Full Frontal

by SquiresBoy©

Diana stepped out of the elevator directly into her apartment. As soon as she

felt the cool air of home, she let out a sigh. The day had topped out at 99

degrees, and she could still feel the clammy, stinky sweat that had accumulated

under her clothes during the day.

She dropped her keys onto the end table and lifted first one foot, then the

other, and removed her high heels. She sighed, relieved to finally be free of

the shoes, and dumped them on the floor next to the elevator. She had the

penthouse, and the elevator was private. There was no chance of anyone stealing

her shoes. She let her stocking feet sink into the plush rug of her living room,

soaking up the softness after a day of hard tile, asphalt and industrial carpet.

Once her feet finished singing the praises of deep-pile carpet, she turned and

walked toward the window. She turned on a lap as she passed the table, the

lights in the kitchen already on. She stopped in front of the window and looked

down at the street. She brought both hands up, laced her fingers behind her neck

and pulled. She groaned as her fingers pressed into the tired muscles, and she

wished there was someone, anyone, available to give her a massage.

She slid her hands forward to the collar of her Oxford shirt. She idly twisted

the top button between her index finger and thumb, then slipped it through the

hole. It felt like releasing a choker, and she pressed her palm against the base

of her imprisoned throat. She slid her hand down, into her shirt, and brushed

her fingers over the flat part of her chest. Droplets of sweat formed between

her fingertips and her skin, and she brushed them away before taking her hand

out.

On the street below, she watched two people exit the apartment building across

the street and walk toward a parked car. She moved her hands to the waistband of

her skirt, hooked her thumbs under it and then slid them around to the button at

the back. She undid the button, tugged the zipper down and pushed the skirt away

from her hips. It collapsed down her legs, brushing her thighs and calves with

brief, feathery kisses.

She stepped out of the skirt, bringing her closer to the window. She reached up

and pressed one hand against the glass, using her other hand to undo the buttons

of her blouse. She undid them slowly, taking time between each one. When she

finally reached the last button, she shrugged out of the shirt and let it fall

away behind her.

In her bra, panties and stockings, she should have felt exposed in front of the

window. But the more clothes she lost, the more comfortable she felt. She had

spent the entire day going from one meeting to another, from one crisis to

another, and the stresses had piled onto her shoulders like lead weights. Now,

alone, half-naked, she could feel the weights being lifted from her.

Diana reached behind herself and unhooked her bra. She shrugged her shoulders

forward and let it fall to the ground. She brought her right hand up and idly

traced a circle around her left aureole. It slowly came to life, reacting both

to her touch and to the cool breeze of the air conditioner, and she lightly

pinched it. She released her nipple and pushed her panties to the floor, stepped

out of them.

Now that she was practically nude, she couldn't wait to take the rest of the

way. She lifted her left leg and rested it on the windowsill. She rolled her

stocking down her leg, peeled it off her foot and whipped it away. She repeated

the move with her right leg and returned her foot to the floor. She reached out

with both hands and gripped the curtains, pulling them in and around her like a

shawl.

She could feel the heat just outside the window, an unrelenting wave of warmth

that hadn't given up when the sun went down. The heat rose from the streets,

sidewalks, the buildings and the vehicles. She released the curtains, leaving

them draped loosely over her shoulders like folded wings, and slipped her hands

over her breasts. She circled her nipples with her fingertips and drew runes and

hieroglyphs in the sweat before moving lower. Down, over the slight bulge of her

stomach, into the dimple of her belly button.

Diana lifted one knee onto the windowsill and leaned forward. She rested her

forehead against the warm glass and closed her eyes as her hands trailed lower,

her index fingers crossed as she pressed them between her thighs. Her dark pubic

hair was damp with sweat and from the arousal of being nude, on display this

way.

Though she was on the top floor of her building, the apartment building across

the street was taller. She watched the dark windows and wondered if anyone was

standing just out of sight, eyes locked on her window, watching as she cupped

her mound. 'They could see me perfectly if they wanted to,' she thought. 'The

light in the kitchen, and the table lamp... I'm perfectly lit up, on stage for

them. Are you out there? Are you watching me?'

She separated her hands and rested one on the glass, kept the other between her

legs. She curled her fingers into a point and slowly pulled them back over her

labia. She paused at her clit and slowly circled it with her fingers. As her

fingers performed an impromptu dance over her pussy, her eyes scanned the brick

wall opposite her home. Looking for a twitch of a curtain or the spark of a

cigarette being lit. Anything to indicate she was being watched. That there was

someone on the other side of the street sharing her pleasure.

Diana turned her back to the glass and lifted her ass onto the windowsill. She

sat on it, spread her legs and looked over her shoulder through her veil of dark

hair. Tease them a bit, whoever and wherever they might be. She relaxed and

closed her eyes, moved her free hand up and down her thigh, brushing the back of

her hand over the sensitive, soft flesh.

She tentatively pressed one finger between her lips, and gasped at the

penetration. Oh, yes, that was what she had been craving all day. All night, all

week. She rested the back of her head against the glass and added a second

finger. She moaned weakly and wondered if anyone out there was wishing they

could hear her. Be close enough to taste her skin, to hear the soft, wet sounds

as her fingers worked in and out of her.

'Yes,' she thought. 'There is a couple directly across from me. He's cupping her

breasts from behind, his cock hard in the crack of her ass, and she's grinding

against him. He pinches her nipples and she moans, because she's touching

herself just like I am.'

She smiled at the thought and turned her head. She licked her lips and opened

her eyes, again looking for signs that she might be under observation. "Hello,"

she said softly. "Is there anyone out there?"

She pressed the heel of her hand against her clit and picked up the pace. Just a

little more and she would come. She worked her hips against her hand, two

fingers now working steadily in and out of her pussy. Then after she came, she

would take a nice, long bath and wash the heat of the day off of her. And maybe

she would take a toy with her... go for round two. Somehow it didn't quite

excite her as much as masturbating in the window, putting herself out there for

anyone to see.

Diana brought her other hand up, licked the fingers and put them to work on her

clit. She brushed, twisted and pinched the tiny bud. "Oh... God," she gasped.

She lifted her butt off the windowsill, her hands frozen where they sat, and her

orgasm coming in quick, Earth-shaking waves. She swallowed hard, repressed a

shudder and sagged against the window.

When she was conscious enough to move, she pushed away from the glass and turned to look at the neighboring building one more time. The windows were dark, the scene undisturbed. If anyone was watching, they had covered their tracks well.

Diana smiled and brushed her wet fingers down the glass. "Bye. Hope you enjoyed

it." She sucked her bottom lip into her mouth and nibbled it gently as she

turned and walked to the bathroom.

Her bath was waiting.