**MNR**

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**MNR Ch. 05: Casual Encounters Pt. 03**

*What better way to start the day than a little naked yoga!*

The following morning, a "lazy Saturday", I did everything in my power to wait her out. I just couldn't see her yet. The whole night I spent in complete disbelief, replaying every single second of the night before, every sip and swig she took of her drink, every time the bottle rubbed and touched her body, every...

At some point, around 10 or so I heard the front door close. This is my chance, I thought to myself. I walked out, seeing the living room which looked like a warzone, in the sense that the evidence of her activities last night still sat on the coffee table. In general, it was something I normally would feel very uncomfortable about, and in some ways I still did, but for some reason, just knowing where that bottle had been made it at least a little less triggering.

But where was Charlie? Not that it had worked in the past, but I felt that I had a boundary about touching her things, her left-behinds. I wasn't going to clean it up, I decided. But seeing it there did more than confirm my boundary, it also begged so many questions about how it got there to begin with. Why did it happen?

I still couldn't understand what any of it meant. And if I talked to her about it, would she have another excuse? Did the one drink do last night what going out for drinks had supposedly done for the night before? Was this a new normal? God, I hope not... I think??

I had to try and determine if I would talk to her about it, which I felt like I had to do, but it definitely made me nervous. When she got back, maybe I'd... Wait...

As I stood in the living room in my pajamas and bathrobe hanging open off of my shoulders, I saw something pass by the window.

The window opened to a shared porch as I lived in a sort of 4-way split duplex, having the bottom right apartment facing the street. The porch was covered and long, sanded wood and a slotted wooden fence-line wall overlooking a small hilly slope to the street. I had a few chairs on my side tucked against my wall and a few hanging outdoor plants off of the eaves out there.

I rarely used the space myself, but occasionally I might bring my computer out there in good weather and work if it seemed no one was around. Not something I'd do on a given Saturday though, I would definitely be likely to bump into someone else who lived in the building.

And with a quick inspection through the window, holy fuck, I looked as Charlie was bent over on a yoga mat, tight leggings hugging every crevice of her figure and a thin-fabriced, loose and flowing shirt dangling off of her, which from my angle meant I saw everything. And if I could see everything, so could anyone else.

I considered opening the window and letting her know that she was 'exposed' but I was stopped as she started contorting while in her downward facing dog position. She twisted a little to the left, then a little to the right, both directions allowing her dangling breasts to sway from side to side. They fell against her chin from what I could see which was just a little alluring.

And backing up, her peach colored pants were so tight that I could make out the contours of her legs from the capris ankle on up to her hips and ass. And as she adjusted just a little, it became instantly clear that when she stretched like that, the fabric pulled taut enough that I could make the imprint of her dark, curly bush. Damn.

She dropped her hips down and changed to a move that brought her pelvis to the floor and pushed her chest forward, I think called cobra or snake pose or something. She went back and forth between this and downward dog, then lifting one of her arms and presenting sideways, her front facing my side of the window, her shirt drooping and most of her breast slipping out of the large armhole, almost to the nipple. She rotated a few times from one arm to the other, each time, seeming like maybe the slip would happen. I was fixated. I didn't mean to be. But I was.

Eventually she turned to lying on her back and working some more that way. Her chest remained covered but it was tenuous. She thrusted her pelvis upwards, revealing a very defined cameltoe, then dropped back to her butt, leaning forward in a crunch, pressing her chest to her knees. On none of these did she lose her top but so often, it felt like a swift breeze could leave her exposed.

I don't know how long I watched, unmoving, just present with her. Being protected by the line of sight of the window made me feel like I was watching something on a computer screen or something. I know it wasn't. I know that this was very questionable to just stare at someone who doesn't know she's being watched, but... public space, no?

But more than my awareness of watching her, what really brought me out of it was that eventually loud footsteps came up the stairs on the opposite side of the porch and my neighbors, an older couple, had returned home. I didn't know them very well, but we'd always been friendly enough, to the point where I didn't really want my new roommate to create any awkwardness or tension between us.

They passed as Charlie was in a decent position, sitting upright and twisting at the waist. Decent, though, the impression of her firm nipples was cast by the flowy shirt. She smiled at them and they went past her into their apartment. Once they were gone, I knew I needed to check in with her, at least maybe get her to wear something that wasn't so prone to falling off.

"Hey, Charlie," I said as I opened the door and talked to her through the little screen door. She didn't notice me. "Charlie?" She looked up, pulling a pair of earbuds from her ears.

"Yeah?" she said maybe a little coldly. Was she mad about the night before or something?

"I just wanted to give you a heads up, your shirt is a little loose," or whatever... I didn't really know how to say it.

She looked down then back up at me. "What do you mean?"

"Just..." I didn't want to say it too loudly so I waved her over towards me at the door. She begrudgingly got up and walked over to me. "I think your shirt falls down sometimes," I tried to say discreetly.

She looked me in the eyes and sort of smiled. "Are you watching me?" Fuck, don't tease me again.

"No!" I said quickly. "Sorry, no. I just saw you when I was looking out the window," I lied.

"No, you were watching me. I saw you." She smiled in an almost sinister way.

This was not how I thought this would go. Try to save face. "Sorry about that, I just wanted to make sure you didn't get freaked out by the neighbors." I definitely dug myself into a deeper hole.

"Bullshit," she said with a smile. She leaned her arm against the doorframe. "You were watching me, waiting for my tits to fall out." What the hell is happening? She pulled back from the door, "you worried people are gonna see?"

"Charlie, come on. I'm just- I mean, my neighbors did just come home, you know?"

"So? This is our porch too, right?"

"I just don't want it to get weird." Were we fighting? Was she flirting?

"Weird how? Cause they might see my titties?" She stepped back and smiled. "What if I did this?" Her hands gathered up the ruffling fabric of the bottom of her shirt and pulled it up slowly, all the while she stared at me.

"Charlie, whoa!" I wasn't going to touch her, but if there wasn't a door between us, I feel like I would have tried to rush her inside. "Stop."

"Stop what?" she teased. She kept pulling her shirt up until it reached the underside of her breasts. Gulp. "What if they see me?" she said with a widening smile.

"Seriously, Charlie? You're in fucking public."

She dropped her hands and her shirt fell back down. "No I'm not. I'm in front of the place I live. You have chairs and plants further away from the apartment than I am. This is my space."

"Charlie, come on." I said again.

"Don't be such a prude, man." And in one instance, she drew her shirt up and over her head and completely off until she stood there, outside, in front of the door, on the porch, feet away from our neighbors door and window, only slightly hidden from the street, completely fucking topless. My jaw dropped. My jaw was always dropping with her.

She backed up, jiggling with each step, staring at me through the door until she stood on her mat. She put the earbuds back in and waved at me then returned to her stretches with a devilish smile. Fuck.

I swear to god I wanted to run and hide for some reason. I felt like she was going to get caught and somehow I was going to feel the embarrassment of it, if she was even capable of feeling embarrassment. Jury's still out on that.

I closed the door and walked back into the house, went to the kitchen and tried to focus on making myself something to drink. Some coffee or whatever. I made it almost every morning but I was so overwhelmed I couldn't even remember how I did what I did every day for the past forev- Fuck this.

I ran back to the window and peered out to see what was happening. But literally the moment that my eyes hit the glass, I met hers, staring back at me. She was waiting for me to show up. She smiled and waved, then swung her chest back and forth, her breasts swaying, swinging, jiggling, rippling.

Involuntarily I made a gesture, shrugging my shoulders up and raising my hands as if to say 'what are you doing?' She looked at me temptingly, bit her lip softly, then, and my fucking god I couldn't believe it, she placed her hand underneath her breast, bounced it off her fingers a few times, letting it jiggle in her palm, then quickly brought her nipple to her mouth, gave it a lick, let it drop and swing, laughed, flipped me off, and went back to her stretching as if none of that had happened and as if nothing about this was in any way abnormal. Holy shit, and I was gone.

I basically ducked below the window which was ridiculous so I stood, walked back into the living room, sat on the couch and, just fucking spaced. My heart pounded and my mind wandered, thinking of every moment we'd shared these past few days. There was no way to pretend that this wasn't happening. There was no way to pretend I hadn't seen her body. That I hadn't seen her O-face. That I hadn't heard her screams of ecstasy. All of it was shared with me, technically without my asking, and I couldn't tell if I was mad at it. I don't think I was.

As I stumbled through the weird puzzle of our situation-ship, I noticed the beer bottle still sitting on the coffee table. It was a stark representation of something I hated, that I had seen be so problematic in my life, that felt gross and stinky and taboo. My whole life I built up this hatred for the substance. And now it was somehow sitting in front of me, uniquely stained with a woman's ejaculate. Awesome. Eye-roll... or not though.

Maybe not and that was the weird thing about this. It was almost so wrong that it was there that it was... right? Well, maybe not right, but, it was tied to someone and something that attracted me. Did that neutralize its potency? What if I just... I leaned forward and reached my hand out, only a few inches from the glass bottle when-

The door flung open. I stood quickly as Charlie stood there, pressing her balled up shirt against her chest with one hand (for whatever reason) and holding the yoga mat in the other. She dropped the mat by the door and walked in, seeing me staring at the bottle on the table in front of me. "You want me to throw that away, don't you?" she asked.

"Uh, yeah, if you don't mind." I tried to say more coyly than sarcastically. I don't know how well I did.

She went over to the table, one hand still holding the shirt against her chest and with the other she grabbed the bottle, inspecting the remnants of her juices that clung to the glass. As she walked past me, we locked eyes knowingly. Then, breaking the momentary trance, she faked like she was going to throw the bottle to me. I flinched. "Fuck Charlie, don't do that!"

She started laughing almost hysterically, "oh my God, you're too easy." She stopped laughing, straightened up and looked me up and down, "I'm going to have a lot of fun with you," she said as she walked away, waving the bottle in the air seductively. What does THAT mean?

Instead of putting it in the recycling, she turned to me, bit the rim of the bottle softly with her teeth, then tossed it in her room where it landed on her bed. "In case I want it later," she teased with a smile. I swallowed, hard. Then, still looking at me, she dropped her shirt from her chest, holding it, just a pile of dangling fabric in her hand, her bare chest once again facing me, nipples erect.

"I worked up a little sweat out there so I'm gonna hop in the shower. But don't listen, okay? You might hear me scream your name when I cum and I don't want you to get the wrong idea." She smiled and walked into the bathroom, leaving me standing there, emptily shattered and confused. Exhale...

Being around Charlie was proving to be more and more unpredictable. There was this strong independence that she exuded that was honestly very attractive and even a bit inspiring. 'Owning her own world' as she called it. But it meant that in many ways, she let her rampant sexuality spill beyond the boundaries of her room and apparently even our living room. Maybe that was okay, some progressive ideology I could get behind. Yay feminism! (Not kidding, yay feminism). But it was something else that really rattled me. How she treated me...

On one side of the spectrum, she teased me relentlessly with this sultry 'come hither' shit while simultaneously she made me keep my distance and never wanted me to think there was a chance we would connect like that. I respected that boundary and honestly, I was fine with our connection not being a romantic or sexual one, hell, I'd only just met her. But, why pull the tug-o-war rope back into the realm of possibility if you didn't want to? Was this another way to 'stick it to the man' or something? Was I the man? Sigh...

Anyways, as promised, a few moments into my being left standing in the living room with my thoughts, her wailing and moaning did indeed echo throughout the apartment, my name well among the sounds. My cue to leave. But of course, my room shared a wall with the bathroom so it was louder in there, so, looks like I'm going on a walk…