Roll over on your belly," I told her, shaking the lotion in my hand. And Jane did as she was told, careful to leave her legs open to me, back arched so I could see her pink slit and bushy mound. The lotion was still warm as it came out on my hand. And then I began to work it into the muscles of her shoulder and back. I straddled her, my legs above her thighs and deliberately placed

myself so that my hard shaft lay upon her crack. "Oh, I want it," she whispered, and rolled her bottom to entice me. But I stuck to my guns, stroking her back, massaging the smooth oil into her skin until it was smooth and slippery, My fingers massaged her neck and shoulders, and then I lay upon her back, and kissed the back of her neck as I worked her arms and fingers. "Fuck me," she said. "Please put it in me." Her muscles were tense and throbbing. She wiggled her bottom trying to stimulate my cock, and maybe even move it downward closer to her pussy. So I put my hands on her hips to take control of her. I purposefully slid my cock up and down her bottom, I took a little lotion and massaged her cheeks. Then I let a few drops fall on her crack and slide down over her rosebud. Then I ran my cock across her cheeks some more. Jane gasped slightly and lifted her hips, "Fuck me," she whispered and hearing those words made me certain I'd chosen the right path. "Turn over Jane," I commanded her, and she spun over with a wicked grin on her face. "Are you going to fuck me now?" she asked and rolled her hips. "Please baby, my pussy's so empty. Or maybe you'd rather fuck my mouth." That thought appealed to me. Or I ran out of patience. I moved to the side of the bed and Jane rolled over to me and swallowed my cock with one quick move. It was right then we heard Missy's key in the door. Our door was wide open and Jane's mouth full of my cock. My right hand fell to Jane's thick brown curls and I began to slowly thrust. Jane's mouth never left me, but her eyes turned to the door, as did mine. We could see Missy push the door open and slip inside. She saw us and her mouth fell open with a gasp. "Did you have a good evening," I said, while slowly thrusting into Jane's mouth. "It was okay," she said, her voice barely whisper, the response more habitual than conscious. Her eyes were focussed on us, with Jane stretched on the leg, her legs open, pussy sopping and her mouth wrapped around my cock. And Jane's eyes were so fully of joy even an idiot could see it. . Jane pushed her mouth all the way down my shaft. Missy stood there and said nothing. Then she made a beeline for her room. The door slammed shut. But Jane didn't stop. She kept on sucking me, hard and fast and I let her control the depth and tempo. Jane was and is an artist with a cock, and there is no point in telling Michelangelo what to do. I let her suck me, and tried to control myself. Missy's vibrator began to buzz. Jane sucked me even harder, but I found a bit more self-control. I withdrew from her mouth and away from the bed. "On your back," I commanded and Jane obeyed, legs and arms wide open. I took the lotion in my hands and began to work it into her right arm and shoulder. And then down to claim her breasts. I used more there, leaving her a bit slippery. I worked my way down her belly, down to her thighs, the left first, then the right. I stretched and worked the muscles of her legs as Missy's cries grew louder and more fervent, until she too reached her climax. "Fuck me," begged Jane, loud enough Missy was sure to hear. But I found a bit more willpower, because the game was fun, and I knew I could fuck Jane at any time. Instead I leaned down and ran my tongue across her clitoris and then up and down her slit. Jane tasted lightly of musk, lightly oiled but oh so pleasant to the tongue. She let out a low cry as I licked her, moving up and down, barely parting her labia to lick within, then back up to circle her clitoris. I felt Jane's hand I my hair pushing me down. Her hamstring shivered with tension, and I loved it, feeling how hot she had become, how tight her muscles were, and to feel Jane's total need to cum. And Jane was happy to share what she wanted. "Taste me, " she said. "I want to cum all over your lips and tongue." I slid

down and pushed my tongue up inside her as far as it would go. My right index finger found her clitoris, gently working the right side of her sex in a figure eight pattern. Jane let out a low cry and threw her head back. Her hips rolled and her hands pulled my face tight to her pussy. I let my left hand slide down lower between her thighs. With my fingertip I grazed her moist backside and circled her rosebud. Jane let out a loud cry and crushed my mouth to her pussy. Her hips began to buck, and I realized she was fucking me, fucking my tongue. So I fucked her with my tongue. I kissed her pussy with my lips. I opened my mouth wide to suck. And then I kissed her tongue and clitoris and pushed two fingers inside her. And the moment I did that Jane began to come. Her contractions were immediate, violent and she let out an agonized scream that filled our apartment. Her hips bucked and fresh juices coated my tongue. I could feel her pussy contracting around me. I stayed with her licking as the contractions grew more faint, and her grip on my head loosened. But this time I gave her no rest. I kept my tongue on her clit and my fingers inside her pussy. I parted then slightly and twisted my wrist so I could rub her pubic wall from the inside while I sucked on her sweet pussy. And I could feel the muscles of groin tightening like a drum skin, trembling, until her hands grabbed my head and she cried out again, declaring out loud how she was coming. Missy's vibrator lit up again. She'd turned it on full and her cries came fast and hard. I ran my tongue over Jane's ass. Jane quivered and her eyes went wide. And she began to beg. "Won't you fuck me," she said, loud enough that Missy could easily hear. "Won't you give me that fat cock? Won't you fuck me? I need it," she said. "I need it like I need your hot come." Missy cried out again in pleasure. I licked Jane and let my left hand fall to her rosebud. I caressed it with my index finger, circling the pink opening while I circled her sex with my tongue. And then I pushed, and with a low cry Jane opened and let just a little bit of my finger inside her backside. Jane gave a little squeal. I raised my head up and asked her if she was finally ready to be fucked. "God yes!" she said, so loud the neighbors probably heard. Missy was just a given. I let my fingers fall from my sweetheart, and crawled up between her wide open legs. She reached down to guide and stroke me. I slid inside in one stroke. I tried to keep it slow, really I did. And I think I heard something moving around behind me. I began to fuck Jane hard and fast, pounding her to make up for the restraint I'd managed earlier. I wanted to come and come hard. I wanted to fill her. It was right then that I noticed Missy in our room. She was standing there in the darkness, clad only in a shortie t-shirt. Her nipples stood out through the thin material. She had trimmed her pubic hair, and her lips were pink, prominent and dripping with juice. And Jane must have seen too, because she called out between hoarse breaths, "Oh, Missy he's going to make me come again. I slammed into her as hard as I could. I even turned my body a bit so she could see my cock disappearing inside. And I felt my own pleasure building. It would be soon, I knew. Too soon. Missy had just gotten here. I wanted to give her a good show, and not just of me grunting. I stopped, still inside Jane, and let myself rest on my hands and toes, still deep inside her. Jane wrapped her arms and legs around me and tried to get me to thrust. "Anything," she whispered but loudly enough Missy could easily hear. "I'll do anything you want. You can come anywhere you want. I'll do anything, just so long as you cum." And I began to thrust again, slowly. And I let my thumb fall to Jane's clitoris. I rubbed it as I fucked her, the slow maddening pace. Jane's contracted her pussy, squeezing me,

teasing me Then I remembered that bottle of lotion we'd borrowed from Missy and Jane's spectacular breasts. I reached out and took the bottle and poured a thick line of cream between her breasts. Jane caught on immediately. "Oh yeah, titty fuck me. I want you to cum all over my breasts. I want you to frost me." I slid from her pussy, my cock shiny with Jane's juices and I stopped to show it to Missy. "See how wet Jane made me?" I asked her, careful to keep my motions slow and soft as I pumped it for her to see. Missy said nothing but her mouth fell open in a little o and her eyes were focussed on my cock. I held it in my hand and flipped it up and down in front of her eyes. . Then I lay my cock between Jane's amazing breasts. She pushed them together for me, creating a warm pillow of female flesh to surround my cock. I thrust slow and long at first. Jane's head rolled from side to side, and she gave out little cries. Her entire body seemed to move with each thrust of my cock. I could feel her torso moving beneath me. Her legs were open, open for Missy to see and our roommate kept her eyes roaming over our bodies. But I was too excited and soon I was fucking Jane with abandon. And as I fucked her Missy moved closer, moving to the side of the bed. She was rolling her hard nipples between her fingers. Her face was flush, lips moist and her belly trembling. Missy slid her fingers down to her pussy. She parted them slightly and began to move her fingers up and down slowly, Her back arched and I could see a bit of drool forming on her lips. Our eyes met for a moment and Missy cried out, sweeping her focus between me, Jane, Jane's pussy and my hard cock ploughing Jane's bosom. Missy's hips were moving as she watched, her chest rising and falling and she gave out small high pitched sighs with every breath. Then she pushed her middle finger up inside her clearly soaking pussy. I began to fuck Jane' hard. My slick cock was a blur beneath her full breasts. I began to mumble as my pleasure built and my control melted away. Jane just kept urging me on, begging me to cum, telling me how much she wanted to see my cum all over her. That was when my moment came, when the sweet convulsions began. I found just enough control to pull back so I could spurt across her full breasts, frosting her from left to right. A little of my cum even puddled up beneath her neck. Jane wore as big a grin as I'd ever seen. "You painted me good," said Jane. "See how much cum he shot on me, Missy. And how good he tastes." Then Jane raised up her right breast and began to lick my semen from her skin. Missy shook and almost bent over as she came. She closed her legs tight around her fingers, which had to be buried inside her wet pussy. She bent over hard and cried out, swaying back and forth as he regained control. Her head spun back and forth, taking in me, my prick, Jane's sopping sex and the line of creamy come decorating her breasts. "Want a taste?" Jane asked me, her hips still rolling in her aftershocks. "Sure," I said and Jane put some of my cum on her fingertip and slipped into my mouth. And I tasted myself for the first time, salty and musky. Missy spoke, her voice hoarse and barely above a whisper. "Can I have a taste too?" Her eyes were fixed on us, and she stood slightly bent over, her fingers moving fast between her leg. Jane and I gave each other a long look, each waiting for the other to scoop up some cum. Missy didn't want to wait. She leaned over and began to lick my semen from Jane's left breast. She licked a long line from Jane's breast, and then bent over to tongue Jane's nipple. She stood up then and I could see a dollop of my cream on her upper lip. "Not bad," Missy said. "A lot better than I thought." Her hips were still rolling. "Uh huh, " said Jane, eyes wide, shifting between our roommate and me. "We want a taste

too," I told Missy. "A taste of you." She nodded and slipped her fingers beneath her pussy lips and rolled them around before withdrawing them. Missy reached out and ran her index finger across my lips, sliding it between my lips for a sweet moment I tasted her slippery cream. Then she did the same for Jane before turning and sprinting back to her room. Her vibrator began to sing its mechanical song, with Missy's moans keeping time. I collapsed next to Jane, and we wrapped ourselves around each other. I could her body twitching now and then. We kissed each other softly and touched to the electric sound of Missy's vibrator. It was still singing, and Missy still moaning, when Jane and I fell asleep.