**Please Watch Me**

by[Catcherintheride](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3699268&page=submissions)©

I could not keep my eyes off of my roommate's new girl.

Steve had been seeing this girl Clair for a couple weeks and even though Steve was my friend, envy bit right through me every time she was around. I wish I could've just been happy for Steve, that he'd snagged such a fine ass cutie, but the more comfortable Clair got around the house, the less she wore... and the more I noticed.

They'd met at a work conference and had been fucking like rabbits ever since. Clair spent most nights over here and even had a drawer of clothes in Steve's room and a toothbrush in the bathroom. Telltale bobby pins now littered every flat surface in the house (which I am now convinced is how females mark their territory). She is very pleasant; I would almost call her shy since she never really bothered to talk to me unless Steve was around and dressed pretty modestly whenever she went out.

But once in the confines of our house, it was a totally different story...

"What're you still doing up?" Clair asked as she padded into the living room in just her bare feet and one of Steve's t-shirts.

I swallowed hard trying not to look at her. It wasn't just her creamy, exposed thighs that drew me in; it was that with each step, her tits bounced under the white t-shirt, hardening her nipples tantalizingly. And here she was, a few feet from me, standing like a self-delivering midnight snack. As she turned and walked into the kitchen, I allowed myself to drink her in from behind.

The bottoms of her perfectly rounded cheeks peaked from under lacy pink panties, making my mouth go dry. Her glossy hair tumbled down in waves and just barely grazed the top of her stacked posterior. With each step, I secretly watched the sway and jiggle as each side rose and fell with her graceful strides. Clair's ass was a thing of beauty; I often pictured myself pulling her tight against me just so I could reach around and rake finger-shaped bruises into each cheek.

"Finishing some work shit," I uttered back, reluctantly dragging my gaze back to the computer screen in my lap as she walked back into the living room, glass of water in hand.

"You still trying to convince that La Citta client to use your company?" she asked, retrieving the TV remote from the coffee table.

"Yup. Pretty sure they're just taking me for a ride though."

"God damn it!" she cursed as the back of the remote fell off and the batteries came tumbling out, clattering on the floor.

As she bent down to pick up the pieces, I felt my mouth fall open as she bent only at the waist and made absolutely no effort to turn her ass away from me. Covered in only the thinnest, silkiest cover was a pair of perfect, puffy lips that could cause a man to have palpitations. Was she trying to give me heart attack??

For the briefest moment, a really dirty thought crossed my mind: was she doing all of this on purpose? The recent lack of clothes? Bending over in front of me so temptingly?

But her demeanor was so nonchalant! I adjusted the hardening cock in my basketball shorts and pushed the thought of Clair deliberately teasing me out of my mind. She was dating my roommate after all...

Clair gave up on the remote and plopped down next to me on the couch, "So how long have you and Steve been friends?" she asked leaning against the armrest and extending her legs in front to where her feet were almost touching my thigh.

"Since middle school. We were in homeroom together and just always got along. Soo..."

"And you like living with him?" she continued watching my face for a reaction," The lack of privacy doesn't bother you?"

"What do you mean?" I asked tensing up, hoping she wasn't about to call me out for ogling her ass every chance I got.

"I mean, like, these walls are paper thin," Her blue eyes examined me through thick lashes, "And I know me and Steve aren't exactly quiet..."

Wait, was she...she's not talking about...

I blushed crimson remembering all the times I had heard her and Steve getting it on in his adjacent room... Many a night I had jacked off listening to the sounds of their bed, headboard, and most importantly, Clair. She made the sexiest sounds when they were fucking... and it wasn't just her moans and cries that had me secretly stroking my dick in the other room: it was her dirty talk. She always told Steve exactly how she liked it. Steve must like it too because whenever she started spouting off about how big his cock was, or asked how much he liked her mouth on his dick, or who that pussy belonged to... He was a total gonner.

Just like me.

"Umm, I haven't really noticed," I lied, unable to meet her eyes.

She giggled softly under her breath and shifted on the couch, pulling her knees up to her chest.

"Really? Weird..." she said quietly, "Cause I can, like, hear you rolling over in bed and buckling your belt and shit..."

I stole a glance at her and saw her knees were slightly spread... Oh god... There were those lips again, just peaking at me between golden thighs.

"I...I mean I may have heard y'all, but I'm a heavy sleeper," I stammered. Could my face get any redder?

Clair just smirked at me like she could see right through my lie. Shit.

"It doesn't bother me. I know I can be kind of...loud." She rubbed her hands down her legs slowly and deliberately. I gulped. "I mean, honestly, I don't mind being heard because... and don't you dare judge me Andy!" She interrupted herself, and I raised my hands in mock surrender so she would continue, "But I just think it's kind of...hot. Turns me on even more." She bit her lip and looked up at me deviously. "There's nothing quite like knowing someone is getting off thinking about you... or watching you..." I swear her legs drifted even further apart as her head cocked to the side, eyes assessing my reaction, as she allowed a deliberate peak at her barely covered pussy.

Well if I wasn't already losing my shit every time she trotted around the house in a towel or Steve's boxers, now I was well on my way to being a drooling lunatic...

"Anyways, hope you get your client Andy," she said rising from the couch, giving me one more glimpse of that lovely derrier.

"Goodnight, Andy," she crooned and disappeared into the back of the house.

Fuck.

So not only did she know I was listening... but she liked it? Jesus this changed everything...

I snapped my laptop shut and headed for my room, already knowing what I was going to do next.

Later that night, after pulling my dick raw, I laid in bed heard Steve come home and greet Clair. She was right, these walls were paper thin. They prattled about their day and a myriad of other humdrum shit so I began to tune them out. That's when I heard Clair's voice a little louder than before.

"Come to the living room with me," her muffled voice came through the wall.

"You wanna do it out there?" Steve choffed, "You know Andy is home."

"It's late and he went to bed hours ago. Cmooon," she begged. I already knew Steve wouldn't be able to resist Clair's seductive plea; the girl was a walking hard on.

I heard them make their way to the living room. A dirty thought immediately made its way into my lizard fuck-brain: do I dare follow? Was tonight's conversation an invitation?

Without thinking it through I got up and snuck soundlessly out of my bedroom and entered the hallway, creeping one step at a time. I could hear Clair's voice again, coming from the living room.

"Doesn't it turn you on? The idea of maybe getting caught?" she asked her unsuspecting boyfriend. I'd made it to the end of the hall, taking care not to make the wooden floorboards creak under my light steps. I very slowly and stealthily peaked one eye around the corner.

Steve was sitting on the couch, his back to me, and Clair sat next to him eyeballing him like she was ready to pounce. She leaned in and started nuzzling his neck with her mouth, mumbling things that I couldn't make out. I saw her hand reach around and (I assume) start rubbing his dick. I was still very well concealed in the dark hallway and knew that, if I needed to, I would be able to make a quick get away. Yet my heart still pounded in my chest... Was I actually doing this? Listening through the wall was something I couldn't help and if anything was their fault for being so careless. On the other hand, going out of my way to watch them fuck was shady. Yet I didn't feel the least bit guilty... and I knew exactly why...

I knew Clair wanted this. She wanted to be heard. To be watched. To be admired. I bet she loved the idea of me jerking off while she showed out...

Suddenly Clair hopped in Steve's lap, straddling him, arms laced around his neck. I moved my head back quickly out of sight because now Clair was facing directly towards me and I'm pretty sure she looked right at me...

Then I heard Clair's voice again, "Want me to ride your cock, baby? Right here in the living room?"

Well I guess even if she had seen me, she still wasn't stopping... With new confidence I peaked my head out again.

Clair sat straddling her boyfriend, kissing him within an inch of his life. After another moment she broke the kiss and grabbed the hem of her shirt, pulling it slowly up her torso, exposing her stomach before catching it on her perky double D's and slowly dragging up her breasts making me hold my breath in anticipation. Then they popped out, fully exposed, bouncing, and breathtaking. My dick had already started hardening, but now it became painful in my pants. Knowing good and well that it was wrong, I pulled on my dick through my shorts, still afraid to take it out.

Clair was now totally naked and made quick work of pulling out Steve's dick and positioning it under her. "You wanna fill up that tight little pussy?" she asked. Except I'm not sure she had directed the question at Steve...

His head was thrown back, eyes probably closed in ecstasy, so she allowed herself to look directly at me. A slow, sultry smile spread across her face and she gave me an almost unperceivable nod as she slowly impaled herself, sliding all the way down.

Her eyes closed as she gasped, mouth open, brow furrowed as she pushed his cock all the way inside her. She looked intently at me, eyes piercing right through mine causing hot tidal waves straight to my dick.

Fuck this was hot...

My cock was in my hand faster than I could blink the image out of my head. She started to slowly move up and down, leaning forward over his shoulder and looking me dead in the eye. She gave me another calculated smile that quickly turned into a look of ecstasy as she bounced up and down faster, arching her back and varying her rhythm. Her tits started bouncing with each movement and she began rolling her hips, eliciting involuntary groans from her partner. I jerked my dick, unable to remember ever being this turned on.

""I love seeing your fucking cock," she said, inviting me to give her a show too.

Do I dare?

I moved away from my spot in the shadows, revealing to this sexy exhibitionist goddess that my cock was well in hand, watching her work her magic. I stroked my thick cock with long, swift strokes while she watched. Her expression changed immediately; the superficial sex face she had been wearing gave way to a much darker, lusty face. Her eyes shadowed and glazed over and she bit her lip and watched my hand pump faster just for her. My other hand tightened around the base and my strokes became slower but stronger as I was getting dangerously close.

"Is that how you like it?" Clair asked, biting her lip. I barely heard Steve's response, but I nodded in adamant agreement because god this was exactly how the fuck I liked it.

"I like it too..." she said, "I like the way you use that cock."

"You wanna come for me?" she never broke her gaze from mine, riding at a full gallop, "You wanna fill this little pussy up with your cum? Stuff me full till it's dripping out, baby?"

I bit my lip, so close to blowing my load all over the hallway.

"Fuck!" She nearly shouted, apparently taking herself over the edge quicker than she thought, "Come with me..." She was moaning and crying like she had two dicks in her instead of one.

"Oh GOD...Fuuuuck," her face spelled out her orgasm like a book. As she came undone on my totally oblivious friend's cock, I spilt my cum recklessly, watching Clair's eyes flutter shut in pure ecstasy.

I can't believe we just did that...

But no time to think about it now. As soon as I caught my breath, I hustled back to my room and shut the door soundlessly. My heart still pounded as I laid in bed and waited for sleep to take me far away from this voyeur's day dream...

A few days passed and I barely saw Steve or Clair because of conflicting schedules. Which was honestly okay with me considering the shame of what had transpired the other night... Would Clair be awkward around me now? Would we even be able to look at each other again with our newfound dirty little secret?

Finally on Friday, I was alone with Clair again while Steve worked late.

"How ya been Andy?" Clair called from the kitchen, setting down her purse and briefcase, "Get that La Citta client yet?"

I cleared my throat, "Yea actually they were just stalling to try and get a better price."

So we weren't going to address the other night? It had been the single sexiest moment of my life and here she was, acting as if nothing happened. I knew that was for the best; I guess I had just secretly been hoping that it wouldn't be the end of...whatever this was...

Clair sauntered into the living room, "So..." she paused to remove her blazer, "About Tuesday night..."

My breath caught in my throat...

"You sleep well?" she asked with false coyness reaching down to remove her heals and biting her lip.

"Like a baby." I said, playing into her game without a second thought.

"Good." She began unbuttoning her white, pinstriped work shirt; "I would hate it if we kept you from sleeping." Her hands made it to the bottom. Was she about to strip in front of me? Jesus that's bold...

She pulled the shirt off of her arms and stood there in her skirt and black bra, holding her other garments in one hand.

"Going to start some laundry. Got anything you want to throw in?"

There was her nonchalance again that made me question if this was all in my head. Some perverted fantasy I was living all by myself...

But there's no way she hadn't seen me in the shadows of the hallway the other night. The way she had looked at me; riding one cock but thinking about another. Her face gave her away. She had been a goddess on fire, burning to show me her magic and relishing in my consumption...

"Actually I'm going to need to wear this shirt again this weekend. Got a date." I stood and lifted it over my head and tossed it to her. For a brief second, surprise flitted across Clair's face; like she didn't think I'd actually fight back. But it passed quickly and she smiled, reestablishing her calculated composure. Haha! Two can play at this!

"Anything else?" she asked, taking a step towards me, unabashedly ogling my exposed torso.

"Nah, just that." Suddenly I felt kind of silly, both of us shirtless in the living room.

"What about those pants?" she asked quietly, continuing her walk towards me. "They're nice and you should wear them on your date too," she said standing only a few feet from me. Now she was trying to get me naked?? "C'mon. Hand 'em over, Andy," she demanded, hand outstretched, coy smile playing at the edge of her mouth.

"You don't have to wash them," I weakly protested, "they'll last another day."

Clair closed the space between us, never taking her eyes off me. I could even feel the heat coming off of her body as she dropped the clothes on the floor. She reached forward and grabbed the end of my leather belt and pulled it from its loop, our bodies only separated by her hands, doing their delicate, sightless work.

"When a girl says she wants a 'dirty' guy..." her voice barely above a whisper, Clair pulled the belt open and the clasp clinked in release. "She doesn't mean dirty clothes, Andy." I stood perfectly still.

She pinned me with her eyes, like a moth to board, as her tiny fingers dipped slightly into my pants to undo the button. The zipper went down so slowly I could hear each individual tooth disconnect. Her fingers grazed the length of my hardening cock so slowly and so lightly, I closed my eyes and involuntarily shivered...

She smiled again at me and pulled my pants down to my feet, face parallel with the hardness barely concealed by my boxers...

A car pulled into the driveway and I stepped out of the pants instinctively and she stood up with her prize, giving me one last look that was pure sex. "I'll let you keep the rest," she winked and left, making her way to the laundry room without another word.

Fuck this girl was trying to kill me...

The next morning I slept in later than I meant to, not hopping into the shower until almost 9:30. I scrubbed my face and body with the herbal smelling soap and thought briefly about my date tonight, knowing that she wasn't half the girl Clair was... Man, Steve was the most oblivious son of a bitch on the planet. If I had a girl like Clair, I'd keep a much closer eye on her...

Bang! The bathroom door burst open and my hand flew to the curtain to see who was brazenly assaulting my privacy.

Holy. Fucking. Shit...

"Hey, move over! My alarm didn't go off, and I'm super late" Clair grabbed the shower curtain, already completely naked and stepped over the edge of the tub and into the shower with me. I was so shell shocked, I didn't move an inch except to get out of her way.

"Well good morning to you too..." I started as I watched the water begin to sprinkle Clair's body with shimmering droplets.

"Sorry," she apologized, running her hands over her hair, "I overslept and I have to be at work in 30 minutes. You don't mind sharing a shower do you?" Her words and doe eyes were pleading with me, but it was her soaking wet body that really begged me to stay. Steve may be an idiot, but this shit was going to get us caught...

"Umm... Steve?" was all I could manage in protest as the warm water cascaded down both of our naked bodies, creating an immediate electrical current connecting the two of us.

"He's at brunch with his mom. Hand me the soap, will you?"

I reached down and grabbed the soap and handed it over, unable to drag my gaze off of Clair's drenched curves. She drizzled some of the blue gel into her hands and began soaping up the front of her body. Soon trails of white suds ran in rivers down between her tits, down her stomach, disappearing between her legs. She looked so slick and soft I had to tighten my fists down at my sides to keep from reaching out to her. "I'm really in a rush," she said hurriedly, "Would you get my back for me?"

She squeezed some of the soap into my hand and turned around towards the water. Shit, I should not be doing this. Watching was one thing; touching was another. I almost stepped out of the shower and ran for the relative safety of my bedroom, but I made the mistake of looking down and seeing Clair's gorgeous ass in front of me once again; this time begging me to touch it.

I started in the safest place I could: her shoulders. She moaned as I ran my hands down either side of her spine. "Don't be shy. Get the whole thing," she demanded. My hands dropped lower until I was rubbing just centimeters above her perfectly rounded ass; fuck my dick was officially too hard to ignore.

She seemed to be moving further and further back, until there was almost no room between me and the wall, her ass dangerously close. Finally she took a big step back to wash her legs and her ass collided with my straining cock. My hard-on actually slipped between her legs from behind, so close to slidding into her pussy that I moaned out loud as my cock throbbed painfully between her legs.

"Whoa," I said as soon as my brain allowed and I reached out and grabbed her hips to steady myself, cock still gliding along perfect cheeks and pussy lips... "Oh sorry," she said coyly, moving forward until just my tip brushed lightly against her. My hands went up her sides and down to her hips trying desperately to continue as before without grabbing her and stuffing her full of my cock. As I ascended again, she twisted quickly to grab the loofah and my hand ran over her full breast and hard nipple, so slick and warm. We both stopped moving and looked at each other.

In this empty house, within the confines of a closed room, and concealed behind the shower curtain...something felt safe. The water, the heat, our nakedness created a super charged connection that shook our inhibitions to the core. It was like the moment was happening in the dark. Or in a vacuum. Where no one would ever know; not even us.

Clair turned back around and faced the water while her hands reached down and landed on top of mine, still gripping her hips for dear life, and slowly guided them up her stomach, as the warm water rained down on the backs of our conjoined hands. The moment of truth came closer as my thumbs brushed the soft underside of her supple tits. I had been pulled close enough that my dick now rested perfectly between her cheeks, pointing straight towards the ceiling while my mouth was only inches from her neck.

Finally, and without shame or hesitation, Clair cupped her breasts with my hands. "Ughhh..." her breathy moan went right to my cock and my hips bucked forward pressing me harder into her backside. Her breasts were slightly larger than my hands and weight of them almost undid me right then and there as I squeezed and thrust. She then dragged one of my hands away and back down to her stomach, retracing the trail to her hip but veering off at the last minute to a much more intimate place. With one hand still groping her immaculate breast, I slid a hand effortlessly over her shaved pussy, immediately sinking two fingers between the folds. Our bodies may have been soaked, but I was met with a different wetness there: more slick. More ready. "Fuuuuck, Andy" came Clair's strained whisper, "Please..." She reached back and gripped a fist around my cock.

Neither of us could stand another single second. I shoved Clair forward (probably harder than I should have) and she flung her hands in front of her to stop her momentum against the shower wall. I grabbed her hip, digging my fingers into her perfect curve and positioned my dick with the other hand. I slid my throbbing head up and down her puffy lips once. Twice. Three times.

"Fuuuck...Andy" she begged.

I couldn't deny her. I slid my cock into that drenched pussy and saw stars as she tightened impossibly around me. "Jesus. I knew I wanted to feel your cock the second I saw you jerking it in the hallway. I loved the way you watched and wanted without touching... I knew you'd feel like fire inside me."

With both hands I gripped her hips for dear life while I railed her ass, desperate to pummel all of our unrequited tension into her right here and now.

"You're such a fucking tease," I got out through gritted teeth. I reached around and gripped Clair's throat and breast, smashing her body against the wall. "Oh yea?" she gasped, "You go pull you dick after I took your clothes? You wanted this pussy then didn't you?" She arched her back and my hips bounced off her ass like a trampoline.

"No. I wanted to do this..." With that I pulled out of her and she spun around. I pushed her roughly to her knees and grabbed a fistful of Clair's silken hair while I beat my cock furiously until hot cum splashed across her face.

"Fuuuuuck..." my hips jerked as ropes of cum plastered Clair's tongue and face, dripping languidly into her open mouth.

Even after we left our safe haven within the empty house, within the confines of a closed room, and concealed behind the shower curtain... I knew... I knew that the second Steve left us alone again, we would continue pursuing our new and most amusing hobby.