**MNR**

by Theylo\_Bleu

**MNR Ch. 07: Sleeping Over**

*Do most people hang out with their co-workers like THAT!?*

Saturday had trailed on and by early evening, I had finally decided to emerge from my room where I'd been recuperating from the surprise moments of voyeur throughout the day. There had been no more contact between Charlie and myself since the walk in the woods, in fact, I wasn't even sure she had come back to the apartment since we'd parted ways earlier. It wasn't until I checked my phone for the first time in a little while that I got a sense of what was happening and where the night might go.

I had received a text from Charlie that read:[8:03pm - Heyyy. We're out, got a lil fucked up, Rosie can't drive. She's gonna stay over. We'll take an uber. See you tonight.]Huh...

As was becoming very commonplace at this point, the level of familiarity between Charlie and I continued to baffle me. Were we friends?Not really. Acquaintances?By definition. Some kind of couple?Hell no. But somehow, there was a growing affinity that I felt between us. Call me old fashioned, but seeing someone in such an intimate and vulnerable state automatically lent towards a deeper connection.[9:31pm - cool] I responded.

I took advantage of having the space to myself for a minute, taking a look at the food options I had scattered around. I didn't have all that much energy to create a full meal, I think I was still a little caught up in everything that had been going on these past few days.

Somewhere in the fridge, past the remaining bottles of beer that Charlie had stashed there(eye roll) there were a couple of leftover slices of the pizza we never got to as our movie was cut short by her, you know, fucking the aforementioned beer.Sweet. I grabbed a slice, threw it in the toaster and waited to eat.

A few minutes passed, I was watching something on youtube when another text came in, revealing temporarily over my video.[9:39pm - hi!] I swiped it off my screen.I'll get to that later... I kept watching and taking small bites from the pizza I let get too hot.

[9:40pm - HI! CA],huh?[9:40pm - N U GETUS???]The fuck?

I paused my video and texted back.[9:40pm - What?] I sent.

A few minutes passed, just as I was about to restart my video, another one came in.[9:44pm - SO DRUNK - I CANT UBER.. CAN U CUM GET US?]Oh great, I LOVE texting drunk people. Fuck...

Didn't I just say I wasn't sure what our relationship status was? Was I this guy now? The savior roommate who comes to the rescue when someone is in need? Saying it out loud, I felt a little douchey that my first inclination was to shrug it off. I couldn't just leave her stranded I guess.Fuckin' fine. Gah![9:46pm - When and where?]

I waited for the answer a bit, meanwhile getting dressed. She eventually confirmed that she was at a drag bar downtown, Eden's Garden, and they wanted their ride now.Lovely.

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Getting there was fine. Finding parking nearby was fine. Actually getting the two lady lushes into the car, not so fine.

I waited around the corner from the bar for a while, texting a little just to make sure they were on their way. It took like fifteen minutes before they actually showed up at the car, and when they did, it was a bit of a struggle getting them in.

Firstly, they were both smoking, which thankfully, no matter how drunk they may have been, they already knew it wasn't happening in the vehicle. So I waited in the driver's seat while they leaned against the side, finishing up some random talk about something I could have cared less about while they puffed the last bits of their cigarettes. I wasn't in a mood or anything...Eyeroll...

When they finally were ready to come in, Rosie got in first, starting on one side of the backseat and sliding over. At some point in the day they had changed for their outing, she was now wearing a black leather jacket over a white and tight v-neck shirt on top of a vibrant red bra that peeked out of the top over her heaving chest, and then some dark blue jeans and a pair of leather boots that came up almost to her knees. It was kinda nice. Her hair was less methodical in its straightness, now a bit wavier and pulled up in a bun.

It was a second before I figured out what Charlie was wearing because a 'new normal' had already started. Somehow, only a handful of hours after seeing her release in the woods, I was already being...gifted? Shrug... with another sighting.

"Hold up," she said as she fashioned herself between the open door and the entry of the car, lifted a leg and put her foot on the car's door-well and obviously clad in a skirt, started pissing on the ground.

She wobbled, dangerously close to falling, periodically the littlest bit of her piss stream would touch the metal edge of the car's door-frame, taunting entrance to my car floor. "Yo! Careful though, alright?" I snapped.

Rosie leaned over and helped steady her until she was done relieving herself and could enter the car, essentially falling into the back seat with a thud.

I could now see that she was wearing a similar jacket to Rosie but dark denim instead of leather laying over a\*gulp\* fishnet top with nothing underneath, glitter smeared across her chest, and then a black skirt and black flats.

"Thank YOU," she said/yelled, leaning forward between the front seats, "you're a fucking life saver, my guy!" She fell back into the seat next to Rosie, lifting her leg a little on the seat, giving a quick accidental flash, then dropping it with a thud.

"Ready?" I half asked as I started to pull away.

The twenty six and a half minute ride home was mostly recounting the events at the bar in unhampered yells, disagreements with the window itself for rolling down too much or not enough, a blatant disregard for seatbelts, and... and...Fuck, here they go again.

"Kiss me, bitch," Charlie said as she pulled Rosie's face to hers. Through the rearview (which I considered removing because of the major distraction reflected in it) I saw Charlie open her mouth wider than a birdbath while leaning backwards over Rosie's lap and letting her co-worker's tongue swim inside her mouth.

I don't know if they knew I could see them but they had to havesome sense that they weren't alone, right? Beyond that, whether it mattered or not what they knew, I had to entertain the thought of how far this could go before I'd have to interject. Would I have to interject?Oh god, please don't make me have to interject...

The word kissing stopped applying to what they were getting up to with their mouths in my backseat.You have to be shitting me. Suddenly Charlie was no longer leaning back and letting Rosie dive into her face, instead she was on her knees, equal height to Rosie's lips, and I can only describe the sounds that were emitting from them as an unplugged vacuum cleaner on account of the sucking.

Charlie pulled Rosie's skin into her lips, releasing again and again with a loud 'pop', starting with Rosie's lips, tongue, cheeks, then moving down to her neck, clearly going for the world's darkest hickey.

But then, in theback seat of my fucking car, Charlie started to tug on Rosie's shirt, trying to get at the skin beneath her jacket's lapel or her shirt's collar and let her mouth invade that territory without recourse. "Gimme," she said as she gained a couple of inches on Rosie's already low-cut top.

I did my best to share headspace with the road and the rearview, making sure I at least had 30 feet of straightaway before returning my gaze to the backseat's reflection. While Charlie worked to consume Rosie, Rosie sat back, being a little bit less aggressive and a bit quieter in general, and received the attention.

At one point, Rosie looked up as I coincidentally was looking in the mirror. I shot my eyes back to the road as if they'd always been there but couldn't resist looking back a few seconds later, and confirmed, Rosie was still looking at me. She smiled.

I don't know what kind of knowing there was, but somehow, I understood on a deep level that we both were thinking in that second about how much Charlie Vey was. I don't think in any kind of bad way, mind you. I think it was more of a 'can you believe this' kind of thing. And no, I kind of couldn't. But, it was happening. Again and again, it was happening.

The last of the car ride was coming to an end and I prayed I wouldn't have to tell them in any kind of way that we were there. But luckily as I pulled into the parking lot, Rosie was attentive enough to give Charlie a tap on the shoulder, causing her to pop up like a prairie dog and realize where we were. "Oh shit, good job, dude," she said to me.

They managed inside fine enough and once therein, I separated myself from them, having absolutely NO intention of babysitting two inebriated ladies. I went towards my room once I confirmed the front door was closed and locked but was stopped when Charlie mildly blocked my path.

"Hey," she started, louder than she needed to be, "wait a sec."

"Yeah?" I said tepidly.

"Can you do me a big favor?"Oh please no... "I need to get all this glitter off. I'm'a take a shower. Can you sit with Rosie?"

"Oh no, that's okay," Rosie inserted.

"Shh," she said, bringing her finger to her lips then messily pointing at Rosie.Ha, that was kind of cute, I must say. "Please?" She didn't have much of an argument, granted she probably was a little too sloshed to be able to come up with one.

"It's fine, really," Rosie said again.

I looked at Rosie who was sort of behind me to the right a bit. She was fine, she was, but, call it morbid curiosity, maybe I could get a little conversation out of her. "Sure," I offered.

"Thanks!" Charlie said, throwing her arms over my shoulders in a weird, weighted blanket sort of hug. I had a little jolt at the sudden action, my first time actually making full body contact with her. And, forgive me for noticing, but I couldn't help but be curious about how much of her semi-exposed chest was pressing against me.Stop it. Behave.

She fell off of me to standing and hobbled into the bathroom, letting the door close with a thunk behind her.

Suddenly, it was me and Rosie alone in my living room. Note, I had only just met her this morning, meanwhile our collective acquaintance had done everything from strip to piss in front of us without much warning. What a way to bond. "Can I get you some water or something?" I asked, filling in the gaps of our awkward silence.

"Thanks."

"Cool, I'll bring it to you on the couch, if that works for you." I moved and gestured in a way allowing her to pass if she wanted to take a seat.

"Thanks," she said again, taking the offer and landing on the couch, sitting on the far side where Charlie often sat, her hands together and clamped between her thighs.

I got us each a water, hers in a tall glass and mine in my favorite mug.Uh-oh, who's gonna talk first?

My mouth fell open unconsciously,I guess it's me. "Can I ask you a question?" Well there you have it folks, I was diving in headstrong, which is very unlike me, but...

She perked up, "Yeah. Totally." She seemed engaged enough that I didn't think my upcoming line of questioning would be too invasive. I hoped.

"So, like, are y'all, like, a thing?" I asked timidly, trying not to make her uncomfortable in any way.

She looked over, wide eyed a bit. "Huh? Uh, no. Haha, no we're not," she answered. She turned in towards me a bit more, somewhat more animated. "Why would youever assume that?" she said with joking sarcasm, followed by a knowing laugh. "No, just co-workers."Just co-workers, huh? Yeah, cause I'm always tongue deep in my office mates... if I had any.

"Gotcha," I said, revealing my puzzlement.

"Why? You trying to shoot your shot?"

"Haha, nope. Definitely not. Just, trying to figure her out I guess."

"Good, cause I think she made it pretty clear where her interests lie," she affirmed.

"No kidding."

I desperately wanted to know more about how it came to be that they were so... entwined while notbeing together. Maybe the bewilderment was old fashioned of me. Maybe I was making too much of a deal out of someone who self identified as 'sex positive' and whatever else.

And maybe, maybe this was what someone 'owning their own world' looked like. Wanna walk naked, you walk naked. Wanna put a finger in yourself while talking to family, you... do that. Wanna kiss your co-worker and piss on the ground, you do that too.

Maybe there was some life altering lesson the universe was trying to teach me through the prophetess Charlynn Quinn Vey. Or maybe I'm just tired and horny and losing control of my own house...is... wait, what the hell is that...?

Speaking of losing control, I VERY awkwardly made silent, listening eye contact with Rosie as both of us became simultaneously aware of the presence of several audibly intensifying hums and moans emitting from the bathroom, or, in other words, we both heard Charlie cumming, quite loudly, at the same time. "Uuhhh...."

"Yep," Rosie said with a smile and a laugh. "Charlie's getting it."

It's hard to figure out where to put your eyes when you're co-immersed in a sound-bath of someone's orgasms that neither of you expected or 'signed up for'. We made eye contact a couple of times, which was awkward, but nowhere near as awkward as both of us knowing it was awkward but not knowing how to address it. And it didn't help that in between our silent psychic friction, Charlie's moans would cut through. The best plan was just to laugh at it.

"Ha, well, damn..." I said after a bit.

"She sure knows how to... fill a void," Rosie said with a cunning smile.Wild. We both laughed, like, actually laughed. Tension broken.

There was something about sharing this experience with someone, even though it was someone I had only just met. The thing about it was that, up to this point, all of this weird Charlie shit I'd been dealing with had been my own private war, not to say that it was as bad as war, just that... nevermind.

The point was, someone else bore witness to an experience that I still struggled to wrap my mind around, to fully understand how I felt about it. I felt a little less alone, which, I think I appreciated, but then also, I suddenly felt very vulnerable. Vulnerable because, well, someone elseknew how I felt...

Charlie was getting somewhere in the bathroom and her heaving moans started to get both louder and quicker. She started to lace her expulsions with swears - the usual suspects. A few good 'fucks' and a 'shit' or two.

"Daaamn girl," Rosie said after a particularly loud outburst.

"Not every day you hear your co-worker cum, huh?" I said rather familiarly.

She smiled. "Well..."

"Well?" I said surprisedly.

"Uhm... Let's just say, the bathroom in the breakroom has heard and seen some things," she said, batting her eyes a little.

My jaw dropped, "really? During work?"

She nodded deeply. "Very much during work."

I was suddenly so curious. "Like, how often?"

Rosie shook her head a little, raising her shoulders in uncertainty.

"So like... too many to count or...?"

She nodded deeply again.

I spilled backwards into the couch, my hand comically on my forehead, flushed and overwhelmed. "Jesus fucking christ," I said. She laughed and I turned to her. "Whois this girl?" I said with a little chuckle.

Rosie perked up a bit. "Char is..." She paused and thought. "Char gets what she wants. I don't actually know her that well, or, for that long either. But, I have figured out that it's best to just let Char be Char."

I sat upright, intrigued. "Or what?" Not that I had any stake in the answer or anything...Eye roll...

"Or..." Rosie's eyes shot up beyond the couch. "Hey girl," she covered. "Good shower?" she said casually.

I turned to see Charlie standing outside the bathroom door. I was fully unaware that she'd finished as her moaning had, I guess, faded into the din of normalcy like elevator music.

She stood there in a towel, much too short to effectively cover her whole body, but, I doubt she cared. It was strategically wrapped around the bottom-most hump of her breasts, just above the nipple, a little of her bumpy areola peeking outHOT, and then down just long enough to pass her pelvic valley where a sneeze's worth of wind could ripple the fabric and reveal her bush.

She stood proudly but staggeredly, seeming to either be recouping her balancing skills post orgasm or still a little drunk (or maybe she'd downgraded to tipsy, or however that works).

"Hey cuties," she said.Does she know we know? I never know what she knows we know, or whatever.

"Come. Sit," Rosie said, tapping the space on the couch between us.

She smiled confirmingly, took a step forward, raised a finger, about-faced and walked into the kitchen. "Am I the only one drinking?" she called out. "Rosie? You want a beer?"

"I'm good right now, thanks babe," she replied.

That didn't stop Charlie who pulled the bottle from its sheath, clanking and all, opened it on a rarely used bottle opener I had magnetized to the fridge, waltzed over, passed by my legs, then plopped on the couch between us with a thunk. "Fuuuck," she sighed, "I just had the fucking BEST orgasm."Damn... I'll never get used to that.

"Haha, we heard," Rosie said with a giggle.

She rotated her head between the two of us, looking at me then at her. "What'd y'all get up to?"

Other than listen to your 'BEST' orgasm...? "Not much, just talked," Rosie informed.

"Nice." She turned to look at me. "Thanks for keeping my girl company," she said with a little smile, tapping with her hand blindly which landed on Rosie's full-bosomed chest, which made Rosie jump a little in silly surprise.

Still a little faded, Charlie was easily distracted, apparently as her next sentiment was a loud and direct, "and YOU," to Rosie, "why are you still wearing fucking clothes?" Rosie laughed but Charlie was a bit more serious than she may have expected.

Rosie was still in her leather jacket, tight shirt, boots and jeans while Charlie was barely in a towel. "Off, please," Charlie insisted and Rosie complied to at least remove her jacket, leaving her in the much more exposing white v-neck and the red bra. "Better," Charlie said.

It was interesting, coming from the conversation that Rosie and I had just had about Charlie just being Charlie and her getting what she wanted. That part was being proven true right in front of my eyes (as if it hadn't already).

That said, I had this feeling crash over me like a wave, that though I was coming to terms with the fact that viewing Charlie, whether I wanted to or not, was inevitable, there had been no consent to view Rosie.

I had literally met her this morning and even though I'd seen her snog the hell out of my roommate and then listened to said roommate intimately hangout with herself, I didn't feel like she'd want me to see her absent her clothes.

"I think I'll leave y'all to it," I said, trying to lightly escape.

"What? No. Stay," Charlie said. "Hang out with us," she said in that famous drunk-girl baby-voice.

I have no idea why, but the look in her eyes when she asked was honestly so sweet and dear, something I hadn't associated with her, but also, something that kind of touched my heart. Made me feel all wanted and shit. Aww.

Doesn't mean I knew how to respond though. All the things that I'd mentioned were on my mind as it were, so it wasn't an easy yes. "I mean..." I said hesitantly.

"Oh," she started, leaning up, "do you have any games? Video games that we can play together?" Frick, why did that sound fun though?

I looked past Charlie at Rosie who was kind of just chillin' on her end of the couch. She popped a little smile. "Uh, I guess," I acquiesced.

Charlie celebrated, throwing her hands up in the air, beer in the one nearest me, which was an eh feeling. "Yuss!" She was actually giving off very cute vibes right now, all things considered. And magically also, her towel was still on, so... there's that.

"I only have two controllers though, so we'll have to trade. Do we want, racing or fighting?" My interests activated, I felt like a host rather than a helpless bystander for the first time in a while, and the first time in this odd-couple pairing I found myself in. That was cool.

They picked racing to start, but while I got everything set up, Rosie announced that she was going to use the bathroom and get changed. "I have a shirt you can wear, top drawer in my dresser," Charlie offered. Rosie smiled and went about her business.

Meanwhile I got the game set up and strategically pulled a chair from the kitchen over and sat a little bit away from the couch, closer to the TV and also, a little further away from the drinking and whatnot... and also, a little more able to see them... a little more, look but don't touch kind of vibes which was more up my alley anyway.

Once I had everything set up, grabbed myself a soda rather than my water, we were ready to get going. Rosie had returned in a white spaghetti strap and some pink pajama pants, the shirt clearly one that was tight on Charlie and thus nearly invisible on Rosie who was maybe twice the size of the already buxom Charlie.

Trying to ignore the increasing distractions on my couch, I tossed a controller between them. "Who's got first?"

They play fought for the controller for a second, Rosie winning. "You're going down, dude," she taunted, grabbing the beer which Charlie had held between her legs, taking a swig and handing it back to her. Fuuuck... I already felt the pressure in my chest change as one after another little turn-on presented itself.

The next couple of rounds were pretty straight forward, rotating the controller back and forth between us each time, pretending a tournament with someone always claiming someone else was the one to beat. It was really fun for a while and lasted long enough that the sexual tension that was building in my own breathing was dissipating some.

That was, until a small slew of little moments occurred. Of course, stemming from a slowly crashing Charlie who was becoming the victim of a second beer and the late hour (I presume).

First little moment I noticed was when I was playing against Rosie, meanwhile Charlie took a big swig of her beer and apparently didn't quite land the dismount and a little of it splashed and trickled down her chin and her chest. Her first move was to lick the neck of the bottle clean then to tend to the spill.

My first instinct was tethered to the concern of the drink itself, but as I watched her continue her cleaning, I saw her pull at the towel, finding whatever of it would travel to her mouth and chest, revealing for a moment her dark mess of pubic hair and one of her breasts, the right specifically.

She gathered herself after the cleaning, reset the towel, but then looked up, eyes only, catching me concernedly investigating while also trying to win my match (which I didn't).

She smiled at me, then lifted her head and leaned back, lifting an arm up and back a bit more behind her head in this statuesque way, revealing a well unshaved pit, tufted with dark hair. She perked her lips for a quick second, pretending a kiss, which was the moment I realized I was yet again staring at her and looked away officially.

The next time I had a little flutter during the hangout came by way of Charlie's wandering hand. At some point, and it seemed completely mindless in the sense that her eyes were tipsily drooping as she stared at the screen, but her hand migrated over to Rosie's, tapping her arm then tracing little circles on a floral tattoo that she had stretching down from her shoulder to the crest of her elbow. "Stop, that tickles," Rosie said as she tried to focus on the game she was playing. Charlie ignored and let her hand fall heavily down her arm, her fingers running over the hills of Rosie's chest.

Once her hand had found Rosie's mountainous bust, she stayed glued to it for a minute, tracing the same circles along the outside of her shirt, eventually finding the small bump of her nipple and circling it. "Girl, I'm gonna lose," Rosie said. I tried not to look too directly, again, still playing, but I checked in from time to time to see the mindless wandering Charlie's fingers were doing.

The circling only ceased in order to run her hand up to Rosie's collarbone for a second which caused her to squirm and Charlie to giggle slightly. She then dropped her hand heavily, but linked her pinky through the strap of her shirt on the way down, drawing most of the fabric down with it, revealing most of (but not all of) her breast. I accidentally went wide-eyed to that. Her finger eventually left its little perch and returned from whence it came.

A few moments later, that wandering finger had moved to her now semi-revealed valley of hair that escaped the cover of the mercilessly small towel. Something I'd seen her do before when mindlessly occupied by something else, she twirled the hair of her bush into little tufts and smoothed them out again, again and again on repeat.

This time however, instead of keeping mouths shut and letting the twiddling go seemingly unnoticed, Rosie decided to comment. "Having fun?" she asked with a little casual flirtatiousness in her tone.

Charlie took it as a challenge maybe, because she looked up at Rosie with a smile and nodded three big up-and-downs. Meanwhile her fingers gave up with the gathering and smoothing of hair and instead went for the precious pink itself.

Charlie rapidly started massaging herself with her two finger combo, running them like little marathons on her lips, all the while staying steadily eye-locked with Rosie who had all but ditched the game.

"Bitch," Rosie said cutely, leaning in for a quick kiss which Charlie made longer, wrapping her hand around her friend's head and keeping her linked. Uh, we're playing here! Just kidding. Fuck the game.

The mini makeout session only lasted a few seconds and Rosie dislodged and returned to playing, maybe making up for the awkward detour by claiming she would "sweep the floor with" my ass. But Charlie was not done. She gathered a little of her wetness that had leaked from her and wiped it on Rosie's cheek.

"Cunt!" Rosie yelped, giving me a little startle. "Sorry, I need to deal with something."

Rosie, who again was a bit more reserved in general, tossed the controller to the side and leaned over Charlie and started tickling her; classic slumber party antics I imagine.

"Stop! Stop!" Charlie begged. "I'm gonna piss!" Please don't make her piss. Rosie slowed and pulled away a little, but Charlie pulled her back on top of her, Rosie's back now completely to me, which maintained the mystery as Charlie apparently pulled Rosie's shirt down as far as it would, revealing everything to Charlie's eyes only. "Mine," Charlie said as she seemed to give them some kisses and licks.

Rosie was a little more aware of her surroundings, or at least cared a bit more about them than Charlie did. "Charlie!" she yelled and returned her breasts to their fabric holster. She unstraddled and sat back down, running her hand through her long red hair and releasing a "whew" that spoke volumes.

Rosie was aware of me and that my attention was clearly on them both, but didn't say anything on the subject, just returned to the game after a second of self grooming and gathering. "Ready?" she asked me.

"Ha, very." And we played a little longer.

Other than a couple more flashes from Charlie's ill-equipped towel, that was sort of the last of the specifically alluring moments that had occurred on the couch in my living room.

Soon enough, we had played enough of the same game (mostly Rosie and I as Charlie'd become disinterested in playing early on) and I turned it off, bid them farewell and went to the bathroom to get ready for bed.

I wasn't in there more than a handful of minutes beyond using the toilet, giving my teeth a quick brush and all that, when I emerged and prepped to go to my room. However, when I opened the door, I paused from swinging it open all the way as I was startled by a sight that I either didn't want to interrupt or wanted to savor.

Rosie was straddling Charlie, which I could see from the back angle this time. Her shirt was still where it was when I left them but Charlie's hands were definitely begging the fabric not to be there any longer, pawing at her swollen mounds with hand-filled squeezes and massaging pets. Well damn, I thought as I bit my finger to keep from the overwhelm the sight provided.

Rosie bent further until her face was once again magnetized to Charlie's, now a little lower down the back of the couch where I couldn't see it very well. I suddenly felt the stir to try and leave the bathroom while I had a brief second before the line of sight was restored.

I ducked out both as quickly and as quietly as possible and got into my room quick enough to get the door mostly closed behind me before I specifically noticed anyone's eyes on me.

I won't lie, there were several reasons that I wanted to see if I could get to my room undetected, one of which was of course a desire not to share in yet another awkward awareness as had happened quite a bit during this strange day.

But the other was, and I might not be able to fully explain it, a curiosity as to what would happen if/when I wasn't there. It's an old fantasy-laden mind game I used to play, thinking about sensual situations, just wanting to see where things went, to see how they all evolved, what happened, and all without my interceding; Voyeur: 101 I guess.

So through the slit of my unclosed door, I visited and revisited the couch, watching more earnestly than I had in the past. They continued the previously witnessed makeout session, which was the main event that transpired in that public-ish space.

I will confirm that Rosie's shirt stayed on for as long as she was in my view at least. And likely longer as there was an interlude before they retired to the bedroom where they went out onto the porch for a last of the day smoke.

I was able to pry my door open a little wider once they were outside and see through the screen before it closed that Charlie had tossed a jacket over her shoulders but had left the towel bunched up on the couch. I don't know when it left her body, but, Charlie was just naked at this point, officially. I think it was late enough that my neighbors weren't going to see. I hoped.

Concluding the night for me was waiting for them to go to their bedroom, which they did and I still had to sneak out and turn off a few lights, sigh, but it was fine.

The bottles were still on the table though, which was annoying, but... a fight for a different day. (Next day, preferably).

Maybe a half hour after I actually made it into my own bed which was against the shared wall between our rooms, they were still up, talking lightly, but I could hear the mumbles. No big deal.

But those mumbles did, in fact, turn to moans, and as far as I could gather, those moans were very much attached to a lengthy hookup which, probably, looked even hotter than the movie playing in my head, which was fine, it was fine, it was... ung... fine...

Good fucking night... New Normal…