

Deck show

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Caught nude and stroking

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As a night owl, I would often step out on the deck of my apartment late on summer nights in nothing but wispy shorts or a towel, and enjoy the sound of crickets and the cool night air on my bare skin. Before long I would have an erection, and the apparent privacy to take care of it. Despite being in full view of over 20 other apartments across the way and on either side, I'd drop the shorts or towel and quietly stroke my cock, watching for any activity in neighboring windows. Most were dark; some were lit by TV lights. Chances were slim of anyone looking my way in the wee hours of the morning, but there was always a possibility. The risk of being seen heightened my excitement as I slowly worked my hardon. Occasionally, someone would pull into the parking lot after a late night out, and I'd pull the towel over my lap, covering my throbbing rod from view until they went inside. From the third floor, I figured it was hard to see much detail anyway. One warm July night - four in the morning actually - I was feeling especially horny and brave. I got naked, oiled up my hard cock and stepped outside wearing nothing but a pair of small, thick rubberbands on my smooth shaven balls. (A girlfriend who like to play rough had taught me to like a little squeezing action.) I kicked back naked in a lounge chair and began to slowly massage my slick, swollen meat and tightly bound balls. With one eye on the opposite building, I edged myself to the brink and back several times over half an hour. It was just me, a slight breeze, and the crickets -- I thought. Glancing to the side, I suddenly noticed the woman from two units over, who had silently stepped out for some air, leaning on the nearest railing watching me intently. I froze, hand on my cock, and pretended not to see her. As if she was some predator that could only see motion -- ha! I was totally nude, and totally caught, without even a towel nearby. Was it time to act out the fantasy? Out of the corner of my eye I could see her still standing there silently. My cock pulsed in my hand, standing by and not backing down. Could I really do this, I wondered? My horny side consulted my logical side and concluded that if she was offended she wouldn't remain there studying the scene. Gradually I resumed my hand motions, kneading my aching balls and sliding my fist up and down my rigid, slippery shaft. I leaned back as my breath became quicker and shallower, using full slow strokes. She shifted her weight from one foot to the other, entranced. My balls wanted to contract but were restrained by the rubberbands; the tension was exquisite. I felt pressure building up inside me -- my legs started to quiver and my toes curled as my cum muscles contracted. Hot semen shot from my rock-hard cock and splashed on my shoulders and chest,

squirting spurt after spurt. My whole body rocked with the massive orgasm. As the sensations subsided, I continued to pretend I had not seen my neighbor watching. I absently wiped with my hand at the warm goo covering my body, having nothing to mop it up. After a moment of stillness, she turned and slipped back inside without a word. As I hit the shower a few minutes later, my cock grew hard again as I replayed what had just happened -- and imagined what I might do next time.