

The Window

By DirtyMartini

Published on Lush Stories on 28 Oct 2009

All stories, poems and plays copyright Alan W. Jankowski.

A divorced man has a young neighbor who doesn't mind giving the world a show through her window.

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

After my wife and I divorced the first thing I did after the ink on the divorce papers dried was to move back to the city. I was originally from the city and I had missed it. My wife was a bit of a country girl and our compromise of living in the suburbs was never completely satisfying to me. I missed the vast array of bars, clubs and theaters that the city offered. In addition I missed the vast array of beautiful women. Of course the city had other advantages, like if I ever wanted to buy a TV set at four in the morning it was nice to know I could.

I found a decent job through a friend of mine at a small start-up firm so my income was decent. I also managed to find a decent one-bedroom apartment downtown in my old stomping grounds. Moving downtown immediately brought back memories of all night parties and excessive drinking and other activities, though now that I was a middle-aged man in my forties that was not what I was looking forward to. I was however looking forward to sampling the endless variety of restaurants and women in the area, if not in that order. I quickly met a rather attractive brunette, about fifteen years my junior, at a local watering hole. She had brown eyes and a warm smile. She was trying to make a living as a writer though she was unable to really do that well at it. She shared a small apartment with a friend she had known since high school. Sharon liked to try new restaurants and was a great conversationalist. She also had a lot of energy in the bedroom. Maybe it was because she really didn't work full time, but whatever the reason, I certainly wasn't complaining.

Our first Friday night together found us at a local Indian restaurant. While conversing over our curry, we arranged to go hunting around the local shops for some furniture I still needed for the apartment. I had a bed and a sofa and a few other items, but there was a lot needed and I was glad to have Sharon's advice in my furniture shopping. We hit a local blues bar after our Indian food and spent most of the night back at my place breaking in the new mattress. Even though it was in the city, the apartment was relatively quiet. The apartment was in the back of the building. Although I did not have a view out my window of the street below, I did not have the traffic noise either. My bedroom window

overlooked the building next door: an old brick building that was no doubt a century old. After our lovemaking we snuggled up in each other's arms, the light of the moon shining through the window delicately lighting Sharon's beautiful brown hair as she rested her head on my chest.

The next day went well. Sharon and I perused various downtown antique shops and amassed a variety of items the new place sorely needed. We had lunch at an outdoor cafe enjoying the people watching. We had dinner at a new Vietnamese restaurant Sharon had read about. Afterwards we took our belongings and headed back to the apartment. We had fun arranging the new pieces as well as hanging the pictures Sharon picked out. We got along well together and there was always laughter. As I was on a stool hammering the nail to hang the picture Sharon had selected for the bedroom, I could not help but notice a window across the way as I glanced out my own window while atop the stool. It was dark out and the window on the old building gave full access to the goings-on inside. Through the window, one floor below, I could see a beautiful young girl with short blonde hair. She was lying on the bed naked. She appeared to be talking on the phone while touching her womanhood somewhat randomly.

"You OK?" Sharon asked.

"Oh, yeah baby." I must have had that deer in the headlight look. "Just thinking what a great time we had tonight."

"Yes, it was wonderful."

Yes, it was wonderful. As I hammered the nail in, I tried to keep focused on the task at hand. If my eyes wandered out the window too long I might whack my finger and scream various words which are not normally found in the dictionary. That would not only make Sharon suspicious, it might alert the neighborhood of my presence. I certainly did not want that.

"Sharon, can you get me that tape measure?" I asked. "I want to make sure this picture is even."

"Sure, Alan."

I really just wanted to have another moment to look out the window unnoticed. This young woman across the way was on the phone still, giggling and still touching herself randomly. I was getting quite aroused watching her.

Later that evening Sharon and I settled onto the bed and watched a movie. My mind was elsewhere the entire time. I could not tell you the name of the movie if my life depended on it. Sharon sensed my uneasiness and started giving me playful kisses. I returned them and we were soon out of whatever

little clothing we had on. We started kissing passionately. My kisses started downward, gently kissing her ears, then her neck. She emitted soft moans of satisfaction as I made my way further down south, soon going from her tittie to her clittie. My delicate tongue strokes had her writhing as I teased her moistening womanhood. I brought her to climax with my tongue and then flipped her over on her stomach with her butt high in the air to take her from behind. From this position I could just see out my bedroom window into the window below. My blonde friend was now on the bed wearing nothing but a T-shirt. It was dark in the room except for the light coming from a TV she appeared to be watching. As the light flickered from the screen, it lit up her lovely young face. She could not have been more than nineteen. Her face was contorted in pleasure as her hand reached up under her long shirt. What did she have under there? I wondered. Was she using a toy, or just touching herself? I became extremely aroused from the sight of this gorgeous young thing playing with herself not realizing she was being observed. I pounded Sharon's wetness with renewed vigor as I alternated my glances between the beautiful butt in front of me and the lovely face out the window. My motions subconsciously locked rhythm with the motions of the girl's hand across the way. In a few moments Sharon and I came nearly simultaneously.

"Wow, you're energetic tonight," Sharon said, somewhat pleased.

"Must be that Vietnamese food," I said, not being able to come up with anything else.

The next evening Sharon had dinner with relatives who were in town. She would not arrive back at my place until late. She would then stay over and leave when I went off to work. I would have most of the evening to myself, not something I would normally wish for but tonight I welcomed it. I puttered around the house a bit and in the early evening grilled myself a Porterhouse steak. I cooked up some frozen vegetables, broccoli with cheese sauce and poured myself a Guinness. After the rather satisfying meal, I poured another Guinness and casually made my way into the bedroom and sat at the edge of the bed glancing out the window. I could not see my new friend. Where could she be, I wondered? Within moments she appeared. She had just come out of the shower and her hair was wrapped in a white towel. She held the towel on her head with one hand as she reached out and turned on a portable stereo with the other. She did a quick dance move as she tossed the towel aside. She ran her hands through her short blonde hair as she stood before the mirror. As she swayed her hips in time to the music, it was clear that she felt completely at ease.

I was feeling completely aroused. As I sat on the edge of the bed leaning forward, I unzipped my pants. My hand felt cold from the Guinness bottle as I started to stroke my cock. My friend in the window started to comb her hair. Next she applied lip-gloss and puckered her lips as she blew a kiss to the mirror. She then bent over as she opened a drawer in her bureau. Her butt stuck out as her breasts dangled over the open drawer, teasing the lacy undergarments within. She carefully selected a pair of panties and a matching red lace bra. She went over and put the bra on the bed and stepped

into the panties, one shapely leg at a time. She carefully pulled the panties up to her waist and then turned around and grabbed the bra. She did a little shake of her butt, no doubt in time to the music, as she put on her bra. Those young nipples disappeared one at a time into that red lacy holder as she completed the task by hooking the straps over her shoulders one at a time with her thumbs. I was ready to explode my load, glazing my own window, when suddenly the door buzzer rang. I went over to the door.

"Who is it?" I asked, like I didn't know.

"Who do you think?" she answered as I buzzed her in.

Sharon made her way up the elevator and appeared at the door.

"What, were you expecting neighbors or something?"

"You never know," I answered slyly.

Almost as soon as Sharon was in the room I grabbed her and carried her to the bed. After what was admittedly a poor excuse for foreplay, I once again propped her butt in the air and entered her from behind. I was again able to glance out the window, but my friend had left. I didn't even get to see what she put on over those lacy undergarments. After a few moments I had climaxed, Sharon barely.

"A little excited today?" she asked, perplexed.

"Just glad to see you," I answered. I really wasn't lying.

In a while we were off to sleep in each other's arms. The next day we did our routines as usual. That night Sharon had some function to attend regarding her writing. I stayed home in front of the window. My new friend was naked on the bed watching TV. After a while she got on the phone. While on the phone she started giggling and randomly touching herself. The sight of this young girl with the perky nipples and rounded breasts rolling on the bed touching herself was as usual quite a treat. I felt alternately aroused, yet a bit guilty, like a kid stealing from the cookie jar. Somehow the feelings of guilt, knowing that I was getting away with something, only added to the excitement. I had a free peep show and I was enjoying every minute. Once again I took my hand from my cold beer and stroked my firm cock, coming almost instantly.

The next night Sharon came over for dinner. I cooked my salmon with capers and made fresh asparagus and tossed salad. The meal came out well and after finishing a bottle of wine we made our way to the bed to watch a little TV. That soon led to making out and soon we were completely naked

on the bed. I was in a relatively lazy mood and took my time with the foreplay. You might say it was more like fiveplay. I guess in my mind I was trying to make up for our previous session. I slowly caressed and nibbled at everything that could be caressed or nibbled on Sharon's fit, athletic body. She was enjoying the extra time and attention and it was very evident by her prolonged sighs and deep moans. When we got to the main event, once again I turned her ass up and took her from the rear so I could get a view across the way. My new friend was again lying on the bed. She had on a long oversize T-shirt. I could see her hand moving between her legs as the light of the TV cast a warm glow on the goings on. 'Oh My God,' I thought. I could see she had a vibrator in her hand. I could clearly see the end as it emerged from the opening in the shirt.

Sharon was wet and wanting as she readied herself on her knees with her beautiful butt in the air. My manhood was fully engorged with the combined excitement of Sharon's moist pussy presenting itself to me and the view of a young woman I don't even know giving me the show of a lifetime. I entered Sharon like an animal but soon eased back as I became engrossed in the goings-on across the alley. My friend seemed to be stroking herself in slow, deliberate strokes. The light from the TV showed an approving look on her contorted face. Her slow strokes set the pace for my own motions once again. As she increased the tempo, I followed suit. Her increased activity shown in her face as the TV flickered upon it. My own thrusts became increasingly forceful as Sharon moaned in approval. In a few short moments, Sharon's moans turned to wails as her pussy tightened around my throbbing cock. I could see across the way my friend's face was contorted in ecstasy. I came as Sharon and a girl whose name I didn't even know all came in sympathy. Three people whose lives somehow became intertwined, all came together and they were not even in the same room. Sharon looked very contented as she settled in my arms that night. Once again she left the next day as I went off to work.

My little peep show was something that started to occupy my mind throughout the day. More than once at work I would find myself drifting off thinking about my little friend across the way. Who was she talking to on the phone? Who did she wear those lacy undergarments for? Did she have a steady boyfriend? Christ, she was only nineteen at most. I found myself thinking about her more than Sharon. I was becoming obsessed.

The following night I was again alone. I stopped for Chinese takeout since I didn't feel like cooking and really didn't have anything in the house worth cooking anyway. After finishing my shrimp with lobster sauce I read for a bit before settling on the bed in front of the TV. Once it got dark I drifted into my usual routine of peering out the window with the lights off. What I saw this night exceeded my wildest expectations. My blonde-haired friend was with another girl around her age. They were both naked on the bed with the lights dim. I could not see the other girl's face clearly in the dim light but I could see she had long auburn hair and her tight body betrayed her youth. They were not touching each other but were joking and laughing. The laughter continued as I began to pleasure myself. The girls would occasionally touch each other, but only on the shoulder or arm. Perhaps I had sat in front

of the window too late. Then again, maybe the show hadn't started yet. My mind was racing as my hand tightened around my cock and began stroking. Just then the phone rang.

"Hello." I picked it up reluctantly.

"Just called to wish you good night, honey." It was Sharon, of course.

"Oh, that was kind of you," I answered.

After a bit of small talk, we sent kisses over the phone lines and hung up. I looked out the window expecting to see a spectacular show but was somewhat disappointed to see my friend on the bed alone. She was still naked but the other girl had clearly got dressed and left in the time I was on the phone with Sharon. Hard to believe I was disappointed to see a naked girl on a bed, but somehow I was. I felt I had missed something. I thought for sure I might never see those two naked again.

The weekend arrived again and this weekend was the first I would spend alone since meeting Sharon. She had to go out of town on personal business. In preparation I made sure the refrigerator was stocked with plenty of Guinness. The time by myself would do me some good. There were things that needed to be done around the apartment I had not yet had a chance to get to.

Saturday night I made myself a steak and a salad. I grabbed a Guinness and made my way over to the bed in expectation of a relaxing night of TV. I glanced out the window from my perch and looked into the window of my friend. She appeared to be dressed for an evening out. She was standing in front of the mirror primping herself but appeared to be alone. Moments later I was surprised to see the girl I saw her with on the bed the other night come out of the bathroom. She too looked very sexy in her tight-fitting jeans. I could see her face in the light of the room. She was drop dead gorgeous. 'Wow,' I thought. 'Would I like to go wherever they're going. Oh well, it will be me and my Guinness tonight.' I watched as the two young women did some last minute primping in the mirror then dimmed the lights as they exited the room. I sighed as I sat back on the bed.

Several minutes passed and as I flipped the channels I finally settled on some PBS special. Suddenly the door buzzer buzzed. Who the heck could that be, I wondered? I got up to go to the intercom.

"Who is it?" I asked quizzically.

There was no answer.

A few minutes passed and there was a soft knock on the door. I wondered 'who the heck?' as I opened the door. I felt my blood rush out of my head and travel south as I saw who it was. My plans

on being alone with my TV and Guinness had suddenly come to an end. Looks like it might be a night to remember after all.

06-10-09.