

Watching My New Neighbor Have Phone Sex

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The summer I turned 17, my family moved to a McMansion development called Quail Run. My new neighbor Henry -- whose window faced mine across a narrow strip of grass -- was legendary for his resemblance to a young Brad Pitt. Unfortunately for me, Henry was now attending college in Northern California. No one was more obsessed with Henry than Amber -- my goth friend whose only known talent was for drawing spurting cartoon penises in mascara on every available surface. For years Amber had claimed that her cheerleader-sister Lucy had dated Henry. What I hadn't heard -- at least until I became Henry's neighbor -- is that Lucy had allegedly given Henry an afternoon handjob in the front seat of the family BMW. When Henry ejaculated, Amber swore that it sailed through the open moon roof and splashed down on the outside of the windshield. It sounded possible, but with Amber I could never tell. "And you know this because...?" I asked as Amber idly sketched another cum pumping penis on my Mom's prize granite kitchen countertop. Between her raccoon eyes and cock cartoons, I figured Amber spent more on mascara in a week than I received for lunch money. "Because they were parked in our driveway," Amber said as if I were some kind of idiot. "And I have binoculars!" By October, I'd almost forgotten Henry. That is until one evening when I got home from a late soccer practice and noticed an unfamiliar red sports car with a Stamford parking decal in the next-door driveway. Thankfully, my parents were still at work. I bolted to my room and gingerly cracked the drapes. It was dusk, and I could indeed see Henry -- looking every bit as buff as everyone described -- working at his desk. I parted my shades a couple of more inches, doing it slowly so he wouldn't notice any movement. Then I moved my chair to where I could watch without being noticed. I considered texting Amber to come over -- and bring her binoculars. But Henry was only about 20 feet away, and I had a tingly feeling that this might be too good to share. At first, watching Henry made me a little nervous. It was that feeling I always got when I knew that my parents, my favorite teacher, or that big Guy in the Sky wouldn't approve. But when you're 17, there's a fine line between guilt and arousal. The truth is that spying on Henry felt deliciously pervy! To be fair, after about 20 minutes, the buzz from being so naughty began to wear off as Henry did absolutely nothing exciting or provocative. He scribbled notes, picked his nose four times, scratched his ear twice, and got up and went into the hallway once -- probably to go to the bathroom -- wiping his hands on his T-shirt and gym shorts as he walked back into the room. One thing was for sure,

however. Henry was as hot as everyone said -- dirty blonde hair, pale-blue eyes and a body to die for -- his butt was drum tight and his thigh muscles bulged as he walked. I could even make out what looked like a six-pack when he wiped his hands down the front of his shirt. I'm not sure what else I was expecting to see that evening -- although the idea of watching Henry pull down those tight little gym shorts did cross my mind a few times. The previous summer, I'd met a hunky cowhand named Skip on my Uncle's ranch in Wyoming. Skip had indoctrinated me into the secrets of male anatomy. Technically, I was still a virgin, but I now had a real clear picture of how an erect cock worked, looked, felt, smelled and even tasted. I was fantasizing about some of the best bits of my week in Wyoming when Henry reached across the desk to answer the phone. From his smile, I could tell it wasn't Granny calling. Henry paced around for a few minutes before settling on his bed. He came to rest with his head propped up on a pillow, eyes closed, and phone pressed to his ear by his shoulder. There was something about Henry's dreamy expression that sent little jolts of electricity racing down my spine -- and maybe a twinge of jealousy that it wasn't me on the other end of the phone line. I felt my nipples stiffen -- and the memories of last summer in the dairy barn became even more vivid than usual. Did I mention that cowboys can be very good with their fingers? When it came to finger work, Skip had the Goldilocks touch -- not too hard, but not too soft, not too fast, but not too slow. You get the idea. Skip had also taught me how to wrap my fingers around his cock -- which looked enormous then, although I now know that it was only about average -- and gradually increase the speed and friction of my strokes until I felt his shaft begin to swell and throb. Then he would tell me to stop for a moment, blow gently on the tip, and start over again with slow, feathery touches. When Skip's hips would begin to buck in rhythm with my strokes, he had me wrap my lips around his swollen purple cockhead and jerk the shaft violently until his salty cum squirted across my tongue. The first time I did it, I was prepared to be all grossed out. Instead, there was something so intensely erotic about watching his face distort with pleasure while feeling his hot cock pulsing in my mouth, that it made me cum right along with him. I recovered from my reverie to see Henry was flirting like crazy on the phone -- and I wondered if I'd ever have the chance to practice my blowjob technique on him. Would he be hot the touch like Skip? Would his cock have the same musky man-scent? Would he moan my name when he came and swear he'd fuck my brains out when I got older? Between the sexy memories, and watching the gathering bulge in Henry's shorts, my pulse had started racing big time. But there was a different feel to this. When Skip had undressed and masturbated for me, it was a show -- a performance for my benefit. I was the audience -- well, actually, since I was fingering myself, I guess I was also a participant. But it happened with mutual consent. This was different. Sneaky, decadent and intoxicatingly voyeuristic. My pussy was tingling with the expectation that something forbidden was about to happen. I could understand how people get addicted to peeking in windows at night. The risk of getting caught heightens the excitement -- but so does the uncertainty of what might happen. Henry didn't disappoint. Soon his fingertips tweaked his nipples while he cooed into the phone. I mirrored him with my own fingers. He leaned forward and slipped off his T-shirt. I was actually a little disappointed to see that Henry didn't have Skip's exaggerated, chiseled pecs -- but then what Henry had wasn't bad. Not at all. And certainly not when compared to my scrawny

boyfriend whose only exercise came from hoisting his calculus text book. I pulled my jersey and bra over my head and looked down at my tits in the dim light -- they were already a C-cup with puffy areolas and I was really hoping they weren't going to grow much bigger. I didn't think about it too long though, because merely running my finger over the tip of my nip was sending sharp stabs of excitement straight to my clit. It crossed my mind how perverted I must look -- sitting half naked, playing with my tits and peering into my neighbor's window. But damn, it felt great! Henry wasted no time now. He arched his hips and slipped off his gym shorts and briefs in a single motion. It may not have been Skip's sexy strip tease, but something about watching this private moment without his consent made it just as insanely erotic. Seeing Henry's stiff cock pointing at the ceiling and bouncing around in the warm glow of the electric light sent me over the edge. Before I knew what was happening, I felt a contraction -- a kind of mini orgasm that left my pussy wet, warm and hungry for more attention. No need to be cautious now. Skip's eyes were closed as he whispered into the phone, his hand gliding down his stomach and through the patch of surprising dark pubic hair that framed his handsome cock. I stood up and peeled off my own shorts and soaked panties. The cool air flowing around my moist pussy lips was totally amazing -- like an unseen hand caressing my most secret parts with the gentlest possible touch. In an irreverent moment I wondered if this is what all that church talk about "the Holy Ghost" was about? I giggled, but only until my finger pushed my lips apart and brushed against my clit. After that, the only thing that existed in my world was the aching in my pussy and the vision of Henry pumping his cock. I had done myself lying in bed and even standing up once while Skip and I watched each other. But this was the first time I had masturbated in a chair with my legs spread almost in a split. It sure wouldn't be the last. When Skip and I had gotten off for each other, there had been an ebb and flow -- each of us would stop for a moment just to watch. When that happened and I could feel his eyes on me, there was a special kind of excitement. Tonight it was different. I was a secret vampire -- feeding on the sexual energy of this unsuspecting man whose hard cock was perfectly framed by the thick fabric of my window curtains. It was all new and intense and forbidden and madly exciting. Besides, if Henry wanted to ensure his privacy, all he had to do was close his curtains. For a while, I was lost in my own pleasure and must have closed my eyes. When I opened them, Henry's hand was a blur as he flailed his cock. His back was arched and his butt was a foot or more off the surface of the bed. I wish I could say I saw the cum fly toward the ceiling, and that I followed the trajectory and measured its height and arc. But I didn't. Sure, I saw white cum splattering back onto his hand and stomach and chest. But his stroking was so furious, his hand and cock jerking so rapidly, that it was all just a lovely blur of pale skin and creamy liquid. When I made Skip cum with my hands and mouth, it was always accompanied by a deep animalistic groan that sent shivers down my spine. What I could see perfectly were Henry's lips pressed against the phone in his own scream of passion. That's when the world went dark and a river of pure sensation coursed through my body. I came... And came... and came. Long after Henry had cleaned up, whispered goodbye to his lucky phone partner, and gone back to studying, I was still lying in my bed, re-living what had just happened and giving myself one long, squishy orgasm after another. I decided not to tell Amber that Henry was home for the weekend. I also decided that one way or another, I was

going to get something going with my handsome new neighbor.