Bonnie's Tale

When we were first married, my wife Bonnie (then age 21) and I (at 23) lived in an apartment on Winthrop Avenue on Chicago's North Side. I was in Dental School then. Bonnie taught second grade at a Catholic parish grammer school. The apartment we lived in was south of Devon Avenue in the northern part of Chicago near Evanston. It was a pleasant place and inexpensive, appropriate for a newly-wed couple. Its down-side, if you wanted to call it that, was that the elevated trains ran behind the building only about 70 feet away. (In Chicago the subway is called the "El," for elevated, because it mostly runs on elevated tracks when outside the central city. The central city is called the Loop, because it is within a surrounding loop of elevated tracks. So, oddly, the "subway" system in Chicago runs about 30 feet in the air in most places.) The trains running on this system would make make a real racket, particularly at rush hour. Still, it was exciting for a young couple, and we found that after a few weeks we didn't notice the noise. We learned to pause in midsentence and continue after the train passed without a hitch. People visiting, unaware of the tracks, startled, saying, "What is that noise?" We'd say, "What noise; oh, you mean the "El" train -- It runs right behind the building -- you get used to it." We got very used to it. After a while it became, well, invisible to me.

Bonnie, as it happened, derived a certain amusement out of those trains. Our apartment was on the second floor, and our windows looked directly at the tracks. That is, our second-floor apartment was even with the tracks. Although there was a one car-length parking area and an alley's distance between it and the tracks, from our window we could see the faces clearly of people going to work every morning and home again at night. I left early each morning to get to school, taking the "El" down to the Dental School's downtown campus. Bonnie generally left later for the short drive to the parish school, at least when she wasn't home on Summer vacation. The difficulty here was that the people on the "El" could also see directly into our windows. We had three windows, two 9 feet long by 5 feet high, one in the bedroom, and another in the living room, with a smaller one in the kitchenette. The bedroom window's sill was about six inches above our bed. Though the room was large, Bonnie had arranged the bed along the window, pushed to the wall. This gave enough room for her to sit on a high stool in front of her mirror next to the bed to fix her hair and do her makeup. It was her habit to fix her hair there after showering. She had long brown hair which she wore up, and it took her some time each morning to fix it. It was also her habit to fix hair while still naked after her shower. She said it gave her body an extra air dry. Also, she never pulled the shade. She said she liked the nice morning light. It was only later that I learned that exposing herself like that made her feel sexy. She liked pretending that men were watching her like a woman unclothed and enticing in a men's magazine. She got aroused by it. It excited her, you see, to know that men might see her on their way to work. The trains went by, customarily, at about 20 mph., coming off or slowing for the station just north of our apartment. Though passengers could see directly into our bedroom from the tracks, at that distance and speed, one could only see about a 2-3 second glimpse of Bonnie. This danger she found stimulating and nontreatening. I suspected this and later she confirmed it once she understood that actually I enjoyed letting her play her sexy games. I liked to show her off.

Perhaps you need to understand Bonnie here a little. She developed late. In High School, she always thought of herself as an ugly duckling. When she bloomed forth a swan, a very sexy looking woman, she never quite got over thinking of her self as a duckling. I suppose that's why she particularly savored it when men did look at her lustfully. She never minded it but rather was flattered. By 18 truck drivers would toot their horns at her on the street daily. She encouraged them by her fondness for short skirts. In a miniskirt and heels today (age 38), she still is devastating. At 21 she was stunning, electrifying, you name it. (Bonnie tied with her sister for "best legs" in the University by vote of the combined-fraternities in her Sophmore year. Her sister is two years older. While Bonnie loathed meat-headed jocks, she was not unpleased with the honor. The PC a malaise has never affected Bonnie in the least.)

One Summer, her little game backfired into a very strange story. As she described the event to me, it went as follows: As it was Summer, there was no rush, that is, no school, no teaching. She'd been sitting in the bedroom on her stool doing her hair for about 30 minutes completely nude before her mirror and of course before the window. It was early afternoon. Her position gave any discerning eye outside a perfect side picture of her classic feminine figure. This day, she was actually experimenting with her hair. First she was trying it one way and then another to see what looked best. We were to meet later for a Friday dinner alone at a nice romantic restaurant after my day in that Summer's clinical training. Catching a movement with her eye, Bonnie suddenly looked over at the tracks. She gasped. She saw about five workmen standing on the tracks leaning on their shovels, marveling at her. She flushed. Her first impulse was to jump up and close the shade, and she flew to it like lightning. Without thinking, she went straight for it, over the bed. She reached up for it. Unfortunately, she found that to get the shade she had to stand on the bed. (Bonnie's only 5'4" but had a trim 34-23-34 figure with firm erect tits that even in her thirties still snap men's necks as they drive past her on the street.) She fumbled. The shade became entangled. Now she was standing on the bed in the window reaching, fumbling with the shade, her bush and tits fully visible, her hair falling, and her heart racing. (She said it seemed like forever.) With effort she finally got the shade down and let it go, only to have it pop up again and wind it's cord around itself even worse. This new situation required more fumbling in her fully extended and exposed condition, another flustered attempt at closure and another pop-up. This last, revealed a workcrew laughing uproariously. Their mirth caused her to recover her poise. She saw her ridiculous situation, and she started to laugh too. With a nice smile and wave at her fans, she definitively but slowly and carefully this time closed the shade. Bonnie was flushed with excitement at this point and not just from the stress.

NOTE: Author states the above is all true and the rest of the story is fantasy.

She fell back on the bed and closed her eyes, discovering that she was deeply sexually aroused. She wanted to be looked at some more, but couldn't be so brazen as to just reopen the shade. She mused. It finally occurred to her that our car was parked right below the window. It could be washed. She quickly rummaged around for an aging faded pair of hip-hugger bluejeans. With her scissors she cut them off to make some shorts. She tried them on: not enough exposure for her purposes. She took them off and cut them way shorter, tried them on again and thought, well maybe she overdid it. They were indecent. Then again, as her excitement built, indecent was probably the effect she was looking for. She decided it was. Then she put a thin white cotton tee shirt over her braless breasts, pulled the sides up and tied them just below her tits to expose her midriff. So no one could miss her point, she added an old pair of expendable but passable high heels. Dressed like this, she strolled out with soap and bucket to wash the car. The workers recognized her almost immediately with whistles and cat calls. She gave them a big smile and then began to wash the car. As she worked she soaked herself subtly but deliberately to make her nipples clearly visible through the wet fabric. The soaking made the material virtually transparent. It was just the effect she imagined, better than she imagined, and she was now turned on something fierce. She started thinking maybe she could take them all on, and as she did so she found that she was untying her tee shirt and removing it. She couldn't believe she was really doing this. It was so exciting and so dangerous, like playing with fire. She felt her vagina opening wide. She was more turned on than she'd ever been in her life. She tugged at her shorts. The stress against the old thread on the short's top button popped it off. Now the men were clapping in rhythm. They wanted her to strip them off too. In response, well, she just couldn't help herself. She started slowly unzipping the fly of her shorts, then pulled them down. Leaning back against the car, she began to touch herself. She found herself starting to use the plastic hose nozzle as a dildo to stimulate herself right in front of a bunch of men. She was appalled at what she was doing but couldn't stop herself, she was soaping herself all over. naked, right in public and loving every second of it, having an orgasm on a garden hose spurting water in her pussy, and leaning againt our car. It was incredible. She opened her eyes and, in ecstasy, saw that the five workmen had managed to climb down the 30 feet from the tracks and were standing around her. Five men were now sliding her ass up on the car's hood, spreading her legs, and before she knew it, entering her pussy with one giant cock after another. It was like a dream, but it was not a dream, was it. She couldn't believe she was going to let five men fuck her right there in the alley, but she did. It was the best sex she'd ever had. She thought she must have passed out, because she woke up again lying on her apartment bed and felt herself. Strangely, he was dry, except between her legs. What had happened? Then she thought she understood. She must have fallen asleep on the bed trying to recover her composure from the shade incident, but what a dream. So real. It came back in pieces, but still seemed somehow suppressed by an unconscious mental process that was guarding her from her own desires. She looked at the clock. "Oh my God. I have to get ready for dinner." She jumped up, peeked out the shade, no workers. Opened the shade. Climbed on her stool still naked, rushed her hair up, and got dressed just in time to drive to the restaurant to meet me. As she drove up, I said, "Oh, I see you had the car washed." Bonnie startled. She had a confused, strange and incredulous look on her face which I couldn't understand until she told me her story. She could never explain how the car got washed. She was certain it was all a dream. I never did mention the cum stained soaking wet cut off bluejeans shorts with no button which I found next to our parking space the next day. It would have been too indelicate.