**MNR**

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**MNR Ch. 04: One Won't Kill You**

*Just one beer becomes a sober man's most unexpected night.*

Friday night, Charlie and I were going to watch a movie, but little did I know that something would be introduced that would wildly change our dynamic going forward.

Charlie had just stepped out to grab a pizza and some snacks and we were going to watch some movie that hersibling had recommended before. I had gotten all sorts of riled up as I discovered that our new situation-ship as roommates now included a very, very, VERY loose definition of modesty, which, I actually had no complaints about, despite the absolute shock of it all.

I had finished,ahem, tending to a Charlie inspiredneed in the shower and was getting dressed in my room, during which time, she had come home, stocked whatever snacks she'd gotten, and placed the pizza on the counter with a plate. By the time I came out, she was sitting on the couch in what seemed to have become 'her spot'.

"You ready?" she called out as I exited my room.

"Yeah. Here I come," I said, rounding the corner. "What's the movie, anyway?" I asked.

"You'll find out," she said with a smile. (BTW, I never saw the whole movie and I don't remember what it was. Just saying.)

I walked into the kitchen and started to grab a slice of pizza, getting it plated and prepped to head to the couch. "Movie's ready," she called out.

"Awesome! Coming." I started towards the living room. "Hey, do we need popcorn too?" I asked.

"Fuck yes I do! Can you make?" She smiled giddily.

"Yeah, give me a second." I tossed my plate and pizza on the living room table and went back into the kitchen, got it prepped and hit the popcorn button.

"How's it coming?" she asked after a little bit of silent waiting.

"Almost done. Just about to take it out. Another 30 seconds."

"Can't fucking wait," she said. "Don't let it burn though."

"Oh my god, I hate when that happens. It's like, such a fine line between good and burnt popcorn. I don't get it."

"Fucking for real. Hey, can you grab me a beer on your way in?"Oh shit...

Here's the part where every-fucking-thing changed. Hard to explain but... here it goes. I've been lifelong sober... Simple reason: I grew up in an alcoholic home, saw the worst of it, never wanted to repeat it myself, not a fan of the smell, avoided it at bars and parties, preferred sober relationships, didn't want it in my home, etc, etc, etc. It's a me thing, but it'smy thing, and I set the boundary in my house accordingly.

And when Charlie moved in, we talked about it, that I didn't want any alcohol around, and she agreed with no issue. Sure, she'd come home a few times having had a drink, maybe a little drunk, but she normally kept to herself. No biggy. I could handle that.

Point is, she knew. I had set the boundary, I had what felt like confirmation, and I thought there wasn't anything I had to worry about. So, I was shocked when she said it, and so casually. All I could say in response was a very confused-voiced "a what?"

"A beer. A cold one from the fridge," she added, again, very casually.

Normally, as exemplified by my complete inability toactually have the conversation earlier in the day about her previous night's public-solo session, I was extremely conflict avoidant and would, at all costs, try not to bring anything uncomfortable to light. But for whatever reason, this time, I was able to say something, against my better judgement. "Wait, Charlie, really? Beer?"

She looked up from the couch confused. "What's the big deal?"

"You know I'm sober," I reminded her.

"I know, that's why I didn't offer you one. Calm down." She looked down at her phone.

"We talked about this when you moved in. I don't want alcohol in the house." I don't know what I expected in response to that, but I was met with an attitude shift and flippancy that honestly rubbed me the wrong way.

She turned towards me. "Don't be a shit. I'm not even planning on getting drunk, I just want a beer with my pizza," she said matter-of-factly. "Can you grab it for me?"

"Charlie."

"Dude. Grow the fuck up. Seriously." Whoa!

I was shocked. My heart raced. It was hard to even explain the mixed emotions of what I was standing in. Years of discomfort with drinking on one side versus the uncaring firmness of my cute, boundary crossing roommate on the other.Sigh... Fucking fine.

I went with the latter. Finally giving up, I opened the fridge and found a six pack of Corona, grabbed one of the bottles and brought it to her on the couch. "Here," I said annoyed. More annoyed than intended; morehonest than intended I should say.

She looked up at me as she took it from my hand. "It's just a beer. It's not going to killyou ifI drink it. Fucking Christ. I can't with you sometimes."Rude.

I went back into the kitchen to grab the popcorn and my pizza (which was cold by the way) then sat next to Charlie on the couch, shifting away from her a little which she noticed. She stared at me with this unnerving grin on her face, something that I was used to, being seen as 'weird' and all that. I grew up with that too.Lovely.

"Uh," she said, holding the bottle in her hand, "you gonna get me something to open it?" I hesitated. "You know what, I'm good," she said as she leaned over towards the coffee table and used it to open the beer, knocking the cap off on the edge in one strong motion then tossing it towards me on the couch. It landed a couple of inches away from me and I flinched. It was fine. I was fine. But still, no thanks.

"Charlie! What the hell," I lashed out.

"Oh shut the fuck up. Don't be a baby," she teased, laughing a little.

That, right there, was the beginning of a whole new Charlie; a whole new relationship.

A few moments went by, whatever movie we were watching had started, but all I could think about was the beer. I could smell it. I hated the smell.

Charlie wore what she'd gone out in, which up close revealed to be a pretty loose and "open concept" outfit which had become pretty typical in just these couple of days. The open collar left one of her shoulders exposed, giving way to an easy view down her shirt, which I really wanted not to pay attention to.

Firstly, I wanted to be mad. Secondly, I didn't want to perv. The surprise/not-surprise about it though was that it too, like every other shirt she wore, was a crop top, or, the fabric was so loose that there was no telling if and when it would shift and something would be exposed.

I kept looking over out of the corner of my eye. Partially in witness of her lazy Friday fit, but otherwise to keep an eye on the bottle which she had nonchalantly sitting between her legs, pinned between her thighs beside a hiked up skirt. From time to time, Charlie would drink from the long-necked bottle, bringing it to her lips, letting the tip disappear while she tipped it back.Huh...

I don't think there'd ever been a moment where my despising of the contents of the drink had stepped aside long enough for me to realize just how... hot the bottle was. Watching her drink was... such a mixed feeling. This was a twist I wasn't expecting. Somehow, it almost made this a little more bearable. Or so I thought.

I kept my eye on Charlie while I filled my plate with popcorn from the bowl. When I was done, she leaned over my lap to get hers. My eyes were trained. She leaned so much that her low-cut shirt began to ride up, revealing the tender underside of her breasts which hung over my legs. They'd never been so close to me.Fuck. It was all so quick, but it felt epically long. I gulped, or sighed, or something, which was enough for Charlie to notice.

"Oh shit, sorry," she said as she pulled backwards then tucked her beer tighter between her legs to help hold her shirt in place. "Tits, amiright?" I wanted to laugh or engage, but now all I could see was the beer bottle which as she leaned forward, leaned with her. She reached for the popcorn and the beer began to tip slightly, looking like it would spill.

"Charlie, watch it. You're gonna spill," I shouted.

Charlie sat back quickly, forgoing the popcorn and staring at me like I was crazy. "Well fuck, I'm spilling out of my shirt, what do you want me to do?" Funny, considering she'd had no problem with them spilling out up to this point. But that wasn't where my mind was.

"How about you don't spill beer on me?" I said angstily.

"You are so fucking weird, dude." She grabbed the bottle and teasingly held it over my legs as if she was going to spill it on me. I adjusted and tried to move away while she laughed.

"Charlie, stop! Seriously!"

She continued to laugh. "Oh fuck off, bro, I'm not wasting my drink on you. Calm down." She took a big sip and turned back towards the movie.

Over the next several minutes, my attention was divided between the opening montage of the movie I wasn't paying attention to and Charlie. It was a clusterfuck of sensations, most of which were foreign to me.

Mainly, I was stricken with confusion as to why this was such a different experience than any other time I had been around someone who was drinking. Why was I thinking thoughts like this? Why was my heart racing the same way Charlie had been making happen lately? Why did I feel this pit in my stomach that almost felt... good? Alluring? Arousing?

Was it the naughtiness? Was it the phallic shape of the bottle? Was it her outfit? Was it that I had told her about my boundary and she fully didn't give a single shit about it?Where'd that come from? I'll have to... think about that one a bit more.

Anyway, I continued to peek at her, keeping track of what was going on, where the bottle was, and, just her whole general vibe. I watched as she got to the crust of her pizza, tossed a couple of pieces of popcorn upwards, letting her tongue swoop them inwards, and then washed it all down, bringing the mouth of the bottle to her lips and tipping it back. She did that thing where she kept her face still and let her hand swing the bottle nearly upside down, letting her bottom lip catch the contents. It seemed risqué in its precariousness.

The more I watched, the more fascinated I became, the less skeeved out I was by the beer itself. But also, the more I watched, the more she seemed to take notice of my eyes, watching her from the side as I was.

She started to make her sips longer, putting the littlest bit more of the bottle into her mouth, peeking back at me to see if I was watching.Yikes. We did that dance a few times before I noticed her putting as much of the bottle into her mouth as she could take, drawing long strands of saliva out with it.

Holy fuck! Is she deepthroating it? As the long strings of spit fell like taffy to her chin and shirt, she traced her tongue around the lip of the bottle to catch it, then forced her tongue inside and back out of the mouth of the bottle.

I think at some point I stopped trying to pretend I wasn't watching. She knew I was. She watched me watch her. She only seemed to be doing thisbecause I was watching. When she finally caught my eye locked-in as she removed the bottle from her throat, she almost started choking as she laughed, then tipped the bottle back and took a long sip.

"Mmm, this is hitting the fucking spot," she said, humming in satisfaction.

I knew she was just trying to get a rise out of me, but now that she had broken whatever fake silence there was between us, all I felt like I could say was "good for you," and roll my eyes. She laughed, knowing she was getting to me.

I thought for a second the teasing might be over as she stopped playing with the bottle in her mouth and adjusted on the couch, sitting a bit more relaxed, crossing her legs and leaning back, but clearly she was enjoying the temptation she saw on my face.My fucking betraying face...

She rested the bottle in her lap and stared at me from across the couch. I looked a little, catching her eyes, raising my eyebrows, expecting her to see me see her and to look away, but she didn't.

"You really don't like it when I drink?" she said seductively.

"Not particularly," I responded dryly.

She spoke almost like an imitation of Marilyn Monroe or something. "Really? You don't like seeing me press the bottle to my lips? Hmm? Wrapping them around it? Taking it all the way down my throat?" She glared at me. "Bottles are pretty sexual, don't you think?" I was starting to think so.

"Charlie, what are you even doing? Are you drunk or something?"

She shook her head 'no'. "Mm-mm. Just... feeling good," she said with a big smile.

As the bottle sat between her legs, she started moving it lightly, pressing it against herself then lightly rubbing it against her skirt, all the while staring directly at me with an unbreaking gaze.

"Seriously, Charlie, what are you doing?" I asked, finally turning my head to fully face her.

She just continued rubbing and pressing it against her skirt. Her eyes were magnetized to mine. If I looked down just a little, her head followed, keeping me trained on her. She licked her lips. I felt my breathing quicken and my body vibrate.

Then, without breaking, she drew the lip of the bottle under her shirt which fell just above her belly button in this position, pulling the fabric outward enough that it made a visible impression. I could see her rubbing the neck of the bottle across her breasts and nipples. She lightly bit her lip, all the while keeping her eyes trained on me.Dear god...

All I could think to say, all I could think to think in my disbelief was "Ha-ha. Very funny," as if she was even remotely not doing exactly what she was doing. She was teasing, but if I knew anything from the night before, she did what she wanted for as long as she wanted. But despite my best efforts to 'call her bluff'...

She looked me square in the eyes, "who's joking? This is turning me on." She continued to rub the bottle against her skin under her shirt and I could see as her nipples started to harden and even peek out from beneath the bottom hem of her sweater.

On some instinctual level, even though all hope for any pretend maintained modesty had been far-gone between us, when her bare skin and nipple poked out, I turned my eyes to the TV with a quick head snap and I "tried" to focus on the screen but there was no chance I could avoid stealing glances at her from time to time.

After a few more moments of that continuing and her eyes burning holes in the side of my face, I turned to her again. "Do you have to stare at me like that?"

Charlie said nothing but once I was looking, she slid the bottle in between her heaving breasts until they wrapped around the long glass neck, almost making it disappear in her cleavage. She then started to lift the bottle up and her shirt went up with it completely, leaving her chest completely visible. Once free from the tenuous strands of fabric that comprised her sweater, she started to lift and drop the bottle repeatedly, causing her breasts to heave and jiggle all while the beer in the bottle splashed around but didn't spill.

My eyes went wide. "Charlie, Jesus."

Again she said nothing, simply and silently sliding the bottle forward and adjusting her skirt to reveal the rest of her naked body beneath, then pressing the bottom of the bottle against herself and gyrating against it. "You don't find this hot?"

I definitely didn't snap out of the allure of what had been going on, but I suddenly felt like I had enough sense toactually address what was happening. At least the night before, I was only present in her own escapade, but I had nothing to do with it. And when I thought (however foolishly) that maybe there was an opportunity to join in, the confirmation was hell-fucking-no. But this, this was in my face. There was no book between us. She was messing withme. "Come on, Charlie. Why are you doing this to me? You know how I feel about alcohol. Seriously."

But she ignored me. "This doesn't make your dick hard?"I didn't say that...

"Fucking hell!"

"What do you think, who's bigger, you or this bottle?" She pulled it away from her wettening vagina and took another long sip then slid her tongue along the neck of it. "Mmm, how many licks does it take to get you this hard, huh?"What the actual fuck is going on? She returned the bottle back down, rubbing its base against her pelvic bone.

"What the actual fuck?"

"Think I can take it?" she said, biting her bottom lip.

"What!?" I don't have words for the 180 that all of this had been. I get that I had my feelings about alcohol in the house, but, did this haveanything to do with that at this point? Was this just to get me to, I dunno, learn a lesson or something? Wasthis an invitation to do more with her? Did I want that if it was?

Before I could gather anymore of my thoughts on what was happening, she started to move until she was kneeling next to me on the couch, only about half a foot away. She drew the bottle up to her lips and took a long sip, swallowing loudly, almost in my face.

I had mostly by exposure gotten a bit more used to the smell, but having her and it so close to my face was a little jarring at that moment. I wanted to look away or block my nose or something, but the way that she kept direct eye contact with me, I was powerless to do anything but stare right back at her.

Still on her knees next to me, and though it took a second to realize what was happening, she brought the bottle downward and guided it underneath her skirt.

All I could see was the bottom of the bottle as she twisted and contorted it, eventually slipping its long neck inside of her. She stayed on her knees, riding the bottle only a foot or so away from me as I sat more stunned than I'd ever been in my entire life as I watched.

"Ooh fuck, I. It feels so good deep inside me," she moaned.

She continued to ride the half-empty bottle for a little while, the indistinguishable sounds of sloshing wetness coming from between her legs, be it the beer or her dripping cum. She pulled her shirt up at one point and started licking her breasts with her beery spit, then drizzling the excess down her chest and rubbing her saliva on her nipples as she moaned with the bottle inside of her.

She watched me watch her play with her tits like that, making them glisten. She gained a mischievous smile. I can't be sure, but she seemed turned on when she saw a sense of concern in me, knowing that I didn't want the drink getting on me. Her grin grew more sinister as she hawked back between moaning wails and spit a huge wad on the floor in front of me.What the fuck!? But also, oddly hot.What is happening to me?

Eventually after riding a while, she pulled the bottle out and leaned backwards, spreading her legs wide on the couch in front of me. She lifted the bottle which was white with her discharge to her lips and wrapped her mouth around the rim, swung back and drank the last full sip of beer from the bottle, swallowing hard.Gulp.

I stared at her in shock, my eyes wide, as she tipped the bottle back and drove it into herself, masturbating vigorously. I don't know if she had missed the first time, but she stuck her tongue out and gathered the white of her creaming hole from her lips then, while still eye to eye, she suddenly and surprisingly spit from across the couch again, but this time it landed on my arm.Shit!

I definitely freaked out at that, not gonna lie. I HATED the idea of alcohol being on my body. "Charlie!" I yelled. I felt like a big baby, but...

That was enough for me to step out of the hypnosis of this whole situation. I grabbed a paper towel from the table and wiped it off, but I wanted out at that point. Not in a terror way, just, the facade had shifted and I couldn't even fathom what was truly going on. A girl I barely knew, my new roommate, was sitting next to me, upping the wildness from what she'd done before, literally fucking a bottle of beer on my couch. What the Christ is going on?

I shifted, trying to gain leverage to get off the couch but suddenly Charlie's leg dropped over my lap and held me down. I looked up at her as she shook her head 'no'. Okay, you win...

She then pulled the bottle out of herself, held it up in the air, locked eyes with me then tipped the last little bit of beer still in it out onto the floor behind the couch uncaringly. Fuck!!! My carp- I wanted to get up, to say something, even yell, but before I could move, I felt her leg tense up on my lap. I wasn't going anywhere.

She then slid her tongue along the neck of the bottle, wetting it before she inserted it back inside of her and masturbated furiously, quickly, deeply. "God fucking damnit! This feels SO FUCKING GOOD! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna-" She released a long and loud yell of pleasure, louder than anything I'd heard before, almost comically loud. "Jesus fucking christ," she said, breathing heavily and still lightly moaning on the exhales.

She finished, still pinning me down, the bottle resting softly inside of her as she worked to catch her breath. She no longer looked at me. She was in a different world now. And I don't know where I was. I wanted to think, for a second, that I was used to this by now, but like hell I was. This was crazy. This FAR exceeded any fantasy or turn-on I'd ever had. This was brand new ground. This wasn't just a voyeuristic entanglement with an exhibitionist, this was some type of domming. This was damn near a sex act. And I was involved, wasn't I?

Once she had recovered, she pulled the bottle out and up, stood, sucked the bottle clean, placed it on the table, ate one last piece of popcorn then started to walk away.

Before fully passing me, she let her hand knock against my face and lightly patted my cheek with her moist hand (moist with what, I don't know). "I told you, one won't kill you," and she went into her room leaving me overwhelmed and very confused.

As I said, this was the moment that every-fucking-thing changed. The presence of alcohol was the least of it. The very strange evolution of our situation-ship, that change had only just begun to spiral into the unimaginable.