

Window Watcher

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My first story, but it's a reoccurring fantasy of mine so enjoy

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It was a midsummer Friday night after my graduation. I had just turned 18, but still hadn't really taken advantage of my newly awarded freedom. I was rather quiet and would always take spending a night at the gym for pilates class over the wild party down the street. This just happened to be one of those nights. I walked into my living room around 8 pm. I had just finished a 45 min jog and needed a shower. I tossed my water bottle in the sink and turned to bump into my older brother Josh. "Hey, where were you?" he asked, crinkling his nose at my sweaty appearance. "Jogging, are you dumb?" I laughed, pushing him. "Where are you headed?" "Got a date. I'm picking up that chicky from the pet store." He grinned while searching for the car keys. "Where's mom?" I asked. "Oh she's gone to Lisa's place for the night. Something about Margarita Madness." "Sweet, I get to read in peace tonight," I skipped down the hallway and into the bathroom. I cracked the bathroom window and waited to hear Josh's car pull out of the driveway. Once I knew he was gone I grabbed my CD player and blasted some tunes. I stripped out of my sweaty jogging clothes and danced around singing at the top of my lungs. (I only ever let loose when I was home alone in the bathroom) I started the shower and decided I would take advantage of being alone and pleasure myself. I sat on the edge of the tub facing the still open window. (There were no curtains on the window, we were never concerned with neighbours seeing us because the window faced the back of the house.) I slowly moved my hand around my breasts, inching my way to my erect nipples. As my hands lightly grazed them, I let out a soft moan and began to massage them with more force. I couldn't resist touching my pussy any longer and so I slipped a hand down and massaged my clit. Just as I was really getting into it I thought I heard a noise at the window. I quickly looked up and thought I caught sight of a man moving out of site. I got up and looked out the window but didn't see anything, so I hopped into the shower. Mid-shower I thought I heard something again. It almost sounded like a man grunting. I peaked through the curtain and sure enough, there was a man outside the window. At first I was petrified; afraid that he would break in and kill me. But then I recognized the man as my next-door neighbour, Frank. He was in his mid to late 50's and always waved hello to me when I jogged by his house. The

realisation that a man was so attracted to me that he stooped to peeping through my windows not only flattered me, it turned me on. I had no idea that Frank was such a dirty old man. I decided I would give him a bit of a show. I got out of the still running shower so that he could look at my wet naked body. I went over and shut off my music and began to rummage through the drawers to look for a new bar of soap. I could see him in the window, gaping at me as I bent over, ass perked in the air. Finally, I found a new bar and played with my nipples as I stepped back into the shower. I half closed the shower curtain so that whenever I backed up from the spray of water to lather my body or my hair, Frank could see me from the window. Finally, I'd had enough of teasing him and decided to give him a real show. I finished up my shower and towel-dried my body. I walked nude from the bathroom to my bedroom, catching a glimpse of Frank as he pulled up in front of my bedroom window. I decided I would leave the curtains wide open, the thought of someone else possibly watching the spectacle from afar turned me on further. I tossed my wet towel on my computer chair and flopped down onto my bed. I glanced up to make sure he was still there, and then began to touch myself. I again started with my breasts and worked my way down to my pussy lips. I massaged around them slowly working my way to my clit. I rolled my clit between my fingers and dipped down every so often to my dripping slit. I couldn't hold back any longer and began to full out finger myself. I moved back up to my clit but stuck a finger or two in my ass, it always gets me. Suddenly, before I orgasmed, I completely stopped, stood up and walked over to the window. I looked my neighbour square in the face and asked, "You like watching me touch myself, you dirty old man? Do you like that? Do you wanna see me cum? You wanna see me cum all over while I finger myself?" The look on his face was of complete shock. But I didn't back down, "Come on, I know you wanna see me make myself cum. Say it. Say you want to watch me cum." His shock soon disappeared and a look of eagerness replaced it. "I want to see you cum," he said, his voice raspy. "Yeah, you wanna see me cum? You gunna stroke you're cock while you watch me cum?" I quickly began rubbing myself again, watching as his eyes roamed over me, watching me touch myself. Suddenly, I erupted into the biggest orgasm I have ever experienced. I just caught sight of Frank's orgasm as my knees were buckling and I met the floor. I bucked my hips and continued to rub myself vigorously to push my orgasm further. Finally, I went completely limp, panting in the middle of my floor. After a few moments, I looked up to see if Frank was still at my window. He was gone. I got up and looked outside, but I couldn't see him anywhere. I went to bed thoroughly pleased at what had happened. I woke up early the next morning. I threw on a robe and went out back outside my window to have a look at the scene of the crime. There were dried semen stains on the siding under my window-sill. I began to giggle and was about to go inside when I caught a glimpse of Frank on his back porch, drinking coffee and reading the paper. "Good morning, Mr. Lexton!" I called across to him, waving. "Good morning, Rae," he waved back. We exchanged a certain knowing smile that told me we'd definitely have a repeat of the night before.