

# surprise

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*unexpected voyeur surprise*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/voyeur/surprise.aspx>

It was in the run-up to Christmas. We had been invited to a number of parties and the only reason we attended yet another one was because they were good friends and they were concerned about how many would come. I had to work early the next morning so I couldn't drink much and mid-way through the evening I was the only one sober and the only one not laughing. My wife was chatting to our neighbour who was there alone because his wife and kids were away for the week. I wandered across, my wife loves a flirt and enjoys the attention she gets from men. My neighbour looked like he was talking to her breasts which at 36c are definitely worth looking at. I suggested we should go home as I needed to get to bed and this was greeted by groans of disappointment from both of them. My neighbour, who was also a work colleague, offered to walk my wife home and see her safely indoors. I thanked him, kissed my wife and left the party.

I am not sure if I slept and woke up or if I was always awake, but by 2 a.m. my wife had not arrived and I started to get concerned. I eventually decided to go and look for her. I returned to the party which was just a few minutes up the road, only to learn that both my wife and my neighbour had left some time before, nobody could be sure exactly when. I returned home and could see that my neighbour's living room lights were on and felt slightly relieved to know that they were probably safely inside. I rang the bell and the door was opened by my neighbour who started blurting about my wife popping in for a nightcap. I walked through to the living room to see my wife on the sofa, legs curled under and a glass of brandy in her hand. I explained that I had been concerned and she promised to come home as soon as she had finished her drink. Thinking nothing more of it, I said ok and I would let myself out.

As I was leaving, I glanced into the downstairs toilet to see that there were a pair of panties and tights on the floor. I quickly let myself out. My heart was now pounding. I was trying to figure an innocent reason why my wife should have removed her panties. Had she had an accident? Probably not. Had she pee'd in my neighbour's toilet while he was watching? Again probably not. I went straight outside and tried to think what to do. I went to the front window to try and see through the curtains, but they

were tightly drawn with no gap at all. The room also had side windows which were quite high up, but more importantly, the other side of a six foot fence. I pondered whether I could climb it quietly and decided that the music coming from the room was probably loud enough to mask any sound. I got over easily, but quickly found that it was all in vain as the curtains were also tightly drawn and I couldn't see anything. Then I noticed a pair of stepladders leaning against the wall and looking up I could see a chink of light coming from the top of both of the windows. I was up the ladders quick as you like and positioned myself to look into the living room, half expecting my wife still curled up on the sofa and my neighbour in the armchair.

My wife was still on the sofa. Her skirt was around her waist, her legs were wide open and my neighbour's tongue was licking up through her labia and flicking across her clit, lapping at her pussy whilst holding her legs open with his hands. My wife had her breasts out and she was playing with her nipples, tweaking them and pulling on them whilst thrusting her hips towards his mouth. My heart was now going into overdrive and my stomach started knotting as the adrenaline began to flow. My dick was hard and I found myself rubbing up and down while I watched. This was truly voyeuristic. My wife was beginning to redden around her neck and chest, a sure sign that she was about to cum, but he spoiled the moment for her by pulling her off the sofa onto the floor and sticking his dick in her mouth. I hadn't noticed his dick before. It was bigger than mine, which I found somehow irritating, and it was thrusting in and out of my wife's mouth like a piston. Now that they had moved, my view of them was not so good and I decided to try the other window. I quietly moved the ladders, cursing at their creaking and squeaking, and placed them under the other window. The view from there was fantastic. My wife was holding his dick in both hands gently rubbing it against her tits while his hand fumbled with her pussy. I could see his fingers sliding in and out and his thumb on her clit. This went on for some time before my wife's hand suddenly took over on her pussy and she frigged herself to an orgasm while he watched. Then she rolled onto her back and he sat astride her, titty fucking and playing with her pussy. She doesn't like her pussy being played with after an orgasm and sure enough she reached down and moved his hand away. Then she cupped his balls with one hand and started rubbing his dick with the other and pretty soon his cum jetted across her tits and into her face and hair.

I rushed home, via the back fence, still hard, still heart racing and very very horny. Minutes later my wife appeared, slightly dishevelled and unsteady. I asked her if anything had happened and she immediately denied any wrong doing insisting they had just been chatting about his relationship with his wife. Then I told her I had watched it all and she reached for my dick and asked if it had excited me. I had her over the kitchen table and lasted all of 30 seconds before cumming. I asked her where her panties were and she said they were still in his toilet. She had needed a pee on the way home and had gone behind a wheelie bin while he watched, but she had also pee'd on her panties. She said that he had told her that her pussy was sensual and luscious, which it is, and so much nicer than his wife's and she had decided to go back to his place so he could get a better look. Good neighbours

are hard to come by.