**Curtain Call**

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We should get one thing straight from the outset: Samantha wasn't in the habit of taking her clothes off in front of strangers. Sure, she might have thought about it once or twice, but she never figured she'd actually do it. Especially not strangers who knew where she lived.

She'd been a little uncomfortable when she'd first taken the apartment; it was weird for her, a country girl, to be living in the city with a picture window right across from another apartment. The rental agent had explained that this apartment building had been built before the other one that once the picture window had looked out over a beautiful view of the lake. But a few years ago, the high rise had gone up across the alley, and now the view was of some other person's living room. Not that it had inspired the landlord to lower the rent or anything but Samantha didn't care; she was just glad to have an apartment after her long and frustrating search.

Besides, the second she'd seen the picture window facing the apartment across the alley, her mind had turned to the idea of taking her clothes off in front of it, and the deal was closed. Not that she thought she'd actually do it, mind you. Samantha wasn't exactly a good girl; in fact she really wasn't a good girl; in fact she wasn't anything even remotely like a good girl, but she drew the line at taking her clothes off in public. Her provocative clothing was nothing more than a matter of physical geography, albeit one she relished. She didn't go out of her way to display her full hips, her large breasts, her thick, strong legs they just sort of displayed themselves, and she liked it that way. Samantha's tasteful office attire was always a little dressier than necessary, maybe even slightly tighter than was necessary, showing off the swell of her it is and the curves of her ass. It never crossed the line of propriety, mind you, not quite "slutty," just, how would you say it, "body-comfortable" that worked. She drew more approving looks than she would have thought possible when she was the quote-unquote "overweight" ugly duckling living in Wisketaw, Minnesota. Funny how that happened.

Guys at the office were always asking her for dates, but after all, Samantha had moved her to "find" herself, that obscure thing people were supposed to do when they turned twenty-five or maybe twenty-nine, or in Samantha's case twenty-seven, two years late or early, depending on your perspective.

So Samantha turned her admirers down for their dinners and movies and impossible-to-eat seats at Miss Saigon and stayed home, reveling in the pleasures of her new apartment. And the pleasures of that big picture window.

Samantha would stay home weekend nights, often having turned down a date or two for the technicians up on the fifth floor or the lawyers on seven most of the bastards married or once, even, the FedEx dude, who she'd been sure was gay. She just couldn't stand the thought of going through another love affair when finally had an apartment to herself, a place where she could stretch out on the expansive, luxurious floor more luxurious than a couch would have been, even had she been able to afford one and ease out of her office clothes, enjoying the sight of herself in the big mirror on the closer door, enjoying the sight of her sexy garter belt, stockings, tight panties, sometimes even no panties, the knowledge of that making her uncomfortably but deliciously wet all day long. She could put a porn movie in the VCR, one of those "women's erotica" movies she'd discovered at the feminist porn shop recently. The porn was disgustingly PC compared to the sleaze her ex-boyfriends used to want to watch with her, but yet it was somehow unbelievably sexy precisely because it was aimed at her, like it represented the fact that everyone in the world knew she was masturbating right now or something. She would put on one of the movies and stretch out on the floor with a bottle of red wine and her vibrator and maybe even a dildo or two, enjoying the feeling of being horribly, terribly, irrevocably bad not because she was watching porn or masturbating with sex toys, but because she was drinking red wine on that immaculate white carpet, and her anxiety about losing part of her cleaning deposit was matched only by the decadent thrill she felt and laughing about it, and because she was going to be alone in this apartment for a long, delicious time.

Samantha would keep the curtains closed on that window, thinking about who might be beyond it, thinking about what they were doing. Maybe the people who lived there had their curtains open and were doing nasty things in front of the window, wishing Samantha would open her curtains so she could see them. The thought gave her a thrill. Samantha was as mush a closet voyeur as a closet exhibitionist. Once when she lived in Minnesota she'd heard her downstairs neighbors fucking. She'd fantasized about that for months, still fantasized about it sometimes when she was masturbating. When she'd found out, weeks later, that two women lived there, a handsome diesel dyke and a curvy femme, that only fueled Samantha's savoring of her illicit carnal knowledge. There's something so delicious about things you're not supposed to know, like what two lesbians sound like in the throes of lovemaking.

Now, she would fantasize about the people on the other side of those curtains. She would think about them watching her as she looked at porn and stroked herself; as she spread her broad thighs; as she tugged her skimpy panties to one side and slipped the silicone dildo smoothly into her body; as she turned the vibrator on HIGH and pressed it to her clit; as she came, screaming, to the images on the TV screen and the knowledge of sexual beings right behind her curtains, watching the red fabric ripple in the twenty-fifth-floor breeze, knowing that wind might carry her orgasmic screams to the people across the alley, or and this never failed to get her off the people in the alley many floors below.

But Samantha never actually opened the curtains not even when she was just hanging out to see who lived there. That might have spoiled the fantasy, she figured. Or would it?

Samantha discovered her very favorite video one night when she was just a little tipsy from a glass of wine and pleasantly satisfied by take-out Chateaubriand from Francesca's Italian Restaurant she'd just gotten a midmonth paycheck and wanted to treat herself. There wasn't a bite of irony in her liking it, because Samantha watched a lot of videos, having grown up in a place where "women's erotica" meant Cosmopolitan articles on "How to Give Your Man Orgasms!" At this point, she'd seen practically every so-called "sex-positive" video, both lesbian and straight, that the sex shop rented, and she was starting in on the commercial stuff out of sheer desperation. But somehow she'd missed The Hungry Gaze in her first whirlwind tour through the video section. It had been made by a tiny lesbian erotica company in Minneapolis. The company's location was an interesting coincidence, to be sure, and one that would drive Samantha even more perverse fantasies of sexual exhibition. But given how many videos Samantha had watched since moving to the city, there really wasn't that much irony in her response.

That is to say, in the fact that The Hungry Gaze was a thirty-minute short about a woman who showed off for her female neighbor in front of the picture window of her high-rise apartment building.

Samantha came three times, the remains of the Chateaubriand forgotten, the red wine serving only to hydrate her in gulps taken between her frenzied bursts of self-fucking and desperate rewinding of the tape, muttering, "Come on, come on," while she stroked her wet pussy and listened to the annoying whine of the VCR. Then she started all over again.

It didn't bother her one bit that the woman on the tape was showing off for another woman, despite the fat that Samantha thought of herself as exclusively straight. Hell, the woman across the alley in the video was more handsome then any of Samantha's boyfriends had been, and the woman showing off looked more like Samantha then the blow-dried prom queens she usually saw in commercial porn and even a lot of the more artistic stuff. Her yummy broad ass and rounded hips were cinched lusciously into corset, her luscious tits spilling out with their bright rings dancing for the camera as the woman ground her hips and spread her legs, exposing her shaved pussy as she slipped her fingers inside. The woman across the alley, a skinny dyke with a DA, lay naked except for a stained jockstrap, fondling her small tots and pulling the cotton garment away so she could rub her pussy as she watched. The tension between the two women even across the illusory gap between buildings, was palpable and drove Samantha into a new fury.

"Fuck," muttered Samantha hungrily as she pumped her pussy yet again, "Sign me up."

But what really turned her on was the fact that the woman was showing off and doing it in front of a window. It made Samantha think about who might watch her if she just happened to leave the drapes open one night.....

And that's when Samantha did it. Maybe the fact that she had just gulped the remainder of the wine is what gave her the guts to do it.

Or maybe she really was a slut after all. She kept her garter belt on, but took off the bra. She loved the way the garter belt framed her board thighs, her wide hips, and her hourglass figure, drawing attention to the wispy blonde hair on her pussy.

She wanted to peek first, but Samantha told herself she shouldn't. There was such an intense, hard thrill to just opening the curtains and if there was someone standing there watching her, she could always pull the curtains closed again like it was an honest mistake.

But there wasn't anyone. The curtains across the alley were open, but the apartment was dark. Whoever lived there had gone to bed.

But rather than closing the curtains and going to bed herself, as she knew she would do, Samantha dragged her one kitchen chair over to the middle of the room, dragging the towel with her pussy and lube moistened vibrator and dildo on it over with her, and sat down on the chair.

Was there someone there in the dark watching her? "You could get arrested for this," she told herself out loud, and spread her legs.

She could feel the erotic tension flowing from her fingertips to her full breasts, her swollen nipples, her spread thighs. She could hear herself moan uncontrollably as she rubbed her wet pussy and her engorged clit. Someone was watching her. Man or woman, she didn't care. One of the lawyers from work, finally realizing what a slutty whore this third floor secretary was. One of the dykes from the video, treated unexpectedly to a hot show while she fucked herself on her couch. One of her ex boyfriends, suddenly realizing what hot piece he'd lost hold of. It didn't matter. Whoever he was, he was slipping his hands into his briefs, roused from his slumber to appreciate Samantha's wanton display. Whoever she was, she was slipping out of her panties, stroking her pussy, made instantly wet and dripping by the sight of Samantha showing herself off. Whoever he was, he was taking his cock, now hard, out of his Jockeys and stroking it, his hand gripping tightly as he pumped his hard flesh, as his eyes roved over Samantha's mostly naked body. Whoever she was, she was spreading her legs wide and fucking herself the same way Samantha was fucking her own pussy, a six inch dildo, the really thick one, working its way in and out of her as the vibrator hummed on her clit. She was going to come. She was going to come.

Whoever she was, she was transfixed by the pumping motions of Samantha's hips. Whoever he was, he couldn't take his eyes off the dancing fullness of Samantha's breasts. Whoever they were, they looked into Samantha's bright blue eyes and wanted her, wanted her bad wanted her in a way no boyfriend or casual sexual interest had ever wanted her, because they'd never realized what a fucking slut she was, and how mush she loved it. They wanted her, the man, the woman watching her now, because Samantha was as much of an exhibitionist as there wanted her to be.

God, she was coming coming again! Samantha felt the orgasm bursting through her pussy as she lifted herself up and down on the chair so she could push the thick dildo harder into her, rubbing her cervix, slapping her G-spot mercilessly, driving herself over the edge. She was coming and moaning at the top of her lungs, not caring that the window was open or even, as she finished coming, that the light had gone on across the alley.

Not even caring that the hottest guy she'd ever seen was standing there with his dick in his hand, his eyes wide, watching her. Not even caring that he came as she came, and that he couldn't take his eyes off her, even as she finished coming and ground to a halt on the tiny kitchen chair, watching him, transfixed by the sight of his hard cock squrting come onto the carpet.

He didn't look embarrassed this bastard was shameless! He'd turned the light on so Samantha could see him, so she could see how much she was turning him on.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!!" said Samantha to herself as she watched the guy blowing her kisses and then running for something out of sight of the window.

Samantha jumped up, still mostly naked, her face flushing how as she began to close the curtains. But the guy got back before she could shut him out, and he held up a piece of paper.

Samantha couldn't help herself. She started laughing. Her face flushed an even deeper red.

It was his phone number.

She stood there looking at him and laughing for what must have been for a full minute. When she was finished laughing she just smiled, looking foolishly across the alley as he held eye contact and kept nodding and pointing at the number.

Samantha heard herself give a surprisingly girlish giggle. "Thank you," she mouthed, laughing again, blushing hot. Then she blew him a kiss, pulled the curtains closed, and went to bed.