Audience of One

by WFEATHER Â©

I awoke to the sound of two bodies slamming repeatedly together.

It had been nearly a month since my roommate had last seen her high school boyfriend, and she had traveled to his college for that weekend visit. This time, he had come to visit her, and â€“ despite this being a girls-only dorm â€“ had stayed with us as he had on previous occasions, sleeping with her in a bed which to me seemed almost too small for even just one person to fit comfortably.

Granted, I knew that they fucked like rabbits; my roommate had made no secret of that, especially since she had relayed to me virtually every salacious detail of her last visit upon her return. But they seemed to have become rather brazen, fucking in the presence of a third person â€“ me â€“ who was supposedly sleeping just a few feet away in the other tiny bed.

Under the covers, I rolled over, sleep still clouding my eyes, and watched them. On her bed, the covers had been thrown up against the wall. My roommate’s long black curls looked quite disheveled, and in any other situation, I would have said that her facial expression was one of pain. Her modestly-sized breasts whipped back and forth upon her chest, a pair of motions which, as she had confessed to me previously, added a higher level of eroticism to sex in her unbiased opinion. As her boyfriend’s long, meaty cock filled her again and again and again, she clutched his arm with one hand and furiously masturbated her clitoris with the other hand. She was fortunately not a screamer nor even a moaner â€“ if she was, her boyfriend’s overnight presence would have been quickly discovered by the dorm mother and she and I would be kicked out of the dorm â€“ but she was breathing heavily and only semi-loudly, but quietly enough that I doubt those sounds were seeping through the walls to the neighboring dorm rooms or through the door into the hallway to alert any passersby.

His hips rose and fell as he continued to pound his solid length into my roommate. He was also breathing a bit heavily, an occasional soft groan accompanying his exhalations. With his hands on the bed on either side of her head, he could well have been doing an unusual type of push-up, as he occasionally dropped down to kiss her quickly before rising up on stiffened arms once more. With my roommate’s long legs bobbing in the air above him, he looked at once natural and obscene, rutting into her, his gaze affixed upon her expressive face.

“You gonna cum?!?” he asked softly between his own heavy breaths. As soon as my roommate began to nod her ascent, he stopped and withdrew from her, and she whimpered from the loss of the intimate connection. He stopped her masturbation, lifting her hand to his lips, sucking her passion from her fingers as she and I both watched him savor her taste.

Only then did I realize that underneath the covers, I had begun masturbating myself. My sleep shirt hand bunched up overnight, and my hand had easily slithered down the front of my thong. My roommate and I had both masturbated openly in front of each other before, and had even assisted each other on a few occasions, so I felt no shame in pleasuring myself in her presence, but I was a little unsure how her boyfriend would react if he knew.

My roommate glanced toward me and smiled, giving me a wink. She certainly knew that I was awake, that I was watching. Did she know what I was doing to myself underneath the covers?

Slowly, she rose to a sitting position, pulling her boyfriend to her in a one-armed hug as she masturbated him slowly, ensuring he remained hard and long for her. I knew they were not finished yet, that this was only a lull in their lovemaking. In a way, I wished that they had finished, so that I could get back to sleep â€“ daylight had barely graced the sky â€“ but I also wanted to continue to watch them, to see them both bring their intimacy to completion.

They shared a few whispers, her boyfriend glancing at me at one point. The way his eyes narrowed and his lips curled upward, I could tell that he liked the idea of having an audience, even if it was just an audience of one.

As if they shared a single mind with a single purpose in life, my roommate and her boyfriend both slipped off her bed and approached me, quite to my surprise. She bent over my bed, over my face, one hand stroking my hair, then she gasped aloud as her boyfriend filled her once more.

“So you like to watch?” she taunted me. “Now you get to watch, up close and personal!”

I smiled at that, continuing to slowly masturbate myself underneath the covers. My roommate’s heavy breaths were soon quite loud and hot in my face, her hair creating a curtain that essentially forced me to focus upon her expressions of passion and desire. It was the first time I had truly watched another girl’s face as she experienced the throes of ecstasy â€“ it was a miraculous learning experience, quite enlightening, and I had to wonder if I provided a similar expression to my one-night-stands when I was finally pushed over the precipice.

“Oh baby!” he groaned softly, clearly trying to keep quiet so none of us would be caught by the dorm mother. That was apparently my roommate’s cue, as she suddenly left me alone upon the bed, spinning around and dropping to her knees in time to engulf her boyfriend’s meaty cock just before he unleashed his lust into her. He held her head tightly in his hands, fucking her mouth as she loudly swallowed every single sperm. His eyes closed and his mouth open, I had a strong suspicion that this was the best orgasm he had ever had, primarily due to the audience of one.

For Spring Break, my roommate and her boyfriend had already planned on taking a trip together to southern Arizona, where he boyfriend’s family has a small cabin in the mountains north of Tucson. I have been invited along. My roommate has already made it very clear to me that I cannot actively participate, but that I am more than welcome to watch, and perhaps even film their sexcapades.

I believe I will.