**A Room With A View**

by Ann Douglas

Jimmy O'Rourke sat on the living room couch as he and

his parents watched the movie of the week. It was a hot

summer night and the O'Rourke's apartment didn't have

air conditioning. The outdated wiring of the old

Brooklyn apartment house just couldn't handle the load.

Instead the 16 year old had to settle for sitting around

in his gym shorts and trying to cool off with the large

fan over in the corner.

The movie was pretty boring, but his mother seemed to

enjoy it. His father had dozed off in his chair about a

half hour ago. Jimmy really wished they were able to

have cable put in, nothing was ever really good on

network television.

Out of the corner of his eye, through the open window

next to his father's lounger, Jimmy saw a light come on.

Specifically, the light in the rear bedroom of the

apartment across the court. Glancing up at the clock on

the wall, the young man smiled as he noted the time.

"Showtime," he thought to himself. Holding his

excitement in, he got up and announced he was going to

turn in. It had been a long day.

"Aren't you going to wait to the end of the movie?" Mrs.

O' Rourke asked.

"Nah, you can tell me how it turns out," came his reply

as he left the living room for the small bedroom behind

it.

Stepping into the darkness, Jimmy made no attempt to

turn on the light. Instead, he merely quietly closed the

door and put the small hook lock in place. The lock had

been a small concession from his parents when one of his

two sisters had walked in on him one morning when he was

changing. They had a lock on the large bedroom next to

his, so it was only fair that he had one too.

Satisfied that the door was secure, Jimmy dropped onto

his bed and looked out his own window. The shade which

normally covered the opening was pulled all the way up,

a sight not that unusual on these August nights. From

his vantage point, he could see right into the brightly

lit room across the courtyard. It wasn't just any room,

it was her room.

It was totally by accident that Jimmy had first

discovered the wonderful opportunities the window only a

clotheslines distance away held. He had been sick one

night from pigging out on pizza and soda and was just

laying there in the darkness nursing a stomachache. When

she had walked past the window, stark naked right from

the shower - he had almost fallen off the bed. Since

then, he had become more familiar with the schedule of

her household then his own.

Maria Gonzalez was 24 years old, single and had lived

across the way for about six months. He had passed her

many times in the halls of the four story walkup. At the

time, the teenager had noted that she was kind of cute

and didn't have a bad body. Of course at his age, he

made that appraisal of just about every girl he saw, his

sisters included.

Usually he would a chance to say a quick hello as she

raced up or down the four flights to and from her

apartment. She worked as a waitress at a local dinner

and put in as many hours as she could. There were 18

other families in the building so aside from a quick

once over, he had never given Maria that much thought

before.

Now laying in the darkness, Jimmy began to become

impatient for her to appear. He hoped that his slight

delay in acting on the appearance of her light hadn't

caused him to miss her. He removed the small pair of

binoculars he kept hidden beneath the mattress and

trained them into her apartment. Even on the best

nights, he would only get a quick look at her.

The first thing he noticed through his spyglasses was

that she had moved her dresser. The large mirror on top

of it was now almost in line with the window.

"Shit," Jimmy muttered under his breath. "Why'd she have

to move the damn dresser?"

Previously, the dresser had been on the far wall and

Maria had to step in front of the window to get her comb

or take clean underwear out of one of the drawers. If

Jim was really lucky, he would get a real good look at

her tits. Now all he could hope for was a peek at her

ass with her back to him.

Disappointed, Jimmy dropped the glasses onto his bed and

sighed. It was too good a thing to have lasted. He was

about to get up when a motion across the way caught his

eye.

It only took a moment to bring his binoculars back into

play. There, reflected in the large mirror was a full

frontal view of Maria, clad only in a skimpy bra and

panties.

"Oh god!" Jimmy exclaimed, remembering at least to keep

as quiet as possible.

Previously, he had only gotten quick looks at her, but

now she was just standing there. Giving him the time to

fully appreciate her slender form.

Maria had very short black hair that extended to only an

inch or so below her ears. Her skin was a rich caramel

brown. The bright white of her lace bra and panties was

an effective contrast. Fixing his stare on her breasts,

Jimmy wondered how big they were. They looked a lot

bigger than they did when she wore her uniform, which

was usually what he saw her in.

In fact, they looked a lot bigger than his 19 year old

sister Judy's, the only girl's tits he had really seen.

That had been one night when they were sitting at the

kitchen table playing a board game and Judy was wearing

a pajama top.

The light was shining behind her and he could see her

breasts hanging loose beneath the material. he felt

funny getting a hard on looking at his sister, but

finally decided that a girl's boobs were a girl's boobs.

It didn't matter if they were your sisters.

He later took one of her bra's out of the hamper and

checked the size, it was a 34C. he was sure that it

would've been too small for Maria.

Jimmy watched in fascination as Maria combed her hair.

His eyes kept shifting from her reflection to her actual

body. She had an incredible ass, he thought. It was

small and firm and really hugged the small panties. It

looked so close he felt like he could just reach out and

touch it.

Rubbing his free hand against the hard on that strained

against his shorts, Jimmy let out a soft sigh. This was

better than cable.

Maria then reached up behind her back and undid the

clasp of her bra. Jimmy couldn't believe his luck. She

was going to take it off.

When the soft brown globes popped free of their

restraints, Jimmy thought he was going to shoot his load

right there and then. Forget about her ass, he could see

every detail of her tits. The dark circles at the ends

and the small stubby nipples in the center. Never mind

wanting to reach out and touch them, he now imagined

himself kissing them all over.

His hand slid into his shorts and pulled his cock free.

Gently, slowly, he ran it up and down his full six

inches. It felt so good. In the back of his mind, he

imagined what it would feel like if it where Maria's

fingers wrapped around it.

Maria now took each breast in hand and rubbed them

vigorously, restoring the circulation that was sometimes

cut off by the tight bra. The motion of her fingers felt

good to her. Playing her nimble fingers over her

nipples, she quickly brought them to a full hardness.

It'd been a long time since she'd had a man to play with

them. What with college classes during the day and

working at the dinner at night.

Sure there were plenty of men both in school and at the

dinner who would be happy to take them off her hands so

to speak. But she was looking for more than just a

casual fling. She was far from a virgin, having given

herself to her older boyfriend at 16. But as she had

gotten older herself, she knew she didn't want to find

herself like so many of the girls she had grown up with.

Married to a useless loser who once had seemed so

desirable and tied down with a few kids. Or worse, alone

with a kid after being dumped by a guy who didn't want

to be tied down.

For a few minutes, the brown skinned woman lost herself

in the sensation of flesh upon flesh. Eyes still closed,

she slid her hands down across her breasts one last time

and over her flat stomach. They came to a rest when they

reached the small white triangle between her legs. Using

both hands, she rubbed against the silk material. A soft

sign escaped her lips in response to her caress.

Jimmy began to pump furiously as he watched her play

with herself. Already he could feel a fire growing in

his balls. Through the powerful binoculars he had

borrowed from his father, he could even see small bushy

hairs sticking out from beneath the folds of Maria's

panties. He only wished he had borrowed his dad's camera

with the telephoto lens instead. Then if he had, where

would he have gotten the pictures developed?

Jimmy was now so oblivious to everything but the image

before him, he wouldn't have even noticed if his mother

had walked in on him at this moment.

Across the way, Maria was in a similar state, having

slid one of her hands beneath the waistband of her

panties to provide a deeper touch. Her breaths began to

come in shorter gasps as she slid first one, then two

fingers inside of herself. In due time a third finger

would follow.

Faster and deeper she moved, manipulating the small nub

of her clit and covering her long, slender fingers with

her wetness. Eventually the cloth of her underwear

became too restrictive and was quickly discarded - much

to Jimmy's delight.

Each was lost in their own world, riding the waves of a

rising ecstasy. They were joined in a common desire to

reach the summit, a bond that united them as if the

clothesline were a umbilical cord.

Jimmy's cock was as hard as it had ever been in his

life, his hand a blur of motion. His body was jerking up

and down so fast he was having trouble keeping Maria in

focus. No matter, the image was locked in his memory. A

stray thought filled his mind for a moment - he was glad

his bed didn't squeak.

That though quickly vanished as he felt the first surge

of his orgasm race up the length of his boyhood and

explode into the night air. His cock erupted again and

again. Each stroke, sending white droplets scattering in

every direction. He had to bite down on his lip to keep

from shouting with joy. He had never felt so good

before.

Finally, his eruptions subsided until only a small pearl

of white appeared at the tip of his cock in response to

his continued pumping. He could feel a softness growing

in his hand and knew he was done.

Across the small courtyard, Maria had also reached her

own climax, although a much softer and quieter one.

Still it had been satisfying enough. Enough to let her

sleep and dream of better days - and nights.

Looking at her reflection in the mirror, she decided a

quick shower was in order. Her eyes seemed to have a

mischievous gleam in them as she looked deep into the

mirror and a wide smile appeared on her face.

Still naked, she turned away from the mirror and leaned

out of the window. Had Jimmy's father, who had awaked a

short time before, taken that moment to turn away from

the movie credit's rolling across the screen, he

would've gotten an eyeful. As it was, she went unnoticed

by all but Jimmy.

Petrified, positive she could see him, Jimmy laid

motionless. He was afraid to even bring down the field

glasses because that motion would've drawn attention to

himself. Any erotic thoughts were long gone from his

head, even his once hard cock had now shriveled up.

Jimmy wasn't sure how long she stood there. It could've

been only a minute or an hour. Then her smile seemed to

grown wider and she blew him a kiss, before disappearing

from sight.

"Oh god!" Jimmy panted as he tried to stop shaking.

"I've never been SO scared before."

A few seconds later, the light across the way went out.

He quickly cleaned himself up and crawled under the

sheet. Still it would be two hours before he could

finally fall asleep. He figured that if she hadn't come

over to complain to his parents by then, she wasn't

going to. It was a good thing he didn't consider the

idea that she might be by first thing in the morning or

he never would've gotten to sleep.

Over time, the fear that he felt faded and only the

erotic excitement of that night remained. Jimmy never

did figure out how she had spotted him that night or if

she had known he was there all along. The experience was

never repeated because the next day, a new pair of

blinds appeared in the window.

Maria moved away two months later when she finally

finished her college classes. Jimmy overheard one of the

neighbors say she had gotten a job with a Manhattan firm

and had moved on to a bigger and better apartment.

In those two months, Jimmy only passed Maria in the hall

once. It was the week before she moved out. For the

first time since she had lived there, she stopped and

looked at him when he said hello. She smiled back and

returned the greeting.

"It's nice to see you again," she added, that same

mischievous gleam in her eye.

With that she was gone, leaving a relieved and upon

closer inspection, a much aroused Jimmy O'Rourke.

END