By the Window

by sexypaula©

I jumped when the phone suddenly rang.

Maybe it was the fact that I was naked, playing with myself in bed. My catholic

education still reminded me of the guilt associated to masturbation. "Someone is

watching you", I remembered from my lessons. I don't know if it was the idea of

a voyeuristic God or something else in my mind, but masturbation was, for me,

always a vulnerable moment, where I felt I could be seen. With time I learned to

enjoy that idea.

I answered the phone, and my heart skipped a beat when an unknown male voice

talked to me directly from my past nightmares: "I'm watching you Paula. I know

what you're up to."

I trembled, still dwelling in my catholic guilt. I took a deep breath, put

myself together, and looked at the window ahead of me. Trying to hide my

nervousness I asked slowly "Who are you?", and I walked towards the window to

try to figure out if someone was right there, looking inside.

"Now Paula," the voice went on "don't be afraid of me, calm down baby. Come to

the window sweetie, come to where I can have a better look of your newly shaved

pussy. I like it that way, much better than before!"

These words disturbed me even more. Not only this person knew my name and could

guess I was naked, but he also knew I had shaved my pussy completely for the

first time this morning. It meant I had been spying on for a while.

"I'll call the police if you keep harassing me. I demand you to stop this, and

never to spy on me again." I demanded trying to sound threatening.

"And would you lose the chance of a lifetime, my dear?" the voice asked

enigmatically.

"What chance? What are you talking about?"

"I know you Paula. I can look inside you my dear. I know what you want. I can

give you that."

I was as close to the window as I could be without being seen from the outside.

My apartment was high enough to make me feel safe from indiscreet windows. The

neighboring buildings were all smaller and I couldn't imagine someone seeing me

from one of them.

"More to the right" the voice said to me, guiding my sight. "Not that near,

behind it. Do you see that bluish building, just on the left of the park?" It

couldn't be. That was too far. I wanted to approach the window, but I was afraid

to be seen. I ran back inside to fetch my robe.

I returned. Still holding my cellular phone next to my right ear. I wanted to

see where this guy was calling from.

As soon as I reached the window he talked again. "See the windows at the level

of yours? Just spot the light signs!" and this said, he must have opened and

closed his window several times, because I saw the sun setting reflections as

Morse code, on and off, flashing on my eyes.

I took a step back in fear. My stalker was there. He could see me, but I

couldn't see him. I could only guess his presence.

"What kind of perverted are you, do you spy on people with telescopes?", I heard

a cold laugh from the other side, and his voice calmly answered: "No Paula, I

don't spy on people, I spy on you. And I don't do it to harm you. I do it only

to bring you to a level of sexuality you've never known before. You're a sexy

woman Paula, but your body needs more than you give it. It needs the excitement

that only your brain can provide. And I'm the key to that excitement."

I didn't know what to say. It was clear that this guy was a freak, he was

potentially dangerous, and didn't mind letting me know he was breaking several

laws. But still, the tone of his voice, and his smart language kept me

hypnotized, I told myself I wouldn't hang up right there, I needed to know more.

So I asked the forbidden question: "And how will you achieve that?"

"Paula," he started, always using my name in every sentence, as if he knew how

much I liked to hear my name in someone else's voice. "I will achieve that by

guiding you, by opening you to new experiences, by taking you to where only your

hidden dreams had taken you before."

"This is absurd," I interrupted when reality slapped me. "I'm hanging up, and

don't ever call me again."

"You're not the kind who gives up that easily. Not after the way your heart has

raced in these brief minutes. Right now your heart is jumping, your adrenaline

is kicking in, your breathing is accelerated, your skin is getting damp with

tiny drops of sweat. This is just the beginning Paula. Soon it will be your

whole body. You won't give up on that, will you Paula?"

"And you'll do all that by talking to me on the phone?" I asked, as if giving

him another chance to convince me. I felt angry at myself for encouraging him,

but I needed to know what he was up to.

"No Paula, you will do it. I'm simply the voice in your mind when you

masturbate. I'm the fantasies you never told anyone. I'm the courage you've

always lacked. Try me! Let me show you!"

"How?" I asked defeated.

"Paula, my dear, you'll do a little something for me. Listen to me very

carefully. You won't ask questions, you won't say no, you'll be guided by my

voice and do as I say, without hesitation, without thinking, you'll only hear,

do and feel!!"

Before I could say a word his warm voice kept on. "Hush sweetie, calm down, take

a deep breath, and follow this test... Open your robe for me. Just slightly, and

uncover your left breast, the one closer to your heart. Don't hesitate, just do

it."

Not believing myself, I was showing my left breast to the world. Not that I

thought there were other people on the windows looking at me. Still I knew I was

being seen by at least one person. But that didn't stop me, I needed to see

where this was going.

"Lovely Paula, I always loved your nipples. Now, you'll hold your breast with

your left hand, and come real close to the window, so close that your nipple

will touch the glass."

I did it, the cold glass against my nipple hardened it, I loved the feeling of

that smooth and hard surface.

"Now you'll be given a choice Paula. Holding your breast you will answer by

drawing a letter on the window with your nipple. The question is, should we

continue this?"

It was stronger than me, when I noticed I was carefully mashing my breast

against the cold glass window, making my nipple draw the letter "Y". Now I knew

there was no turning back.

"Good girl!" he said with that voice that started to send chills down my spine.

"Now show me your other breast!" I complied without hesitation, I knew I was

becoming turned on by this game, I couldn't stop now.

"Mmmmmm! Very nice" I heard. "Now change your phone setting to loud speaker so

you don't need to hold it. Then, drop the robe at your feet, and turn on the

lights so you can be seen from the outside."

This was the moment I had feared, I'd be naked by my window. Exposed to everyone

looking up. I closed my eyes, ignoring where I was, and felt my robe falling

down my naked body. The touch of the cloth falling down was enough to arouse me.

I knew I was getting wet with the excitation of my forbidden actions. The

tingling between my legs was impossible to ignore. Instinctively I pressed them

together to feel myself better. I searched the switch, and turned on the lights.

"Kick away the robe, Paula. Open your legs and your arms. Be one with the

window." I obeyed, knowing that now I'd be as visible as I could get, legs open,

arms open wide above my head, I pressed my body softly against the window. Its

coldness was so pleasant I felt myself moving against it. Rubbing my breasts, my

arms, my legs, and even humping the window slowly, feeling how my movements were

making my pussy lips open and close in rhythm. I tried hard to have my throbbing

clit rubbed by the glass. I had forgotten where I was.

He must have understood how I was feeling, because he let me make love to the

window for some time. Then he spoke again. "People are looking at you Paula! And

you're loving it!"

I opened my eyes, and several reflections on windows closer to me, showed

movement in those apartments. Some people had spotted me. They were seeing my

shaved pussy humping the window. Maybe some were even taking my picture...

"You want to put on a show for them! You know how much that will drive you wild,

Paula. It's the opportunity of a lifetime. You can be their porn actress. You

can make them desire you as the sex object you need to be! You can be the slut

they always wanted to fuck!"

His words made me shiver. My exhibitionist side had taken over, and he knew it.

I didn't care anymore about who was watching me. Right now I hoped they could

all see the slut I was.

"Paula, you're a dirty fucking slut, aren't you? Slap your breasts hard, if you

agree!" I slapped my breasts, right hand on my left breast, left hand on my

right breast. Hard, repeatedly, Slappp! Slappp! Slappp! Slappp!

"Now bring your couch to the window Paula. Make it stand frontal to it, with its

arms touching each side of the window. Then bring your dildo sweetie. That big

red one you like so much to have inside your little pussy."

I obeyed, as my heart jumped knowing what he was asking me next. I felt an

immense happiness. I wanted this to happen so bad.

"Sit on the couch," he ordered, "your ass touching the window, and your legs up

high along the window. In that position, my adorable slut, you'll show the world

how that hot hole between your legs loves to be treated. Remember Paula, people

are watching you, show them the porn star you are!"

My pussy was on fire. I needed to rub it. The dildo was just the ideal tool.

Hard, long, very thick. Something I usually only used after a long foreplay. But

I didn't remember ever being more wet than now. I was throbbing. My pussy needed

to be fed that huge rubber cock. It could feel it. It was opening it for it. I

rubbed... rubbed... and it was sliding in...

"Yes Paula, that's the way your pussy needs it. Inside my dear, shove it hard as

sluts like you need it." His words only drove me wilder. I couldn't wait any

longer. I was pushing it all in. Feeling it filling me so completely. My whole

body was squirming. My legs trembling against the glass window. My ass being

flooded with the juices running from my fuck hole.

I heard his words of guidance as I inserted a finger in my ass hole. I was now

fucking both my holes. One finger opening my ass as my pussy was being violently

raped by my huge dildo. All for my neighbors to enjoy from their windows. I

pumped faster as I moaned loudly. I wanted more. I wanted to feel as the used

whore that everyone on those windows would fuck.

And then my orgasm took over. I shouted hard. And my body quit obeying me. There

I was, legs open against the glass, my cum oozing out of my hole, as the dildo

slowly popped out and fell on the floor. I caught my breath, lying there.

Waiting for his next order.

He complimented my performance, and asked me not to clean the window. My juices

and cum all over it, would be a reminder for the next hours. The proof of my

slutness.

"You're famous now." He said "Everybody saw your true self now, and they know

where you live."

We said our goodbyes and I got ready to go to bed. In my mind the thought of my

neighborhood knowing how much of a slut I could be excited me, making me play

with myself again. I missed his voice guiding me now, talking dirty to me. I

wished he would call soon again.

I imagined one of my neighbors coming to my door, maybe to see me naked, maybe

to rape me, maybe more than one would come to abuse me...

Just in case, I got up and unlocked my door. I closed my eyes and hoped

something more would happen.

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