The Woman In The Blue Chair

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Sixth story in a series told from the perspective of my older friend Gary aka 67Goat...

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/the-woman-in-the-blue-chair.aspx

During the early seventies I was a young man still in my twenties. I was on my own again after my short-lived first marriage and living in a fairly nice apartment complex in a small city. Though a bit depressed after the break-up of my marriage, I did find a certain amount of solace in my work and I did make an effort to get back in the dating scene. A friend of mine had found me a job working for a surveying company and I enjoyed the work. The pay was fairly decent and I was always an outdoors kind of guy, so things seemed to be going relatively well. Being outside during the day was something I really appreciated, especially in the summertime.

One particular evening I recall distinctly. It was a beautiful, clear summer evening. I had walked to a local bar after work to have a few drinks with the guys and shoot a little pool. On my way back home, I walked passed an apartment building adjacent to my own. As I passed, I heard the distinct sounds of sex coming through a partially open window. It was clearly a woman. Though I am no 'peeping Tom,' my curiosity began to get the best of me. The fact that I had a few drinks in me no doubt played a part. The window was on the side of the building, not overlooking the street, but was clearly visible to me as I passed.

I stood there for a moment in the still summer evening thinking what exactly to do. Slowly I began to walk up the grass covered incline that led from the sidewalk up to the window. The window was open slightly with the shade pulled down most of the way. There was enough space left between the bottom of the shade and the sill to provide a clear view. I crouched down and peered inside.

As I looked in the window the sight I saw literally took my breath away. There was a woman sitting in a big, plush chair. The chair was dark blue in color and appeared to be velvet or some other soft material. On a small table next to her was a glass of white wine and a wine bottle. There was a cigarette burning in an ash tray on the same table. Candles burned around the room. The only other light was from a TV I could not see, but I could see the flickering light caste upon her naked body.

By the time I got to the window and looked inside, I realized that this woman had just pleasured herself. She was sitting in the big, blue chair sideways to me apparently in front of the TV. I could not see her from the waist down as the big, plush arm of the chair obscured her hips. Her legs however, were propped up on the chair, her painted toe nails still digging into the soft fabric. Her long, black hair curled seductively upon her naked shoulders and her head was still tilted back. From my vantage point I could see a towel, also blue in color, draped across the front of the chair. The woman still had her right hand down between her legs, but from where I was situated, I could not see any more.

I watched for a while captivated by the sight before me. After a few moments the woman in the blue chair grabbed the towel and threw it onto the hardwood floor. I could clearly see a big, dark wet stain on it. I suddenly got so hard I thought the fabric in my jeans would burst through. I began to undo my belt and then my zipper as I pulled out my cock and began to slowly stroke it awaiting this woman's next move.

As I sat there in the darkness of the summer night I watched carefully, stroking myself the whole while. The woman in the chair suddenly tilted her head forward and removed her hand from between her legs. She reached for the wine glass and took a sip. Then she reached for the cigarette in the ashtray and took a last drag. I could see she had pink painted nails with white tips which sparkled in the soft candle light. Once again, she tilted her head back and blew the smoke out towards the ceiling. As she blew the smoke from between her red pouted lips, I blew my load on the side of the building just below the window sill. I suddenly got nervous and felt I should leave. Quickly pulling my pants up, I headed home.

Once I got inside I grabbed a Guinness out of the refrigerator and sat at the kitchen table and pondered what I had just witnessed. I slowly replayed the events in my mind as I sipped my beer. As I sat there in the dark thinking about the woman in the blue chair, once again I became aroused. Once again I had to pleasure myself. A little while later I grabbed a snack out of the fridge and went off to bed.

The next day at work I could not get the previous night out of my mind. All day long I thought about the woman in the blue chair. When the workday was done, I drove home as usual. I did my usual routine of walking to the bar and having a few drinks with the guys but made it an early night. As soon as it started to get dark, I left the bar. I had my mind set on returning to that window. Tonight, I wanted to see the whole show.

As soon as the sun set I returned to where I had been the night before. Once it was dark I felt I was fairly inconspicuous. I almost didn't care as I didn't want to miss this for anything. That is, if she was there again tonight.

Once I made myself comfortable and looked through the window, I was not disappointed. There she was, this dark haired beauty, just sitting there naked in this big blue velvet chair. Again, she had the blue towel draped over the front of the chair. I watched her intently, captivated by her every move. Again, the TV was on and she seemed to be watching what was on the screen. I watched her as she poured herself more white wine and raised the glass to her ruby red lips and took a sip. She seemed to smack her lips as she put the glass back down.

Minutes later, she fumbled for the cigarette pack and pulled out a single cigarette. She put it between her pouted lips as she reached for a gold lighter on the table. As she picked up the lighter and lit the cigarette, her cheeks puckered as she sucked in the smoke. Putting down the lighter, she tilted her head back and blew the smoke from her parted lips. The soft candle light lit up the smoke as the smoke rings danced upwards towards the ceiling.

Watching her unobserved from my outside perch, my mind began to race. As she tilted her head back, her back arched pushing her ample breasts outward. Moments later she reached for something on the table, I believe it may have been a piece of chocolate and put it to her lips. After placing the chocolate on her tongue, she licked her fingertips.

At this point my mere thoughts turned to extreme arousal as once again I felt the need to free my erect cock from it's restraints. As I undid my pants and began to stroke my firm member, I kept a watchful eye on the woman in the blue chair.

Slowly, after she licked her fingers, she began to touch her breasts. She seemed to fondle them with one hand as she reached for the remainder of the cigarette with the other. As she tilted her head back to blow out the smoke towards the ceiling, she suddenly began to pinch her nipples. I could clearly see her bite her lower lip as she let out a soft sigh.

By this point, my member was rock hard. I tried to pace my stroking to make my own pleasure last.

After the woman in the chair snubbed out the cigarette butt, she took one more sip of the wine. Apparently some of it dribbled down her chin as I saw her wipe it away and again lick her fingertips. As she held the wine glass in her right hand, her left began to rub the fabric of the chair arm. I could see her long fingers stroking the soft fabric. As she rubbed it back and forth, you could see the subtle change in the color of the fabric as she pushed the velvet one way then the other.

At this point, I was trying hard not to explode as of yet. My efforts soon paid off. What she did next was truly the main event.

Slowly, the woman in the blue chair reached between her legs with one hand as the other hand

played with her nipples. A moment later, I saw her reach down with both hands as her head arched back once again and a look of pleasure came across her face. Soon she propped up her feet onto the arms of the chair. Her head leaning backwards, her long black hair dangled off the back of the chair. Working herself with one hand in what appeared to be circular motion, once again the other fingers gripped her erect nipples. Her toes digging into the soft fabric, her soft moans were now becoming quite audible. With one hand working herself furiously, the other hand gripped the soft arm of the chair so hard you could no longer see the white tips of her nails as they dug into the fabric. Her back firmly arched, it was soon clear she was reaching climax from the intensity of her moans and the passionate look on her face. Soon, I could see a shower of liquid shoot out from her obscured pubic area and soak the blue towel which hung from the front of the chair. I had shot my own load about a minute before.

I sat there on my hidden perch and watched intently. In a moment, she sat up and opened her eyes. She reached for the pack of cigarettes and lit one up. As she blew out the smoke this time, she reached down for the cum soaked towel. She appeared to wipe her own crotch area with it before throwing it onto the hardwood floor.

I just continued to sit there quietly captivated as she finished her cigarette and sipped her white wine. What happened next, I never could have expected. Suddenly she rose from the chair and disappeared from the room. I began to wonder where she could have gone. Perhaps to the bathroom, I thought to myself.

Suddenly, I heard the front door to her apartment open. I just sat there perfectly still.

"Hello. Hello." A female voice called, "I know you are there."

"Oh fuck." I thought to myself. This could not be good.

"Hello."

I didn't dare move. I could not go out to the street as she would see me. I could not go the other way either as there was no way out. What happened next was completely beyond anything I could have imagined.

"Oh, there you are." I heard a voice say.

I looked up and there she was, standing in front of me. Completely naked.

"Why don't you come inside?" She asked sweetly.

I sat there for a moment in complete shock. After some initial hesitation, I pulled up my pants and got up. I followed her into the apartment.

"Did you like what you saw?" She asked rather nonchalantly.

"Um, yeah." Was about all I could muster.

"Would you like some wine?" She then asked.

I replied in the affirmative. She looked so good standing in front of me. I guessed that she was about thirty-five, about ten years older than me. She then told me that she was married and her husband was away on business for a couple of weeks. She then explained that she was faithful to her husband, but I could come in and watch. I thought this an offer I couldn't refuse.

We then went into the room with the big blue chair. She sat down and poured me a glass before refilling her own. She sat back in the chair, just naked before me as she sipped her wine and smiled.

"Chocolate?" She grabbed the small tray off the table and held it in front of me.

"Oh, ah, OK." I answered as I took a piece.

She then took a piece herself and put it to her ruby red lips. She again smacked her lips as she devoured it with her mouth. She took a sip of the wine and placed the glass back down. She had a sly grin on her face as she looked me in the eye.

What she did next almost caused me to cum in my pants. Facing me in the big blue chair, she parted her legs and straddled the arms of the chair. I could clearly see her near black, neatly trimmed bush before my eyes. She slowly reached down and began to run her fingertips along her wet pussy lips. I could see the moisture forming on her French tip nails as they glistened in the candlelight. As she began to push her fingers farther into her love canal, I had to undo my pants and join in. I was ready to explode as she began to massage herself vigorously with one hand. With her free hand she took another sip of the wine.

At this point, I was kneeling before her about to shoot my load on her gorgeous body. She must have sensed this as she reached forward and gripped my shaft at the base and gave it a firm squeeze as she leaned forward.

"Ahhh..." I sighed.

With her face so close to mine, I went in to kiss her.

"No." She said softly as she pushed me back gently.

Soon I resumed my stroking as the woman in the chair resumed her activities. Shortly she began to cum so hard she soaked my pants. I shot my load onto her stomach with a loud grunt before collapsing on the floor in front of her. In front of the big blue chair.

I knelt in front of the chair for some time as if it was an alter. In a sense it was. After we shared some more wine and a cigarette, I got dressed and said my goodbyes. We never really spoke again.

Many times afterwards I passed that apartment. Occasionally, I would see a man going in or out. It must have been her husband. One night I even looked back through the window, just out of curiosity. I caught a glimpse of her husband sitting in the blue chair watching TV while his wife massaged his shoulders.

I thought to myself, I wonder if he has any idea what happens while he is gone. Or what happens in that big blue chair.

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