**I Know You Are There**

by[showandwatch](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=187157&page=submissions)©

I know you are watching me. I saw the movement outside my window, and I knew that you were there. I can feel your eyes on me as I walk about my room. I will tease you a bit, at first. My short skirt must be frustrating to you. Flitting around my waist as I move and turn and bend, showing almost everything, and yet not quite showing anything, other than my long, tanned thighs.  
  
But I am getting bored with this game, too. Not bored, really. Excited! I can’t hold back anymore. I want you to see me naked. I want to you to see everything about me, from the other side of the window screen. I want to feel the heart-pounding excitement of knowing that someone is watching me, seeing me naked, seeing me being perverse.  
  
So, since I cannot stand the excitement anymore, I undress. I can still tease a bit, so I walk to the far side of the room before I slip the straps of my little sundress off my shoulders, and let the flimsy piece of material fall to the floor. Although there is no real need to do so, I bend over and pick up the dress, letting you see my asshole and cunt from the back. I walk across the room so that you can see me from the side; allowing you to see my breasts sway as I walk and the muscles in my thighs ripple with the movement.  
  
But the distance now is too great. I must have you closer. Depositing the dress on a chair, I turn and walk toward the window. I take care not to look down. I don’t want to let you know that I know you are there. I want it all to appear natural, and casual. And so, completely naked, steaming inside from the excitement, I walk directly toward the window. On the way, I put my hand to my cunt and run my fingers along the sopping wet slit. I bring my fingers to my mouth and push them deeply into my mouth, savoring the taste of my own pussy. With the other hand, I slowly circle my clitoris, pulling away the lips so that the little button is available, and visible. I feel my passion emanating in waves from this center of my sex as I play with myself, knowing that I am being watched.  
  
Stopping only inches away from the window, I continue to play. I know that your eyes must be so very close to my sex as I continue to rub my clitoris with one hand and shove my fingers into my cunt with my other. I think that I can almost hear your hard, heavy breathing as you watch me, but I continue to pretend to not notice.  
  
My thighs have begun to shake, uncontrollably, and I look for a chair before I fall down. I turn around and walk back to the chair that I had thrown my little dress on, and I drag it to the window. Sitting in the chair, I place my heels on the windowsill, legs spread apart so that I have access to my cunt and my clitoris and my asshole.  
  
Furiously moving both hands, I can see the outline of your face only inches away, on the other side of the screen. Feeling my climax building, I want you to see all of me, and I want you to see me being wanton. I run my fingers from my clitoris through my cunt to my asshole and back up again, and then I put my fingers in my mouth and lovingly lick them off. I am shuddering now, and involuntarily bouncing my ass up and down as I begin to cum, knowing you are watching. My knees straighten as my ass lifts six inches off my chair, pointing my pussy right at your watching eyes. I wonder what you are thinking, what you are seeing, what you are doing as you watch me.  
  
Then I cum, and moaning and moaning and rubbing I bounce my ass off the chair and rub my clit and spread my pussy lips wide so that you can see as far as you can see into my private world. I can feel the juices flowing freely from my cunt, as finally but still too soon, my climax subsides, and I am left, damp and formless on the chair, legs spread, heels on the windowsill, arms draped at my sides. I know that you are still there, admiring me in my afterglow. I imagine that you were as turned on by all of this as I was, and I hope that this can happen again.  
  
Eventually, I rise and go into my bathroom to shower and calm down, so that maybe I can get some sleep tonight.  
  
I hope that you, after you go home to your husband next door, can do the same. Tomorrow night, when our families get together for the barbecue, I wonder what it will be like.

**Chapter Two**  
The barbecue is about to start. I heard you arrive a few minutes ago. I heard Mom telling you I would be right down. I heard you and Tom, your husband, talking with Mom and Dad.  
  
Mom was making some excuses, telling you how I had just got home from my volleyball team practice at college, and that I had to shower and change.  
  
Well, that much was true, anyway.  
  
Earlier in the day, I had made a great show about not wanting to have to attend this family gathering tonight. I had talked about the things I had to do and places I had to go, but Mom would not hear any of it.  
  
"Young Lady," she said, "Joan and Tom are our good friends. They've known all of us for years, including you, and we all want to get together. Just because you're in college doesn't give you the right to be rude. You said last Thursday that you would be here, so this is where you will be tonight."  
  
I pretended to sulk, but, of course, I wanted very much to be at this party tonight. I wanted to spend the night teasing you....and Tom....just to see how much I can get away with. All week I've been planning this, and I would not miss it for the world.  
  
I waited until you all got your drinks made, and settled around the patio, before I made my entrance. My body was tingling as I walked down the stairs, through the kitchen and outside. In my mind, I pictured how I must look walking through the door.  
  
I had picked out a cute little peasant blouse. It was made of thin, beige cotton, and hung loosely from the straps over my shoulders. In just the right light, I knew it was fairly see-through; and I also knew that I did not have to bend over too much to leave my breasts wide open to view. The skirt was loose and translucent too, so I knew my legs would visible when the light was just right. Since I was, after all, in the presence of family, I was wearing panties. A thong, actually, not very much in front, and just the floss up the back. It was all for you, and for Tom. Hell, I had almost cum just walking down the stairs.  
  
Walking through the door, I saw you look up and catch your breath. I pretended not to notice, of course, but I was looking for just that reaction. Letting my hips swing just a little, I walked over and said hi, bending over to shake your hand, and Tom's, too. I thought each of you was going to choke on your ice when I bent over, showing you my tits, separately, of course. That was most of the fun. Neither one of you knew how much I was teasing the other.   
  
Dad came over and handed me a beer, which I really needed at that point, and he and I sat down next to Mom.  
  
So there we were, me between my Mother and Father, facing you and Tom, with the low patio table between us. Of course, when I sat down, I had to make a show of crossing my legs, giving you both a brief glimpse of my little panties, before my legs came together, leaving only a view of my legs up to the bottom of my butt. I imagined that it was quite a show, seeing how both of you were working so hard to not look like you were looking.  
  
It was such fun, watching both of you. Fortunately, my parents were clueless. I was still their Little Girl, and had not quite accepted the fact that I was grown up and, from all accounts, pretty damn hot. I doubt that the thought ever occurred to them that Joan and Tom, next door neighbors for the past ten years, who had watched me grow up, would actually be sexually attracted to me. I'm sure the thought would never occur to them that I would be flirting with each of them, separately, displaying myself to them and enjoying their attention, and their discomfort.   
  
So we all sat there on the patio, chatting innocently about life, as I crossed and uncrossed my legs. I watched your eyes flit down each time I moved, and I felt the heat between my legs as it happened.  
  
After a little while, Mom announced it was time to start with dinner. We women got up and went in to the kitchen to begin getting the food out, while the two men stayed outside to start the grill and set up the table.  
  
It was fun with us working so close together. I loved to innocently brush a braless breast against your arm as I reached for a bowl in front of you; or, when you were turned just right, I would bend over to get something out of a lower shelf in the fridge. I don't know if I'm really selling this "innocent" act, but I think I am. You have not made any advances, yet, but I think it is getting close. I swear I can smell your arousal as we work, side by side, at the counter. Accidentally, our thighs touched as we worked so close, and I felt you linger, just a little too long, before we pulled apart. Did you think the same about me? Did you think I lingered just a bit too long? I did, you know. I did it on purpose.  
  
Soon, it was time to begin carrying things out to the patio. I loved this part, too. Tom is out there with Dad, cooking the ribs, so it will be tricky how I do this, but I want him to be excited as you are. I picked up a couple of bowls and walked to the door. Tom saw me with both hands full and ran to open the sliding door, while Dad tended to the grill. Giving him my sweetest smile, I thanked him gratefully for holding the door, then carried the bowls to the table. I took my time setting them on the table and arranging them, knowing that the hem of my skirt was about half-way up my ass, and Tom would be staring at my butt, and the tiny piece of string which ran up the middle of it. I wondered what else he could see. Could he see any of my pussy? Could he see any of my ass-hole spreading out on either side of the "floss" which ran up the crack of my ass?   
  
It wasn't time for him to see everything, of course. It wasn't time for you to see everything, either. I wanted to prolong my game for as long as I could. I was not at all sure how I would end it, but I loved playing it. I tried to imagine what was going through Tom's head as I bent over the table, fussing with the bowl and silverware arrangements.   
  
Just then Mom called to me to go back into the house and get a couple more things. I smiled at Tom, who had a silly, shy grin on his face, and went back inside, putting as much movement into my walk as I could, without seeming too obvious.  
  
In the kitchen, Mom was stirring something on the stove, and behind her, you were on your hands and knees looking for a bowl in a cabinet under the counter. I deliberately walked over and stood just a few inches from you, which of course meant that my pussy was just inches from your face. I looked down and saw you staring at the view before you. Mom wanted me to help you look for the bowl, so I looked in the cabinet next to the one you was searching.  
  
Naturally, I didn't kneel down right away. I opened the door and bent over from the waist, seeming to give a quick look inside to see if the bowl was obviously in view. My bare ass must have only been fractions of inches from your face, and I could swear that I felt your hot breath wafting between my legs. I held my position for as long as I could, enjoying the feeling of your breath, and of my exposure. Then, muttering that I could never find anything, I turned and kneeled down, making sure to keep one knee on the floor and one leg bent with the other knee pointing at the ceiling. This opened my legs wide, giving you an unrestricted view of my tiny thong, covering only some of my pubic hair and pussy. I looked in the cabinet, not wanting to interrupt you in your viewing of me, knowing that you could see all from only inches away.  
  
After a bit, I found the elusive bowl, and pretending a triumphant pose, stood up and held the bowl high above my head. Of course, this raised my short skirt up high, and I assumed that your face was almost touching my pussy. Sneaking a quick peek down at you, I saw you frozen where you were, staring at my crotch. I almost came then at the thought, then looked quickly at Mom, to make sure she wasn't seeing this. She was still turned to the stove, so I was in the clear.  
  
Looking at you, I proffered the bowl, forcing you to look me in the eyes, and saw the consuming desire in your face.  
  
You then had to stand up, having lost your pretense for being down so low, and I heard your voice crack as you asked what else you could do. Mom directed you to get some glasses from the cupboard, and me to get some cups.   
  
Since they were both in the same place, it was easy for me to lightly press myself against you from behind as you grabbed the glasses and I reached over your body for the cups. I felt you involuntarily push back, and thrilled in the feeling. I wanted so much to run my hands over you soft butt and up and around to your tits, but somehow I restrained myself. It would not take much, I thought, for both of us to forget about everything and "get it on," but I held off, thinking that sometime in the next few days, I was going to find out.  
  
By then, dinner was ready, and we all sat around the table, talking and eating and having a nice, neighborly get-together. I amazed myself at how I was able to keep myself under control, thanks to the proximity of my parents. Even you and Tom seemed able to get themselves together and keep their minds on the conversation.  
  
Soon the eating was done, and enough drinks had been consumed, and the party began to break up. These things never lasted too long. We all pitched in to clean up. Mom and Dad announced their intention to go to a late movie, and you and Tom said they were just going to hang around their house. I began to develop another plan.  
  
  
**Chapter Three**  
Within half an hour, my parents had left the house, to be gone for a few hours, and my neighbors had left for home. After a decent interval, I decided to go for a swim. Taking off my clothes, I put on a short robe and walked out to the pool. I sat down on a lounge chair with a beer and listened. Soon I heard the soft, telltale rustling in the bushes that indicated I had an audience. Waiting just a bit more, I heard more rustling from a slightly different direction.  
  
This was wonderful. I knew I had both Joan and Tom captive, and was willing to bet neither knew the other was also watching. That was going to be corrected soon.  
  
Slowly, I stood up and slipped my robe off, leaving myself standing nude at the side of the pool. After spending a few moments of touching my nipples and lightly rubbing my quivering clitoris, I dove into the pool and swam a few slow laps. Then I decided that I could not wait any longer.  
  
I climbed out of the pool and lovingly toweled myself off; turning this way and that to make sure everyone had a good view. It was not hard to see where each of my peepers was, so I began to walk around. Holding my drink, I pretended to stroll about the yard, and managed to pass close to each of them, completely naked, without giving away my knowledge. I was not sure how I was going to get them out without having one or both of them get pissed off at the other.  
  
Finally, I decided that, since many men rather like seeing two women together, Joan would have to be the first to be "outed." I went to the place were she was hiding, and slowly reached out my hand.  
  
"Come on out. I know you're there, and I want you." I said, softly.  
  
She came out, shyly, yet with passion, and her skirt was still held high over her pantiless crotch where her hand still lingered. I pulled her to me, feeling her breasts push against mine, and put my hand on her pussy while I kissed her. She responded feverishly, running her hands over my ass and pussy and legs and then my breasts.  
  
"God, I want you so much!" she gasped, as I pushed my finger against her asshole.  
  
"And I want you, too," I said, "but come over here a moment."  
  
Before we moved, I pulled her skirt and blouse off so she was as naked as I. I then led her to the spot where her husband was hiding, holding her gorgeous breast in my hand..  
  
At my urging, she finally tore her eyes from my body and looked before us in the bushes. Tom was there, his cock in his hand, grinning from ear to ear. I do not think that he was upset that his wife had been spying on me just as he had been doing. He crawled out of the bushes and stood up, still holding his cock. His shorts fell to the ground and he easily stepped out of them.  
  
"Hi, Honey," he said, finally letting go of his dick long enough to pull his shirt off, so that he, too, was nude. He resisted the urge to hold himself again, allowing his erect dick to swing ponderously back and forth, pointing at the stars overhead.  
  
Joan was not angry. In fact, with a squeal, she threw her arms around Tom's neck and gave him a big wet kiss, pulling his body to her. I thought she was going to fuck him right there, but she just held him.  
  
"I'm so glad to see you here.," she said with huskiness in her voice. "Now I don't have to pretend, and neither do you. I've suspected for a long time that you've been watching her as much as I. Did you suspect me, too? But this should be fun, since now we can openly all enjoy each other, in so many different ways. My god, I'm just about ready to cum!"  
  
All this was said hurriedly, and then, giving Tom a last quick kiss, she whirled around and knelt before me and buried her face in my pussy. The speed with which she moved, and force with which she held me surprised even me. I started to lurch backwards, but Tom quickly moved behind me and held me from behind. I could feel his dick pressing against my butt as Joan pressed me against him with the force of her passion. Tom's hands were softly running over my breasts, toying with the nipples, getting them to stand out and show that they were ready.  
  
Finally I regained my composure and was able to relax and enjoy Joan's probing tongue and busy hands. Two fingers had already found their way up my cunt, rubbing on the inside of my clit while Joan ran her tongue from her slit to her clit and back. She sucked and nibbled and licked and I moaned out loud at the feeling. From behind, Tom's rock-hard dick pushed against my butt cheeks. I turned my head and found his mouth waiting for mine, and we greedily sucked on each other's tongues while worked her magic below.  
  
Then Tom could contain himself no more.   
  
"I've wanted to do this for many years, and I won't wait any longer.," he said.  
  
With that, he let go of my boobs and knelt down where he was and pressed his face into the crack of my ass, his tongue unerringly finding my little asshole. With amazing ease, his tongue wriggled right up the chute, and I felt my knees almost buckle from the dual oral passions I was experiencing. What feelings I was having. Passion seemed to roll in waves through my body as two mouths and four hands worked their ways around my most intimate regions. At twenty, I had experienced a fair amount of sex, mostly fumbling quickies in a student's apartment or car; but I had never felt the intensity of controlled, expert touches such as I was now.   
  
Occasionally, I felt Tom's nose pressed against my asshole and Joan's nose pushed into my pussy, while their tongues intertwined in the sensitive region between the two. They were loving each other as they made love to me, and my mind and my body quivered uncontrollably at the thought.  
  
Then they both, as if by one thought, slowly backed their faces away and gently turned me around. Thus, Joan was now running her tongue around the edges of my butt hole, while Tom drove his deep into my cunt. Joan then spread my ass cheeks apart and clamped her open mouth over my asshole, then pushed deep into me, running her tongue in circles inside my ever relaxing hole. All I could do was play with my own breasts, enjoying all the feelings I was experiencing.  
  
After just a few minutes of this ecstasy, my knees actually did buckle, and I had to sit down. They both felt my weakness, and stoop up and guided me to the nearby lounge chair, gently supporting me as I lay down.  
  
I wanted my mouth to have some pleasure, too, so I grabbed Joan and guided her cunt to my face. She eagerly spread her legs and positioned herself over me, and, for the first time, I was about to taste another woman's sex. While Tom continued to suck and lick me, I reveled in the view of Joan's neatly trimmed pubic hair and sopping wet, gaping pussy. Without hesitation, I grabbed Joan's soft butt and pulled her pussy to my face, holding her tightly to me as my tongue probed inside her. The musky aroma and warmth of her crotch and the sweet taste of her juices intoxicated me as I lapped and licked and attempted to suck her dry. I took her clit between my lips and sucked and felt her bucking above me from the pleasure. I loved the feeling of her soft thighs around my cheeks, and I loved the feeling of doing something I was "not" supposed to do. With the sight and the tasted of Joan in my face, and the feeling of Tom slavering over my pussy, I came for the first time – bucking and moaning and screaming into Joan's wet cunt.   
  
Even though I had cum, I was not ready to stop. This was the first time I wanted to be multi-orgasmic, and I was willing to do anything to keep the feeling alive. After I came, Joan sensed a need for a change, and climbed off my face. She said something to Tom, and they changed places. Soon I felt the gentle tugs of Joan's lips on my pussy, and Tom's dick was pointing straight at my face.  
  
Both Joan and Tom were a couple of years younger than Mom and Dad, but they all worked out together at the same gym, so all of them were in good shape. Tom was very handsome, with a great body – better than most of the young guys I had been with, and I did not mind at all the thought of sucking his cock. Hungrily, I grabbed his dick and stuffed it my mouth. Looking up, I could see his hard body above me, and his loving gaze looking back at me. I finally took hold of that waving dick and stuffed in my mouth.   
  
It was different; somehow, from the other cocks I had sucked. Perhaps because I was not in the back of a car, worried that I might get arrested. Perhaps because Tom did not cum within thirty seconds of getting my mouth around his dick. I think it was more because it became less of a blowjob and more of a face fucking. I licked his dick from his balls to the tip, and then took it all into my mouth. The feeling of really sucking a man's dick was indescribable. Slowly, Tom shoved his dick to the back of my throat, and I took it all in. Usually, the gag reflex would have kicked in, but tonight I wanted it all. I felt the tip sliding into the back of my mouth and into the top of my throat. Considering how difficult this had been for me before, I was amazed at how easy it was to have Tom's dick keep on going in. Soon, my nose was pressed against his belly as I engulfed his cock. I pushed harder, making sure I had all I could possibly swallow. Finally, I had to pull away to breathe. While catching my breath, I looked up to see Tom staring down at me, but the look in his eyes was almost animalistic. He looked as if he wanted to push his dick right through me, and I probably looked as if I wanted him to.  
  
With Tom's attentions, I had almost forgotten about Joan. She was feverishly working on my pussy and asshole. Running her tongue from one hole to the other, shoving fingers in and out of each one, her moans were every bit as animalistic as Tom's look. I was past climaxing, I was past thinking. I was totally into feeling, and I loved it.  
  
Tom then decided it was time to fuck me. He climbed off my face and stood for a while, stroking his cock, while watching Joan enjoy herself. I do not know if he had ever seen her do that to a woman before, but he was soaking up the view now. After a bit, he gently raised Joan up and a way from my crotch, then, leaning over me, he shoved his dick into me to the hilt. I was certainly wet enough, but even with that, I was taken aback with the feeling. It did not take long to get used to it, though and my hips began to weave and buck to try to pull him all in.

Joan then moved over my face. This time she presented her ass to me, so she could watch Tom fucking me. This was just fine with me, since I wanted my tongue in both her holes, too. I could bury my tongue in her ass, then move down (or up) and try to suck her clitoris out of her body. Joan was still writhing and moaning, occasionally pushing her sex tightly against my mouth. Between the feelings of Tom filling up my cunt and Joan smothering me with her warm, juicy pussy, I could feel myself building up to the most fantastic climax I had ever had.  
  
Now I was moaning, and screaming a bit.  
  
"Jeez, fuck me. Oh, fuck me, fuck me hard, fuck me harder. Let me eat your pussy, let me lick your ass, let me cum. Make me cum. Oh, yes, make me cum."   
  
These words came out of me automatically. I could not help myself. I kept repeating myself. Soon, my body was furiously bucking against Tom, and I was literally raising Joan off the lounge chair with my face. She ground back, and Tom increased his tempo and his force, and then, we all came at the same time.  
  
I do not know what the neighbors must have thought, but the mix of screams and moans and obscenities burst forth from all of us. We heaved and writhed and squirmed and came and came and came and came for what seemed like hours.  
  
Finally, it was over. I slumped in the chair, and Joan climbed off my face and slumped beside me, and Tom crawled up and lay beside me on the other side. We were all out of breath, and it took several minutes to regain ourselves. Then we could only look at each and laugh.  
  
We continued caressing each other for a bit, then we all shakily got to our feet. Tom and Joan collected their clothing, and then came back to me and each gently kissed my on the lips.  
  
"My darling," Joan said, "you have no idea how special this was for me and us. I hope we can do this more often. You've been amazing, but right now, I am out of breath and out of words. Tom and I must go home, but we will see you tomorrow."  
  
"There's just one thing I'm sorry about." I said.  
  
"There's nothing to be sorry about. It was three people doing what comes naturally. Don't worry." Joan's soothing voice was concerned, and was trying to make me feel better.  
  
"No, its not that." I said, smiling. "It is just that I've had so much fun over the past many years flirting with you two, and showing off and exhibiting myself, that it just won't be the same anymore. As wonderful as tonight was, I'm going to kind of miss that."  
  
Joan laughed. "Leave it to you to have that viewpoint. Yes, that fun is gone, but, believe me, Tom and I can keep you excited, and perhaps give you new targets for your exhibitionism. Perhaps we can even help."  
  
With that, she pulled me to her and shoved her tongue nearly as far down my throat as Tom's dick had been, and turned and walked back with Tom's hand in hers, through the bushes. Just before they crawled back, they both turned and waved and blew me a kiss, and laughed again.  
  
I was spent and weak myself. I went to the pool and slid in, just to get cooled down. Soaking a bit, I reflected on what had just happened, and could actually feel myself starting to get turned on again.  
  
"This is ridiculous." I thought. "I can't be that much of a sex maniac, can I?"  
  
I climbed out of the pool and toweled off, then grabbed my robe and walked naked into the house and back to my room.  
  
I threw myself on my bed and lay there for a while, idly brushing my fingers against my pussy lips, then drifted off.  
  
Suddenly I was aware of the feeling of someone watching me. I looked toward the window and could see the outline of someone's head looking in at me from the shadows.   
  
"Who in the hell could that be?" I thought. "It sure wouldn't be Joan or Tom. Not this soon. I must have another admirer. I'll have to find out who sometime, but I'm too tired to think about it now."  
  
With that, I turned off my light, and rolled over on my tummy and fell asleep. If whoever it was could see anything of my soft, naked ass in the moonlight; then more power to him or her. They could play with themselves all they want.