



OUR LITTLE VOYEUR

SOMETIMES THE BIGGEST ORGASMS OCCUR FOR THE LITTLEST REASONS...

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How George and Elena rekindled a spark they didn't know had gone out.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/voyeur/our-little-voyeur.aspx>

This story only available on Lush Stories. "Is she really there, darling?" he whispered near his wife's ear as he slid his penis between her oily breasts. "Mmmm..." she smiled in answer as she lapped at his helmet with her tongue every time it emerged from her deep cleavage. He stepped up his pace, knees on either side of her as she lay below him, almost parallel to the window, lit from either side with little lamps placed to shine directly onto their bodies. She gripped his buttocks, feeling the muscles tauten as he pushed his cock through her hot, heaving breasts. She tweaked and pulled on her nipples as he placed his hands behind his head, allowing the eyes from the oak tree to see as his shaft entered and returned between the two rippling mountains. Sweat began to drip from him as his mind began to go blank. He knew he should be fingering Elena's pussy, but it was just so good feeling her mouth breathing hard and her tongue and lips desperately trying to get purchase on him. Sliding, sliding, faster and faster... "George!" She snapped his name, and he was mentally dragged back. Elena wriggled under him until he moved enough for her to turn her back to the window. Then she leaned down until her head and shoulders were on the soft floor rug, her breasts slightly drooping now, and leaving the eyes in the oak tree a grand view of the whole stretch of her inverted body. Her hips were only just on the edge of the bed, legs splayed, and George shuffled round to gaze upon a stunning display of her gaping, dripping pussy. His cock immediately grew harder and he grabbed her legs, pushing her down so that she was further down on her back. Then he climbed off the bed and slightly squatted over her. They were right by the window, and the eyes in the oak tree watched as Elena leaned her body against George, with her knees near her shoulders, and he took hold of his gleaming, pulsating cock. He slid it, deep red with raised veins pumping for all they were worth, between Elena's open, swollen lips, sliding her juices around the short, curly hairs, that shone so stickily in the lamplight. "You want it, sugar? You want my cock inside you?" "Oh god, yes! Fuck me!" she gasped. With the patience of a rather filthy saint, he slowly slid into her pussy, struggling to resist the urge to fuck hard and deep until he knew the watcher got to see the entry. He heard the little rustle of the leaves, and took that as his sign to fuck her hard. And he did. Withdrawing until he was just inside Elena's entrance, he plunged in as far as he could, forgetting the display he was trying to give, and grabbing her legs so roughly to get her closer, that he heaved her up and off the floor. Suddenly staggering back and onto the bed, Elena climbed her way up, frustrated. "Damn you, George! If you can't stand to bang my pussy hard, you can lie there whilst I bang your cock!" She squatted low over him, knowing the watcher had a perfect view of her oiled breasts and George's

sack and rock-hard cock, with a long, shining string of pussy nectar dangling down from her poised hole just above. "Oohhh..." said the oak tree. Elena grabbed George and lowered herself onto him. When she was satisfied she was balanced safely, she began to move up and down, slowly at first, and then increasing the pace until the eyes in the oak tree could hear her ass cheeks slapping up and down with the force of her thrusting. "Ahhh, fuck... fuck..." George was paralysed on the bed, thinking fireworks and shooting stars as his cock exploded deep into Elena's pussy, and her continued thrusting on his spurting splashed the hot cum over them both. She frantically fingered her clit and came in spasms, suddenly grinding herself into George in circles as the waves of molten fire gushed through her and spread over George's balls. She collapsed backwards onto him, letting the watcher see George's softening cock still deep in her hole, with dripping cum from both of them oozing down onto the sheets. The cool night breeze fingered them both, lapping at the mess, just like the watcher was fingering herself too, sucking on her own pussy juice-covered fingers as she came in hip-thrusting, buttock-clenching joy. What a great fucking session that was! George and Elena lay there gasping and panting, enjoying the gentle breeze on their hot skin, and resting a moment. They did not move until they heard the rustling of the oak leaves, the gentle sounds of their watcher climbing down the ladder from the little treehouse, and the swishing noise as her little legs took her through the long grass and away from the house. Elena rolled off George, stretched out for a cigarette from the nightstand, and lit it with trembling fingers. She took a long, hard drag, and held it to George's lips, knowing he was too far gone to do it himself. He took a drag, holding the smoke in as long as he could, and then blew it out in a long, controlled stream. "I'm glad our little voyeur is back," she said, sucking more of the nicotine haze in hungrily. "Me too, darling. Me too." They lay there and slept a while, happy and sleepy in the cool-down of their session. * * * * *

***** George and Elena had been married for twenty six years, and people who have been married for twenty six years know when the spark has died. It isn't always instant. Sometimes, they just wake up one day, and think, "Oh crap. The spark's gone out." Usually, they just wake up, and carry on as they had been doing. It is only when the spark has been re-lit that they realise the spark had died at all. And that's how it happened for George and Elena. This is not some long, drawn-out exposition about the ins and outs of George and Elena's marriage and the details of their boring sex rituals, you will be glad to know. It is simply a little tale to show how sometimes, the spark can be rekindled in the smallest way, a tiny way that you could never have even dreamed up. But if you are watching for it, and if you are aware of your surroundings, you may suddenly see the source of the ignition of that dead spark you'd not even realised was missing. To not watch for it may mean that you miss it altogether, and the spark stays dead and long gone. For both George and Elena, they discovered the new spark at the same time, although neither of them was aware of it. It was whilst they were having sex. The usual sex. The passionless, boring, ritual sex that they usually had. It was more of an affirmation that they shared a bed together, and beds were not just for sleeping. Sometimes, George thought it was good to test the springs out, and he usually lacked the energy to jump on the mattress. For Elena, it was nice to have some sheets to wash that actually looked dirty for a change. Elena preferred doggy-style sex, ass up, head down, deep penetration, less

wear and tear on her back. George preferred cowgirl style, lying down, so he could watch Elena's full breasts bouncing, and save his twinging knees slight discomfort the next day. They began one spring evening as they always did, lying side by side, with one lamp on, and Elena stroking George's cock. She did it more from habit than from desire, but George rather liked it, so he never complained. After a while, George would lift Elena's cotton nightie, and run his finger through her cropped hairs, just long enough to curl a little. Then he would finger her pussy to make sure she was wet, before they both got naked, and ran their hands cursorily over each other's bodies. Next stop was Elena's ass raised high and George working his way deep. When he began to groan more from knee pain than his cock buried in her wetness, he would lie down, and Elena would finish the deed. And then they would sleep. So there they were, dead spark, one cock being stroked, one pussy being fingered. And it just so happened, that Elena glanced out of the window into the oak tree with its half-formed leaves still leaving the little treehouse window visible. George had made it for the children, now two gangling post-graduates who lived elsewhere. It was at the back of the house, which faced open meadowland and solemn, grass-chewing cattle. But tonight, as Elena felt her pussy fingered by steadfast fingering George, she stroking his familiar cock, and blankly looking out the window for lack of anywhere else to look, she saw the face. The face was watching them, and she quickly looked away, her breath catching in her throat. George heard the gasp, and thought he'd suddenly seriously turned her on. So he put a bit more effort and concentration into what he was doing, and changed his rhythm and pressure a little. Elena couldn't help moaning with this delightful new touch, and enjoyed the feel as she thought of the face watching them. It was a small, heart-shaped face, with round apple cheeks and almond-shaped eyes. Was it a dream? Had she imagined it? She slyly sneaked a peek past George, who was now raised on one elbow and administering flickering fingers to Elena's clitoris with a new enthusiasm. Yes, the face was still there. Watching. Cripes, Elena was wet! George was delighted. All of a sudden, Elena raised herself up, pushing George down onto his back, and, smearing her fingers through her juices, she wrapped them round his cock and began to suck him as if she discovered a delicious new drink that she couldn't get enough of. And she had. She really, really had. She remembered how she used to do this to him when they were courting, out in the meadows in their first summer together, and she loved it. And mostly, she loved the fact that there was somebody watching her, ass in the air and sucking her husband's twitching cock. George lay there, feeling this wife of his, who had suddenly developed a suction-pump for a mouth, suck and lick his cock for all she was worth. He put one arm behind his head, and reached down for her juicy fingers, sucking and licking them even as she sucked and licked him. He watched the lamplight bouncing off the two orbs of her ass behind her, pointing towards to the window, naked and vulnerable. And then he saw the face. The face was watching them, and he quickly looked away, his breath catching in his throat. What an exquisite little face it was, the tiny snapshot that burned itself into his mind in that one fleeting moment. It was definitely a her, definitely a female. Was she a sprite? A piskie? A fairy? Either way, she was watching him get sucked hard and fast, and... mmmm... His hips thrust involuntarily as he came into Elena's hot mouth. "Fuck..." he moaned, biting his lip and letting the happy blackness overtake him for a few seconds. When he opened his eyes

again, Elena was licking up the spunk that had escaped her sucking as he spurted, and he felt the blood rushing in again. He heaved himself up, and pushed Elena down onto her back, checking briefly to see if the face was still watching. Yes, the face was still there. He spread Elena's legs wide, and pressed his nose between her lips, sucking up and down either side and giving teasing little licks around her clitoris as she writhed at his touch. He sucked upon her, running his nose, tongue and chin up and down her, squeezing handfuls of her flesh and running his fingertips in patters over her hips before easing them inside her soaking hole and finger-fucking her deeply. His cock was stiff again already. Suddenly, she wrapped her legs tightly around his neck, and smothered his face deep into her slickness as she came hard and fast, hips bouncing and thrusting and threatening to do his neck an injury. But he really didn't mind. They both thought of the little face in the oak treehouse, watching them fucking, and it made them hot. Very hot. George slid off the bed, dragging Elena down it by the ankles, until her pussy was just over the edge at the end, opposite the window. She couldn't stop him; she was still in her orgasmic ecstasy. Holding her legs on either side of him, he thrust full-length inside her, and fucked her hard over the edge of the bouncing bed, watching her breasts wobble around like two large jellies. She could do nothing but lie there and take the fucking. And blimey, did she take it! As they lay side by side again afterwards, neither of them said anything, but they both wondered if the other had known that the face was watching them. And neither of them felt like they could mention it. To do so would not only prove a possible disappointment that the other one had noticed and was disgusted that the other got off on it, but it might be worse; it might be that they hadn't noticed, and the one who had would feel guilty that they couldn't feel that passionate without being watched. So neither said anything. But it became an unspoken pattern that Tuesdays and Fridays was Fuck Night. Because Tuesdays and Fridays was when the face was peering out from the oak treehouse, watching. Neither George nor Elena considered, really, who the face belonged to, or where she had come from. To know would somehow take the excitement and mystery from Fuck Nights. And so, they continued in their explorations of each others' bodies, and whilst they often felt the urge to fuck each other senseless without the watcher, it was never as hot as when she was. But one day, the little face was not there any more. And the next day she was due, the little face was not there. And not there. And not there. And not there. Rather than just not feeling so horny, George and Elena each began to worry. They started to snap at each other, and be grumpy. They would go to bed early, hopeful, and vigilant, but still the little face was not there. One night, Elena decided she needed to say something. "Darling?" "Yes?" "I need to talk to you about something." She suddenly wished she had thought about what she was going to say. "I need to talk to you about something too," replied George. "You first," she said quickly. "No, no, darling. You first." Elena sighed, got out of bed, and walked towards the open window. As she was considering how to begin, George got out of bed too, and came to stand beside her. She was surprised when he took her hand. And then she understood. George knew about the watcher too. "Oh George, she isn't here any more. Do you think she's alright?" "I don't know," he replied, miserably. "What do you think we should do?" "Well, we could look in the treehouse for clues, but I never saw her before, and I don't know who she is, or where she came from. I don't even know how she found us." "I miss her. And I'm worried." Elena was

quite teary, and George couldn't stand it. He had to do something. He pulled on a jumper, put on some shoes, found a torch, and climbed up into the little treehouse. Elena was almost within touching distance as she peered through the leaves. "Can you see anything?" "Owch!" George bashed his head on the low doorframe. He shone his torch round, and reached into the tiny room. He grabbed what he found, climbed down, and went back into the house. Elena came down to the kitchen to make drinks. George laid out what he had found. There was a small pair of pink knickers, obviously worn, and damp with the evening air. There was a six inch tan-coloured dildo, a box of tissues, and a small white carrier bag with an empty bottle of Sprite, and three empty Sainsburys bakery bags, each with a label on that said "Gingerbread Man – 1" on it. And that was all. "Well, we know she likes gingerbread men, I guess," said George. "And pink knickers," smiled Elena. Short of hanging around Sainsburys, of which there were two in their town, there was nothing they could do to find their little watcher. Months past, and they spent their nights wistfully cuddling up to each other, and wondering where she was. They still fucked, but never like before. They clung to each other more out of bereavement than passion, seeking solace in each other rather than orgasms. Because without their little watcher, it just didn't seem right. They had become a threesome, a triplet marriage. But there came a day when Elena needed to go to the doctor for a sore throat. On reaching reception, she tried to use the touch-screen computer, but it never worked at their surgery. So she went to the desk, and waited. Suddenly, she saw a brown head of hair bobbing around under the high desk. "Excuse me," she rasped. "Can I help you?" asked the voice. "I need to book in. I've got a ten past ten appointment with Dr. Bruce." "Alright," replied the cheery voice. "Take a seat and he'll be with you when he's free. He's running on time today, for once." Elena laughed. "What are you doing down there?" she asked. "I filing some papers in the cabinets." "Can't they put the cabinets higher so you don't have to bend down?" There was a pause, and then the sound of walking. A little person came around the corner of the high desk, with a big grin on her face. "If they put the cabinets higher, I'll need a stepladder." They stood, smiling at each other. And then a flush crossed both of their faces. They knew each other instantly. They stood there staring at each other, neither knowing what to say. The spell was suddenly broken by Dr. Bruce walking into the reception area and asking if Elena was there yet. Flushed, she responded, and both women turned away, wishing they could speak, and yet neither speaking. When Elena returned to reception, the little person was perched on a tall stool, tapping away on her keyboard. "Thank you," said Elena, too afraid to say anything else, and walking slowly towards the door, hoping that the little person would say something. "Bye, then," she replied. "I hope you feel better fast." And she waved quickly, and returned to her typing. Elena dashed home to wait for George to come home from work. "George, I found her! I found her!" "Found who, darling?" "Our little voyeur! She works at the doctor's office! And it's Tuesday. Perhaps she will come tonight. Maybe she will come back. Oh, she's just lovely. She's so tiny, an actual little person. I knew she must be little to fit into the treehouse, but she actually is little." "What do you mean?" "She's a dwarf. Oh, she has such a lovely smile. I hope she'll be back tonight." "A dwarf? Like a midget?" "George!" Elena was scandalised. "You can't say 'midget'. It's offensive. You can say 'little person'. But I think she's an actual dwarf, because her torso is about the same as for a person made like us, but her legs and

arms are very little. I think she may have some bone problems.” “How do you know so much about it?” “Oh, one of the children at the boys’ school was a dwarf.” “Well, whatever she is, I miss her, and I hope we’ll see her tonight.” George and Elena passed the rest of the day excitedly, pinching each others’ bottoms, and squeezing various parts of their anatomy every time they passed each other. But that night, as they lay in bed waiting for her, that’s all they did. They waited. “Do you think she doesn’t like us any more?” asked Elena. “I don’t know,” said George glumly. “Perhaps she’ll come on Friday.” But Friday swung round, and there was no little voyeur. The next Tuesday swung round too, and still she wasn’t there. Finally, on the next Thursday evening, George suggested that the next day, they should buy her three gingerbread men, one to represent each one of them, and leave them at the doctor’s surgery for her. Elena thought that was a wonderful idea, and early the next morning, she went to Sainsburys. She bought a little shining rosette ribbon too, the kind they put on presents, and stuck it on the little bag. Desperately hoping she would be there, Elena entered the surgery and made her way to reception. Thank goodness, there she was, talking on the phone. They both tentatively smiled at each other, and the little person help up a tiny forefinger, as if to say “one moment, please”. Elena stood there uncomfortably. She had been trying to work out what to say, but she just couldn’t think of anything. So she gingerly slid the little bag of gingerbread men towards her, smiled again, and left quickly. All day long, Elena and George fidgeted, and all that evening kept giving each other reassuring pats and strokes. They had added a large floor cushion and blanket, a new bottle of Sprite, with a glass and a tupperware box of gingerbread men, and replaced the knickers, dildo and tissues. George had also chopped down a few overhanging branches so it was easier to see through to the bedroom window. They were desperately afraid their little voyeur had tired of them, and nervously, they climbed, naked, onto the bed and lay hand in hand, with the little lamps on, window open, waiting. And then... they heard the swishing of little legs through the long grass at the side of the house, and the little noises of little legs climbing up the ladder of the oak tree. There was the rustling of leaves, and to mask the sound of the little voyeur settling down and getting comfortable, George grabbed a bottle of baby oil, and squeezed it over Elena’s breasts, ready for her to give him what was going to be the tit-wank of his life. “Is she really there, darling?” he whispered near his wife’s ear as he slid his penis between her oily breasts... This story only available on Lush Stories.