Ginny's adventure. By Lady Grey

Ginny couldn't remember when she had realised that life was passing her

by; it just seemed to have come over her suddenly. One day she was a

happy contented young woman, well maybe not so young at 33, but she was

happy and contented at least she had been, until now.

Maybe it was Greg her husband who she had been happily married to for

the last twelve years, after they had met up at university. Greg had

been the one love of her life and still was, but suddenly it seemed

that things were different. It was not that she did not love him. Their

love was as strong as it had always been. Or was it?

It was just something that she had noticed, the excitement was missing

from their marriage. It wasn't the sex, that was still good, and Greg

satisfied her lust completely. He had always been good under the

covers. But that was the point now, it was always under the covers.

She uses to love the thrill she got from undressing in front of him,

when they first met and in the early years of their marriage. She loved

it even more when he had undressed her. She had loved the sensation as

her body was slowly revealed to him, but these days when she undressed

for bed he would lay there and read the sports page.

Actually Greg had been one of the very few men she had ever undressed in

front of apart from her doctor.

Ginny had graduated from university with an honours degree, she had

secured a good position with a multinational company and over the years

she had risen to the position of chief assistant to the financial

director.

It was due to her position with the company that she was still at her

desk at nine in the evening. The problem was it was the year-end in a

couple of weeks and there had been some problem with the years

accounts. Ginny had offered to stop over that first night with her

secretary Avril to try to sort things out.

She had only about another hours or so work to do, so she sent Avril her

secretary home. She had just been to the coffee machine and as she sat

sipping the hot sweet liquid when she first noticed the brightly-lit

office in the building opposite.

It wasn't just the office that she noticed it was the good looking,

smartly dressed man who was sat with his feet up on the desk talking on

the telephone. He looked like an executive and his plush office

reflected his position.

She was a little embarrassed when she realise he was also looking in her

direction, and she felt a bit like a peeping tom who had just been

discovered when he waved and smiled at her. She crossed over to the

window and quickly pulled the blinds across, but not enough to hide the

view completely and as she finished up her work she could help glancing

in his direction from time to time.

When she finally got home that night she could not get the picture of

the man in the lighted office out of her mind even when she was in bed

and Greg was making love to her.

The following night she felt a little disappointed when she noticed the

office opposite was in darkness, she had almost finished her work and

was about to leave when she noticed the light go on. She watched with

interest as the guy walked over to his desk and removed his jacket

hanging it carefully on a hanger behind the door.

She saw him as he looked over at her window and he gave a little wave in

her direction. He went over and sat behind his desk and she saw him

begin writing on a pad. She was suddenly startled as her fax machine

began to work. She walked round and looked at the message. Hello

beautiful lady what's your name? It read. She tore it off and walked

back to the window reading it. He smiled and raised his thumb.

She returned to her desk and pulling out her own pad, she wrote, Sorry

no names. She placed it in the machine and watched as he tore of the

message read it and smiled across at her.

She saw him writing again and waited with interest to see what happened

next, the machine buzzed and paper emerged. If we aren't going to

exchange names how about a little game, are you up to a little game?

She wondered where this was going but she was becoming fascinated.

Across the next sheet of paper she wrote one word, depends!! And placed

it in the machine.

She saw him read the note and instantly he began to write, smiling as he

did so. As the paper slowly rolled out she stared a little shocked by

the words on the paper. How about it if I asked you to remove your

blouse for me.

She could feel herself getting warm as she read the paper; this guy was

asking her to display herself to him. Although she was shocked by his

request the thought excited her; she realised she had not had a feeling

like this for a long time.

A little voice in the back of her mind was telling her to back off but

the warm feeling that was growing between her thighs was telling her

other things, about things she had been missing for years.

She got up from her desk and walked over to the large window she could

see the guy looking in her direction. Slowly and with mounting

excitement she began to unbutton her blouse.

With the last button undone she eased the blouse off her shoulders and

stood there displaying her skimpy white lace bra to the watcher in the

next building. She couldn't believe how she was now feeling it was just

like the old days and it felt wonderful.

Just then her mood was broken by the phone ringing, was it him she

wondered he had found out her fax number had he also found out her

telephone number. She picked up the phone and was shocked to hear

Greg's voice. She quickly pulled her blouse together. Her mood quickly

ebbed away, "I was wondering when you were coming home," he said, "it's

getting late".

She leaned over and flicked the blinds closed, "I'm just about done,"

she said Should be no longer than half an hour."

By the time she arrived home Greg had a meal on the table for her. As

she ate her mind was far away, she wondered just how far she would have

gone, she sighed to herself. Greg looked up from his plate, "you OK

darling?" he asked.

Part 2 "Might be late home tonight," Greg informed her the following

morning as they sat eating breakfast. "I'm going down to the lanes for

a game of bowling with the lads and a few beers after work." Ginny

shrugged, "that's OK, darling," she said "I'll probably have to work

late again."

Inwardly she was excited at the thought, she wondered if her watcher

would be there again tonight and if so just how far things might go,

with there being no chance of an interruption from Greg this time.

She couldn't wait for all the staff to leave that evening and she told

Avril that she could also leave. After everyone had gone she locked her

office door. Looking through the window she was more than a little

disappointed to find there was no light in the office across the way.

She shrugged "serves you right" she thought to herself and got down to

some paper work, it was close to seven o'clock when her fax machine

starting up suddenly disturbed her. She glanced out of the window and

saw a dim light was now illuminated the office across the way.

With trembling fingers she tore off the sheet of fax roll and read it,

are we going to continue our little adventure? It said. She smiled to

her self and she felt the excitement begin to build up.

Were where we? She wrote and slipped it back in the machine. Moments

later the fax began to work again. Well it was just beginning to get

interesting when you pulled the plug. I do hope that's not going to

happen again tonight.

Ginny knew what he wanted and she knew what she wanted, she wanted to

again feel that excitement of stripping in front of a man. But could

she do it, she was a happily married woman with a husband who loved

her. She had a responsible, highly respectable job and she was in her

office.

Across the way in the dimly lit office her watcher was waiting, he too

was now feeling the excitement, he saw Ginny rise from her desk and

walk slowly towards the window. He picked up a small pair of

high-powered binoculars that were lying on the desk and began to focus

them on the brightly-lit window of the building opposite.

Ginny stood in front of the window, she looked around she was excited

about what she was about to do but she did have one small concern. She

was going to do what she was about to do not only for her own pleasure

but also for the pleasure of the stranger who was watching from the

dimly lit office opposite. But has she stood there and scanned the

building she wondered if there were any other watchers. Could there be

other people about to be given the pleasure of watching her undress.

She shivered with excitement at the thought.

She stood in front of the large window and began to unbutton her blouse;

she couldn't really believe what she was doing. Here she was a highly

paid executive, with a loving husband at home about to strip in front

of a window, in front of god knows who might be watching her.

She finished undoing the buttons; she eased the blouse out of her skirt

and undid the small buttons on the cuffs. Then she slipped the blouse

off and placed it behind her on her desk. She stood there for a moment,

she could see a reflection of herself in the large window. She noticed

how her dark red Janet Reger bra stood out against the whiteness of her

flesh. She toyed with her hands not sure what to do with them, she did

not want to proceed to quickly, she wanted to prolong the experience as

long as possible.

Across the way the watcher smiled to himself, he really believed she was

going to go all the way this time. His hand moved down to the growing

protrusion in his pants he squeezed himself gently with one hand while

he steadied the binoculars with the other, he did not want to miss any

moment of this.

Ginny felt for the catch on the side of her dark business skirt she

flicked it open and eased down the zip, she could feel her whole body

was now trembling, was it the fear she was feeling or was it the

excitement. She slowly pushed the skirt over her hips. The watcher saw

the dark red waistband of her matching knickers come into view. Then

suddenly the skirt fell to the floor.

She bent over and retrieved the skirt, folding it and placing it with

her blouse. She was tingling with excitement feeling the feelings she

had not experienced for many years. Oh how she wished the watcher was

here in her office and not staring at her from a distance.

She could feel that her inner feelings had built up, her breathing was

more pronounced her whole body seemed hot, she could feel the warm

wetness in her pussy and she could feel it making her expensive knickers

damp between her thighs.

The watcher looked at the vision of loveliness standing in the window

fifty meters away now wearing only her deep red bra and knickers,

through his binoculars he could easily pick out the lace inserts that

enhanced the pale skin beneath them. Her long shapely legs were encased

in long dark hold-ups with wide lacy bands caressing her pale thighs.

He could just see the black patient high heels on her feet. His already

erect cock was now pressing uncomfortably against the restraints of his

pants. He eased down his zip, it sprung out, he gripped it in his hand

it was rock hard, he groaned as her ran his hand along its length.

Ginny knew that the moment had come, this was the last chance to stop.

If she continued past this point there was no going back. She shivered

as she reached between her breasts; she could feel her erect nipples

pressing against the material of her bra. The clasp gave way, but her

bra remained in place, she took the edge of the cups in her fingers and

slowly peeled them away. She could feel the coolness of the air

conditioning waft across her exposed breasts; she closed her eyes

revelling in the whole experience. She shrugged the bra off her

shoulders, she caught it as it fell away and she tossed it onto her

desk.

She looked down at her extended nipples, she was surprised to see just

how big they were, she could not resist touching them lightly she

groaned as she toyed with them twisting them gently between her thumb

and fingers. She cupped her breasts and kneaded them, her head rolled

back and she whimpered at the acuteness of the exquisite pain she felt.

Across the way the watcher was having problems keeping the glasses

focused, his hand holding the glasses was unsteady. This was due to the

fact that now his other hand was running slowly back and forth along

the length of his throbbing erection. He was hoping against hope that

he could contain himself until the conclusion of her exciting

performance.

Ginny again noticed her reflection in the glass, her almost naked body,

now the only items marring her nakedness were her brief knickers and the

dark stockings. She reached down and ran a finger across the cleft of

her pussy she could now feel the wetness soaking through her knickers.

It was years since she had known her self to be as wet as this and it

felt wonderful. Now was the moment she had waited for, for so long, the

moment she was to expose herself in all her naked glory to whoever was

out there, she no longer cared.

She hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her knickers and pushed them

down.

The sight of her exposed pussy, her pouting damp pussy lips and the

wisps of neatly trimmed pubic hair filled his field of view. He gulped

my god she was gorgeous. How he wished he could leap across the space

between the buildings, throw her on the floor and bury his throbbing

weapon in that delightful pussy. He could feel the sensation building

up he squeezed himself rubbing himself harder, he gasped and dropped

the binoculars has he erupted, his thick creamy fluids splashing

against the polished mahogany of his desk and dripping onto the thick

Axeminster carpet.

Ginny stood there her naked body totally exposed, she couldn't believe

the thrill she was feeling her whole being tingled her nipples ached

and her pussy was in need of urgent relief. She moved her hands down

rubbing her fingers across the hot wet skin, she parted the lips and

dipped her fingers into the wetness. She groaned as she contacted the

hard bud of her clit, she rolled it against her finger and cried out at

the wonderful sensation she felt.

This was something new to her, yes she had played with herself before

but she had never done it with anyone watching her. Greg had asked her

once but she had been embarrassed by his suggestion and refused, but

now here she was doing it openly, needing to do it, needing to bring

herself to a climax to feel the thrill of an orgasm surge through her

body.

The wetness from her streaming pussy ran over her hand as she worked on

herself. Her fingers thrusting in and out pressing against her excited

clit, then she was gasping. Oh my god she could feel it building in

her. "Yes, Yes, Yes." She screamed but no one heard her in the silent

building. She convulsed and dropped to her knees, then she fell on to

her side rolling herself in to a ball as at last a wonderful orgasm

wracked her body. She kept pressing her fingers into her pussy wanting

to prolong the wonderful sensation as long as possible.

Slowly things subsided her body began to cool as the air conditioning

dried the perspiration covering her body, now the inevitable feeling of

shame began to take over, what had she done, what had she allowed her

self to do. To undress in front of the stranger had been bad enough,

but to do what she had done had been even worse. She had actually

masturbated in front of an open window with the whole world watching.

She reached up and pulled the blind closed, then she fell back on the

carpeted floor, she smiled to herself she might feel a little ashamed

she might even feel embarrassed but she had to admit to herself it had

been fun while it lasted.

Later after she had showered in her private bathroom and dressed again,

replacing her soiled undies with a fresh set that she always kept in

her desk draw in case of need. She made her way down to the underground

car park. She eased herself into the welcoming leather interior of her

Lexus and was just about to start the engine when she noticed someone

watching her, she gasped as she realised who it was, the watcher.

He strolled across and she lowered the window, he smiled, "I felt I had

to come over and thank you." Ginny could feel her self reddening. He

smiled again "Maybe you would consider taking things a little further."

She shook her head; "sorry I have a husband at home waiting for me."

She flicked the window switch and turned the key, she looked in the

rear view mirror as she pulled out of the car park and saw him still

standing there. She wondered to her self if this was this really the

end.

Before I meet her, my ex used to get together with a group of

friends about once a month. This group would have 15 to 20 people

attend the party. Some were couples but most singles about evenly

divided between men and women.

Usually the party got into games that involved someone losing their

clothes at somepoint in the evening. This one particualar evening

they were playing truth or dare and my ex got caught in a lie by one

of her best friends..

It was decided that her friend was to come up with the punishment.

First she had my ex do a slow strip standing on a coffee table in

the center of the living room with all of the lights on and the

drapes open. After four songs she was told to put on her shoes and

go out to the backyard and make a snow angel both on her back and

front side.

Now she was freeezing and came back to the deck to get inside.

Before letting her in the best friend turned on the spot lights

leaving her standing there bare assed naked and fully exposed in the

light. Lots of laughs were had before she was allowed to come in.

She did get her revenge about six months later. To be told another

time.