I Can See You

by nakedwonder50 Â©

Years ago, I attended a large Big Ten university. Big classes. Big dorms.

My dorm room was on the seventh floor, which was at the top of the

building. Directly across the Quad from us was another dorm that was a

mirror image of mine. The difference was that it had all women. This was

some time ago, before there were coed living facilities. The buildings

were only about 150 feet apart, and due to the miracle of modern optics, I

was able to see deeply into every room across the way. I could even see

the posters on the walls of the rooms. Most of the women were well aware

of that and were careful about closing the blinds in their rooms. Still,

it was a surprise that I didn't flunk out, with all the time I spent

"exploring."

One warm spring evening a few weeks before finals, I turned off my lights

to avoid being backlit, and began scoping out the windows opposite mine.

Not much was happening. I was about to call it quits for the night when I

saw a lit-up, open window directly across the way, also on the top floor.

When I zeroed in on the room, I saw someone move. Focussing in more

closely, I saw a woman using binoculars and looking out of her window. She

was staring out at the men's dorm!

Well, this was different. Women didn't usually do that. She was standing

slightly back from the windows, so no one could see her from anywhere

below. But my window was at the same level as hers, with an unimpeded

view.

The longer I looked, the more I thought I recognized her. She had been in

one of my classes the previous semester. We had never met or talked (thank

you, 400-person lectures), but it sure seemed like it was her. She was

about 5 feet, 5 inches tall and had long wavy brunette hair that she wore

pulled back in a loose ponytail. Her eyes were almond shaped, and I think

brown. Four rows apart was the closest we had ever sat, so how would I

know what color they were for sure?

She had sort of a Roman nose, but it was thinner. She had seemed to have a

nice figure. Last winter in class, she had always worn big, bulky

sweaters, but I could always see the hint of curves underneath. And she

definitely had a sweet, round butt that her tight jeans hugged and

accentuated. You might not call her beautiful; you'd call her handsome.

She was the type that would be a stunner when she was dressed and made up.

Tonight, as it was balmy out, she was wearing a white, sleeveless,

collared, button-up blouse and khaki shorts.

My, my, my, this was interesting. She must have found someone to watch,

because she was locked in, staring without moving. Oops, now she moved.

While holding her binoculars with her right hand, her left hand slipped

over to her blouse and undid the top two buttons. Her hand then glided

into her shirt and began to caress her right breast. Her breathing became

faster and heavier.

Jeez, I'd been looking almost the whole school year and it wasn't till now

that I was finally getting a show this hot. Suddenly, she pulled the

binoculars away from her face, and I could see her grimace and almost hear

her say, "SHIT!" Her shoulders slumped a little, and she then started

looking over again, sweeping from one end of my building to the other.

Apparently, whomever she had been watching must have ended the show.

But I didn't want her to stop, so I hoped she would find someone else that

tickled her fancy, or I guess, someone else that made her want to tickle

her own fancy. I had an idea. As I said before, the men's and women's

dorms were mirror images of each other. Each room had a phone, and the

numbers were in order. If you knew any room's number, you could figure out

the number of all the other rooms. I knew the girl who lived three doors

down, so I could figure out the phone number of my little voyeur.

Grabbing my phone, I dialed her room. I saw her startle when she heard the

ring. She cocked her head to the side and seemed to be deciding whether to

answer or not. "Come on, come on!" I urged her. Finally she pulled her

hand from her blouse and hoisted the receiver to her ear.

"Hello."

"I can see you. You're peeping."

"What? I am not. What are you talking about?" she managed to choke out.

"Don't try to bullshit me. I see you watching. You're so obvious. Don't

you realize what kind of trouble you're in? Some guy was expelled from the

dorm last week when he got caught peeping." I really poured it on. "All I

have to do is call your RA next door, tell her, and you're up shit's

creek. Think you can hide your binoculars quick enough? I can get five

guys to say they saw you and your binoculars. It'll sure be tough to study

for finals when you don't have anywhere to live."

She was frantically looking all over, trying to find where the call was

coming from. She looked worried. Her voice was edged with panic, "You

wouldn't tell. Tell me you won't tell!"

"I don't know if I can do that. It's not fair that men get in trouble and

women get a free pass when they do the same thing. I think the University

would like to have a woman to crack down on to show how even-handed and

fair they are."

"I'm so sorry," she said in a voice edged with panic, "It's just that I

can't help it. I try not to do it, but I can't stop. Please don't tell.

What can I do? What can I do so you won't tell?"

Oh my God, this was going better than I had hoped. My mind was racing a

mile a minute. "If you don't want to, why do you look? That doesn't make

sense. Why won't you stop?"

I could hear her breathing heavily. She didn't say anything for so long, I

thought she might hang up. Finally, she almost whispered, "It excites me.

Watching people when they don't know they're being seen. Seeing them do

private things. Seeing what they do when their guard is totally down. I

feel like I'm seeing deep within them. It's feels so forbidden...it's so

sensual."

"Are you excited now?"

"Yes, I am."

I took a deep breath. "What got you so excited? What did you see?"

"On the fourth floor. There was a guy who was lying on his bed. He was

naked. He had a magazine open in front of him. He was...playing with

himself." Her voice became very shaky, like she was having difficulty

breathing. "It was so intense...he was pleasuring himself. Then someone

must have knocked on his door. He jumped up, stuffed the magazine under

the mattress, put on his clothes, and went to the door. I couldn't see him

after that."

"Is that why you unbuttoned your blouse? Is that why you felt your

breast?" My voice was low and, I hoped, reassuring.

It was so quiet that I thought she wasn't going to answer. Then in a soft,

choked voice, she simply said, "Yes."

"Don't stop if it feels good. Keep doing it. Put the binoculars down, and

feel yourself. Do it, and maybe I won't call the RA."

Her hand hesitantly moved into her blouse. I could see her arm move as she

caressed her breast. I encouraged her; "Don't you think it would feel

better if you unbuttoned your blouse? Maybe take it off? It'll be easier

to touch yourself. And you'll feel the air on your skin. You'll you feel

exposed, just like the people you watch. Think of how hot that is."

As if in a trance, she unbuttoned her shirt and shrugged it off her

shoulders. She was wearing a white lace bra. The curves that had been

suggested beneath her winter clothing earlier in class were exposed. While

they weren't enormous, they were impressive. Her waist was narrow, almost

wasp-like. Her waist flared out to round hips. Her hand resumed caressing

her breast. It moved, and her fingers disappeared inside her lingerie.

"What's your name? What shall I call you?" I asked her.

"Call me...call me Eve," she responded.

"Eve, I know how good that must feel. Think how it would feel if you took

off your bra. You could feel yourself so much easier. And you would be

exposed to me, a stranger, someone you can't see, but can see you. Just

like when you watch. Think how that turns you on. Think how much it will

turn me on. Do it. Do it now!"

I stared across the Quad as her hand snaked behind her back and undid the

snap of her bra. She slumped her shoulders forward, and the bra slid down

her arms. She shook it off. After hesitating a moment, she stood upright

again. Her breasts were firm and there was no sag to them. The aureoles

were pink and puffy. Her nipples seemed erect, but even with my binoculars

trained on them, it was really too far away to tell. But they must have

been erect. She was really turned on.

I was, too. I wished I had another set of hands so I could imitate the

same movements she was doing on my own suddenly sweaty body. Her hand

returned to her breasts. She circled her nipples with her fingertip.

Slowly, sensuously, her fingers rotated. She began tweaking her nipples

and lightly twisting them. She massaged her breasts. She cupped them in

her hand and squeezed. I could hear ragged breathing over the phone line.

I could hear ragged breathing in my room. It was my breathing. If I get

any more turned on, I thought, I'm going to faint.

While I was entranced with the vision before me, Eve slid her hand lower.

She brushed over her stomach. Her middle finger glided over, and

momentarily stuck in her belly button. She stroked it and then her finger

dove down inside the front of her shorts. Over the phone I could hear

"Mmmm. Mmmmm." Her hips swiveled in a languid circle. My hands longed to

plunge into my shorts. But between holding the phone and the binoculars, I

was helpless.

"Eve. Eve. You're so turned on. Go with it. I'm seeing your private

moment. I'm stealing a glimpse into your innermost being. Think of how you

feel when you see someone opened up like this. You're that person now. And

it feels so good. It feels so good."

"Yes...yes it does," Eve gasped. She suddenly unbuttoned the top of her

shorts and unzipped them. They slid down her legs and landed on the floor.

Her knickers were white lace. They were V-shaped and rose high on her hips.

She half-fell, half-leaned back against the wall, unable to stand on her

own. She seemed transfixed. She stared off into space, her eyes almost

closed. Pre-verbal, guttural sounds were coming over the phone. I could

see her hand moving up and down, up and down in the front of her

knickers."Eve, how good does this feel? Has anything ever felt better?"

"No...no...yes...yes!" She suddenly convulsed, and nearly collapsed.

Leaning back against the wall, she heaved huge breaths with her eyes shut.

She removed her hand from her knickers and languidly moved it to her mouth.

Sucking her fingers into her mouth, she licked them clean. On the other

side of the Quad I was dying with desire, unable to do anything about it.

"Eve. Thank you. This was incredible. Don't worry. I'd never tell anyone

about you. That was so beautiful. I think I saw into your soul. You know

how turned on you get watching someone else? I think I was turned on that

much, too."

Suddenly, the line went dead. The light in Eve's room snapped off. It was

over. I wasn't sure I would ever be able to take in enough oxygen again. I

hung up the phone and took care of myself...several times.

A few days later, before starting to study for a psych final, I picked up

my binoculars and took a quick scan at the opposing wall of windows. I

didn't see anything of interest. I guess I was a little careless, as I

forgot to turn my room light off first. I was about to put the binoculars

away when my phone rang. I picked it up.

"I can see you." A familiar voice said. "You're peeping."