

# The Butterfly

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*Voyeur sends a love toy with unexpected results*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/toys/the-butterfly.aspx>

Often times when I watered the plants in the window of my apartment, the woman in the third floor apartment across the courtyard would find a reason to come to her window and watch me. In the summer time, I would ride my stationary exercise bike by the window for the breeze, and she would watch me from the shadows of her curtained windows. After a while, I began to see flashes of her at her window, in her under wear, or sometimes completely nude, and at other time topless. She was always standing at her window, in such a way that only I from my apartment window across the courtyard had a clear view of her. Her round and full breast, were capped with dark brown nipples. Her belly had the slight swell of a mature woman, and she sported a bottom that was round and shapely. Her Mound de Venus seemed to be forested with the luxuriantly wiry tress of Medusa, warning all away from a power to destroy. The wide hips of her endowment were the kind that comes to a woman with time. She looked to be around 38 years of age, had short-cropped hair and a dark chocolate complexion. I though she lived alone. I was sure of this, because I had observed that the lights in her apartment came on only when she was home. I saw the lady from time to time during the summer months, and it seemed to me, that the less she saw of me at my window, the bolder she became when she did see me. I recall one night, when I exercise on my bike at midnight; she opened her window, turned on her lights, arranged her curtains to restrict others view of her, and lay nude on her bed for my view. This preview, that is what I called it, lasted for thirty minutes. It was then that I decided to see what was up, I mean really up! I devised a plan to find out. First I stood in front of her building for two days, early in the mornings it was, I wanted to see exactly what time she went to work. The 1st day, I discovered that she left for work at 8 am on the dot. The next day, I went into her building at 7:45 am, rode the elevator to the 4th floor and waited; I was trying to see what apartment she lived in. At 8 am on the dot, I hear a door open and then close on the third floor. I proceeded down the steps and saw her lock her door as I passed without even a glance in my direction. I now had the apartment number. Later that day, I stood in the lobby of her building, and watched the mailman put mail in the individual mailboxes. I stepped to her mailbox, and read the name that was taped inside it. I now had all the information I needed to precede. I took a trip to my favorite toy store in Greenwich Village called the "Pink Pussy Cat". It was there that I found exactly what I was looking for. A chocolate flesh tone, battery powered, remote controlled, clit stimulating, vibrating butterfly. It

was shaped like the outer facing of a woman's genitals; only it is fashioned as a three-dimensional mirror image. It has a recess for hugging the clit, and a slight protrusion to fit into the vaginal slit. There are wings to the side, like the wings on some pads that women use for their period. Thus "Butterfly" became its name. It also had a short wire hanging down to act as the antenna for the remote signal. It functions as an anatomically correct, body hugging, vibrating, and female genital stimulator. I had now completed the second step of my plan. Returning home, I sat down at my computer to complete the third stage of the plan. I then wrote her a short letter. Dear Lady, I am a secret admirer of yours, and I suspect that you too are a secret admirer of mine. Perhaps it is not to be, that we will ever go much beyond the things we see. But there is a way in which we both can safely play. You will receive a gift of pleasure from me, and if you want to play, you should wear it night and day. We both will be happy, if I may be so bold as to say. Your secret admirer wants you to come out to play, not like before, but in a way that will give you more. I am discreet, also meek; I will be your lover night and day, if only you come out to play. Your Secret Admirer I mailed this letter off to her, and two days later, send the butterfly gift-wrapped, along with a few extra thumb size batteries. The package was sent over night express. The butterfly she received in the mail was complete except for the remote control; I kept that in my possession. I waited and watched for her thru my window. She stayed away from her window for a while, two days to be exact. But then I began to see her "flash" as I exercised by my window. I immediately activated the Butterfly's remote control and held the button down to produce just a low speed on the device I suspected was between her legs. I could tell she had it on, because she turned quickly from the window as I pushed the button on the remote. I quickly release the button, and waited a few moments to see what would happen next. She came back to the window again, and then I hit her with a full blast for 10 seconds. It was as if her knees buckled for a moment, because I saw her body dip downward, and then rise upright at the window. Off and on, while riding my bike that night, I would switch the butterfly on to make her fly. Later that night, when I saw her bedroom light go out, I powered that "metamorphic creature" on for three straight minutes. Finally I felt that she had played enough on our first play date. Let the games begin. That next morning, at 8am sharp, I stood across the street from her building as she left for work. When she turned to go down the street, while walking parallel to her. I hit her with a soft buzz and a strong jolt between her legs. The stride of her steps immediately changed. It was then that I knew we were still playing the game. For weeks we played. She got to the point; that she would stand nude at her window, as if to beg me to turn the butterfly on to soothe her clit. But it was I that was in control of this "empowerment" device. She never knew whether or not I would activate it or not. It was random and could not be anticipated with any degree of accuracy. I activated it one night as I pedaled my stationary bike; I purposely sat on the remote and signaled her winged device for 15 min. Finally when it was removed from the seat of my bike, I observed her come to the window and with what looked like a cotton face cloth, she began to wipe her leg from thigh to ankle. I guess the juices were flowing that night. When I woke to go pee at night, I turned it on. Whenever I saw her lights, I turned it on. Day and night I played, thinking up new ways to excite that button between her legs. One day, I received a package in the mail. There was a letter on top, and it said Dear Sir, I am a secret admirer

of yours too, and I know that you are a secret admirer of mine. Perhaps it is not to be, that we will ever go much beyond the things we've done. But there is a way in which we both can continue to play. Enclosed is a gift of pleasure for you. If you want to continue to play, you should carry them in the day, and chew them in the night. Day or night when you come to play, wave them in your face for me to see, for surely you should know, that a fresh pair will soon be on the way. I am not so selfish that I would deny you the joy of your work, chew them for me and you will soon see. We both will be happy, if I may be so bold as to say. Your secret admirer wants you to come out to play, not like before, but in a way that will give you more. I am discreet, and also meek, I will be your lover night and day, but only if you come out to play. Your Secret Admirer Ps, Send more batteries Enclosed was a bright red pair of stained in the crotch panties, wrapped in a plastic bag. They were still moist in the crotch to the touch, and so I held them to my nose. A vision of lust, sex, passion and desire, found a place on my palate as well as the nerve endings of my nasal passage. The game had turned, for now I was being played. I smiled as I proceeded to the window with the wet crotch of her bright red panties clutched between my lips.