**A Window Display**

by LikelyAlly

*The passersby were just out for a nice walk downtown. They couldn't believe what they saw!*

We’d been strolling through the downtown all morning on this unseasonably warm summer day. We’d stop for coffee and I would slide my hand up your bare thigh, up under your sundress, to gently stroke your pussy lips through the cotton fabric of your panties as you sipped your Latte. We’d walk some more and stop in shady corners to make out and run our hands over each others’ bodies. By the time noon rolled around it was fair to say that we had worked ourselves up quite a bit.

We ambled, hand-in-hand, down a side street filled with cool, funky boutiques until we passed a small, empty storefront, a big, floor-to-ceiling glass window showing it to be empty inside except for a lone wooden chair sitting in front of the window, directly in the center. I could see that the side door to the boutique was left ajar by the workmen, and a wild, sexual impulse overtook me at that moment. Grabbing you by the hand I pulled you in through the door, twisting the lock closed after we entered. “What are you doing?” you asked with a smile.

“Making one of your fantasies a reality, baby.” I replied.

I pushed you back against the window and kissed you deeply, our tongues entwined. I reached down and started to tug your sundress up over your ass. You knew exactly what I was doing at this point as your head snapped left and right looking through the window to see if the street was still empty. Your heart skipped a beat as I pulled your panties down over your ass and pushed you back, your ass cheeks pressing against the cool glass. “Oh fuck baby,” you moaned into my mouth. “What if someone comes by?”

“That’s what makes this so fun, right?” I asked.

I spin you around and pull you back in to me so you are facing out the window, your panties still midway down your thighs. I reach behind and pull the wooden chair to me, lowering us both down on the hard, paint-stained seat. You sit between my spread legs and with the toe of my shoe I press your panties down around your ankles, leaving your pussy and ass naked under your sundress. My arms wrap around you as my lips go to your neck, kissing and nibbling the erogenous zones that I know so well. Your head goes back on my shoulder as you moan with pleasure. One hand slides along your back, unsnapping your bra while my other goes to your front and creeps under the loosened cup to squeeze your breast and feel your nipple hardening under my palm.

It was then that we had our first passerby. It was a middle-aged woman carrying shopping bags. We both froze, me with my hand cupping your tit under your dress. She looked in and her eyes widened in surprise. We made brief eye contact with her, before she frowned at us and kept going on her way. We both laughed nervously at this first encounter. Before you could have second thoughts about what we were doing, my lips went back to your neck and my hand pulled the hem of your dress up to your waist, exposing your pussy to the view offered through the window. My fingers moved down between your legs to feel the sopping, wet pussy that I’d been teasing all morning. I moved them slickly between your folds before sliding them up to coax your hardening clit out from under its hood.

A shadow was cast along the sidewalk as a young couple walked by. They did a double-take upon seeing you on the chair in front of me with your legs spread wide and my fingers sliding and slipping wetly between your swelling lips. They froze in their tracks before turning to look at one another in disbelief, their mouths hanging open. But unlike the older woman earlier, they were mesmerized by the sight of your beautiful pussy and increasing arousal. They stood there staring at you.

With my free hand, I pulled your dress up further so it was resting on top of your breasts, giving them a fuller view of your body. I could hear you gasp and draw in a deep breath as you were exposed further to them, the fingertips of my one hand twisted and pulled your hardened nipples while the fingers of my other plunged in and out of your dripping cunt. You were on fire now, and it didn’t faze you a bit as more people walked by and stopped to see what was happening through the window.

Three men joined the couple and they all watched in amazement as they could clearly see your body being ramped up into delirious heights of pleasure. They could see it on the flushed skin of your breasts and face. They could see it by your erect nipples. In your swollen lips. In your pussy dripping cum that pooled on the wooden seat beneath you.

You then surprised the hell out of me when I saw you kick off your sandals and leaning back harder against me placed each of your feet up on the glass separating us from our audience on the sidewalk. Spreading your legs wide, wanting – no needing - them to see you. All of you. I reached around with both hands and spread your red, swollen lips apart, giving them all a clear view of your wide open pussy and tight, wrinkled asshole. Five pairs of eyes devouring you from behind the glass as I spread you open wider with my fingers.

At this point, my own need for you was about to overwhelm me. I lifted you up to a standing position and undid my pants, letting them drop to the floor around my feet. I tore my boxer briefs down off my ass and sat back down in the chair. With my hands on your hips, I pulled you back toward me with your legs straddling the chair. I lifted your dress back up above your breasts as I lowered you down slowly on my hard, fat cock. Those gathered beyond the window were held in rapt attention. They couldn’t fucking believe what they were seeing, any more than I could believe what we were doing.

The woman that was part of the couple looked like she was in a trance. Her eyes were lidded and staring intently at your pussy. Her boyfriend stood behind her with his forearm held tight across her chest. I idly wondered how wet she must be just standing there, bewitched by our brazenness - our risk taking. The men were also caught up in the action. We could clearly see a couple of them with erections tenting their trousers. One of them couldn’t stop himself from reaching down the front of his pants and stroking himself in time with our fucking. Another man had his hand pressed against the window as he watched, as if he could get closer to you that way.

You raised and lowered yourself off and on my cock, slowly at first, so everyone could see the shaft coated with your juices. So they could see your lips grip me on every up stroke. But your hunger got the better of you and you started slamming up and down on my cock, faster, harder, feeling your orgasm building inside you. I strummed your hard, aching clit with my fingertips as you bounced. I leaned forward and whispered in your ear, “This was your fantasy, right baby? For me to fuck you in public?”

I heard you moan in reply, “Yes baby. I want this. I need this. Fuck me. Make me cum.”

I pushed your body forward and shifted my hips slightly so my cock would hit your g-spot and kept thrusting. “Oh, that’s it, baby. That’s it. Uhhh. Right there. Fuck,” I heard you groan. I could feel your body start to tense in the way it always does when you are about to have a g-spot orgasm. I listened to your breathing as well in an effort to time this just right. To give our audience a grand finale.

As I felt your body start to shake, I pulled you back against me and popped my cock out of your cunt just as your orgasm hit you and an arc of fluid squirted powerfully out of your pussy to splash on the window in front of us. Wave after wave burst out of you as you screamed with the intensity of your orgasm. I held you tightly as your body wrenched back and forth in my arms until you laid back against me, spent.

Our eyes went up to the window. Thin streams of your squirt dripped down the glass as the five assembled onlookers stood on the sidewalk in slack-jawed amazement. After about ten seconds of silence, the woman in the group started a slow, appreciative clap. Smiles broke out on the faces of the others as they joined in, the claps turning in to a rousing round of applause. You smiled sheepishly as you gave them a quick wave and gathered your sandals from the floor. We walked to the back of the shop and slipped out the rear door into the alley behind the building and made our way back out into the bustling city.

No curtain calls that afternoon.