Eyes at the Window

by magmaman Â©

Some of you know how it is to be freshly married, still exploring and

discovering what excites and what doesn't in each other.

My pretty little wife Sharon was a bit of a prude. She always wore longer

skirts, sweaters that came all the way up to her neck, things like that.

The funny part was I discovered she not only never wore knickers, she

didn't even own any of them.

I delighted in teasing her about that. She would blush bright red and

stick her tongue out at me, not upset at all but pretending to be when I

would make some outrageous comment with friends around.

I went with her once when she was looking for a new bathing suit, she

tried on every one piece thing in the store, all of them were awful.

Finally she was down to the two piece suits, no way in hell would she come

out to let me see them like she would in the one piece types.

After all, there were other people around, some of them obviously bored

husbands wishing they were home watching the football game.

So she would call out, I would go peek in the door of the changing room,

then she would try on another one.

I was getting looked at quite a bit by the other shoppers, they probably

thought I was a pervert. I was wishing I was home watching the football

game, too.

A couple of guys wandered over and were pretending to look at clothes on a

nearby rack, which I thought was hilarious since the racks held women's

undergarments.

It was rather obvious they were hoping to catch a peek, so the next time

Sharon called out I opened the door wider. She was looking at herself in

the mirror, the tiny yellow thing she had on was scandalous at best.

"Wow!" I said, "That is great!"

"You don't think it is too...?" she started to say, turning my way.

Then it hit her that I was standing there holding the door open and the

two men were staring at her, and there was a hell of a lot of skin hanging

out of that tiny suit.

"Oh!" she said, reaching for the door, pulling it shut, me inside.

"What's the matter?" I asked her, innocently.

"Those men were looking at me!" She exclaimed.

"Oh hell, men will see you on the beach." I answered.

"You did that deliberately!" she said in what seemed to me to be mock

outrage. But I caught the flush on her face.

Still, Sharon refused to buy the outfit, no amount of telling her how much

I liked it worked. I finally gave up and we left.

The next day I stopped by, bought the bikini, then headed home, hiding it

in the closet. I had no idea how I was going to get her into it in public,

though.

Sometimes when we were making love, I would be licking her nipples which

seemed to drive her nuts. I would make a comment about someone seeing her,

nude or partly nude. I would slide in a comment about how beautiful she

was and how I really liked it when she looked "foxy."

Innocent crap, but oddly it got me going, and I saw the pursed lips and

her expression. Just fun stuff to bring up, think about, nothing we would

ever really do.

One of my pastimes that I did hide from her was reading erotic stories,

and I even wrote a few, a couple of them were fairly well received. But I

kept them hidden from Sharon.

I thought.

I came home one evening and Sharon was sitting at the screen reading some

of the stories I had loaded, and there was a half dozen of them that were

mildly naughty. Most were about guys getting peeks, things like that. I

had even used her name in some of them and described her exactly, so she

knew damn good and well the thoughts in my head were about her.

I was busted.

I figured my ass was buttermilk, but she wasn't even upset. In fact, she

was curious as to why the idea excited me so much.

The real truth is I didn't know, it just did.

I told her exactly that, the idea of someone looking at her bare breasts,

her nipples or maybe a sneak peek up her dress really excited me. I just

had no answer as to why.

Sharon just laughed at me and told me I was a pervert, I was relieved at

having survived a possible yelling match.

It was about a week later, Sharon asked me if we could go to the beach.

Not thinking, I said sure, so she made a basket of goodies and some wine,

we hopped in the car and off we went. She had on a full length shapeless

pullover outfit, it left everything to the imagination so I didn't even

think of what she might be wearing underneath.

It was about a 2 hour drive from our house, we found a nice spot a bit off

to ourselves and Sharon spread out our blankets.

I guess I wasn't really paying attention, because when Sharon stood up and

pulled the full length pullover she wore over her head, I just came to a

stop.

Here she was standing there wearing that tiny little yellow thing I had

bought and thought I had hidden from her.

YOW! She was gorgeous, hell, she always was gorgeous but this was amazing!

Out in public, wearing nothing more than wisps of cloth. By wisps I mean

just that, the top was two little yellow triangles no more than a couple

of inches across, the bottom was about the same. The top was so tiny that

her breasts hung out the sides, bottom and top, all it did was barely

cover her nipples. The crotch was cut so low the top of her pubic mound

was visible, which meaned she had to have shaved but it didn't look like

that, more likely waxed. I knew that just a quarter inch lower and her

clit would peek out over the top of it and all she had over her butthole

was the tin string.

Hell, I found myself trying to sneak peeks at her without getting caught,

that was an odd feeling. Plus I sat there the entire time with a raging

hardon.

I suppose it would be fun to say that she started a riot and people were

everywhere but for about 3 hours nobody even came close to us except for

one older couple that walked by maybe 20 feet away. There were some young

people throwing frisbees, and one gal maybe 25 or so was actually topless,

her breasts bouncing around as she ran to catch the thing. But they were

at least 100 yards away.

The guy walking by did look at Sharon lying on her stomach with

appreciation but that was it. From behind I couldn't even see the bottoms

except for the strings that looked like yarn tied at the sides.

We decided to get a motel room and stay overnight, so we packed up and

headed for a place we had passed that was right on the beach.

As we were checking in, the young man at the desk looked Sharon up and

down but she had her coverup on of course so I didn't think too much of

that. He was the typical beachbum type, well built and around 25 with

bleached yellow hair hanging down over his ears.

The room we got was on the ground floor and a nonsmoking room, but there

was a back door that led out to a little yard overlooking the ocean.

Nothing out of the ordinary, two huge picture windows, a bed and some

chairs, and a TV.

I wandered outside to grab a smoke, it was getting dark so I sat on a

picnic table and watched the sun go down.

Heading back to the room, I noticed that there were shrubs in front of the

windows, which were covered with some kind of filmy curtain. I could step

off the sidewalk past the shrubs and have a clear view of the entire room,

but from inside with the lights on I almost couldn't see out at all.

I watched Sharon for a few minutes, she was just sitting on the bed

reading a book.

I went inside and checked, sure enough, the picture windows were like big

mirrors.

"What are you doing?" Sharon asked as I fiddled with the filmy curtains,

drawing them aside.

"I noticed that anyone outside can see right in here if they step past the

shrubs, maybe you should put on a little show in case anyone comes by.", I

laughed.

"Oh, you. Don't be silly!"

She went back to reading her book, I went in and took a shower, I was

feeling a bit randy.

I came out wearing just my briefs and plopped down next to Sharon,

reaching out and grabbing a handful of tit. She smiled and put the book

down, we cuddled for awhile, then she hopped up to grab a quick shower,

too. When she came back out, all she had on was her soft shorty nightgown,

I grabbed her again playfully and we started necking.

"What would you do if someone was peeking in right now?" I whispered in

her ear as I ran my hand over her bare behind. She just snuggled closer.

"Maybe I would just let them watch!" she giggled, burying her face in my

chest.

I happened to glance up at the window and as I did I caught a slight

movement.

Someone WAS watching!

My first instinct was to jump up, go yell at them, pull the heavy draw

curtains that were still open.

Then I felt a flush come over me, what an opportunity!

I let my hand push up the bottom of Sharon's nightgown as she cuddled next

to me, watching out of the corner of my eye at the window.

Once again I detected some motion, then a face pressed closer.

It was the young man from the desk!

He kept drawing back out of sight but I pretended to not notice, then he

would slip closer. I could barely make him out, the yellow hair was what

gave him away, it caught enough light from the room to be barely visible.

I turned my attention back to Sharon, sliding the hem of her nightgown

even higher, up over her bare behind.

"He is watching you right now!" I whispered in her ear like I had done so

many times before. She played along with the game, moaning, not realizing

this was real.

I pressed her back onto the bed, the nightgown up to her waist now. I

sensed the face press even closer, then more motion as he stepped aside to

the corner of the window. I realized he was trying to improve his angle so

I turned my body, scooting her around so she was sideways on the bed with

her legs hanging over the edge facing the window.

"Shaved, huh?" I noted.

"When did you do that?"

"I had it waxed at the spa." She giggled. "I had to to wear that bathing

suit."

Reaching down, I slid the nightgown up and off her, baring her heavy

breasts. I nuzzled at one while stroking the other.

"Open your legs, let him see you!" I whispered in her ear. She complied

readily, spreading her legs a little wider. The light from the table lamp

shined right on her, she was already starting to glisten from my touch.

Her heavy lips were swollen, her nipples crinkled down to little buttons.

"Bring your knees up, wider!" I whispered as I stroked her with my

fingers.

Her eyes flashed open, she looked at me oddly, then she realized.

"Is there..Is there someone there?" she started to sit up.

"Shhhh.. It's all right, just go with it."

She hesitated, then deciding, she lay back.

I put my hand on her knee and pressed it lightly sideways, she didn't

resist. She let out a moan as I stroked between her legs, allowed me to

part them even more.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the face reappear at the window. I

managed to get my briefs down, freeing myself. I was solid as a rock. I

rolled over on top of her and slid inside with no resistance.

Then still joined, I rolled over on my back with Sharon on top of me. This

pointed her behind directly at the window as we lay there, I was pumping

away at her slowly. I reached down and pulled her knees towards me,

looking over her shoulder at the man standing at the window.

He was staring right between Sharon's legs, he didn't step back this time.

I know he saw me looking at him, but he didn't move.

I reached down and grasped Sharon's butt cheeks, and pulled sideways,

spreading her completely, obscenely. I knew the light was shining right on

her, her pussy spread out with my cock inbedded in her. I even removed my

cock, holding her like that, letting him see.

She groaned and buried her face against me but made no move to stop me.

I pushed my cock back in, in short order we were thrashing at each other

in orgasm. We lay there for several minutes as I softened and finally slid

out.

Sharon got up, and walked to the bathroom to get a towel. She came back

out, still naked, and sat on the edge of the bed, facing the window. She

opened her legs and carefully wiped herself with the towel as I lay there

and watched.

Then she glanced up at the window, the man stood there for a moment

smiling. Their eyes met and Sharon just sat there smiling with her legs

open.

Then he was gone. Sharon hopped up and drew the curtains.

"How was that? Was that what you wanted?" She smiled at me.

"God that was hot!" I reached for her, erect again and we proceeded to

make another mess.

The next morning we checked out, the same young man was at the counter.

He smiled at us, looking Sharon over closely. She had on a thin halter top

and a pair of snug shorts I had never seen before but realized I liked.

Her nipples made clear bumps in the thin cloth.

"Enjoy your stay?" he asked.

"Yes, fine." I told him.

"Different, too."

Sharon blushed furiously.

"Come back soon!" The young man called out as we opened the door.

I glanced back as he gave me the thumbs up and winked.

I was grinning as we headed out the door. I was thinking of perhaps making

a few stops at some waysides on the trip home.