Just Looking and Writing

By voyeurwest

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This is what I see when I go out and I am nearly seventy!!

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Early February 2007 The Dancing Dress

Wow! Batman another one!!

I was driving back from filling up the Batcar with BatGas, when I pulled up at the intersection to see a dream; skipping across the road.

About five foot six and on the bright side of thirty, Her hair was short and black, not dyed; but natural.

She was very well dressed; in a one piece dress made of a silken material, in autumn colours.

The top was close fitted across her breasts bringing them in tight and close together and at the bottom; was a short cut minidress.

The cut of the cloth allowed a full skirt held in at the waist to fall in waves, right to the hem.

The way she was moving allowed the bottom of her dress to dance with her movements. her legs were long, slim, straight and without any bulk.

She was between a walk and a run and seemed to be in hurry. She was carrying a small purse slung over her shoulder; held close to her body by the length of a smooth sun-tanned arm. She looked like she was dressed to go to a wedding.

You know the look. A garment made for show, but not meant to be worn to work or even to an interview. I watched her reach the other side of the footpath and skip away further down the street.

I couldn't stop to look as I had gawkers wanting to look inside the Batcar and trying to crowd me.

So with no small regret I accelerated away.

and and and

And today! in the coffee shop. Sat down at a small table with a view into the kitchen at the rear.

Lo and behold a young woman about twenty or so mixing batter in a steel bowl with a spoon.

Every movement was magnified by her over large breasts;

moving in time with the spoon.

Oh Bliss. again.

October 2007

She was a customer.

Standing at the end of the Coles checkout waiting to pay for her order when I first noticed her.

She looked about in her twenties and had blonde straight hair framing her face.

She was wearing a dress. With an indistinct pattern, held up by her breasts and just a thin spaghetti strap attached to the front around her neck.

She had no jewellery.

This dress was not unusually short; it finished just above her knees. But the lines followed her figure and ended in a short frill or flounce which flared out to make the look quite special.

She was wearing a medium high heels on delicate black pumps with no strap to bind them to her feet.

Her legs seemed quite long and there was no plumpness detected either above or below her waist.

She walked straight and erect, with no delicate mincing; but determined with a stride that announced to all watchers and voyeurs.

I am Woman.

A letter to Phil.

Was in the Deli/Butchers in Midland yesterday and saw they had what looked like Black Puddings in the window display area right down the front. I asked the woman behind the counter if they were as advertised.

Now I did notice that she had rather large well contained breasts fitting snugly into a black top.

They actually jiggled when she moved which to an expert like myself knows that they are genuine.

I could see the separation of the cleavage quite well and thought; if I go down to the counter whilst she is reaching forward to take them out then I would get a wonderful view of a full frontal without risk of being discovered. But then I thought? What would Phil do in this situation? Would he RUN down to the counter and stand transfixed whilst the said breasts were presented to him? NO! I thought he would not. He would stay in the position well away from the soon to be on show breasts and wait quietly for the woman in the black top to return from her task. So there! I have thought what you would do and followed it to the letter. Aren't you proud of me?

My eyes are tired.

Yes, the simple task of watching breasts all day while at the shopping centre was just too much for my corneas.

There were sloppy ones, tight ones, just right ones, big ones. small ones, budding ones, droppy ones, droopy ones, no bra ones and kept tight to my body ones.

Even to the extent that when we sat down in the Mall for our lunch, the three girls at the next table were obviously placed there just for my enjoyment.

The one immediately in my eyesight had big balloon ones that were being pushed up of their containment by her arm resting on the table and the said breasts being pushed out of her top.

I was just about to lean over and push them back in with my hand but I reluctantly declined.

Not for any altruistic purpose.

Just the fact that when she called the Police

I did not think I could convincingly say my name was Philip_Charles and I lived at Big Pond.

What you see is what you imagine! I took my eyes and imagination to Perth last week and although I did not intend it I was able to bring some impressions to share with you. You lucky sod!!

First:

I went into a two dollar shop to be confronted by a stunningly good looking girl. Her hair was piled up in a loose bun with hair escaping from the ties that bound it. Her face was just beautiful; without a lot of make-up but very natural looking, and with a pleasant personality to match.

Second:

An African beauty. Not tall, and not fat but built in a very well together way. She had bright sparkling eyes with white, white, teeth. She had a little boy trailing behind her so her reproductive system was obviously working fine.

Third:

Waiting in line at the K Mart checkout. What took my eye was the beautiful ankles in high heel black shoes and a skirt in black cut in a handkerchief style. She was a solid girl, not more than twenty three.

But she looked comfortable in her skin and her top; also black contained two large mounds of lickable flesh.

I watched her until she was served and like Elvis; left the building.

Fourth:

Waiting at a table in the food hall at Midland. A vision in brown.

Eating an Ice cream Sundae she was bent over the table eating, leaving her breasts to find space in the air beneath her. A long sleeved brown (as mentioned previously) top sheathed her upper body

and breasts which were clearly visible.

But

I could see her nipples trying to find their own space shyly pushing against the soft pliable material.

Then;

She stood up and went to the counter.

She stood about five feet six in high heeled brown calf high boots. And her lower regions were clad in a small check, (also brown) skirt that just moulded itself to her buttocks and fell in a swoop down to her knees.

Perfection.

And she was only twenty something.

So you can see; I may be past really strong erections. and you can take the erection out of the man,

but not the erection out of the brain.

June 2007 Why; Oh Why; am I cursed to see what others do not? You might have missed the show on abc tv on saturday night.. It was called “ THE SIDE SHOW” on at 7.30p.m.

There was this creation of womanhood dressed in tights and she did a whipcracking act, whipping here and whipping there.

Ended up by whipping a rose between the host's teeth. I digress (but she was a woman of exceptional beauty) just at the end of the show she came out in tights again but it had protective pieces of iron on her lower abdomen and groin.

The reason for this was that she also had an angle grinder and proceeded to make a shower of sparks by positioning the grinder close to her place of paradise and created noise and spectacle. She bent over with legs apart and using the grinder created a shower of sparks that flowed between her legs and seemed to be coming from her arse.

It is a pity that you are not into the higher quality of culture because you probably missed this spectacle; is it not lucky that I was able to watch it with some interest and pass this highlight on to

you?

And

July 2007 In the supermarket an older woman caught my eye because she was wearing a shirred top that covered a magnificent pair of tits.

But to compliment that, her daughter was striding along behind her in a mini skirt and her breasts matched her Mothers. So there you missed that too.

Oh well another jotting in the parchment of life.

And the best part is that it is all laid out for me again to be a voyeur another day.

Please add your stories of FACTUAL things that turn you on.