**Judy: Accidental Exhibitionist**

**by [Hornyman69WithU](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=70313&page=submissions)©**

Much has been written about purposefully setting up the wife or girlfriend to be voyeured so that the husband/boyfriend gets a rush, not to mention those lucky enough to see her.   
  
But what about saying nothing when she is ALREADY unknowingly displaying her goodies, with no intentional set-up on the part of anyone? That amounts to the same thing, but, for me, it's even more of a kick. That's how it all started with my girlfriend, Judy, the same Judy in my story, "Pantyhose and Douche."  
  
Shortly before we began dating, at 21, she'd moved out of her mom's house into the first place of her own, a one-bedroom efficiency in an urban high rise. The 10-story building was situated in the "v" where two thoroughfares converged. The north side of the edifice faced a street with a country club and a nice, historic neighborhood. The opposite side fronted a street with a liquor store, payday-loan place, and other such low-end commercial establishments, and marked a boundary that became increasingly seedy the further south you went. Judy's apartment, six floors up, faced the seedy side.  
  
I usually drove in by way of the nice-side street, because it was the most direct route from my place, and that's where the vehicular entrance was. But one evening, en route from a different part of town to pick her up for a date, I came in via the seedy-side street. It was Friday night rush hour with heavy traffic heading east from the central business district to the suburbs. I was going west—against traffic—and was sailing along fine until I approached the "v" and moved into the curb lane to make the hard right turn over to the vehicle entrance side of Judy's building.   
  
For no apparent reason, cars were suddenly stacking up in front of me, and I had to jam the brakes hard on my two-ton Buick to keep from tail-ending a Celica. OK, now I could see what was happening. Although my two westbound lanes had the right-of-way, and the oncoming eastbound turn lane--which was for drivers veering onto the nice-side street at the fork—was supposed to yield, they weren't. You know how drivers will keep coming through a light bumper to bumper after it's changed? Same idea here, only traffic was a seemingly endless unbroken chain of drivers ignoring the yield sign, so I had to wait an eternity.   
  
Yeah, I was going to be late. Yeah, the people were breaking the law. Yeah, other drivers around me in the same predicament were fuming. But I'd learned long before that when you're in a situation over which you have no control, just take a couple deep breaths, chill out, and try to distract yourself. Accordingly, I punched around on the radio until I found a good tune, and with the top on my convertible down, I just gazed about.   
  
Of course, the south side of Judy's building was to my right. There was her old green jalopy parked in the lot behind the stockade fence topped with barbed wire. Too bad it was so secure; a thief would be doing her a favor to steal it, I laughed to myself. Beyond, on the ground floor, surrounded by windows on three sides, was the indoor pool. A stocky older woman who'd been swimming laps got out. Certainly nothing to look at, she dried off and headed down the dark hall. A light came on; she'd pressed the "up" button for the elevator. Oh, so that's where the elevator was.   
  
It occurred to me that, knowing where it was and what floor Judy lived on, I should easily be able to locate her apartment from where I was stuck in traffic there outside the building. Let's see, counting upwards, ground floor, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th floor.   
  
Well, not only had I found her window, but also Judy herself framed by it. Glory be, she was naked as a jaybird!   
  
Now, here's the thing: Though she was a tigress behind closed doors, Judy's public face was that of a good, Christian girl, so she always dressed and acted modestly. The LAST thing she'd ever do was an exhibitionist show. What the hell was she doing standing nude right next to the window?  
  
The window was of the large, sliding type, consisting of two wide pieces of plate glass extending from about three feet off the floor nearly up to the ceiling. One window was in her living area, another just like it in her bedroom. Both had vertical Venetian blinds, and one morning when I'd slept over I'd closed the ones in her bedroom myself to shut out the bright sunlight. I had a hangover, and the light was not helping. However, the air conditioning units, mounted low against the wall below, their vents blowing straight up, caused the slats to rattle annoyingly. That was more irritating than the light, so I opened them back up as Judy giggled, "See? Light or noise. Take your pick."  
  
Actually, Judy was always wide awake at dawn anyway, so the main reason she left them open was because she just didn't know any better. She'd never lived in a high-rise, and I suppose she figured privacy was not an issue since no one outside would ever see her so far up.  
  
She figured wrong.  
  
Anyway, seeing that her hair was blowing about, I quickly sized up why she was so close to the window buck-naked. In getting ready for our date, she'd just taken her usual scalding hot shower and was simply cooling off right over the A/C vents before getting dressed. The blowing air was also helping to dry her wet hair, as she had a brush in her hand combing through it.  
  
Judy was a slim looker with long, straight blonde hair; firm, up-high B-cup boobs with little dark, hard nipples; and a tiny tight butt riding atop smooth, super-slender legs. Not emaciated, she was still so skinny that her hipbones projected prominently from a flat tummy. Below, scant light brown pubes did little to obscure the deep crease leading to pussyland. In other words, she was delicious eye candy.  
  
At one point as I sat there stuck in traffic, she became even more tasty when she thrust her mons forward and began to carefully brush her pubic hair. Looking down at it with her lips pooched out, she had a truly priceless expression on her face.  
  
Now, Judy was my girlfriend whose nakedness I could enjoy any old time I wanted, but there was something uniquely exciting about watching her nude from a distance when she had no idea anyone could see. I looked around at others in traffic, but, apparently, no one else had seen the sexy young thing.  
  
By the time I got up to her place, she was fully dressed and ready to go. Of course, I was hard as a bat from voyeuring her  
  
"What are we doing tonight?" she asked.  
  
I answered by removing her clothes.  
  
As I carried her back to the bedroom, she said, "Oooh, good idea. I've been waiting all week for this. Why go out first and wait another three of four hours until we get back to fuck?"  
  
"Exactly," I replied. "Only we are going out, then we'll fuck again when we return."  
  
Like the living area, her small bedroom also had a big picture window, and there was just enough room between it and the bed to make a path. After I kissed her all over and ate her pussy real good, she sat on the side of the bed and gave me head as I stood there next to the window. By this point, it was completely dark outside, and with several interior bedroom lights on, it would be easier than ever for anyone outside who cared to look up see Judy's head bobbing up and down on my cock. I honestly had not planned this, but, there we were, so why not?  
  
There were scores of cars down below where I'd been earlier, slowing down or even stopped, many with their moon roofs open and the occasional convertible, but no one ever looked up. Everyone was so attendant to their driving—this in a city known as the crash capitol of America!  
  
Even after she had sucked me for a good 15 minutes, no one had spotted us, so when she looked up again with that aren't-you-ready-to-fuck-me-now expression, I finally laid her back on the bed as she guided me right into her sopping-wet love hole.  
  
As pleasurable as that was, I still could not get the exhibitionist notion out of my head. I'd give it another try, so I picked up the little light-weight hottie, and flying fucked her right there between the bed and the big window, she with her back—and butt— to it in plain view for any lucky SOB if he would simply LOOK UP. Yet, no one did.  
  
If I made more movement, maybe someone would notice. So, with both hands on her buns, I lifted her up to the tip of my dick, then down ball deep, up and down, up and down, as fast as I could go.   
  
"Oh, yeah. I love it when you fuck me deep, hard, and fast," Judy said to reinforce my action, clueless as to what else I was up to.  
  
The A/C was on high fan blowing her by-then-dry hair wildly about; hopefully her flashing blonde locks would help to catch someone's attention six floors down.  
  
I was looking down at cars and the rare pedestrian on the sidewalk below, praying for someone to please, please look up. Then, my eye caught a shabby-looking dude coming out of the little liquor store across the street. Twisting the top off a bottle in a brown paper bag, he tipped it up high to take a swig when his eyes froze right on us. Hallelujah, someone had finally seen us!  
  
There was no doubt he'd spotted us because his eyes remained trained on her window, and it was obvious from his demeanor that he was all hot and bothered. The guy was drinking particularly fast. Had I been in his shoes, I would have too—party time, it's a fuck show! Accordingly, I peeled her buns as far apart as possible. He was probably too far away to see her pussy, but, you know, it's the thought that counts.  
  
It's illegal to consume alcoholic beverages on the premises of a package store, and, sure enough, in a few minutes the proprietor came out to run the guy off. I'd been in there before and immediately recognized the owner because he's obese and totally bald. The bum shook his head and pointed at Judy's window, so the owner looked up, and a huge smile came over his face. Now two men were watching!  
  
It's just a hole-in-the-wall booze shop that he runs by himself, so every time a customer came up, he had to go in, as well. As soon as the transaction was completed, though, the fat man was back in viewing position alongside the bum. It was a Friday evening around 8:00, and he was busy with customers coming and going, then hurriedly hustling back outside to voyeur us. The 350-pound man could use the exercise. From the way he was moving that night, he probably lost five pounds!  
  
The thing was—being so obvious that they were looking at something very interesting—one after another customer would stop to see what all the fuss was about. In fifteen or twenty minutes, there were a dozen bug-eyed men gawking. Now we had a real audience!  
  
I didn't want things to become monotonous, so I took a bit of a risk by turning Judy around and flying fucking her from the rear. While they could now see her terrific little titties and pretty face, she could also see them—if she looked in the right spot. But since her focus was entirely on sex, they were totally oblivious to her.   
  
Problem was, this reverse flying fuck position is an extremely awkward one to maintain, as the girl cannot assist in holding herself up, and so I had the sole job of supporting her. I could of course reach all the way around her chest with both arms, but that would block her boobs from view and defeat the purpose. So I had to get my hands beneath her arm pits and try to rare back to keep her weight centered on my crotch, all while fucking her. I could manage, but not for much longer.  
  
Well, Judy could sense this, and enjoying my super-deep thrusting, simply propped her feet on top of the A/C unit, which took much of her weight off and enabled her to use her legs to assist with screwing. Further, this raised her up higher—in better view—and gave her plenty of spring with the attendant bonus of her boobs bouncing. Perfect!  
  
By the time I finally let her rip and filled Judy full of man-cream, there was a good twenty-man crowd in front of the liquor store, every eye glued to my slim and sexy 21-year-old blonde honey!   
  
You see, I really don't think it was ME they were looking at!  
  
I decided that, even if it took forever to take a right by driving to her apartment via the seedy-side street at rush hour, it was definitely the only way to go, so I went the "scenic route" from then on, making sure to leave early so I wouldn't miss the show.   
  
And there was virtually always a show. Judy's being a creature of habit, she invariably got out of the shower to cool off in front of the A/C under the window. Accordingly, there she was for my viewing pleasure, in addition to entertaining a cadre of men gathered in front of the liquor store who'd also learned her habits. That would be Act I.  
  
Act II was such a regular routine that she wouldn't even bother to get dressed and answered the door nude fully prepared for before-date sex. As soon as I came inside, Judy would lay a huge French kiss on me and work her way down to suck me. I'd sweep her up and carry her to the bedroom, licking and fucking her every which way, yet careful to keep her in sight of the small crowd below most of the time. They knew the drill.  
  
One Friday night after our usual window show, we had plans to go out to a nice Italian restaurant where I'd made reservations for two. With time running short, Judy was still staring blankly into her closet trying to find something to wear. She didn't have a lot of clothes, and what she did have was, like her, modest. A bank teller, she was required to wear fairly boring clothes to work, and she had some pretty, conservative dresses she wore to church. On weekends, she usually wore jeans or cut-offs and a tee-shirt, in which she looked super-sexy. But, of course, that was too casual for the nice restaurant we were going to.  
  
"Come over here to my closet to help me pick out something to wear tonight," she asked, standing there naked raking hangars across the rod.  
  
"I like what you have on now," I deadpanned, kissing her neck from behind while twiddling a nipple with one hand and swabbing a finger up through her pussy lips with the other.  
  
"You start that again, and we'll never get out of here to eat. You think a spoonful of your cum in my tummy's gonna tide me over?" she gigged."  
  
"May I offer you a second spoonful?" I shot back, waggling my half-hard cock between her buns.  
  
But, with reservations in fifteen minutes, there was no time to fool around again, so, as requested, I began to search through her closet to find something for her to wear that evening. Folded up on the top shelf under sweaters was a dress that was, in fact, quite sexy. I shook it out and held it up by the shoulders. "How 'bout this?"  
  
"That old thing?!" she shrieked. "I haven't worn that since I was, like, 16. Terry (my best buddy who dated her in junior high) gave that dress to me wear to a school dance. That was the only time I ever wore it. I thought I gave it away to one of my little sisters years ago. It's probably too small for me now."  
  
"Maybe not. I like it. Try it on," I asked.  
  
She wiggled it on over her head, smoothed it down, and struck a pose. Wow! Made of white, thin, rib knit cotton, it was semi-transparent. It was a little bit small, tightly hugging her slender body. The dress angled up from the armholes to a mock turtleneck, baring her slim, pretty shoulders, so a bra was not even an option. She probably weighed at most ten pounds more than she did when 16, but she'd grown a couple inches in height, so the short-to-begin-with hemline now cut only about two inches below the bottom of her buns.  
  
Pulling the stretchy material down, Judy checked herself out in the full-length mirror on the back of the bathroom door, in the bright bathroom light.   
  
"No way—you can see my nipples! I bought a special bra for coverage, with elastic straps that came up and fastened around the back of my neck. Now I remember why I never wore this dress again—my little bother nabbed that bra to make a slingshot. It's way too short, too, don't you think?"  
  
"I think I've never seen you more beautiful, Judy. It's pretty dark inside the restaurant we're going to, and, besides, we're not going to see anyone we know—just you and I having a romantic dinner together. Please, for me, wear that dress tonight." I said in my most convincing tone as I rubbed her shoulders and nibbled an ear.  
  
Reluctantly, she acquiesced, brushed her hair, and slipped on a pair sandals. The only thing left to do was put on a pair of panties. All her white ones were in the dirty clothes hamper, and, having a real hang-up about hygiene, Judy wouldn't even consider wearing any of those. She tried on black, red, and hot pink ones only to realize that they would attract undue attention and were out of the question. She wanted to hand-wash a pair of the white ones in the sink, but we were due at the restaurant in five minutes, so there was no time for that.   
  
As she locked the door, Judy balked again, "I feel indecent. Do your really think it's OK to go out in this?"  
  
"Lots of women go bra-less these days, so no one makes a big deal out of nipples anymore. The dress is white, and with your very fair complexion and light brown pubic hair, it's not at all apparent you're not wearing panties," I lied.   
  
And so I persuaded Judy, for the first time in her entire life, to wear something in public that rendered her practically naked.  
  
It was on the way down the elevator that it donned on me that we had to make a stop en route. The Italian restaurant we were going to was the kind in which you bring your own bottle, so we needed to pick up something to drink in a hurry. A plan quickly crystallized in my head. What better establishment than the liquor store located conveniently across the street?   
  
I drove up, parked right in front, got out, and opened the car door for Judy. She glared back with a you-don't-seriously-think-I'm-going-to-get-out-here-in-this look. I pulled her out and told her she had to start learning something about selecting wine. Judy knew next to nothing about vino, but, of course, that wasn't the main reason I wanted her to accompany me, hee-hee-hee.  
  
I opened the package store door for her to go in ahead of me, and the moment she crossed the threshold, the fat man behind the counter just about had a heart attack! There, in his own place, was the girl he'd been watching get the shit fucked out of her! He'd just ogled her in the window not 20 minutes before. And under the super-bright florescent lights, he could see right through Judy's flimsy little dress.   
  
She folded her arms across her chest to block the view of her dark, rigid nips. But doing that caused the hemline to creep up and expose her lower buns and dangerously close to showing her bare pussy. So she'd snatch it down, displaying the pokies on her pert, petite perkies again. Fold arms, snatch. Fold arms, snatch. There just was no hiding the goodies in that dress with no undies.  
  
Trying to gather his composure, oh, was he ever so helpful. White or red wine? Sweet or dry? French or Californian? He might as well have been speaking Chinese, for Judy was lost when it came to wine. The hilarious thing was that his place catered to skid-row types and stocked hardly anything decent, mainly half-pints of cheap whiskey and rot-gut grape like MD 20-20. He waddled around with her like a dog in heat until he found, covered in dust on the floor, a big bottle of at-least-potable Chianti, to which I nodded OK.  
  
Though I paid for the bottle, when Mr. Jelly Belly bagged it, he handed it to Judy, saying, "Thank you, ma'am, so nice to see you again. Please come back soon so we can see you, er, to see us."  
  
Talk about Freudian slips! At that juncture, it was all I could do to maintain MY composure!  
  
On the way to my car, she ignored the catcalls of the leering drunks—the leftovers from the voyeur crowd—and the portly proprietor followed us out. When I opened the car door for her to get in, she sat down as carefully as possible but still briefly exposed her pretty pussy for all. At that sight, I heard a collective gasp

As soon as we hit the street, Judy said, "There was something really creepy about that man inside. Did you see the way he was looking at me? It was like he had X-ray vision or something. And did you hear him say, 'so nice to see you again'? AGAIN? I've never been in there before, and I'll tell your right now I'm NOT going back!"  
  
But she did not disappoint him. The very next evening, Judy was in her usual place at the window. Act I, cooling off naked, followed by Act II, me screwing her silly.

Postscript: None of this warrants a separate story, so I've tacked it on here.  
  
The Judy stuff happened in 1982. Near the end of that year, she and I went our separate ways because she was ready to get married and I wasn't. Years later, I moved into a house in the nice historic neighborhood north of the same high rise building she lived in. In fact, I'm only a block and a half away.  
  
Every night after dinner, I walk up to that way to have a smoke. There's another high rise just east of Judy's former place, so I have two big buildings' worth of windows to scan. People tend to turn their interior lights on before they close the blinds, if they close them at all, and the higher floor they're on, the less likely they ever shut the blinds. Best time to look is from dusk to the first hour of darkness. I stay on the north side of the buildings—the side opposite the one Judy's apartment was on—because the south side is even more seedy than it was back then. Yes, I know I'm conceding 50% of possible voyeuring, but that side is downright dangerous these days—I've actually heard gunfire from that direction several times.  
  
While I cannot say that I often see people naked, it's not infrequent, either. The thing is, when it does occur, it's usually a guy or an unattractive woman. But, often enough, there's someone really worth watching, and, like Judy, you can tell she's completely unaware anyone can see her.   
  
Among the better views:   
  
The stalky "big-hair" blonde bombshell ironing in the nude. She's about 25, very tall, leggy, and bullet-boobed--probably enhanced, but hey, I'm not complaining. When I first spotted her, she was too far away from the window to see her below the waist, but when she'd finish an item, she'd put it on a hangar and walk to the window to hang it on the curtain rod. Then I could see her bald pussy and, as she turned around, her perfect ass for a moment before she strode back to the ironing board. She had a lot of ironing, so this went on for nearly two hours, a tasty, extended treat. I've seen her naked very briefly several other times, but I see her so often in bra and panties that it's become almost ho-hum. I've seen her up close when she's out jogging, and she is truly a piece of ass.  
  
The young couple fucking. This was not only extremely erotic, but also very funny. You see, they were watching a porn movie, easy to see because the TV was mounted up high on the wall, and were imitating everything the actors in the XXX flick were doing—hilarious! They were only on the second floor of the other high rise building, so I could see them extremely well, and they actually resembled the actors, with the notable exception of the guy's average-sized cock! Anyway, the best view was when they were on the end of the bed, and he was shagging her doggie, hands in a vice grip on her nice, meaty ass. Her pendulous boobs were hanging way down, wobbling wildly.   
  
Then the guy in the porn pulled out of the actress' pussy and poked her pooper. I couldn't see the resident's dick actually go in his partner's butthole, but the way he was going slow and easy, plus the expression on her face, left no doubt! In no time, his face screwed up in ecstasy, so he obviously squirted. Then, she turned around and sucked him a bit, giving me a brief view of her dark, lippy pussy, and it was over all too quickly. No telling how long they'd been going at it before I spotted them; I probably just caught the "tail end" of their sexual session. I checked that apartment religiously every night around the same time, but never saw anyone in there again. A week later, the TV and the bed were gone, so they must have moved.  
  
The pretty, big-boobed brunette playing with herself. This is an ongoing delight, and I see her about once a month. The rest of the time her place is totally dark, so she must have some sort of job in which she travels a lot. Anyway, she stays fairly close to the window, but because she's short and lives on an upper floor, I can't see her below the waist. However, with one hand holding a cell phone to her ear, the other is obviously busy below working on something!   
  
Yet, in clear view are her tremendous, hard-nippled breasts that get an occasional tweak. Since the around-30-year-old paces back and forth, those DDs jiggle quite nicely. I suppose she's having phone sex, but for all I know, she's just trying to enliven an otherwise boring conversation with her mom! This typically goes on for a good half hour until she clicks the lights off and, then, who knows?. Though her face clearly telegraphs sexual pleasure while she's playing with herself, she never appears to cum, so I have a feeling she really gets down to serious masturbation when things go black. I'm praying to the voyeur god she'll someday leave the lights on so I can see for myself!  
  
The third-floor middle-aged woman doing housework in the nude or nearly so. Like the previous girl, she's a regular. But, unlike the others, during the daytime on Saturday or Sunday mornings. Good reason not to sleep in! Having very short brown hair, tan all over, and in great shape, she's a petite thing with smallish, tubular titties swooping down, out, and up to puffy nipples. She's always smiling and dancing, so I think she must have music on that I, of course, cannot hear.   
  
There are indoor plants hanging in both windows, so I can see her best when she lingers there to water them. Sometimes she's wearing thong panties, sometimes she's not, in which case I can see her Brazilian pubic coif and her pussy slit. Either way, I can see her Caesarian section scar, so she qualifies as a MILF. Lest you think she's an exhibitionist, I really don't think so, for I can just tell she's always in a genuinely good mood and not doing her housework in a show-off kind of way. In fact, with that sanguine face and snappy, upbeat movement, she really seems like my type, so I'm trying to come up with a way to bump into her and meet.  
  
All of this is great, but none of it can begin to compare with the months-long weekend sex-shows I provided with the unknowing cutie Judy back in the early '80s.  
  
Moral of the story?  
  
When near a high rise, look up!