



## Watching Her

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Published on Lush Stories on 08 Mar 2013

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*His next door neighbors late night shows spawn a wild fantasy!*

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John watched her from his window every day. Her apartment was a floor above and across the narrow alleyway, so he was looking up at her when she worked in her kitchen. Fortunately for him, her kitchen just so happened to have a large window positioned at just the right height for his viewing pleasure. She often had on shorts or a little skirt and sometimes just panties. He often dreamed of tying her up with rope. In his fantasies she would be his - helpless and vulnerable and beautiful. He could do whatever he wanted to her. One particular night as he began his nightly show, he looked up and she was getting spanked right there in her kitchen as she washed dishes. A large well-built man yanked her light pink panties up the crack of her ass and spanked her round beautiful tan cheeks. John stayed in the dark so they wouldn't notice him watching. It seemed like the man was yelling at her as he slapped her ass. Then he pushed her forward over the counter, tore off her panties, knelt down on his knees and buried his face between her ass cheeks. It blew John's mind. He felt his cock aching and just had to unzip his pants and take his throbbing cock into his hand. The man stood up and before John knew it, his finger disappeared into her ass. She squirmed and he grabbed her long black hair, bending her head back and licking her neck. Again and again he rammed his finger in and out of her. Then he pushed her over the sink, took his cock and pushed it into her ass. Even at this distance, he heard her squeal and saw her jerk. The man showed no mercy, fucking her in the ass until she fucked him back. He must have been a large man, because she squealed and squirmed and cried out as he forced his cock into her ass. But after a few moments, he saw she began to enjoy him inside her. John loved the transformation - seeing her resist at first and then pushing her ass to meet the man's cock. He could hear the man calling her a whore and a slut and telling her to take it up the ass like she needed it. And she did - riding his cock like she was born to it. She bucked and moaned and pushed her ass harder backwards, as if she wanted him completely inside her. It was just too much! John came before either of the two in the window did. He liked watching her. Another night when he got in late, he went to his kitchen to get a drink of water and didn't turn on the light. Glancing

up he saw his hot neighbor getting felt up by a much older man. The man was wearing a suit; she was dressed in a skirt and blouse. He was the same height as her, unlike the previous man who towered over her. He had her up against the fridge. He was opening her blouse and she was pushing him away, but not too vigorously. She seemed to let him overpower her until her black bra was exposed. Once he had her tits exposed he sucked on one and fondled the other. All the fight had drained out of her; she was leaning back against the fridge, her eyes closed and her mouth open, obviously enjoying being taken like this. The older man sucked each tit in turn, then removed his belt and lightly flicked each nipple with it. Flinging the belt aside, he put one hand over her mouth and his other hand between her legs under her skirt. He must have known what he was doing under there because she put her arms around him and rubbed her tits in his face. She lay back on the table and he pushed up her skirt, leaned between her legs and licked her pussy. John gasped. He could see her shaved pussy, and at the same time the look of ecstasy on her face. He thought about his naughty neighbor often and kept watching every night. He wanted her. He wanted to tie her up take her. He wanted to spank her ripe, round, inviting ass. She definitely deserved it – and he knew she liked it. He wanted to belt her and show her to other horny men. He wanted to fuck her face with his hard cock while she was helpless and bound. He wanted to taste her and fuck her pussy. Yes, John wanted to take this lovely vision and dominate her and make her his own. But John was a gentleman. He wouldn't do any of those things to a woman unless she gave him a sign indicating she wanted it too. He thought about the other approachable women in his world. Carmen at his job seemed to be flirting with him lately, but he thought that it was crazy to start anything with a co-worker. Those inter-office romances rarely worked out. But the right woman had to be out there. And he was going to find her. One Friday after work, he went for a drive and stopped for a few beers at a bar not too far from home. It was one he'd passed a thousand times before on his way home, but tonight he just decided to stop in and check the place out. For a small bar, it seemed pretty full and friendly, so he decided to play some pool. He won the game against some guy, but he couldn't stop thinking about his neighbor. He wondered what kind of a show he would get when he got home that night. Being Friday, she was sure to have someone up in her apartment - Friday and Saturday were prime viewing nights for her sexy exhibitions. And that was when he saw her. She was standing there waiting to play the next game with him. His eyes stood out on stalks at a very hot-looking woman in a tight white midriff-baring spaghetti-string blouse, her nipples brash and brazen through the almost sheer cloth. She wore tight black pants that look like they had been painted on and strappy, stilleto "fuck me" shoes. Her long blonde hair flowed over her shoulders and cascaded down her back like liquid gold. John let her break, his heat rising as she bent over the table. His eyes were fixed on the fabric of her liquid pants stretching over her tight, firm ass, inviting still more dreams of her tightly bound and at his mercy. "Loser gets spanked or gets a drink," he said, his gaze still fixed on her ass. He almost blew a fuse when she smiled at him over her shoulder. "We'll see which seems better at the time," she said, wiggling her ass suggestively. With the stakes that high, John played his ass off. He was a pretty fair pool player and he made damned sure she never got to shoot again. After the game he invited her to sit at the bar with him. "What are you drinking?" he asked, not daring to push his luck and go straight

for the spanking. "I'll take a Margarita, if you're buying." she said with a smile. "by the way, my name is Heather." "I'm John and I am buying." he said and ordered both of them a drink. "A consolation prize?" she asked. "More like a conversation ice-breaker." he said, raising his glass. "To conversation then." she said as they touched glasses. She was sipping her drink when the subject came back up. "Speaking of conversation, when do I get that spanking?" "Do you mean it?" "I am asking. After all, I did lose the game and a bet is a bet." she said, twirling her finger in her drink and looking at him suggestively. John felt his heart pounding its way out of his chest. "Have you ever gotten a good, sound spanking by a man - other than as a child?" "Now what do you think?" she asked playfully. "Come on. Do I look like the good girl type?" This was too good to be true. "No, you are certainly not a good girl. I think a spanking is precisely what you need." He put his arm around her waist. "Mmmm...nice body." he commented. In response, she wriggled "Boy, it sure is hot in here tonight!" she complained. With trembling fingers, he undid two of her blouse buttons and blew on her cleavage. "There did that cool you off a bit?' he asked. She let her head fall back, sighed and smiled. "It helped. But I'm naturally hot. Hot as hell." She winked at him. John touched her tits through her blouse. She smiled encouragingly even though she was as aware as he was that they were being watched. The bartender came over and suggested they might prefer more privacy in the back. John thanked him, and throwing a smile at those showing an interest, he escorted his sexy lady into a room set aside from the bar and furnished with a big, green sofa. He kissed her and unbuttoned all her blouse buttons, baring her bra-less tits with their big nipples and creamy complexion. "You sure are beautiful." he said before lowering his head, taking her tits into his mouth and sucking on them one at a time. She moaned, enveloped his face with her tits to the point that he had to come up for air, and stroked his head. "This is all very well," she said in a low sultry voice, "but what about my spanking. I lost the game, remember?" It was difficult for John to pull his head away from her tits, but he forced himself. "You are a horny little slut aren't you?" he said. He pulled her across his lap face down and she wriggled seductively when he spanked her real hard. Her squirming and squealing attracted the attention of several men from the bar. They appeared in the doorway just as John stood her up and undid her jeans, pulling them down to expose her lovely ass. Resisting her beautiful slick pussy, he pulled her back down across his lap and spanked her bare ass in front of the other men. She pretended she didn't know they were being watched, but he knew she did. And what's more, he knew she was enjoying every bit of it. After a firm spanking he stood her up with her round pink ass facing him teased her pussy with his fingers. "Ohhh, don't stop.." she whined, reaching back to pull her ass cheeks apart allowing him access to her. He took the invitation and plunged two fingers into her, finding her already sopping wet. He fingered her pussy as she wriggled and moaned her delightful approval. John gave her a good fingering while he remained seated, his free arm wrapped around her waist and holding her in place while he thrust into her over and over. As he shoved his fingers deep into her she coated them with her juices until he pulled them out and licked her off of them. "Mmmmm your pussy tastes great!" he said. Heather moaned at his remark and leaned forward while pushing her ass back at him. He leaned in and buried his face in her ass licking and tonguing her pussy and pushing his tongue deep into her wet hole. As his tongue worked her pussy and clit, she moaned

loudly and ground her ass into his face, wanting him deeper in her hungry pussy. The men who were watching stood awestruck until one of them remarked "Man, she sure likes what you're giving her!" Then the rest of the men cheered and egged him on. He grabbed a handful of her blonde hair and pulled her down onto the floor on all fours with her blouse open and her jeans down at her thighs. Her white ass in the dim room was a fantastic sight. Keeping a handful of her hair in one hand, he used the other to take off his belt and used it on the hot woman's round ass in front of the small audience they had. He landed his black leather belt across her ass until she tried to crawl away from him. Of course, she didn't get very far until he hauled her back. Sitting back down in the chair, he dragged her to him, pulling her between his legs and making her suck his cock. While he sat on the chair, she remained on her knees between his legs, his hands using her hair like a pulley to push and pull at her head. Wanting to delay his climax, John put her back across his lap and penetrated her ass hole with his finger. She whimpered. He fingered her ass and told her he wanted to take her home and tie her up and then fuck her everywhere – in her mouth, her pussy, her big fine ass. He told her he might decide to keep her tied up in his house for days as his slave. He rammed her ass as he said that and she lifted it to meet his finger. "Come on, let's get out of here." he said pulling her along by the hair. She went willingly, hot to have more of him and lingering on the brink of climax herself. John took her back to his apartment, where he made her strip and he tied her up, just like he'd watched her get many times before. First he tied her hands together and then threw the other end of the rope over an exposed ceiling beam in his apartment. He pulled the rope tight, raising her arms up over her head until she almost had to stand on tip toes. He backed off just enough for her to get good footing, but still be taunt and tied the rope off at that point. He took another length of rope and wrapped it around her tits and chest, making a rope bra that made her tits stick out lewdly. Her thighs were apart and her tits restricted by the time he was done. "I want to take some pictures to remember this." he said "Ok, I guess. I mean, it's not like I could stop you! But I want a set too." she said. "I want to remember this as well." "Oh I think you will...and you won't need the photos to do it either!" he said swatting her on the ass as he went to get the camera. He took a few photographs of her tied like that, and then licked her clit until she came on his tongue. His game wasn't ended. Not by a long shot. Her eyes widened when he scolded her. "You got naked for a strange man. You are a horny little slut. You made the men in the bar crazy. I could have let them loose on you. But I decided to punish you myself. You will be my slave tonight. You will call me Master. You will do whatever I want and be used however I see fit. I am going to use you. your ass, your pussy your mouth and your tits - as I please. You are nothing but a fucktoy and I intend to pleasure Myself with you. If you feel pain, you deserve it. You will obey me and try your utmost to please me, whatever that entails. You are my slut, and I like you bound and helpless. You need to learn a lesson about torturing men. Do you understand me?" He sat on a chair and stared at his hostage. She was quite a sight and he couldn't possibly leave her unmolested, not with his dick still stiff in his pants. He got up and went to her, nibbling on her tits until her nipples were very hard. He fingered her pussy until she writhed and twisted in her bonds, desperate to cum. "Oh, no, slut. You don't get to cum unless I give you permission. If you do, you'll be one sorry little whore!" he warned her. "Yes, Master." she said. The

words only served to drive her further towards the edge. She was on fire and she needed him - badly. He took her down from her bound and stretched position releasing her only to grab her by the hair and haul her to the bedroom, where he threw her onto the bed. He rolled her over on her stomach and pulled her up by the hair. "Up on all fours, my little bitch." he said. Holding onto her hair to keep her on all fours, he slid his other hand between her legs and slapped her thighs. "Spread those legs for me." he said. She slid her knees further apart. He ran his fingertips lightly over her engorged outer lips gently, teasingly. Then he roughly grabbed her mound, pulling downward, and twisting a little. She half moaned and half yelped. He grabbed her swollen, throbbing clit, pinching it between his fingers. "Spread your ass for me, slut." he commanded. She rested her chest on the pillows and reached back to spread her ass open for him. "Wider! " he said, as he smacked her soaked pussy in short stingy slaps. Heather's clit started enlarging, her lips were getting hot, and every inch of her pussy was convulsing. He slipped a finger in deep, saturating it. Then he rubbed her juices over her asshole, slowly sliding a finger deep into her ass and out again. Heather was moaning out loud and half panting. "Mmm, you are such a hot little bitch. The juices are just running down your thighs. You like it when I play with your ass, fingering it deeply. I bet you are wishing that was my cock in your little ass, stretching it wider and going deeper." he growled. Heather moaned again at the very idea of it. "Not yet my little fucktoy. Put your hands back up to balance yourself." She pushed herself back up to an all fours position. She felt the tip of his cock at her pussy entrance. He started sliding just the head in and out, teasing her while he fingered her asshole. "Oh, my god Master! Ohhhh..." "Yes my little slut? You want your Masters cock don't you?" "Oh, yes Sir, I want it, I need it! Please!" "I bet you do. You want to be fucked good and hard don't you? You want me to treat you like a little slut, don't you?" "Yes Sir, please treat me like the slut I am! Please!" "I can't tell... you'd better ask me right. Beg for it bitch, beg to be fucked hard and treated like a little slut." "Oh please Master, fuck me, fuck me hard. Treat me like your little slut. Ram it deep into me. Only you can please me sir. Please fill my cunt with your cum. I want to feel you cum inside me. My pussy is so wet. It's craving your cock. I need you so much. I m such a fucking slut please Sir, I need you to treat me like your slut." "Maybe I'll get one of those guys at the bar to come over so we can both fuck you. Let you suck us both hard. You can get on top of my cock while he slides his dick in your ass. I want to watch your face while you have two guys fucking you, stuffing you from the front and back. Do you want both holes to be used?" "Yes, Sir, I would love to have both holes filled. I want to feel full. I want you to use my body to please you." John slammed into to her clear to the hilt. Then he pulled almost all the way out and slammed in again. Heather's body lunged forward with each thrust. She screamed in ecstasy. She was almost in tears from the pleasure as he continued this pattern. Pulling out unexpectedly, he smacked her pussy hard several times. Then he retrieved several small clamps from the drawer and attached them to her slick outer labia. Heather moaned as the intensity increased. Her mind started to spin as the pleasure swept over her body. She could feel him pulling her pussy open wide by the clamps. She cringed a little at the sharp pain shooting through her genitals. First two fingers slipped in and then all four. They pumped in and out of her, yanking hard on the clamps. Heather moaned and screamed as the orgasm racked through her body. He started fucking her hard and fast, slamming his

cock deep in her pussy. She heard him grunt and his body stiffened as he erupted inside her. He rested back on his heels for a second to catch his breath, as she let herself sprawl across the bed on her stomach. "Did I tell you to lay down slut?" you asked sternly. "No, Sir."she replied, getting back toher knees. "Turn around and face me, slut." he said gruffly. She moved to comply. She was surprised to notice his member was still stiff and rigid. He moved forward and shoved his shaft in her mouth. "Now, lick it clean bitch. Suck our juices off of it." he said, grabbing her hair again for leverage. She licked around the edge of its head, delved deep into its little slit, slowly licked the sides, and then sucked it deep into her hot eager mouth. She meticulously slurped the cum from his member, careful not to miss a drop. Moaning, she lapped up the small puddle at its base and downhis balls and gingerly sucked them into her mouth for a thorough cleaning. "That's right, don't miss a drop. Oh yeah, that feels great. I love your well-trained mouth." he said moaning. The sensation was exquisite. She flicked her tongue up his shaft and took his full length deep in her mouth again, moaning around it. To her amazement, his cock grew harder again in her mouth. He slammed it down her throat several times before pulling it out with a loud pop. Grabbing her neck, he pushed her down to the mattress and positioned himself behind her. He rammed his rod deep into her pussy several times. She felt the head of his cock on her anal opening, his thumbs on either side, spreading it open for his invasion. Using her juices as lubrication,he brutally shoved his cock into her in one sudden thrust, stretching the tight ring around the thick mushroom head of his cock. Heather screamed as he impaled her on his cock, filling the canal, and digging into her body. He savagely pumped in and out of her ass. She bucked back against him to meet his thrusts. They both panted and moaned as the friction and heat built. He hung onto her hips, his nails digging into her soft flesh. John grunted from behind his captive as he pulled all the way out and plunged back in. She moaned and screamed into the mattress. Her pussy and ass convulsed as her climax ripped through her. "Lay down and roll over, slut" he gasped, stroking his slick shaft. She did as he said, stretching out, watching him straddle her stomach, stroking his cock. His stroke quickened and suddenly his cock erupted his load splashed across her chest and face. She rubbed it into her chest playing with her nipples. Setting back on his heels again he said, "You are a good little slut. Now go start my water, I want to clean up." Once he had showered and come back from the bathroom, they went out to eat. He didn't let her clean up, telling her that he enjoyed the smell of a fresh-fucked slut, and that she needed to be thankful he let her keep his cum on her and in her. "Yes, Master." she replied with a smile. At dinner they talked and he learned more about his new toy. "I love being so overpowered. It's so hot." she admitted "You've had it done before?" he asked. "Oh yes, many times." she said. She told him of her summers with her Uncle Lou and how he'd sneak into the bathroom when she showered and try to do things. She had acted like she didn't want it, but she'd left the latch off purposely. At night he sometimes climbed into bed with her. She was only 17, and he would pull down her baby doll panties under the covers and turn her over onto her stomach. He would play with her ass and push his finger into her tight ass hole. She would gasp and act like she was going to cry and Uncle Lou would cover her mouth and tell her she needed something. He told her she was walking around in skimpy clothes all day asking for it. He told her he wouldn't get her in trouble if she accepted her discipline from him. One night 'discipline'

meant she had to show her pussy to his friend. She had to act like it was accidental, but she had to be sure his friend saw her naked between her legs. Uncle Lou threatened her with a much worse punishment if she didn't do as she was told. And he reminded her it was her own fault for being such a bad girl. She'd never disclosed that she'd liked what she was doing, that she liked to tease and that although he thought she was in his power, showing her naked pussy to appreciative older men, he was really in hers. Once they had eaten, they returned to the apartment. They sat in the living room having a couple beers and talking more. Later he tied her up again. It was different this time although still intricate. This time he tied one of her legs to the leg of his kitchen table. He also tied her hands together in front of her and made her stay bent over the kitchen table for a while. "I want everyone to see you." He put his kitchen light on, stood behind her and stared at her ass; drank another beer; lit a joint and held it for her when it was her turn to inhale. "Slut?" "Yes, Master?" she shivered with apprehension when she said it. "I'm going to fuck you up the ass." His cock was hard again just from looking at her. The kitchen light glared, so he turned it off and lit candles so anyone outside could see her getting fucked up the ass. "A little punishment, just to remind you of your place in this." He took his belt and whipped her ass a few times until she yelled. "Now you are going to get a good fucking, bitch." Separating her cheeks, he guided his cock until he was easing himself inside her tight hot asshole. The feeling was electric. His cock was being squeezed and at the same time sucked into her ass. Her ass cheeks shook some when he rammed inside her. "You like that, slut? Huh? You like getting my cock up your ass, you little whore!?" "Ow, it hurts," she whined. It was a put-on. He could tell that by the way her ass was wriggling, pushing back against him. But he knew what she wanted. He responded with a whack of the belt. "How's that? Does that hurt?" Tied down and taken, she pushed her ass up to meet his cock. He sensed she knew it would inspire more beating. He grunted and belted her as he came in her tight hot ass, until eventually he had no more to give and the woman herself collapsed, exhausted, beneath him. John remained slumped over her body for a few minutes, but as he began to disengage himself, he happened to look upwards. His neighbor across the alleyway was at the window touching herself as she watched him, just as he'd used to do. He determined that this wasn't the last show he would put on for his new audience.