

# The Closet Hideaway

By ArtMan

Published on Lush Stories on 15 Jul 2011

**Copyright 2012 ArtMan Literary Enterprises — All Rights Reserved.**

*Forced to watch hot sex while hiding in the closet.*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/voyeur/the-closet-hideaway.aspx>

Chuck had been working for his Uncle Gino in the family's private investigation and security business for the past three years since dropping out of college. He had been sent by Uncle Gino to install some video and electronic surveillance equipment in an apartment. Hiding and setting up surveillance devices is what Chuck did best and he loved what he did. He had been slightly nervous as he encountered the doorman at the entrance of the apartment building but a quick nod by the doorman assured Chuck that his cousin Tony, had already done his job, which was to bribe him into letting Chuck, dressed as the cable TV installer, pass without confirming that he had an appointment with a resident. Chuck walked in the front door carrying his tool box and went up the elevator to the fourth floor. If everything went as planned no one would be at home. He had been told that the lady that lived in the apartment would be at work. The job was considered routine. It was for a pharmaceutical corporation that regularly kept surveillance on certain employees that had access to certain research on drugs with patent potential. Chuck glanced at his note for the apartment number and right away located apartment number 407. He slipped the long pin out of his pocket and slid it into the lock. It only took about ten seconds and he had the entry knob and the deadbolt unlocked. Chuck was proud of his ability to open locks. He slid quietly into the apartment. There was plenty of light being as it was the middle of the afternoon. Chuck noticed that the apartment was lavishly furnished with original oil paintings and expensive furniture. He wondered how much a fancy apartment in an upscale apartment building like this would cost. After looking around for good places to conceal his devices, Chuck began to go about his task. He soon had a camera lens installed in the alarm clock by the bed, a microphone hidden behind the painting hanging on her wall behind the bed. He moved into the living room and quickly installed a microphone in the silk plant on the coffee table, another camera lens went into the control panel of the stereo and he then installed the bugging device into the cordless telephone. Just as Chuck had tightened the mouthpiece back onto the telephone he heard voices at the door. He then heard keys. Panic set in. His heartbeat felt like it would come through his chest. He quickly grabbed his tool satchel and made a quick dash for the bedroom and slid into the closet pulling the louvered doors shut behind him. This had never happened to Chuck before and he

was actually feeling angry at his cousin Tony who had told him the apartment would definitely be unoccupied and that he had all the time necessary to do a thorough job of installing the surveillance equipment. Chuck could hear voices in the living room, a woman and a man. Then he saw the woman, who had straight medium length blond hair, turn the corner into the bedroom then walk over to the bed turning to face the man. Chuck could see that she was dressed in a dark gray pin striped lady's business suit and seemed quite sophisticated. The skirt she wore was short and she wore black heels and tan stockings. She was a very attractive lady, probably in her early thirties. The man wearing an expensive looking gray suit, tailor made by the look of the cut, nonchalantly, leaned against the door with his shoulder, both hands in his trouser pockets, one leg crossing the other heel up with the tip toe of his shoe touching the floor. He looked to be mid-forties, prematurely silver-haired, his hair somewhat long and wavy. The woman said to the man, "Well, is this when we consummate the deal?" He looked at her and paused before he answered, "Yes." Chuck knew he was onto something but his off-location receiving equipment was not set up. He thought quickly and remembered that he had a microcassette recorder in his tool satchel and very quietly reached for it and was lucky enough that a cassette was already in place. He quietly squeezed the record button and placed it in the front chest pocket of his jump suit. Then the man said to her, "When you all work out the final formula you are to call me at the number I gave you and leave a message. You are to retrieve the exact ingredient list and a sample of the drug. I will contact you where to make the drop." She asked, "And the money?" "It will be wired to the account number you gave me," The man answered. "In fact I will wire the down payment this afternoon after I leave." He went on, "You are not to spend any of it for at least six months after. He paused and started back in a serious tone, "that is very important. You do understand don't you?" The woman removing her suit jacket and tossing it over the back of a nearby chair replied, "No problem." Chuck could not believe what he had stumbled onto. He was hoping that this information could get him a pay raise or a bonus. He would be sure to ask Uncle Gino for that once he got back to the office, but most of all he just wished to get out of that apartment undetected. Then Chuck watched in amazement as the blond lady unbuttoned her white silk blouse and tossed it also over the back of the chair and then immediately removed her bra revealing her firm breasts, most likely implants from the look of them and large silver dollar nipples. The man stepped forward and took her breasts in his hands and caressed them softly as he looked into her eyes. "These a very good work," he said to her. "Thanks," she answered. Then the man stepped back and removed his suit jacket tossing it to the edge of the bed revealing a large pistol in a shoulder holster, possibly a .45 semi-automatic. Chuck could feel his own adams apple jump up and down and his heart felt like it would stop as renewed fears of panic overtook him. The man removed the holster and dropped it on his jacket on the bed. Immediately he then grabbed the woman and kissed her. Chuck watched but could not move. As the couple kissed the man's hands dropped to her waste grabbing her by the buttocks and squeezing them firmly. He then pushed her almost violently back onto the bed. She looked back at him and nervously laughed. Then she spreads her legs apart wide for him to look up her skirt. She giggled then asked, "Is this what you want?" "That's what I am going to take," the man said firmly. He then started to undress removing his tie shirt, trousers and

boxer shorts as the woman lay on the bed but maneuvering just enough to remove her skirt. Chuck saw that the man was remarkably built for his age, very well muscled with a six-pack stomach and he had what looked like it might be a military special forces tattoo on his upper arm at the deltoid muscle and some scars on his back. The woman looked at them man and said, "You have quite a body." "You do too," he responded. And Chuck looking at her thought to himself that he wholeheartedly agreed. She lay there now in only her very sheer white bikini panties, garter belt, stockings and black heels. She was looking at the man with a seductive expression while running her hands slowly and erotically over her body, squeezing and pinching her own nipples. The man stood at the foot of her bed watching her. By the time he started toward her his cock was straight out in front of him already fully erect. He quickly pounced on the bed over her then began to kiss her passionately. They rolled over side-by-side on the bed while french kissing and his hands went into her panties. Chuck gulped hard as he watched. Chuck could feel his own sweat beading up on his forehead in disbelief that he was stuck hiding in the closet watching this. The thought of dashing out of the closet and out of the apartment did cross Chuck's mind but he realized that the man's gun was too close for him to retrieve and besides if Chuck could stay as quiet and not utter a sound he may never be discovered and can slip out after the man and woman finish having sex and vacate the premises. Chuck then watched as the man rather violently ripped the woman's panties from her and he tossed them to the floor. It rather took her by surprise and Chuck could not tell whether she gasped in fear or arousal at that. The man then sat up at the head oh her bed his back to the headboard and took her face in his hand and led it down to his cock while he said, "I want you to give me the best head of my life." She began to suck his cock. Chuck could see her mouth taking the man's penis in and out, then watched as she slid her tongue up and down the length of it stopping to tease the head of the man's cock with the tip of her tongue. "Your doing good so far," the man said to her, "now lick my balls." Her head disappeared under his crotch while her tongue began to caress his balls. He then pushed her head lower and he demanded, "lick my ass damnit!" She raised her head somewhat dismayed and surprised and asked, "What?" "You heard me," he said, "lick my damn ass, kiss my fucking asshole and tongue it real good." He had hold of her by the hair by then and he shoved her face down lower. Chuck watched in astonishment as the very attractive professional looking blond lady began to lick and tongue the man's asshole. "Ooooh yes, like that," the man moaned. She didn't say a word back just continued to erotically lick his asshole until the man pulled her head up by her blond hair. "That's enough," he said. Then he eased her on to her back. He then crawled down between her legs and said, "Let's get you wet." He spread her legs apart wide revealing some rather prominent pink labia highlighted beneath a small blond triangular trim job. Then he buries his face between her legs. As his tongue started lapping at her pussy she began to slowly rotate her torso, her back arching upward off of the bed. The man gripped her by her sides still licking and tonguing her pussy. Soon his slid his hand between her legs and some fingers into her pussy as he still licked it. He stopped and lifted his face to look at her all while his fingers were working inside her pussy finger fucking her. Chuck could feel his penis grow inside his phony cable TV jump suit as he watched through the louvered slats. He was very aroused watching this love sex show unveil before him. Still he knew the danger that lurked there should he be

discovered hiding in the closet. The man slid his very wet fingers out of her very wet pussy and crawled on all fours mounting her and pushing his cock into her. Her legs were spread wide beneath him as he began to push deep into her wet cunt. "Oh God yes!" the lady screamed out as the silver haired man began pounding her with his thrusts. The man let out an occasional grunt or moan as he continued humping away at the blonde lady. Her passionate cries consistently moaning out as her legs pushed outward and back in some with his every thrust. Chuck could not believe he was barely a few feet away watching this amazing fuck. Then the man gripped the woman by her blond hair and pulled her upward and then onto her hands and knees and he grunted out, "I hope you like it from the back." "It doesn't matter if you do or not, you're getting it from the back!" he firmly informed her. "I like it fine," she retorted. He then pushed his cock into her well lubed pussy from the dogstyle position with the lady's blond hair held tightly in his fist as he started pushing in and out of her. His hand held her head back upright. Chuck could see the expressions on her face, her eyes rolling back in her head as she screamed out, her face exhibiting expressions of sexual pleasure as her cunt was being drilled from behind. The silver-haired man then boldly asked her, "Do you have any lube?" "Why? Am I not wet enough for you?" she quickly asked. "Oh, your cunt is plenty wet enough," he replied. Then the gray-haired man stated, "I want to fuck your asshole." Chuck could see the lady quietly mouth the word, "shit." She then replied, "It's in the nightstand." The man got up and went over to the nightstand retrieving a clear bottle of lube. He then got back behind the lady and squirted lube on her asshole as he also squirted some all over his cock. He then roughly tossed the bottle of lube away and it smacked against the louvered closet doors behind which Chuck was hidden away, Chuck was startled just a little but still he did not make a sound, standing there unflinching but sweating profusely from nervousness. The man then slowly pushed his erect cock into the woman's asshole as she winced. Once he was in he began to push in and out of her quickly. After a couple of minutes it seemed to Chuck as if the lady had warmed to the ass fucking as she was moaning loudly again and started using her hand to masturbate her clit as the man kept pounding his cock into her ass. Then Chuck was again startled and so was the lady as he heard a loud smack and then she had yelled out, "OH!" The man had smacked her ass with his open hand and he laughed. Then for good measure he smacked her ass hard again all while his other hand gripped her blond hair very tightly. Chuck watched as the man continued pounding in and out of her, the bed squeaking with each thrust, the lady still fingering her pussy and moaning heavily. Chuck had found himself erect during this entire sex show he found himself having to witness. But he still couldn't wait for it to end so he could safely escape. Then as Chuck watched, the man stopped thrusting into the woman and pulled her head back toward him forcing her on her knees on the bed in front of him and then held her face firmly in place. The man, now stroking his cock which was still wet from her vaginal juices, exploded semen all over the lady's face. He still held her by the hair and said to her, "That pretty face would make a great picture with my cum all over it." Then he laughed. He stepped off the bed and started gathering up his clothes and putting them on. The lady just sat back on her bed, her back against the headboard sitting there watching him while she still had cum dripping off her face. As he began to tie his tie looking in the mirror of her dresser he said to her, "I'll come by once a week until this job is done and

I'll expect the same entertainment each time. Is that clear?" "Yes," she sheepishly replied. "So you better get used to eating ass," he said. She did not reply. The silver-haired man then stated "I may bring a friend with me sometimes." "A friend?" she asked in a startled and annoyed manner. "Yes, a friend, hell, I might bring two or three," he said sharply. "Are you going to be okay with that?" he asked gruffly. "Why not," she said, obviously not thrilled at the prospect of having to whore out to him and his partners also. Then he said, "Hell, we are going to make you a very rich woman in a few months, you should have to show some real appreciation." "Understood," she replied, "it will not be a problem." "Good, that's what I wanted to hear," He then said. "Remember I am going to the bank right now to make your first installment," the man stated. Then he said, "I'll call you next Tuesday," as he walked out the bedroom door. Chuck soon heard the front door of the apartment close. He was very relieved and was sure glad to see that the .45 semi-automatic was gone. The blond lady got up from the bed and removed her garter and stockings. "Asshole!" she blurted out loud to herself. She stopped at the dresser mirror and looked at herself grabbing a tissue from the box on the dresser she began to wipe the cum off her face and where it had dripped onto her breasts and stomach. Still looking in the mirror and looking at herself she said out loud, "Remember you WILL be rich, it will all be worth it." Then the blond lady went into her bathroom and started the water in the shower. Chuck used this opportunity to click off the record button on the microcassette recorder. Next he waited for the lady to step into the shower. As soon as he heard her close the shower door he grabbed his tool satchel and quietly walked across the room stopping at the bathroom door to peek in. When he saw her in the shower with her back to the door he quickly passed by and then eased out the front door. What an incredible relief he felt. He touched the microcassette recorder in his pocket and thought of how proud his uncle would be of him for recording all of that evidence. Chuck then got on the elevator went down stairs and to his van across the street. On the drive back to the office he was thinking of the great story he would have to tell that evening when he and the cousins go out for pizza and beer.