**Watching Laura**

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**Watching Laura Pt. 01**

"Shh. Hey! No, I said—"

The sound of giggling wakes Jane up. She groggily reaches in the half dark for her phone. 1:24. She groans quietly and closes her eyes.

"Not here!" Another giggle. Jane sighs and sets her phone down. Her roommate Laura is home late, probably drunk, and with another conquest. At least it's a long weekend; she's exhausted from midterms and being woken up in the middle of the night isn't helping. "Oh my god, really?"

A soft click and the living room lights turn on, the warm yellow light seeping into her room through the cracks in the doorway.

"What if she wakes up?"

"She's not going to wake up," a male voice says. "If she were a light sleeper like you said, she would've woken up when you tripped in the hallway."

"I guess," Laura says. She sounds nervous, or excited. Maybe both. "I've never done this though. Have you?"

He replies, but too quietly for Jane to make out the words. Jane considers searching her nightstand for her earplugs when she hears him say, "That's it, baby. Suck it."

Jane's desire to sleep evaporates. Quietly, she sits up in bed, careful not to let her bed creak. Holding her breath, she slowly makes her way to the door. She can hear the sound of fabric rustling, a soft male groan. There's a small hole in the door a few feet off the ground, and if she kneels she can look right through it into the adjacent living room. She presses closer, and bites back a gasp at the sight -

Laura, nude except for a black thong, her backside facing Jane's bedroom door. Kneeling on the floor in front of a man, head bobbing, the man's hand in her blonde hair.

Jane's seen Laura in a bikini a handful of times, but Laura was never one for skimpy suits. Jane knew Laura had full breasts and long legs, and was popular with men. She knew that Laura had a nice body from the way her jeans hugged her curves, but seeing her exposed flesh - seeing her engage in sexual acts in their living room - was something else entirely. Her flawless skin, her narrow waist further accentuated by the curve of her ass. Jane swallows thickly, warmth pooling between her legs.

"Come on, get up," the man says. He sits down on the couch facing Jane's bedroom, pulling Laura onto his lap. They kiss, and he reaches to grope her ass, squeezing and slapping the round globes.

"Not so loud," she protests. "Jane might hear."

"Don't you want her to?" the man asks, grinning. He toyed with the thong, his fingers slipping underneath the fabric. Laura whimpers softly, hips moving. "I think you want her to."

"No, I - mm - don't."

"Then why'd you get so wet just now from my suggestion?"

Laura - what? Jane's pulse is loud in her ear. She takes a deep, shaking breath.

"Mm don't stop, please don't stop," Laura says, and the man kisses her again.

"I won't if you turn around."

Laura complies and Jane bites her lip hard to keep from moaning at the sight. Now Laura's flushed face is in view, the pink extending down her long neck to her perfect, full breasts. They heave and bounce slightly with every breath, nipples standing at attention. Jane's eyes linger and continue down the taut lines of her stomach, black skimpy thong shoved aside to reveal her shaved mound. Laura shifts slightly, spreading her legs as the man's hand reaches down, and Jane gets a glimpse of her glistening cunt.

"Mm," she moans softly. The man sweeps Laura's hair off her neck, kissing and sucking the skin lightly as his fingers swirl slowly around her clit. "Just like that..."

"Feels good when I touch you like that huh baby? Like when I play with your clit?"

"Feels so good," she agrees.

His other hand reaches for a breast, cupping it and feeling its weight before rolling and pinching her nipple.

Jane's never been with another woman before, though the thought has crossed her mind. She likes the female figure, has always been interested in how it would feel to grope a breast, to slip her fingers in someone's cunt, to taste someone's wetness. Seeing shy, beautiful Laura spread like that, touched like that - desire burns through her. Her nipples are hard, poking out through her thin nightshirt, and she's sure that if she reached down her panties would be wet. Slowly, she readjusts; her legs are stiff from kneeling, and she winces from the sudden sensation that jolts through them as she spreads her legs a little. She slides one hand under her shirt to play with her nipples, and another darts under the waistband of her panties. She is wet, wetter than she is when she reads erotica or watches porn, wetter than she has been with the men that she's gone home with.

"You've got the most amazing tits," the man sighs, hand slipping away from her slit to grab Laura's other breast. He smears her juices on her nipples, and those two points glisten in the warm light; Jane has the sudden desire to lick the wetness off Laura's skin. She wishes she were closer, wishes she could feel Laura's heat, wishes she could brush gently against Laura and feel her trembling with want. She's so jealous of that man.

"You like them?" Laura giggle shyly. She squirms on his lap, hips gyrating. He rocks against her too.

"Yeah," he says gruffly. "If I had my way, you'd be walking around with them hanging out all the time. I want to touch them all the time."

Jane swirls her finger over her pulsing clit. Pleasure swells inside her.

"You'd have me walk around topless outside? In public?" Laura gasps.

"Baby, I'd have you walk around naked. Well, maybe not naked. Your ass looks mighty fine in this thong."

"But people would stare."

"Damn right." He slaps her breast gently, and Jane watches, transfixed, as it bounces. He slips his fingers into Laura's mouth. Jane watches her tongue dart out to wet them, and then his fingers are back on her nipples, teasing them while Laura moans. "They'd touch, too. Everyone reaching for your tits, playing with your nipples. That get you excited?"

"Maybe," she says breathily. Her eyes are closed, head leaned back on his shoulder.

"Let's see." One finger plunges inside her cunt and Laura cries out. "Soaking wet."

"Fuck," Laura whines.

Jane's folds part readily and she slides a finger inside her.

"How about two fingers?"

Jane watches as a second finger stretches Laura's slick pussy and bites back a moan as she does the same.

"You're close?"

"Yes, oh my god. Keep touching my clit, please."

He pulls his fingers out and complies, and Jane rubs her clit the same way the man rubs Laura's. The pleasure is cresting now, Jane is so close -

"Oh my god - oh my god -"

Jane can't look away. Laura's breasts heave, hips rocking. Her hands are clenched, every muscle on her body tense with pleasure so close. She can't help but moan herself, and she would be scared of getting caught if Laura didn't cry out in unison, body lifting off the man, shaking almost uncontrollably with her pleasure. Jane cums to the sound of Laura's "I'm cumming, oh my god I'm cumming!"

The pleasure lasts for what feels like minutes. When Jane finally comes down from it, Laura is still trembling. The man whispers something to her and she giggles, turning her head to kiss him. He shifts her body in his arms and then stands up. Laura drapes herself over him bonelessly, and he smacks her ass again playfully.

"Let's get you to bed," he says, voice fond, and something in Jane breaks a little.

She stands hastily, too hastily. Her legs are stiff again and she leans too far to one side, and the floorboards creak. The man's footsteps suddenly stop and Jane curses herself silently, forcing herself to stay absolutely still, even as her left leg swarms with static.

"Did you hear that?" the man says.

"No?" Laura asks uncertainly. "There's no one else awake here. It's just me and my roommate."

"Hm." He doesn't sound convinced, but Jane breathes a sigh of relief as the footsteps continue - away from her bedroom. "Alright."

Jane climbs into bed. Sleep starts to catch up to her, and she files the night away into her fantasies.

**Watching Laura Pt. 02**

When Jane walks into the kitchen in the morning and sees Laura already sitting at the dinner table with a steaming mug of coffee, she freezes. She almost turns tail to hide in her room, but remembers that Laura would have no idea that Jane had been shamelessly touching herself to the view of Laura and her partner the previous night. If anything, acting out of the ordinary would only make Laura suspicious.

It's not like she can say anything, Jane reasons. She was the one having sex in the living room, of all places.

"Morning," Jane says, and she's relieved to find her voice sounds normal. She walks over to the fridge and grabs a yogurt.

"Morning! You look exhausted."

"Yeah, well, midterms were rough." Laura makes a small sympathetic noise. Jane grabs a spoon and sits down at the table across from Laura, trying not to stare too much. Laura's sleep camisole doesn't cover a lot of skin, but even a more conservative T-shirt couldn't hide the faint red marks on her neck. "How'd you sleep?"

"I was up pretty late," Laura says, raising her coffee mug. Her cheeks color and she looks into her drink. "Brennan's here, by the way."

Jane swallows too much yogurt and coughs. "Brennan...?" That must be the man from last night, Jane realizes. The name sounds familiar, but she can't place it.

"We went on a few dates last month. Then he was out of town for a few weeks, so I didn't get to see him."

"Oh, right." Jane remembers Brennan now. They'd never formally met, but Laura had gushed about how kind and funny he was, and Laura had seemed a little listless the past few weeks. "Is he a student?"

"No, he graduated two years ago. He's friends with Jake, that's how we met."

Jake is Laura's brother, with a reputation for being on the wild side. Jane raises her eyebrows. "Another frat boy then?"

"No, just one of his work friends," a deep male voice says, and Jane looks up in surprise to see the same man from last night walk into the kitchen. They lock eyes and Brennan smiles. She didn't notice last night, but up close in the daylight Jane can see that he's quite attractive. He looks surprisingly clean cut given what she saw and heard of last night's activities, but Jane tries not to focus so much on that. A strange expression flits across his face but he simply makes his way to grab a mug from the cabinet (how did he know where we keep the mugs?) and pours himself a cup of coffee.

"Babe, any more coffee for you?"

"I'm good, thanks," Laura says, smiling brightly.

Brennan takes the seat to Laura's right, kissing her temple. "You got up so early," he says, voice low.

"Sorry," she murmurs back, flushing. "We're usually up pretty early on weekends," she says, eyes darting to Jane, then back to Brennan.

"As long as you're not avoiding me," he says sweetly, then reaches around her shoulder and squeezes her left breast.

Jane startles at the brazen display, and Laura lets out a small squeak, but Brennan doesn't react. He brings the mug to his mouth and takes a sip, his hand still on Laura's breast.

"Laura's told me a bit about you. Your name is Jane?" he asks.

"Hm? Oh. Yeah. I'm Jane," she says dazedly, tearing her eyes away from Laura's breast with difficulty. It's hard to meet either of their eyes, and she looks down into her yogurt. "I'm Laura's roommate," she says lamely.

"Yeah, I figured that out," Brennan laughs. Laura whimpers softly and Jane sneaks a glance, biting her lip when she realizes that Brennan is pinching and rolling her nipple through her camisole. Both of her nipples are hard, poking out from the thin material. "Laura says you study mathematics?"

"Um. Yeah. And statistics." Jane squirms in her seat.

"That's cool. Quantitative girl, huh? I've never had much of a brain for numbers. Using a spreadsheet is about all I can do." His fingers push down her camisole and Laura's left breast pops out. Jane can't believe it. She blinks rapidly and pinches her thigh, but she's not dreaming. This is really happening! That perfect, full breast is on display again, and Jane wants. She feels a rush of arousal between her legs, and her own nipples are hard, poking through the soft cotton of her sleep shirt. "Doesn't Laura have the prettiest nipples?"

"Mm - huh?"

"Her nipples," he says, like she's slow. Jane supposes she is slow to understand what's happening. With his other hand, Brennan pulls down the other side of her camisole and Laura's right breast is freed from the fabric as well. He starts pinching them and Laura moans. "Look at the color. So pink. I just want to put them in my mouth. Don't you?"

Jane flounders. She looks at Laura. Laura looks shyly back, eyes a little glassy, biting her lip. "Do you?" Laura asks softly.

"Yeah," Jane says, once she can find her voice again.

Brennan leans down to suck a nipple into his mouth. Laura whimpers, back arching slightly.

"Go ahead, Jane," he says. "Your turn."

Slowly, Laura leans over the table until her breasts are dangling next to Jane's face. Her right nipple is still glistening with Brennan's saliva. Jane tentatively reaches out and cups Laura's breasts in her hands, feeling their weight. Laura's breasts are full and round and every bit as soft as she imagined. She swipes her thumbs over her rock-hard nipples, feeling Laura tremble in response. That gets Jane excited. She swipes her thumbs over and over her nipples, flicking them until Laura is shaking. Then she captures one in her mouth, dragging her tongue over it.

"Oh! Jane," Laura gasps. Jane releases Laura's nipple with a soft 'pop' noise, horrified at her actions. But Laura isn't mad, or even upset; her eyes are closed, mouth wet and parted.

"That's good," Brennan says softly, pulling Laura onto his lap. One hand continues to play with her breast, and Jane sees the other snake down between her belly until the edge of the table hides her view. She almost groans in frustration, wishing she could see his fingers play with Laura's pussy.

Brennan follows Jane's gaze and smiles. "You want to see me touch her?" Brennan asks.

"Yes," Jane says softly. She's aroused by the display, the naughtiness of the whole situation only fanning her desire.

"Okay. But first, you have to take off your shirt."

"I - what?" Jane's voice is panicked, brought back to reality for a moment.

"Your shirt," he says patiently. "Laura, don't you want to see?"

"I want to see," Laura moans. "Jane, take it off."

Laura wants to see her nude! As if hypnotized, Jane lifts up the hem of her shirt. Brennan and Laura watch her intently and she closes her eyes as she awkwardly lifts the fabric over her head, and then she's nude from the waist up.

"You've got amazing tits," Brennan says.

Her breasts are smaller than Laura's, but she privately agrees. They're perky and fit perfectly in a pair of hands, instead of spilling out almost obscenely like Laura's.

The chair scoots against the wood floor as Brennan stands up, lifting Laura in his arms. He sets her down on the table facing Jane, her legs spread. It's clear now that Laura was only wearing a pair of lace panties when she sat at the kitchen table that morning, a tiny scrap of cloth that's drenched and now tugged to the side, revealing a glistening mound and pink cunt. There's a look of surprise and shame on her Laura's face as she's so suddenly exposed to Jane.

"Now you can watch as I touch her," Brennan says, and his fingers find her clit. He continues to play with her left nipple, kissing her neck.

Laura whimpers, grabbing his arm. "I'm close," she pants.

"Hear that? She's close," Brennan says. "Want to give her a show, get her there faster? Touch your breasts."

Jane listens. Her nipples are hard and begging to be touched anyway, and she moans when her hands finally brush against them. She watches Brennan's fingers play Laura like an instrument, sees Laura's wide eyes on her own breasts with an expression like wonder, the desire plain and intense on her face. It feels good to be admired by two people, to have her pleasure be their pleasure too. Brennan leans in to scrape his teeth on Laura's ear and she cries out, hips bucking, knuckles white.

"I'm cumming!" she cries out. "Brennan, Jane, I'm! I'm cumming!"

Laura seems to cum and cum, body trembling and hips lifting off the kitchen table as she cries out wantonly. Her skin is flushed from her cheeks down to her breasts, and her legs jerk as the waves of pleasure ebb through her. Jane moans at the sight, the desire to cum almost unbearable.

"Good girl," Brennan whispers. He pats her cunt, making Laura twitch and whimper, and fondles her breasts again. "You're so beautiful when you cum. Isn't she, Jane?"

Jane swallows. "Beautiful," she pants. Her hands are still playing with her nipples, though it feels more shameful now that it's not for Laura or Brennan. She feels perverted, playing with herself in front of them for her own pleasure.

"Jane, do you want to cum too?" Brennan asks, smiling at her.

"Do I -?"

Laura leans over the table and locks eyes with Jane. Slowly, Laura presses her lips to the corner of Jane's mouth. She pulls back, looking at Jane uncertainly, and this time Jane leans forward, pressing their lips together in an open-mouthed kiss. Laura tastes like coffee, and her tongue is hot and insistent in her mouth.

"Do you want us to make you cum?" Laura asks, breath hot on Jane's skin.

Jane closes her eyes. "Yes," she breathes.

 **Watching Laura Pt. 03**