**Are You Staring at My Ass?**

by[gregjones](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=691526&page=submissions)©

**Are You Staring at My Ass? Ch. 01**

"Are you staring at my ass?"  
  
I was sitting in my friend Charlotte's tiny kitchen while she made us a meal. Charlotte has possibly the nicest behind I have ever seen. Someone who is as tall and skinny as Charlotte has no right to have such rounded and firm posterior. But she does, and I was staring at it. Clearly this had not been the first time that I had stared at her ass, I had been surreptitiously staring quite happily for the five years we had been friends without any problem; only this time I was well and truly busted.  
  
To fill you in on some back-story, I had met Charlotte when we both pitched up at the same company in London, new to the city. We both worked in finance and shared similar views on our co-workers, senior management and the importance of post-work drinking. Unusually our friendship had continued even after we had both left the company. Friendship at work often tends to fade away when what you have in common is no longer there. Charlotte and I stayed in touch and our relationship continued.  
  
I had always found Charlotte attractive, but she had been married ever since I had known her which meant there was never anything sexual in our relationship. If she had been single, I would have probably tried to pursue her and where that would have ended up who knows, but I doubt we would still be friends. That had not stopped me enjoying her body over the years. Charlotte was tall, almost 6 feet, skinny without much in the chest department. She had often wistfully mentioned how you always wish for what you don't have, which I had taken to meaning, crudely, bigger tits. Whereas some skinny girls are straight up and straight down, Charlotte had a world-class feature. Her ass was perfectly proportioned, plump and round. On a bigger girl it might have run to chubbiness but on her model frame it was perfect.  
  
Back to the present. I suppose it had to happen, the law of averages suggests that if you stare at something often enough and for long enough, the person who owns the thing you are staring at is probably going to notice. I was normally so careful, Charlotte was in the middle of a lengthy work anecdote. While the story was amusing enough, it was no match for the sight of Charlotte's ass stretching against her tight jeans as she alternatively reached up to shelves then bent down to cupboards while preparing the meal. At one point as she bent to retrieve a colander from a low cupboard I was presented with a detailed outline of her pussy. A better man than me might have been able to ogle and simultaneously maintain a conversation but I failed. I zoned out of the conversation and focused on Charlotte.  
  
"Greg," She asked as she turned to face me, "Are you even listening to me? And are you staring at my ass?"  
  
The first question was posed in a slightly exasperated tone of voice, the second with amused surprise in her voice. Charlotte was hot, of that there was no doubt, but also warm and kind, loved cooking and had a wicked sense of humour. And as I mentioned she was also married. I was happy to be her friend but there had never been any form of flirting between us; Charlotte was not really the flirty type. She was not so naïve as to be unaware of her overall attractiveness but while she dressed fashionably in a way that complimented her slender figure, (with the amazing ass let's not forget) she did not dress in an overtly sexy way.  
  
So, she wasn't making a meal with the intention of giving me a show. I think this was why she was so surprised when she turned around and caught me thinking about how I was almost close enough to reach out and squeeze one of her rounded cheeks. I had always thought she overestimated how nice I was and felt she didn't have to worry about that sort of thing around me. Well, she clearly overestimated me and probably 99% of other men as well. Other men weren't sitting busted in her kitchen though, just me.  
  
Ah well, I had a good run. That's the friendship over, I just hope she doesn't tell all our mutual friends, so I look like a disgusting pervert who's not to be trusted.  
  
While it felt these thoughts had been whizzing through my head at 90 miles an hour, in the real world an awkward silence had developed. Charlotte was looking at me awaiting a response, her cheeks had become flushed, with surprise or righteous indignation.  
  
What could I say, what can you say in such a situation? I suppose I could have lied and claimed not to know what she meant. I could have tried a reverse-indignation and claimed to be mortally offended that she could even dare to think I would be such a bastard and do such a thing. Instead I went bright red and looked at the floor.  
  
"What can I say?" I said eventually. "You caught me. You've got a world-class ass and you are moving around in a tight space in my favourite jeans that you wear, and it was right in front of me."  
  
Charlotte looked me in the face as she processed this information.  
  
"You have favourite jeans that I wear?" she asked me with a raised eyebrow.  
  
I had somehow managed to compound the initial error of being caught and made the situation worse by looking like a dirty stalker.  
  
"That is new information."  
  
A bad situation was getting worse, caught ogling a married friend who then responded as though it hadn't even occurred to her that I even had a dick.  
  
"Look, I should go." I said, and I stood up.  
  
I was sweating and my face remained a fierce red. Leaving was awkward as I had been supposed to stay in Charlotte's spare room that night and I was still bloody hungry. Charlotte's food was as tasty as her ass. Some people are just good at everything.  
  
Charlotte watched me get out the chair and make for the door. The tiny kitchen meant that in dismounting the chair I had to brush past her as there was barely room for two. My arm touched her, and it felt like her flesh was burning hot.  
  
"Wait," she said eventually when my discomfort had reached its maximum level. I kept going, desperate to get out of the tiny, hot room.  
  
"Come on Greg. Wait. Stop being so silly," she said laughing at me.  
  
I suppose laughter was better than anger, but it didn't make me feel much better.  
  
"Seriously, sit back down, you're being an idiot." Charlotte placed her hands on my shoulders and manoeuvred me back onto the chair.  
  
At that moment the pasta that had been boiling merrily away through all the awkwardness started to boil over.  
  
"I need to get that before it's overcooked," said Charlotte draining the contents into the colander.  
  
Charlotte took immense pride in her cooking; pasta going soft would have irritated her, so I shut up and let her get on with it. Of course, in the process of finishing the meal she once again had to turn around, so I was presented once her again with her posterior encased in her tight jeans. It felt stupid to stare at the ground to I tried to stare at her back. She then reached up to get the pepper grinder and in the process her top rode up, exposing about 5cm of skin above the waistband of her jeans. My God, the temptation to lean forward and lick the soft exposed skin. I could feel a stirring in my jeans. Probably not really the time you asshole I thought.  
  
Charlotte had cooked a pasta dish with home-made pesto and always it was delicious. As always, I complemented her on the food, and she looked proud at the compliment. I tried not to bolt it down and eat normally while waiting for the inevitable discussion about the elephant in the room. I just about managed but drank three glasses of wine, to Charlotte's one. We took the plates through to the kitchen and returned to the lounge while Charlotte rolled a joint. Despite working in finance and not drinking much, Charlotte did enjoy smoking weed, which would probably have surprised her colleagues. People underestimated her deviant side, including me as I was to discover.  
  
I silently watched Charlotte busy herself with the joint-rolling. Finally, after an over-elaborate process, which created a visually perfect joint exhibiting the high level of craftmanship Charlotte put into everything she sparked up and took a long drag.  
  
"So," she said exhaling a cloud of smoke in my direction.  
  
"You like staring at my ass then? Interesting." She paused to take another deep pull.  
  
"I never had you pegged as a naughty pervert. This has been going on for how long?"  
  
Her manner was amused not aggressive. Charlotte continued puffing away on the joint while brushing her shoulder length blonde hair behind her ears with her free hand.  
  
"Well to be clear." I began, not sure where I was going but pleased to still be in the room. "You've always had a nice ass, so I've been staring at it as long as I've known you. But it's not like I only like your ass, I think you're funny and I love your food and your pretty and, look," this wasn't going where I was hoping. "I like hanging out with you and I'm sorry. I meant no disrespect."  
  
At the word "disrespect," Charlotte, snorted with laughter.  
  
"Disrespect!" she repeated shaking with laughter. "Come on, don't be a pompous twat! I know you too well for that." After some delay she eventually calmed down wiping tears from her eyes. "Pass me the ashtray. I meant no disrespect! Oh, my days!"  
  
"Have you finished having fun at my expense?" I said getting annoyed. Clearly, I was in the wrong but there were limits to my patience. "Can you stop fucking around with me? Please?"  
  
"OK," said Charlotte finally still chuckling away to herself, the dope probably not helping. "You've been looking at my ass and I caught you staring. It's not the end of the world."  
  
"I'm sorry," I began, but Charlotte cut me off. "You don't know everything about me you know," she said, "You don't know everything about what I might like." She took a long drag on the joint and turned to face me. "You want to stare at my ass you can if you like, It's fine."  
  
I wasn't expecting that. "Isn't that going to be a bit awkward?" I said rather lamely. You've almost gotten away with this I thought, don't ruin it now.  
  
"Why?" asked Charlotte, "Was it awkward when I didn't know? If you like staring at my ass and I have no objections, then I don't see a problem."  
  
Charlotte then stood up to take the empty plates through to the kitchen. She made a deliberate move in front of me and slowly bent down to pick up the plates.  
  
"Is this what you like?" She asked, as the fabric of her jeans stretched across the two rounded cheeks of her ass. At the junction of her legs I could see the outline of her lips. My mouth was dry. "A girl bending over in front of you here, least you could do is give some feedback," Charlotte said taking the plates through.  
  
"Yes," I replied. I need to pick up my conversation game here, I thought. "That's exactly what I like."  
  
"What else do you like? Don't go all shy on my now you've been rumbled"  
  
In for a penny I thought.  
  
"Well, I like it when you reach up to put the glasses away. Your top lifts up and you get a few centimetres of skin which frames your ass beautifully." The cat was out the bag.  
  
"Like this?" Charlotte said as she stretched upwards just a pace or two away from me.  
  
"Like that." I replied.  
  
"And you like it when the jeans go tight and stretched against my skin do you?" Charlotte said pulling her jeans taut, revealing the outline of what looked like bikini panties.  
  
"When you do that, I start to wander what sort of knickers you are wearing." I said.  
  
"Does it turn you on?"  
  
"Well yes," I said, "It obviously does."  
  
"Obviously in that it makes your dick hard?" asked Charlotte. "Is your dick hard now?"  
  
"Well I'm not walking around with a permanent hard on if that's what you mean, I have some self-control."  
  
"Ok, obviously in that you'll think about it having a wank when you go to bed tonight then?"  
  
"Possibly," I said, "Look I find looking at you arousing, if that what you're looking for. I find you an arousing person." I was red again.  
  
"Well who would have thought." said Charlotte "I make Greg's dick go hard. And to think I might never have known if I hadn't caught you. That would have been a shame. Now I can go to bed knowing what you'll be thinking about."  
  
The conversation turned to other matters and it didn't feel anything like as weird as I thought it would be. Considering it was a weeknight we ended up getting pretty stoned, maybe to relieve the tension. Charlotte continued to move unselfconsciously around the room and I unselfconsciously continued to stare at her ass.  
  
Eventually it was time to turn in, Charlotte went off to her room and I took the spare room. At this point it's probably worth mentioning that her husband Paul, a man who I had always liked was working away. It didn't occur to me to suggest that I joined Charlotte, I was a bit far gone by that stage anyway, but it seemed natural that I would go to the spare room and she would go to her room.  
  
I was asleep within seconds, the wine and weed was a soporific combination. The alarm sounded at 7:30 and I awoke feeling relatively OK considering the previous night's intake. Then a wave of embarrassment washed over me as I remembered the previous night. I remained in the spare room under the duvet as I considered my next move. Would it be possible to leave the house without bumping into Charlotte?  
  
As I was mulling my options, I heard the shower running then being turned off. The door opened, and Charlotte poked her head round the door.  
  
"Shower's free." she said. I could see the top of her shoulder was bare and I presumed she had a towel wrapped around her, although from where I was lying it was possible she was naked.  
  
"How's the head?" Charlotte enquired, making no move to leave the doorway.  
  
"Fine," I said. "My head is fine."  
  
"Come with me and I'll get you a towel," Charlotte said, although still not moving. "Come on, get out the bed. Unless you are naked. You're not naked, are you? Then I'd get to see your dick all hard having been thinking about my ass all night." Charlotte seemed to find this comment hilariously funny. I had not dreamt the previous night.  
  
Seeing as nothing was going to happen until I moved, I got out of the bed.  
  
"Disappointing, a t-shirt and boxer shirts," observed Charlotte with a smirk. Having risen from the bed I could see Charlotte was indeed wrapped in a towel, which ended just below the curve of ass. She opened a cupboard in the hallway and reached up to extract a towel from the top shelf. Her towel rose slightly, not enough to reveal any cheek, but with absolutely no margin for error; the effect was so exact that I wondered if she had been practicing.  
  
"You know how the shower works," she said rhetorically and turned walking away towards the bedroom, her ass sashaying in the towel as she went. "Don't worry." She called back over her shoulder, "You'll get another ass-look before we leave the house." Last night's exchange had felt like something of a dream in the cold light of day. With bright sunlight pouring in through the windows the morning felt very different and the impact of seeing Charlotte's bare, long and shapely legs and her body wrapped in a towel sent a rush of blood into my groin. I scurried into the bathroom and quickly jumped in the shower.  
  
I resisted the urge to relive the tension in the shower although thinking of Charlotte standing naked, in the same space just moments before maintained my arousal throughout. I clambered awkwardly out the shower and facing the sink began drying myself off. As I was bending forwards drying my legs, I felt a breeze of slightly colder air on my skin. Charlotte's bathroom had no lock. As a married couple with only two of them living in the house I guess they probably never bothered. The colder air meant that Charlotte had entered the room.  
  
"Hurry up!" she said, "We need to leave soon." Before I could gather any form of modesty, I felt a sharp crack as Charlotte directed a well-aimed and extremely hard spank across my right buttock. "Ha, now I'm staring at your ass," she said laughing away. "And it seems half of your ass has gone bright red!" I gathered the towel around me.  
  
"Charlotte, what the fuck?" I said pretending to be annoyed although not really sounding it. The small towel was not doing anything to hide the fact that my state of low-grade semi-arousal had instantly become a state of high-grade steel erection the second that Charlotte's hand had spanked me.  
  
"I'm sorry!" Charlotte said, continuing to find herself incredibly amusing. "That came out a bit harder than I was planning. Still," she said glancing down the protrusion beneath my towel. "Maybe it wasn't hard enough. I think I'd better even it up though."  
  
"That bloody hurt!" I said, trying to maintain my righteous indignation.  
  
"What a load of bollocks." said Charlotte "You've been thinking about my ass all night, touching your dick. I need some payback."  
  
I turned to face Charlotte, although it was quite difficult turning around maintaining some dignity with a small towel and a raging hard-on. Charlotte was dressed in a grey pencil skirt, tights and a white blouse. She looked amazing.  
  
"You like my outfit?"  
  
"You like nice." I said.  
  
"Nice?" replied Charlotte. "Not hot?"  
  
"Hot but office appropriate."  
  
"How does my ass look in this skirt?" Charlotte said as she turned around to present her bottom at me. "You are the expert after all."  
  
"Your ass looks good." I said, "Your ass always looks good."  
  
"What are you thinking about when you look at me?" Asked Charlotte. "Be honest."  
  
"Well," I said taking a deep breath. "I'm thinking a few things. Firstly, are you wearing tights or stockings? Secondly what sort of knickers you are wearing? And finally, what it would be like to look up your skirt. Happy?"  
  
"Your making me blush." laughed Charlotte. "That is very naughty indeed! To think I've been missing out on all these thoughts for all this time! I like your honesty. Greg wants to look up my skirt and see my pants!"  
  
"I won't be the only man thinking that today." I said. "I said you were hot, don't milk it."  
  
"Back to the business at hand." said Charlotte, her voice taking on a more business-like approach. "Turn around, put your hands on the sink and drop the towel."  
  
I felt compelled to comply but for reasons of modesty I kept the towel over my dick. I felt foolish leaning over the sink with my ass exposed, but I also knew I would do whatever Charlotte commanded.  
  
"Ready for this?" Charlotte asked.  
  
Before I could reply I felt a further stinging blow to my left ass cheek. To give her credit, Charlotte could certainly put some force behind her blows.  
  
"Couple more," she said. "As I enjoyed those so much." and she then delivered two further stinging blows.  
  
"Your ass is OK too." She said, "Obviously not as good as mine, but OK." I rearranged the towel, but there was no hiding the shape of my erection.  
  
"We leave in 10 minutes." said Charlotte, all business-like as she left the bathroom. "Better get that sorry red ass ready."  
  
A short while later we both left the flat and we descended the stairs from Charlotte's flat to the street exit.  
  
"Wait a sec," Charlotte said, "I've just forgotten something," and she began climbing the stairs up to her flat.  
  
"I hope you're watching this?" she called over her shoulder as she slowly ascended.  
  
I was, Charlotte's ass swayed from side to side as she ascended the stairs the movement pressing the tight pencil skirt against her cheeks. At she got near the top of the stairs she paused.  
  
"If someone was looking up the stairs at me now," she called down. "They could probably see most of the way up my skirt. What do you think?"  
  
I stood below and looked directly up. I could see most of the way up Charlotte's skirt but not quite far enough to see the good stuff. Again, I wondered if this was a move she'd practiced before.

"What can you see?" She asked.  
  
"I can see your legs."  
  
"Am I wearing tights or hold ups?"  
  
"I can't quite tell, move to the side a bit. No, it's too dark."  
  
"That's a shame for you." Charlotte chuckled. "Let's hope for your sake that you'll get another chance to see my pants. For now, you'll just have to imagine what they look like."  
  
And with that final act of tease we left the flat and made for the tube. Charlotte's flat was close to Highbury & Islington station and it was a pleasant walk in the mild spring weather.  
  
"We need to do this again soon," said Charlotte as we parted at the entrance to the tube. "I enjoyed last night. It's given me lots of ideas." she chuckled. "Give me a hug."  
  
We embraced, I didn't want to put her down, feeling her warm body pressed tightly against me. Eventually we released our hold and Charlotte disappeared into the depths of the tube. My head was spinning at the events of the night before and this morning. I didn't know where this was headed but I also knew I had no choice but to find out.

**Are You Staring at My Ass? Ch. 02**

After the night when Charlotte told me I was free to stare at her ass, I wasn't sure who should initiate contact next. I was extremely interested in another night of smoking dope and checking out Charlotte's body, but I wasn't sure how she felt about it. I vacillated for a few days until curiosity and the memory of Charlottes curvaceous behind was about to get the better of me. I was about to make a move when my phone chirped with a WhatsApp early one Friday morning as I was just out the shower. It was from Charlotte and I could see it had a picture attached.  
  
"What pants do you think I should wear today?" The message read. In the picture where three pairs of knickers arranged neatly on what I guessed was her bed. The first pair where a brief but functional pair of black bikini briefs, the second were a pair of silky boy shorts while the third were constructed of black lace but where almost entirely see through. It was a typical of Charlotte's habit of understatement to describe such delicate and alluring items of clothing as pants.  
  
"Well, I could make a case for any of them" I typed. "Give me some more context."  
  
Charlotte was immediately typing her reply.  
  
"It's Friday, the week is nearly over so the black ones feel a bit functional..."  
  
"Agreed." I replied. "But to help you, I think I need to know what your wearing above the pants."  
  
"Jeans, it's casual Friday."  
  
"The boy shorts will possibly give you a bit of a visible panty line. I would go with the black lacy ones." I was always going to recommend the sexiest ones.  
  
"They are the most fun I agree." Charlotte replied. "It makes me feel pretty sexy at work walking around with only me knowing what I'm wearing underneath."  
  
"You do realise that nearly every man in your office is going to be wandering what you are wearing under your jeans, right?"  
  
"Maybe so," Charlotte typed. "But the only people who will ever know are you, because you chose them and Paul this evening when he bends me over the sofa, pulls down my jeans, then the pants you chose for me to wear and stuffs his cock up my cunt :)."  
  
That made me sit up! I had never expected Charlotte to use such explicit language. I re-read the conversation stroking my cock as I did so. I figured I needed to relieve myself before going to work in case I took someone's eye out on the tube. I came ridiculously quickly.  
  
I heard nothing from Charlotte until later in the afternoon when another WhatsApp arrived. There was no message, just two photos. The first was of the front of Charlotte's jeans. They were skin tight, and it occurred to me that Charlotte had a prominent and extremely sexy pubic mound. Her top had ridden up slightly exposing a few inches of her stomach, with her hand she had pulled her knickers over her hip above the jeans. I had proof she had gone with the black lacy ones. The second picture was a full body pose taken in the mirror of must have been her work toilets. Charlotte was taking the picture looking over her shoulder mischievously poking her ass towards the camera sticking her tongue out. Charlotte was a master of making a perfectly appropriate work outfit appear filthy.  
  
The next day I got a more innocent message from Charlotte asking me if I wanted to meet later in the week. I replied in the affirmative; the location had not been decided but obviously I was hoping to be invited round to her flat where we could pick up such topics as me looking at her ass and things being stuffed up her cunt. The tease was getting to me. I half-heartedly suggested a pub, but Charlotte put me out of my misery and said it would be easier if I just came around for some food and that she preferred getting a bit stoned to drinking in any case. She also casually dropped in that I would be welcome to stay over if I couldn't be bothered going back home.  
  
This was exactly what I was hoping for and its fair to say that during the day on Friday I was not hugely productive. At four o'clock I gave up the say as a bad job and persuaded some work colleagues to kill some time with me. At seven o' clock right on time, I was heading towards Charlotte's flat. I had no fixed plan for how I would approach the night. It was clear to me that whatever happened would happen at Charlotte's pace. I had to accept that she was in control. It was my decision whether to go along with it or not, but I didn't get a say in how things would turn out thereafter.  
  
I bumped into Charlotte just as I approached her flat.  
  
"Busy day," she said rather breathlessly." I'm going to cook us some pasta, but I didn't have time to go mad I'm afraid. We did get a "delivery" yesterday though." Charlotte raised her eyebrow in a conspiratorial fashion.  
  
"Pasta and weed? That's a pretty fine combination." I said. It was fine in my book.  
  
"I got some beers as well. And don't forget we've established you like my ass and its OK for you to stare at it." Charlotte buzzed us into her stairwell, and we ascended the stairs to her flat. I had already developed a stirring in my groin at the knowledge that we would move straight to the ass staring with no preliminaries. I wasn't sure where we were going, but events were moving forwards.  
  
Charlotte deliberately moved ahead of me on the stairs and gave her bum a bit of a wiggle as she climbed. She was wearing, a pleated skirt that came just above her knee over dark, sheer tights. The Spring air still had a chill. Above the skirt she had a black long-sleeved knitted top. It was high collared so there was no cleavage but while not totally sheer gave a hint of what was beneath. Charlotte didn't have the boobs to go for cleavage, but she had, as usual, cleverly made the best use of what she had.  
  
The skirt wasn't tight, so I didn't have a skin-tight view of Charlotte from behind and neither was it short enough to reveal much as she climbed the stairs. It did make me want to flip up the back and see what she was wearing beneath.  
  
Charlotte let out a deep sigh as she dropped the shopping bags in the kitchen.  
  
"Not casual Friday today then?" I asked.  
  
"Meetings all day with the board." She replied. "Totally stressful and not a day for jeans."  
  
"You look nice though," I said. "Professional with a hint of sass."  
  
"I wasn't sure about this top, it's not really sheer, but I think that the CEO got a bit of a look when I was standing with the window behind me. Wasn't really the effect that I was going for, but no harm done I suppose."  
  
"He should be keeping his eyes to himself."  
  
"He was subtle, but I don't really want an old man staring at my tits. Problem is, it's been too long since you came around and stared at me. I think I'm sub-consciously turning into an exhibitionist."  
  
Charlotte disappeared briefly into the kitchen sorting out the shopping and emerged holding a beer for me and the pencil case where she stored her weed.  
  
"OK, I have had a really long and stressful week, so I've been hanging on for some relaxation. I'll get the tea on shortly, but I need to chill out a bit first if that's OK."  
  
"Fine with me," I said taking the beer. Charlotte sat opposite me and managed to elegantly roll a joint. After a short period of concentration, she was happy with her creation.  
  
"Right, pass me the lighter and drink some more of that beer." She instructed me.  
  
Charlotte sparked the joint and took a deep pull.  
  
"That." She said. "Is hitting the spot." She stood up from the sofa and stood in front of where I was sitting in the chair opposite.  
  
"Now I realise that this skirt is not very ass-viewing friendly." She said.  
  
"It's a nice skirt. Your legs look amazing" I replied.  
  
"It is a nice skirt, but don't worry I have thought of you. You need to lie down on the floor just there and close your eyes." She pointed in front of the sofa.  
  
I lay down facing up with eyes closed as instructed. Unbeknownst to me Charlotte stood above me with her feet either side of my head. I could feel and hear something happening, but I wasn't sure exactly what.  
  
"Ok, you can open your eyes now." Charlotte instructed.  
  
I opened my eyes and looked upwards. Charlotte had stood directly above me giving me a direct view up her skirt. I was lying on the floor staring at the crotch of her knickers that were slightly obscured by her tights. From my angle the knickers were black with a lacy finish. Functional but with a bit of mischief.  
  
"How's that?" Charlotte asked.  
  
"Amazing." I said. Which seemed a bit lame, but I was not at my most lucid.  
  
"Good, I'm pleased." Said Charlotte. "I'm going to stand here while I finish this joint while you look up my skirt at my pants. I find the combination of weed and your eyes on my cunt very calming. When I've finished this joint, you can roll another, and I'll go and make the tea."  
  
"Ok." I said and that's what happened. I lay beneath Charlotte for what seemed like second but must have been more like four- or five-minutes, drinking in the sight of a perfect pair of legs tapering to a view of Charlotte's crotch. I was close enough to reach up and touch her knickers, but my hands were firmly placed on the floor. Eventually Charlotte finished the joint, but she had one final tease up her sleeve, (or skirt). She had placed the ashtray just to the side of my head. In order to stub the joint, she had to squat down to reach the floor. As she squatted her skirt enveloped my head and her crotch fell to just inches from my face.  
  
"Charlottes cunt is inches from my face." I thought. Her skirt falling directly over my face had impaired my visibility somewhat, but I was getting a sensory overload as I was sure I could smell a faint tinge of arousal. It was clear Charlotte was getting something sexy from me looking at her. Charlotte squatted for a second or two longer than the manoeuvre strictly required. For a moment I wondered if she was about to lower herself directly on my face and make me inhale her scent. I think she thought about it but that was few steps further than whatever schedule was in her mind.  
  
"Right I'll get on with the tea then." Charlotte said breaking the spell. "You get on with skinning up that joint."  
  
"On it!" I replied. I was caught in the current of Charlotte's plan and I was dumbly following. Once I had rolled another joint that was considerably less aesthetically pleasing than Charlotte's had been, I joined her in the kitchen. She busied herself with making the pasta, while I enjoyed her elegant, fluid movements.  
  
"This isn't a very good ass-watching skirt, I had forgotten." Charlotte randomly dropped into the conversation. "That's not very fair. Does this help?"  
  
Charlotte grabbed the hem of the skirt and pulled it over her waist. She stood with her skirt aloft giving me a view of her tights and the black lacy knickers underneath. The knickers were partially sheer but dark enough to obscure any view of her pussy through the material.  
  
"I can see more." I croaked. Charlotte then rotated 180 degrees so I could see her ass encased in black lace. The knickers covered maybe three quarters of her ass, leaving a decent portion of bare cheek uncovered beneath her tights.  
  
"That's the best thing I've seen today. I like those knickers." I sensed I needed to get the compliments right to keep the momentum going. As much as Charlotte was in control this was clearly new ground for her, and she must have been nervous.  
  
"I'm glad you enjoy it." She said looking pleased. "I want to make sure my guests are happy. This is not very practical though. I can't really cook holding up my skirt."  
  
She let the skirt fall back around her waist which was disappointing. Charlotte then reached to her side and pulled the skirt's zipper down. With a slight wiggle of her hips the skirt dropped to the floor.  
  
"That's better." She said sounding pleased. "I can cook, and you can look at me. Perfect."  
  
Charlotte bent over at the waist to pick up the skirt giving me a close view of her cheeks with a peek between her legs and dropped it in the bedroom. She then continued to cook, and we chatted away amiably as we had done many times before. The only difference being that Charlotte was walking around the flat wearing no skirt in just her tights and knickers.  
  
We ate, drank a bit more and smoked a bit more. Once again, I felt a little too stoned and a little too drunk. It wasn't that late, but I could see Charlotte's eyes were drooping and mine where too.  
  
"Where's Paul tonight?" I asked. I wasn't sure whether we should acknowledge Charlotte was married or not.  
  
"He's out with his friends, some work leaving drinks. I think he would have preferred dinner with us though. He was saying this morning it's been ages since he's seen you. We can hang out tomorrow though maybe."  
  
"Sounds cool." I said. "I was wondering if Paul knew I was here."  
  
"Don't' worry." Replied Charlotte. "Paul knows you're here. You don't need to worry that your sitting in my house looking at my bum. He's cool with it."  
  
"Oh, right," I said. This was news to me. It had seemed weird that Charlotte would be sneaking around letting me see her semi-naked behind Paul's back, that wouldn't really be her style. On the other hand, it would seem equally strange that Paul would be complicit in the tease. I wanted to know more but I figured it would be best to stick with my plan of letting Charlotte control the pace.  
  
Charlotte stood up and cleared away the cups and plates that had accumulated in the lounge. I took the opportunity once again to admire her long shapely legs encased in dark tights as she walked through to the kitchen.  
  
"I'm pretty done in now to be honest." Charlotte said as she reappeared in the lounge. "I think I'm going to have to hit the sack now. Sorry I haven't got much stamina."  
  
"I'm pretty tired as well." I said. "Bed sounds good. I feel like I could sleep forever."  
  
"I was expecting Paul home by now; the drinks must have been better than he thought. You still up for getting some brunch tomorrow?"  
  
I wasn't entirely sure how I was going to handle hanging out with Paul again. He was a good guy and I'd always liked him. He was a good match for Charlotte and although I was jealous that he, to quote Charlotte got to stuff his cock up her cunt, (and possible other places too), I didn't hold it against him. If I'd have known him independently of Charlotte, I could easily have been his friend. I didn't feel guilty as it seemed that both he and Charlotte were complicit in whatever plan was playing out but still, I would feel awkward. I had been invited though and this was clearly some kind of test; a gate I had to go through to see what else was on the path we were travelling.  
  
"Yep, brunch good." I said as I began to rise from the sofa to get ready for bed.  
  
"Hold on a second." Said Charlotte. "As I've had such a nice night hanging out with you, I want to make sure you've had a proper look at me, so you have plenty of inspiration in the bedroom."  
  
Charlotte stood up and positioned herself directly in front of me facing away. My face was just inches away from the shapely contours of her bottom. I could see the lace of her knickers as it stretched over her cheeks, exposing the rounded white flesh below covered only by her tights. After about 30 seconds she turned slowly so that I was now facing her front. I could almost see through the gauzy lace and sheer tights but not quite. I had the strongest desire to move my head forward, stick my tongue out and like her cunt through the knickers. I wondered if Charlotte would resist. I was sure I could smell arousal, even stronger than earlier and I was equally sure if I dipped a finger into her pussy, she would have been wet. I was determined though to stick to my plan and let events unfold at her pace.  
  
"You are incredibly sexy Charlotte." I said. "You fill a pair of tights well."  
  
"Thank you." Replied Charlotte. "I'm glad you like looking."  
  
Charlotte then disappeared into the bedroom I supposed to get ready for bed. I went into he bathroom to brush my teeth and headed into the guest bedroom. To my surprise Charlotte was sitting on the bed. She was still wearing the tights and knickers but had changed into a Minnie Mouse pyjama top.  
  
"I forgot one thing for me." She said.  
  
I had already shed my jeans and I was standing in boxers and a t-shirt.  
  
"Well, you're dressed appropriately." Charlotte said. "It's probably easiest if you come over me knee."  
  
I followed her instructions and arranged myself across her knee as she sat on the edge of the bed. I was painfully aware that my cock had sprung into life at the direct contact with Charlotte and was poking into her leg. She physically manhandled me into a more comfortable position; for a skinny chick she was surprisingly strong. I felt her hands tuck into the waistband of my boxer shorts and with a firm tug Charlotte pulled them down baring my ass. I could feel the cool air across my cheeks, my cock had gone from mildly excited to rock hard.  
  
"Now, you've been looking at me all night, so I get a little treat for myself." Said Charlotte.  
  
Without further preparation she rained a series of hard spanks down onto my ass. Charlotte was not in holding back and my cheeks felt the sting of her blows.  
  
"Now that's a pretty glow." Said Charlotte. "Seems you like it too!" She said as she wiggled her legs rubbing against my erection. "Just a couple more and we're done." She followed up with a final series of even harder, well-directed smacks leaving my cheeks throbbing. "That will give you something extra to think about when you're rubbing that cock of yours before you go to sleep. Now I want you to give yourself a nice wank and I'll see you in the morning." Charlotte gave my bright bed bottom a tender stroke. "Such a nice bottom." She said to herself and pulled up my boxer shorts.  
  
I stood up rather gingerly with my cock obscenely protruding against the fabric of my underwear. Charlotte leaned forward and gave me a tight hug pressing her groin against my stiff cock. She ran her hands through my hair as she held me tightly.  
  
"You're the best." She said as she made for her bedroom. "I knew you were the right person."  
  
Once again, I was lying in Charlotte's guest bedroom with a raging hard-on. Tomorrow would see the next stage, I would have to face Paul having just been spanked by his wife, but for now I drifted to sleep with the image of Charlotte's perfect ass in my head.

**Are You Staring at My Ass? Ch. 03**  
  
Laying in Charlotte's spare room, I could feel a mild and enjoyable stinging on my buttocks following the spanking I had received. I felt awkward that I had let Charlotte continue to call the tune of our increasingly strange relationship. My rigid cock indicated that while my head was still getting around our relationship, my body was in favour. As I slowly wanked my cock, wanting to prolong the tease that Charlotte had initiated. That said I was just on the verge of blowing a load all over Charlotte's guest bedding when I heard Charlotte's husband Paul entering the flat after his night out. The loud stumbling indicated that he'd had several beers. Paul's entry and the thought that the morning fun would be curtailed, had a softening impact on my cock and I slowly drifted off to sleep.  
  
The next morning, I awoke late, feeling the benefits of a good sleep. A head appeared round the door.  
  
"Hello sleepyhead! I thought you were never going to wake up." Charlotte said with a big smile on her face. "Paul says he's a bit hungover, so I think I need to get him some carbs as soon as possible. I've got some orange juice in the kitchen in the meantime."  
  
It was difficult to resist a smiling, happy Charlotte so I scrambled out of bed. Rather than leave me to it Charlotte had entered the room and watched me as I stood up and gathered the clothes I had carelessly slung on the floor the night before. The lack of relief last night had resulted in me developing something of a semi-hard on which was pressing against the front of my boxer shorts. I felt rather exposed as I realised that Charlotte was standing on my trousers while I was standing in front of her wearing only a pair of tight underwear.  
  
Charlotte herself was still wearing her nightclothes. On top she had a tight Minnie Mouse t-shirt that exposed a sliver of stomach. From the two nubs sticking out the front it was clear she was still braless. The only other item she was wearing so far as I could see was a small pair of loose shorts. The outfit was not in theory indecent; nothing was showing, but it was sexy as hell and I doubt she would have worn it in front of a normal houseguest.  
  
"Charlotte, you are standing on my trousers."  
  
"Silly me." Said Charlotte, making no move to either move to one side or pass them across to me. "I'm not stopping you getting them."  
  
Feeling slightly ridiculous I sighed and moved across the bedroom.  
  
"You might get a better view if get down on your hands and knees to pick them up."  
  
I didn't quite follow the logic, but I complied. Feeling even more ridiculous than ever I crawled across to Charlotte on my hands and knees until I was at her feet taking in the sight of her elegant feet and legs. Charlotte moved her foot off the trousers.  
  
"Do you like my sleep shorts?" She asked, coquettishly turning away from me.  
  
I found myself staring at the back of Charlotte's shapely calves. I allowed my eyes to move upwards. The loose fabric and my angle from low down meant that I could just see the curved underside of her ass cheeks. It was a further tease that revealed more of herself than I seen before. Enough to once again make my cock painfully rigid but nowhere near enough to satisfy my growing obsession with Charlotte's ass. The two slivers of flesh that I could see were a glimpse of beauty. Her flesh was pale, the curve of her rounded buttocks were an erotic vision.  
  
"I do believe you are definitely staring at my ass." Charlotte dissolved into a fit of giggles.  
  
The sight of me on my hands and knees with a hard on trying to poke a hole in my boxer shorts was pretty funny, I guess.  
  
"Come and get a drink." Charlotte finally broke the spell and made for the bedroom door. "I've made a cafetière especially for my guest. You have to be special to get that sort of treatment."  
  
A few minutes later I tentatively made my way into the kitchen. Paul was standing looking a bit worse for wear smoking a roll-up and drinking a coffee. Apart from the occasional spliff with Charlotte I wasn't really a smoker, but I quite liked the fact that Paul hadn't quite been able to kick the habit. He was a successful lawyer who'd married the girl who in my opinion had the best ass I'd ever seen. It made him a bit more human that he'd never been able to quit the fags. Paul had clearly rolled out of bed; he was wearing just boxers and a t-shirt. Charlotte was still clad in her bed clothes, the shorts still moulding into her ass.  
  
"Hey mate!" Paul said. "Good to see you Mark-O." So far, this story has really been all about Charlotte and less about me, but that is my name, Mark Jones. Pretty average and nondescript. Paul called me Mark-O. From anyone else I might have found it annoying but he meant it affectionately.  
  
"Rough night? I enquired.  
  
"Thought I'd be only out for a couple but then, events..."  
  
"I didn't hear you come in." I lied. "Must have been a late one. I hope you don't mind me kipping over?"  
  
"Nah mate. Feels like I haven't seen you in ages. Good to see you again, I've missed you the last few times you've been round. Seems like I'm continuously bloody working away."  
  
While you've been working away, I've been staring at your Wife's ass. I thought to myself.  
  
"No one said being a top-class lawyer was going to be easy." I tried to make a joke, still not totally sure of my place in a small kitchen where I was wearing the most clothes.  
  
Paul smiled ruefully. "Amen to that!" He said. "Could do without having a hangover, got loads to do today and having a sore head just makes me want to eat and touch my wife." Paul ambled over to Charlotte who was standing in the corner sipping over a coffee mug. He put his arm round Charlotte pulling her into his body, then to my surprise inserted his hand down the back of her shorts. He had a good rummage, giving her ass a good squeeze. "Mm, no knickers." He said. "This is why I can't get anything done with a hangover."  
  
Charlotte didn't flinch or bat his hand away. I expected her to say something like, "Paul we have guests!" or "Save it for later!" but she continued to sip her coffee while her husband was feeling her up.  
  
"I never wear knickers in bed. It's unhygienic" Charlotte said. "I like to have some air down below and let things breathe. If you want to go to the normal place for brunch, we'd better get a shimmy on, its 10am already and you know how you can never get a table past 11." Charlotte looked down at Paul's boxers which had visibly tented since his hand had been rubbing her cheeks. "it's going to take a while to stuff that into a pair of trousers." She said staring pointedly at Paul's cock, which then made me stare at it as well, which was uncomfortable. "I'm getting in the shower."  
  
Paul and I sat through in the lounge finishing our coffee with the sound of the shower running in the background. We watched the sports news channel and chatted amiably about football and rugby. To be honest I couldn't really have given a toss about sport, my mind was more on the thought of Charlotte having a shower, but I was pleased that things seemed to be roughly normal.  
  
Eventually the shower stopped, and Charlotte appeared at the lounge door, wrapped relatively demurely in a towel.  
  
"You can jump in if you like Mark. I left a towel in for you." She said heading for the bedroom.  
  
I took myself into the bathroom and disrobed. As I was standing naked, I noticed a laundry basket in the corner of the room. Pretending to myself that I was being merely curious I gingerly opened the lid. Lying on top of a pile of clothes were the tights that Charlotte had been wearing the night before. Further examination revealed a real prize tucked below the tights, the black lacy knickers that Charlotte had also been wearing and let me spend hours looking at. Now, as I carefully extracted the knickers trying not to disturb the remaining contents of the basket, I realised I was stepping over the boundaries of what might be considered acceptable behaviour as a houseguest. That said, my head was reeling from the events of the previous night so as a I held Charlotte's worn knickers in my hand, I told myself that surely normal rules didn't apply.  
  
Examining the crotch, I could see that Charlotte had at some point in the day, leaked a considerable amount of fluid as there was a clear stain where her cunt had rubbed against the fabric. I had already crossed the line of acceptability so "In for a penny," I thought, and I pressed the knickers against my nose and inhaled deeply. I breathed in a sweet musky aroma. There I was standing naked in my friend's bathroom, smelling her dirty knickers while slowly wanking my hard cock. Not a position I thought I would ever be in.  
  
I was conscious that time was passing, and I didn't want Charlotte or Paul to start wondering why I was taking so long in the shower. I turned the shower on giving it some time to warm up but after not having any release for several hours my cock was throbbing almost painfully. I picked up Charlotte's knickers once more and wrapped them around my cock as a rubbed myself to a conclusion trying to me careful not to leave any noticeable stains. It didn't take long for me to shoot several powerful jets of ejaculate across the bath where I was aiming and splatter against the tiled wall. It was the most aggressive climax I had experienced in several years. I took one final sniff and before I could get aroused all over again returned the knickers as close to the position I found them as I could manage. I quickly showered and dressed and left the bathroom to see if Charlotte and Paul were ready.  
  
Neither of the pair where in the kitchen or lounge so I figured they must be in the bedroom. I wondered towards the kitchen at a bit of a loose end and glanced towards their bedroom where the door was half open. I had never been in Charlotte's bedroom, from where I was standing by the kitchen door you could only have seen into a small part of the bedroom even if the door was fully open. As it was slightly ajar, I could see a thin strip of carpet about half a metre wide. What I realised though was that leaning against the wall was a full-length mirror which was just in my view. While I could only see a small portion of the room through the door itself, the angle of my vision against the mirror gave me a much fuller view than I might have expected. What I saw nearly made my eyes burst.  
  
Charlotte was fully dressed and looked ready to go. Paul, in his hungover state had failed to make much progress and was standing in only his boxer shorts with what appeared to be a substantial erection visible beneath the fabric. I overheard some muffled talking like they were clearly conscious of the rather thin walls until I overheard Charlotte clearly saying, "We are going to be late if you don't get your ass in gear."  
  
"I'd like to get your ass in gear." Paul replied, failing to keep his voice down. "In the gear of my cock!".  
  
"OK, what you just said makes absolutely no sense." Charlotte replied sounding exasperated but not annoyed  
  
"Made you smile though." Said Paul. "You'd like your ass to be in cock gear. You'll find its just next to reverse."  
  
"Still making no sense." But Charlotte was laughing now. "Will you get the fuck ready? I think Mark is out the shower now, you can go in."  
  
"I'm not going to bother with a shower. I think we should re-purpose that time and instead use it for you to suck my cock, which as you can see having watched my wife get changed, is painfully hard. No wife should send her husband out in the street with such a lethal weapon. I might take someone's eye out or corrupt a passing Nun."  
  
"You wanted to stuff your cock up my ass a second ago and now you want to stuff it in my mouth?"  
  
"No time for the ass-gear I'm afraid if we want to have brunch. And we have a guest, we wouldn't want anyone to overhear."  
  
"I know that's not true and its definitely not what this little man is saying."  
  
I could just make out Charlotte's hand rubbing Paul's cock. There was some more muffled talking that I couldn't make out, they had both lowered their voices again and some shuffling around. They both briefly went out of view of the area of the bedroom that I was able to observe until Paul emerged back into view, completely naked, sporting an angry erection. I kept watching, even though I wasn't particularly keen on staring at Paul's cock. Charlotte then came into view, quickly knelt and enveloped Paul's erection into her mouth. From my angle I could see the shaft entering and leaving her mouth in a steady rhythm.  
  
Charlotte obviously wasn't there to hang around as she worked his shaft with increasing speed. While her mouth focused on the head, one hand worked Paul's balls while the other disappeared between his legs and seemed to be working his asshole. I had seen some hints of Charlotte's sexuality the night before, but seeing my friend work a cock for the first time was insanely sexy and my own cock swelled. Paul was doing well to last; I think I would have popped in a few seconds. After a few minutes of furious cock worship, I could see Paul's legs starting to tense up.  
  
"Fucking hell, get ready!" He grimaced. I think in his mind he was still speaking quietly but I would have heard that anywhere in the flat, even if I hadn't been playing the voyeur. Charlotte was fully aware of the volume and her eyes widened in alarm. She briefly released Paul's cock with a loud pop.  
  
"Ssshhhhh! Shiiit!"  
  
Charlotte's expletive happened during an unfortunate chain of events. Unfortunate at least for Charlotte. Paul, as he neared the later stages of the pleasurable blow job had warned Charlotte of his impending release a little loudly. Charlotte aware of this had told him to shush. The act of releasing his cock, coupled with the interesting vibration that the shushing sound had applied to its head had produced a volcanic eruption. I imagine that Charlotte had planned to neatly swallow Paul's spunk before continuing with her day. Considering the volume, I doubted whether this would have been possible. It was a moot point in any case as rather than directing his load into Charlotte's mouth the spunk had gone everywhere. I could see a viscous line running down the side of her face. A further thick streak had landed in her freshly brushed and dried hair. The majority had ricocheted off her chin and spread itself over her elegant black top that she had just on.  
  
"Fucking hell!" Whispered Paul trying to sound concerned but actually sounding rather pleased with himself. "It's fucking spunkageddon!"  
  
Charlotte looked a bit stunned. She looked a combination of demure, filthy and sexy I thought.  
  
"Quite." She said. "I think spunkaggedon is an appropriate word. Did you enjoy that?"  
  
"That was the best blow job you've ever given me."  
  
"It was certainly the most spunk anyone has deposited on my face, hair and tits."  
  
"It's not really on your tits to be fair, its on your top." Paul probably regretted saying that.  
  
"OK I'm going to have to wipe all your spunk off me." Charlotte dipped her finger into the trail that was slowly running down her cheek and popped her finger in her mouth. "I didn't even get to eat much. Seems like a waste."  
  
"You can always lick it up?"  
  
"Doesn't taste as nice once its out. And frankly I haven't got all day. Right, for Christ's sake put some fucking clothes on." Charlotte was seeing the funny side, which was very decent of her I thought. "Actually, before you do, get your arse over the bed." Paul disappeared from view at this point. A few seconds later I heard six hard slaps of something hitting bare flesh. It didn't sound like a hand thought. I then saw Charlotte walking past the mirror holding a plastic 30cm ruler in her hand.  
  
"I bet that stung." I thought.  
  
"Christ, that stung." Said Paul.  
  
"Well you deserved it!" Said Charlotte "You spunked all over me and now I'm going to be distracted all through brunch feeling horny. As soon as we get home I'm going to sit on your face and your going to get me off."  
  
"Can I spunk all over you again?"  
  
"Paul, I'm your wife, think of me as your spunk canvas at any time, apart from when we have guests. I'm going to have to change this top and iron a new one. If we can't get a table, I'm going to get the ruler out when we get home"  
  
"You know what I think about that." I heard Paul reply.  
  
There was more shuffling, and I hastily retreated to the lounge reasoning I'd pushed my luck about as far as I dared. Shortly Charlotte came into the lounge carrying an iron and ironing board.  
  
"Slight delay." She said. "I didn't realise the top I put was, mmm, marked. I'm just going to iron this top while Paul finally gets his ass into gear."  
  
"No worries. I..." I halted mid reply. Charlotte was in the process of ironing a new top. More pertinently she was ironing the top wearing a tight pair of jeans with only a black lacy, mostly transparent bra on top. As she moved the iron back and forwards her small put pert tits jiggled appealingly. Through the mesh of the fabric I could clearly see a pair of chestnut brown nipples that were pointing to attention.  
  
"Nice bra!" I said, remembering that Charlotte liked encouragement every time she ventured a little further in her exposures. She had always been a bit self-conscious about the size of her boobs. I personally felt this was ridiculous as they fitted onto her frame nicely and she more than made up for any deficiencies in many other ways. "You want what you haven't got." She used to say.  
  
"Thanks." Said Charlotte. "It is a nice bra, but what about my tits? They are practically on display here."  
  
"Even nicer tits." I quickly replied. If I'd have taken a picture of, she could have passed as a model.  
  
Paul entered the room.  
  
"Nice tits Char!" He said coming up behind her and feeling her up while nuzzling her shoulders. "you should just go out like this and not worry about a top."  
  
"Then everyone would see your wife's tits." Charlotte replied.  
  
"You're happy enough with Mark seeing them."  
  
"Mark's different. And he's only seeing them because a certain someone managed to mark the top I was wearing just before we were about to leave the house. I really don't see the point in false modesty."  
  
"Well I'm just paying you a compliment is all." I could see Paul's fingers close about those delicious chestnut brown nipples and apply a gentle tweak. Charlotte gasped slightly. Paul removed his hands leaving Charlotte's nipples now standing completely erect.  
  
"I love compliments from my husband and my friends so thank you both for admiring my tits." Charlotte was finally satisfied with the job she had done ironing her second top of the day and tugged it over her head. "But we really must get going or I am going to scream with hunger."  
  
Finally, we left the flat. Paul and I were either side of Charlotte as we strolled through the morning sunshine as we walked arm in arm down the street.  
  
"Look at me with my strong boys protecting me." Said Charlotte with an ironic smile. "I'm sure I'm the luckiest girl in town."  
  
"Damn straight you cheeky bitch!" Paul replied and removing his arm gave her a rear a smart slap. "Lucky we are outside, or I might have to show you exactly how lucky you are."  
  
The back and forth continued all the way to the café where we sat down for brunch. There was a small table left and we squeezed in. Normally I would have felt uncomfortable being close to the level of intimacy between Paul and Charlotte, but it felt OK. I didn't feel like a third wheel. We were sitting closely due to the small table and Charlotte who was sitting in the middle had her legs pressed against mine and Paul's. The feel of her warm leg against mine felt nice and despite having wanked off in Charlotte's bathroom just a few hours ago I was already feeling aroused again. Eventually we finished brunch and I reluctantly left Paul and Charlotte envious of the fact that they were clearly about to go home and fuck. Paul had said that he was working away again in a couple of weeks and that I should make sure that I hung out with Charlotte and kept her company.

It had been quite a morning, the more I thought about what I'd seen and heard the more confused I got. Charlotte and Paul were very comfortable being sexual around me, which was new. Paul had openly felt up his wife with me looking on. Charlotte had walked round in varying states of undress as though it were a normal thing to do. And I didn't know how much they thought I had overheard of their bedroom activities and associated accident. I was pretty sure they didn't know how much I'd seen. Many questions, few answers, but the game was definitely afoot. Paul had actively invited me to visit Charlotte in his absence and I wasn't going to pass that opportunity up for anything.

**Are You Staring at My Ass? Ch. 04**  
  
I had radio silence from Charlotte for the next week. This followed the same pattern as the last time I had spent time in her flat so this time I was more relaxed and happier to let events unfold. Eventually I got a WhatsApp asking me if I fancied meeting up the following Saturday. Charlotte suggested meeting up for lunch and then casually slipped in at the end that I could always stay over if I liked? Which of course I did. The other times I had stayed at Charlotte's had been after work so I was curious to see how the dynamic would work out spending a day together. As he had told me previously Paul was once again working away, this time in the US and so wouldn't be back until late on Sunday.  
  
I had arranged to meet Charlotte in the Rough Trade record shop in a bohemian, gentrified part of East London. I liked to stay in touch with new music and Charlotte was keen too, it was one of the things that had brought us together as friends when we first met. It was a big shop and had a nice ambience on a sunny day. I was already having a coffee in the little café at the front of the shop when I saw Charlotte arrive. She was, as always looking effortlessly chic, dressed in a tight pair of casual jeans with a simple t-shirt and tracksuit top. Her hair fell loose across her shoulders. She smiled as she saw me and walked over. I stood up and she gave me a tight hug, which felt a step above a normal friend greeting. I could see that despite looking casual she had put a lot of effort into her make-up. Mine were not the only pair of eyes following her as she entered the shop.  
  
"How have you been?" I asked.  
  
"Busy with work. I've got a new boss. She's one of those irritating people who's a high achiever at a young age. I think she's barely 40 and she's already in charge of the Europe regional office. She's busting everyone's balls. It's not helping that the men in the office are hanging on her every word and following her round the office with their cocks standing to attention."  
  
"Is she hot."  
  
"Very. Even I wouldn't mind seeing what's underneath her business suits. I'm pretty sure she's enjoying all the male attention although I'm sure she wouldn't admit it. Her skirts seem calculated to be the exact length that gives men the thought that they have a shot at getting a look at her pants whenever she stands up or sits down. And I'm sure she's positioned the desk in her office so the light makes her shirts more transparent I was talking to her yesterday and spent the whole time looking at her bra. Christ knows what I'd have been doing if I was a man."  
  
"That doesn't sound very sisterly."  
  
Charlotte chuckled. "You're right. Just a bit jealous I guess. She's very successful and attractive, just not very likeable."  
  
"Maybe she feels she has to be that way. Maybe she's a bit intimidated by you. You should try to be friends with her."  
  
Charlotte looked at me and smiled. "That's surprisingly thoughtful advice for a man. Women should stick together. I don't want to be one of those women who don't get on with other women. Anyway." She continued. "Enough about work, I'm really looking forward to hanging out with you today."  
  
"Me too." I said. The truth was the days had been crawling by while I waited for the weekend.  
  
"So!" Charlotte said. "I'm going to scooch round so we can get a few things out of the way before I get a coffee." The tables were small, Charlotte moved across to sit right up against me. Both of us had our backs to the wall as we faced outwards to the café counter. "Do you like my jeans?" She enquired. "I tried to pick out a pair that would give you something to look at."  
  
"I hadn't really noticed yet." I replied. "I was just pleased to see you. I'm not checking you out all the time."  
  
"Disappointing." Charlotte replied. "But it's OK. We've got all day. Few other things I should fill you in on. I'm wearing some plain white bra and knickers. Nothing fancy would really go with the jeans. Look down now." Charlotte pulled out the waistband of her jeans. They were tight but there was a big enough gap for me to see the white knickers she had been describing. I had the feeling that the chap sitting at the table next to us may have got a flash as well. It had been a while since he turned the page of his magazine.  
  
"Nice!" I said rather lamely.  
  
"Well I just wanted to make sure you knew what you were dealing with today." Charlotte replied. "You want anything?"  
  
"Another coffee would be nice." I watched as Charlotte walked towards the counter and placed her order. The tight jeans moulded perfectly around the contours of her ass. I gazed intently as I imagined what she would look like standing there in only her cute, white underwear. Magazine Guy next to me seemed to be going through the same thought process. My phoned pinged. It was a message from Paul.  
  
"Hi mate, hope you are having a nice time. Wondered if you could ping me any photos, I'm a bit bored here in the States."  
  
At that exact moment in time Charlotte was bending forwards over the counter while the handsome foreign barista was explaining something to her. Couldn't blame him for having a shot. I quickly took a picture, Charlotte's ass photographed as well as it looked.  
  
"Here you go mate, have a good trip back." I typed and pressed send. I assumed that we were not messing around with headshots, but my heart jumped a little as I pressed send. Paul replied instantly with a thumbs up. Charlotte returned carrying two coffees and a muffin. As she bent down to place the coffees on the table the neck of her t-shirt dropped down to give an unbroken look down to her two perky boobs encased in the white bra. Magazine Guy had given up any pretence of reading as I'm sure he got the same view.  
  
"You just gave the guy next to us a smashing look at your tits you know."  
  
Charlotte blushed heavily. "How is that possible? This T-shirt is not exactly low cut."  
  
"That's the thing with that sort of T-shirt." I replied. "Men know that, on the face of it they give you nothing. But if you get the angle just right you don't get any cleavage but you can suddenly get a glimpse all he way down. "That's what my buddy to the left and I just got."  
  
"Well you can look at my tits, but I'm not sure I want to give a show to some random hipster."  
  
"I wouldn't worry about it. You made his day. It's only a boobflash after all."  
  
Charlotte tried to look pissed and then gave up and laughed. "Let's finish these up and have a scout round. Hipster-Boob-Guy will just have to ogle his girlfriend."  
  
"She might be too woke for that sort of thing."  
  
"Not my problem, my tits are not for general consumption."  
  
We spent an amiable 30 minutes looking around the store listening to songs on the listening posts. We then headed for lunch at Mexican restaurant around the corner. We managed to quickly polish off a bottle of wine so Charlotte suggested we can any more shopping and find a pub. Charlotte went to the bar and returned with another bottle of wine. I decided that this was a good sign that she had some definite plans for the evening and was getting herself in the right frame of mind to carry them out. I was in the right frame of mind all the time and much as I was enjoying the wine, I needed to keep my head clear.  
  
By about 5pm we had gradually drained the bottle of wine, talking about everything and nothing. I had always got on well with Charlotte, but I never felt this comfortable with her before. The pub had got progressively busier as people started their Saturday night.  
  
"I'm feeling nicely relaxed but if I have any more booze now, I'll be asleep by 8 o'clock." Charlotte announced as she stretched. Her chest strained appealingly through her t-shirt. "Fancy heading back to mine in a bit."  
  
"Sure, that was a nice afternoon." I said.  
  
"It was." Said Charlotte. "I had a nice time."  
  
We decided to not bother with public transport and jumped in a cab back to Charlotte's flat. A bit decadent but I think we were both eager to move onto the next stage of the evening. Charlotte ascended the stairs up to her flat and I watched her shapely ass sway from side to side.  
  
"How did these jeans work out for you?" Charlotte asked.  
  
"They look pretty good from this angle." I said.  
  
"Flattery will get you everywhere." Said Charlotte as she unlocked her flat and I followed her in. "I've got wine or beer and a bit of weed left." She said. "I think I'll go with a glass of wine for now. I don't think I'm going to be hungry for a while though."  
  
"I'll go with wine too" I said.  
  
"There's a bottle in the fridge." Said Charlotte. "Why don't you sort that out? I'm going to change out of these jeans to get a bit more comfortable. They are a bit tight."  
  
Did this mean Charlotte was going to emerge from the bedroom sans jeans? That would be very comfortable. Or was she going to throw a pair of tracksuit bottoms on to lounge about in? The anticipation was killing me. I don't think I could have coped with my expectations being dashed. As I was pouring the wine, I heard Charlotte enter the kitchen.  
  
"Lovely." She said as I passed her a glass. Charlotte had not decided to appear in only her knickers but had instead put on a tight pair of black leggings. Ordinarily these were the sort of leggings that you might put on to clean the house and generally lounge around. They were not designed to be sexy. It would not have escaped Charlotte's notice that the leggings clung to her like a second skin. I had sometimes seen women in the street wearing this sort of leggings and wondered whether they realised how revealing they are. I guess some women are oblivious and some are more calculating. At this point in time Charlotte was being calculating.  
  
"Nice leggings." I said rather lamely  
  
"Now." Said Charlotte. "These are not particularly nice leggings, but they do have a feature I thought you might enjoy. They don't leave a lot to the imagination which I thought you might enjoy." Charlotte walked past me and leant on the kitchen worktop poking her derriere towards me.  
  
"What so you think? She asked.  
  
Less than a metre in front of me, the thin fabric of Charlotte's leggings strained against the taught flesh of her cheeks. I could see the white knickers she had told me about earlier clearly outlined.  
  
"Can I be honest?" I enquired.  
  
"You should always be honest." Replied Charlotte peering over her shoulder. "This outfit not working for you?"  
  
"The leggings display your ass perfectly." I began. "I've been looking at your ass solidly all day and I've not got bored once. You really do have the best ass I think I have ever seen. I don't normally go for skinny girls, but you have not got a skinny girl's ass. My only question is whether the knickers work with the outfit. Maybe something a bit flimsier would have been more appropriate?"  
  
"Is that so?" Charlotte seemed amused by my comment. I had reckoned she would have appreciated something a bit more challenging than just telling her how amazing I thought she was, which she already knew. I think I got it right. "Well, you keep staring at my ass, but for all my prancing about sticking it in your face, what have you actually seen? Maybe you're not thinking big enough. Here I am bent over sticking my ass in your face and your worried about whether I'm wearing the right pants? Seriously?"  
  
I took a long draft of my wine feeling the bite of the alcohol as it slid down my throat. The weeks of tease had led to this moment and for the first time I felt the next move was mine. The right action now could open the floodgates, but if I got it wrong, I could deflate the tension that Charlotte had created.  
  
"Fortune favours the bold, someone once said." I thought and took another big sip. I approached Charlotte and gently applied pressure on her lower back, easing her torso onto the counter and leaving her ass at an angle slightly higher than her body. I knelt behind her, my face inches from her two cheeks. "Shit or bust." I slowly leaned in and buried my face in Charlotte's ass inhaling deeply. The softness of the fabric and feeling of contact pushed tremors through my body. I could smell the same musky odour of arousal I had smelt before but this time it was stronger, and I could almost taste it. I put my arms around Charlotte's waist and pulled her hard towards me. The pressure on my face was almost painful but the pleasure of the sensation made me push harder.  
  
"Now that's what I was waiting for." Charlotte sighed and pushed herself into me. After what must have been roughly a minute that felt like an eternity, I released my grip around Charlotte's waist. I felt on autopilot; like I was barely in control of my actions as I gripped the waistband of Charlotte's leggings. "Fingertips are burning can I touch you there?" The first line of a My Bloody Valentine song that was one of Charlotte's favourites ran through my head as my fingers penetrated below the elasticated waistband and touched bare skin. The skin on skin contact felt like my fingertips were literally burning. With my hands gripping fabric I slowly but firmly inched Charlotte's knickers and leggings downwards. I met with no resistance; Charlotte even pushed her legs together to make the job easier. Slowly but surely, the object of my long-held fantasy came into view. I pulled the clothes down to her ankles and helped Charlotte step out of them. My friend, who I had long desired, but never felt anything would happen with was now standing in front of me, naked from the waist down.  
  
Still kneeling, I retreated slightly and took in the view. Charlotte's naked rear was pointing expectantly into my face. Her ass looked as magnificent nude as I could possibly have imagined. Her pale skin was flawless and between her legs I could see the lips of her cunt peeking through.  
  
"You have a beautiful body." I said.  
  
"Thank you." Said Charlotte. "I want you to see it."  
  
Once again, I buried my face deep into her ass. The smell of arousal was even stronger now. My nose split her cheeks as I inhaled deeply. The coolness of her skin soothed the burning heat of my face. I reached out my tongue and licked from the top of her ass downwards her cunt. Charlotte shuddered as my tongue connected with her asshole on the way down.  
  
"That's very nice." Said Charlotte. "But I thought you wanted to see my ass. You're just looking at my cheeks."  
  
I withdrew my face and gripping her ass firmly pulled her cheeks apart exposing her crinkled asshole.  
  
"Look at me bent over in my own kitchen while my friend looks at my asshole! Ahhh." As Charlotte was speaking, I began thoroughly rimming her ass, a sensation she seemed to enjoy.  
  
"Yes, do that." Gasped Charlotte. "Keep doing that." I enthusiastically continued the rimming, burying my tongue as deep into her hole as it would go. I reached my fingers between her legs and felt a mixture of my own saliva dripping down from her asshole, combined with an abundance of moisture she had produced herself. Her cunt was wet with arousal. I combined licking her asshole with tracing a finger between her labia. Charlotte pressed her body hard against me. Eventually my fingers locked into her clitoris and I gently teased the hard nub back and forwards. The pressure from Charlotte's groin told me that this was probably not the time for gentle teasing. I continued forcing my tongue in and out of her asshole while rubbing her clit with ever increasing speed. I could feel Charlotte's body responding. After barely a minute or so I could feel the tension building to a climax. I rubbed her clit harder and faster, while my tongue dug ever deeper into her ass. Charlotte pressed still harder against my body as her hips started to buckle. I held Charlotte in a tight grip, not allowing her body to escape in any way from the intense stimulation.  
  
"Keep fucking going!" Charlotte gasped as the convulsions ripping through her body culminated in an intense all-consuming climax. "Fuck, fuck, fuck." Charlotte muttered under her breath as she slumped onto the counter.  
  
I finally removed my face from her ass. My tongue was almost numb, and I was sweating from my intense exertions. My fingers were slick with Charlotte's juices. I was out of breath; we were both silent as we recovered from the intensity of Charlotte's climax. Eventually Charlotte regained her composure and raised her body into a standing position. She turned to face me and gave me a big hug.  
  
"I enjoyed that." She said. "I'm glad you're good at this. It would have been a bit of a shame after all this time if you didn't know what you are doing." I was relieved I hadn't let Charlotte down.  
  
"Christ. Where's my wine?" Charlotte asked. I passed across her glass; she took a long gulp. "I think I made you a bit messy!" She said. "I seem to be all over your face and your hands." She took my hand and guided my fingers to her mouth where she licked my hand clean. "I taste like I was very excited." She said. "Some more wine, I think. Then I need to sit down for a minute."  
  
I topped up Charlotte's wine and followed her into the lounge. She had made no move to put any clothes on her lower half and I watched her ass move rhythmically as she stepped ahead of me. She positioned herself at the end of her sofa. I took a seat at the other end facing her. Charlotte sat hugging her knees to her chest. Following her legs down from her knees her lips were still glistening with moisture and neatly spread. I could see that she was completely shaved.  
  
"I like sitting around with no clothes on." Charlotte said. "It feels naughty. Especially when there is only one person naked."  
  
"You still have some clothes on." I said.  
  
"You can see all the good stuff."  
  
"It's all good from where I'm sitting."  
  
"You want to see my little boobies?"  
  
"Charlotte." I said. "Your tits are amazing, they fit just right on your body. It wouldn't work as well if you had a big chest coupled with that ass. You're perfect. You could be a model."  
  
Charlotte suddenly pulled her top off, leaving her sitting in only her bra. She quickly reached round and released the clasp, tossing it to the floor. Finally, she was sitting opposite me totally naked.  
  
"What sort of model do you think I could be?" Charlotte asked.  
  
"Well." I said. I'm not an expert but your tall and skinny. I could see you modelling some sort of fashion."  
  
"That's very kind." Charlotte laughed. "But I don't think I'm quite a fashion model. I bet if I modelled all nudey you'd like to see it though."  
  
"I prefer seeing it in the flesh."  
  
"Well you've certainly got that. You know, when I was at university, I had a boyfriend who was artistic. Now I realise he was a bit of a dick but back then all the photography and deep talk seemed quite impressive. He was always on at me to pose naked for him."  
  
"And did you?"  
  
"No, I wasn't keen on where the pictures might end up. It's not that I'm shy. I quite like the idea of lots of people seeing my pussy but its more complicated than that I didn't any difficult questions further down the line. Plus, I probably always knew deep down he was a dick and not that good. If someone was going to take pictures of me, I wanted them at least to be good."

Charlotte leant back in her seat and spread her legs wide. "So, here's the porno view." She said. I let my eyes trail down her long legs, down to her sticky lips where I could see her inner lips slightly pushing to reveal themselves. As Charlotte leaned back further, I could see her asshole, slightly red still from the aggressive rimming it had recently received.  
  
"You know something?" I said. "Your pussy looks just like I thought it would." Charlotte found this comment very amusing.  
  
"How on earth could you possibly know what my cunt looks like without seeing it? That's ridiculous."  
  
"I have a theory that a girls pussy mirrors her personality"  
  
"Or possibly a girls personality mirrors her pussy?" Charlotte interjected.  
  
"Ok smart ass maybe. But you. You are straightforward on the surface, but I always thought that underneath you were a bit dirty. In a good way of course." I hastily added.  
  
"And this is reflected in my pussy how?"  
  
"Well you see." I began and crawled forward to put my face right up to her cunt. "Your outer lips are neat and pretty much conceal your inner lips. But your clit just pokes through. It's the dirty side of your personality trying to get out."  
  
"I think that's total bollocks." Said Charlotte although she was smiling. "But its funny. I should arrange a line-up of all the girls you know so you can predict what their cunts look like. I'm sure they won't mind showing you."  
  
I wasn't sure if Charlotte was ready for another round of me licking her. I sure was. I raised my head in line with her tits and gently clamped my mouth on one a nipple and sucked gently.  
  
"That's nice." Charlotte sighed. "You can do that a bit harder though. I'm not fragile." I sucked harder while reaching out and tweaking her other nipple before swapping over.  
  
"I like your little boobs." I said. "They're perfect on you."  
  
"That's good." Said Charlotte. "I think I'm ready for a but more of the proper stuff though." She stood up from the chair and pushed me into her place. "This might take a bit of manoeuvring." She said, as she straddled my lap on her knees facing away from me. "I'll need you to take my legs." She said as she leaned forward and grabbed my ankles while I held her thighs. "Now you can pull me up and lick the shit out of my cunt and ass." Charlotte said. "I'm nicely warmed up now so no need to be gentle or shy."  
  
So, I pulled Charlotte's body upwards and was presented with a graphic reverse view of her cunt and ass. "  
  
"No secrets between us now." I said.  
  
"I thought you were going to stick your tongue in my ass." Charlotte said a touch impatiently. "I'm waiting and nothing has happened."  
  
Stung a little by her words I went to town on her clit, licking rhythmically but with a firmer touch than when we had been in the kitchen. My face was soon coated with Charlotte's sticky emissions which I used to coat my fingers and insert two into her cunt, teasing for the g-spot. As I gradually increased the pace, I could feel Charlotte's body rapidly responding. A rumble seemed to emerge from her insides as her hips began to shake with the build up to a climax. The hand that was not pumping in and out of her pussy was gripping her ass cheek to maintain balance. I guessed that there was a limit to how long Charlotte could remain in this upside-down position. I made sure the fingers on my other hand got a coating of Charlotte's lubrication and then steadily built the pressure on her clit, while pumping my fingers faster and harder into her cunt. As I could feel her climax build, I teased her asshole with the wet finger of my other hand and gently pushed into the entrance.  
  
As I applied pressure, I could feel Charlotte pushing her hips into my fingers. The combination of her pushing and my gentle probing meant my sticky finger slipped easily into her asshole up to the first knuckle. I could feel Charlotte was close so I stepped up the stimulation to the maximum speed I could manage and keep Charlotte suspended. With a load groan Charlotte orgasmed, her whole body shaking while I hung on for dear life. Her body spasmed until eventually the pleasure subsided and she gently rolled off me onto the floor. After a few seconds she gathered herself and turned to face me before sitting on my lap.  
  
"That was nice." She said coyly. "You know what your doing, I'm pleased."  
  
"Did you think I would be rubbish?" I asked slightly annoyed.  
  
"No." Said Charlotte. "But you never know." She leant in and kissed me hard on the mouth. Her tongue aggressively probing my mouth. Eventually she broke free. "You turn me on and make my cunt tingle. Well done. Look at you, smiling with my cunt juice all over your face" Charlotte trailed her tongue across my cheek, tasting herself. "There's a lot of it so you must have done a good job."  
  
Charlotte walked into the bathroom and returned looking a little less dishevelled a few minutes later although still naked. "I don't know about you, but I'm pretty knackered." She said. After a few hours of being painfully erect my cock was still poking hard at the front of my jeans. I had been hoping that it was time for my but as always Charlotte was driving.  
  
"I'm about ready to turn in but let's finish the night properly first." She said. "Why don't you come over here? Take those trousers off." I quickly shed my jeans and walked over to where Charlotte was sitting.  
  
"Turn around." She said. I faced away from her and I could feel her hands at the top of my boxer shorts. She gently tugged them to the floor, catching the front on my erection on the way down, forcing a faintly comical ping as it sprung up against my stomach. I could feel Charlotte's warm breath as she gently blew onto my cheeks, then planted a gentle kiss first on the left side, then the right and finally just above my ass. I could feel her tongue hinting at probing deeper then pulling away. Charlotte then firmly guided me over her knee, so I was lying prone with my ass pointing up.  
  
"You have passed a big test tonight." She said, as she softly teased my scrotum with her hand. "But we are not quite ready to sort this out yet." Charlotte brushed the base of my rigid dick. "I'm still going to give you a big reward though." Drawing her hand back she gave me a smart smack on my left buttock, following it up with a further series of slaps until I could feel my arse tingling. I was sure the spanks were harder than the last time. Charlotte sighed. "You really do have a very pretty bottom." She remarked, rubbing her hands soothingly over the redness. She finished with two very hard slaps before pulling me to my feet. Charlotte kissed my ass a second time, lingering slightly longer than before with her tongue nestling inside the top of my crack.  
  
"Bed!" She said. "Or I'm going to be spanking your little red bottom all night. I need you to go into the spare room." Once again, I was lying alone in Charlotte's spare room with a painful erection and a red bottom. I couldn't complain though, images of Charlotte's naked body, bent into explicit poses were running through my head. I was sure there was more to come. I was slightly uncomfortable that I was letting Charlotte set the pace. Even when she was naked and exposed, she remained in control. Any feelings that I was compromising my manhood contrasted with how strongly this turned me on. "You can't help what makes your dick hard." I thought. "Don't stress over what feels good." Eventually sleep overtook me until I was woken by the light streaming in through the windows and the sound of the shower running in the bathroom. Another day lay ahead, and I couldn't wait to find out what happened next.

**Are You Staring at My Ass? Ch. 05**