**Location Location**

by[sex4every1](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1237937&page=submissions)©

Life is full of surprises! Never in a million years would I have thought that I'd have one of these stories to share. I always figured these kinds of experiences were reserved for more adventurous people, the young go-getters, who travelled the world and took chances.  
  
And yet, here I am. A 28-year old building manager of a three-story building in New York City. My dad is, what you might call, a real estate tycoon and had generously offered me the position in one of his buildings. The job came with a modest salary and a street-side apartment on the top floor. Not to be ungrateful, but the enormous window panes had cost me a small fortune on drapes.  
  
There were eight apartments in total, two on each floor. There was also a basement level, for storage, laundry, and waste disposal. The building also housed an old freight elevator, with metal grating instead of walls, and a collapsible grill for a door. Instead of replacing it with a more contemporary model, dad had the original restored and repaired. According to him, it made the building unique.  
  
Needless to say, as the entire building had been renovated from top to bottom, there wasn't a whole lot for me to do. Although I had no complaints financially, I was bored out of my skull after only a week.  
  
Things only started getting interesting when Kristen -- and her boyfriend -- moved in. She was 24, had long blond hair, blueish grey eyes, and a body that wouldn't quit. She moved in right next to me, on the same floor, but at the back of the building, overlooking a bunch of abandoned warehouses.  
  
Her boyfriend was the strong, silent type. I never saw him hurt or mistreat her, but there always seemed to be some sort of tension between them. Maybe because of the way she dressed. Although she seemed a bit shy, she always wore sexy, sometimes borderline improper, outfits.  
  
Whenever I ran into her in the hallway or the elevator, I would stare and gawk at her for as long as possible. Of course, she caught me a few times, but never said anything about it. Truth be told, I don't think she minded.  
  
One Wednesday morning, about two months after they'd moved in, there was a knock at my door. I paused the movie I was watching and walked over to the door. Opening it, I saw Kristen standing there, dressed in a black and white dotted short summer dress, and some black pumps.  
  
Instinctively, I erected my back, making myself an inch taller, sucked in my belly, and pressed my chest forward like any man trying to impress a woman.  
  
"Hi, can I help you?" I asked, politely.  
  
"I uh... I... can I come in? I really don't want to do this in the hallway," she whispered, clearly nervous.  
  
"Sure," I said, as I opened the door further to invite her in, "Is something wrong? Do you need some help with anything?"  
  
"Well, I... uh... I... ok... so, I uh... first of all, you need to know that I've... been having psychological problems for several years now," she stammered, even more nervous than before.  
  
"Ooookay," I whispered softly, slightly concerned as a particular scene from the movie 'Psycho' came to mind.  
  
"As a matter of fact, I have several sexual dysfunctions," she elaborated.  
  
Wait, what?  
  
"... and they're making my life hell. Jon doesn't wanna talk about them, because they're out of his comfort zone, but I... I feel like I am going crazy..." she said nervously pacing in place.  
  
"I've tried to fight my urges, and keep them bottled up inside, but I... can't anymore!"  
  
"Kristen, look, I don't know the first thing about psychology, so I am not sure how I can help you," I replied, not sure how else to respond.  
  
"It's about your apartment," she blurted out.  
  
"My apartment? What about it?" I asked, totally confused.  
  
"Ok... relax... take a deep breath," she whispered to herself as she closed her eyes. I waited patiently for about fifteen seconds, realizing I probably shouldn't interrupt whatever she was doing.  
  
Suddenly, she opened her eyes and said in a firm, determined voice, "I would like your permission to take off my clothes and play with myself in front of your window!"  
  
BAM! Knock me over with a feather, why don't you!  
  
"You what?" I asked, bewildered, thinking I might have misunderstood her.  
  
"I uh... I am a compulsive exhibitionist with a... strong tendency for self-humiliation!" she said, clearly having memorized her medical diagnosis. Desperately trying to make sense of all this new information, I took my eyes off of her for a moment and glanced around the room.  
  
Then it hit me. With nothing but empty warehouses on her side of the building, there would be little point -- from an exhibitionist's point of view -- in masturbating in front of her own window, I realized. I glanced over at my closed drapes, which were the only thing preventing an entire office building full of people from observing my every move.  
  
Kristen must have mistaken my silence for hesitation and decided to sweeten the deal.  
  
"You... uh... you can watch... if you'd like!" she added, "I've seen you looking at me!"  
  
Well, if she was offering.  
  
"I uh... I think I would like that," I whispered calmly, trying to act as if this wasn't a dream come true.  
  
"So, when would you like to do this?" I asked.  
  
"Uh... is now a good time?" she asked, glancing at my paused movie.  
  
"Yeah, sure," I blurted out, as I scurried over to the tv and switched it off, feeling my cock getting hard in my pants.  
  
Gathering her courage, she strolled over to the window and carefully opened the curtains, which I had closed earlier to enhance my movie experience. After peeking over her shoulder, at me, one last time, she faced her audience -- the building across the street -- and slowly started gyrating her hips.  
  
Slowly, while twisting and turning her body, she ran her hands all over her dress. Her breathing audibly intensified as she surrendered to her lust. After about a minute, she unbuttoned three buttons of her dress and continued dancing, showing one hell of a cleavage.  
  
Then, after dancing for another forty seconds or so, she raised the hem of her dress, briefly exposing her ass and her black, lace, see-through panties. Next, she turned around, giving me a brief glance of her cleavage and her black bra as she bent forward, reaching for her feet with both hands and pushing her sexy ass against the glass.  
  
God, I was hard. I didn't know if taking my cock out would discourage her, so I decided not to take the chance. The last thing I wanted to do was ruin this once in a lifetime chance! She got back up and continued dancing, her ass still towards the glass.  
  
She unbuttoned the rest of her dress, took it off and threw it on the floor while staring into my eyes. Next, she unclasped her bra and flung it halfway across the room with a graceful toss, granting me a brief peek at her chest. Then, just two seconds later, she spun around, grabbed her naked tits and started playing with them in front of anyone lucky enough to be looking in this direction.  
  
The building across the street was all mirror-glass, so during the daytime it was impossible to look inside. There was no telling whether there were two people watching, or fifty. The possibility alone seemed to be enough for Kristen, who continued her performance zealously. After a few more sexy dance moves, she started pushing down her panties and stepped out of them about thirty seconds later.  
  
I was drooling over her naked backside and her tight ass, when she suddenly turned around, granting me a view of her perfect C-cup tits and her Brazilian strip. God, she looked so fucking hot. I couldn't believe my luck! After pressing her naked ass against the glass and rubbing herself on it for a little while, she turned around again and dropped to her knees.  
  
She opened her legs wide and brought her right hand in between them, and started to play with herself. She squirmed and writhed, moaned and bucked back and forth, getting herself -- and me -- all riled up. It didn't take long for me to start hearing squishy noises as she was plunging her fingers in and out of her exquisite cunt.  
  
I cupped and squeezed my massive erection, still not having the nerve to actually take it out and jack off. Meanwhile Kristen continued masturbating and fingering herself for many more minutes. Eventually, when her orgasm hit her, she pushed herself up on her knees, leaned back and ran her free hand through her hair as she moaned loudly.  
  
Oh my god! This gorgeous, sexy -- and clearly dysfunctional -- woman was climaxing in my apartment. When she was done, she collapsed on the floor on her back, panting heavily. I continued to gawk at her naked, beautiful body until she got up a few minutes later. She grabbed her dress and put it back on, then picked up her underwear and came up towards me.  
  
"Thank you," she whispered, "That was exactly what I needed."  
  
"No no, thank you," I replied with a smile.  
  
"So, can I come over and do this again sometime?" she asked.  
  
"Any fucking time you want," I blurted out.  
  
She giggled, then looked down at the fat bulge in my pants and whispered, "I'm bit surprised that you didn't whip... that out."  
  
"I, uh... I didn't know if that would be all right," I replied sheepishly.  
  
"It's all right," she smiled, "It's the least I can do."  
  
After waiting a few seconds, she added, "Well, what are you waiting for?"  
  
"Oh, you mean right now?" I whispered.  
  
I pushed my sweat pants down along with my boxers, grabbed my huge dong with both hands and started jacking off. I cupped my balls with my left hand, while my right one was furiously pumping my massive cock. I was too fucking horny to be ashamed or shy.  
  
Amused by my eagerness, but also somewhat impressed by my size and hardness, she stared down at my crotch.  
  
"Oh yeah," she giggled softly, "Look at you go!"  
  
After having watched her performance, I didn't need a lot of time to get myself off.  
  
I started shaking and trembling barely five seconds after her last statement, arched my back and started ejaculating against the wall.  
  
Even more amused than before, Kristen giggled even louder and said, "Oh yeah, oh fuck yeah!"  
  
Determined to make an even bigger mess, now that Kristen was cheering me on, I took a few steps to the left, then back to the right, expanding my canvas. When the bulk of my load had already left my cock, she squatted down next to the wall, and took a real good look at my bountiful load.  
  
"Fucking hell," she whispered as she gawked at a bead of sperm dripping slowly onto the floor.  
  
After about ten seconds, she got back up, smiled and said, "I'd better be going... see you later!"  
  
I nodded and murmured goodbye, watching her leave my apartment.  
  
I looked at the wall I had just decorated with my juice, at my spent cock and then at the large window she had used to flaunt herself. I was bewildered and felt as if everything that had happened was a dream. The memories of what she'd done continued to occupy my thoughts and dreams for the rest of the day and night.  
  
The next day, it was late afternoon, and I was filling in some paperwork for some of the tenants, when there was a knock at my door. Although part of me hoped it would be Kristen, I didn't really believe it myself. But true enough, there she was, even more sexy and beautiful than the day before.  
  
She was wearing a mustard-colored skirt, halfway to the knee with blue, see-through stockings underneath and brown, half-high boots. She was wearing a blue thin sweater, with a deep cleavage, which showed both straps of her black bra. Her hair had been tied into a bun. She was wearing a subtle amount of make-up, not too much, just enough to accentuate her features. She had a purse around her shoulders, so I assumed she had come straight home from work.  
  
"Is this a good time?" she asked, with a faint smile.  
  
My heart skipped a beat as I knew exactly what she was referring to.  
  
"Sure!" I exclaimed, probably a bit too eager as I stepped out of the doorway and invited her in, with a grand gesture of my right arm.  
  
"Good, I've been thinking about it all morning," Kristen said, as she walked in, and dropped her purse on the floor on her way to the window pane. As the drapes were open, she could get straight down to business. She was clearly very excited and horny.  
  
Before she did anything else, she unbuttoned and unzipped her mustard-colored skirt on her right hip and let it fall to the floor. Then, she slightly bent her knees and started dancing and swaying to some imaginary music.  
  
Holy fuck, I thought to myself as I slowly approached her, cupping my already growing cock through my sweat pants. Her long, perfect legs and her ass looked even more appetizing in her blue stockings. Her black, lace panties emphasized her butt cheeks.  
  
While she danced and squirmed, and ran the back of her hands over her face and through her hair, I -- remembering the clear invitation and explicit permission from the day before -- whipped out my fat cock and wrapped my right hand around it.  
  
Kristen, who was staring out the window, hoping at least some people were watching her, took off her sweater, dropped it on the floor and immediately reached back to unclasp her bra. She dropped it on the floor as well and cupped her tits as she lustfully stared out in front of her.  
  
She tugged both nipples, making herself squirm uncomfortably, then slapped both tits alternately, before turning around. She was clearly horny, even more so than yesterday. She slid her right hand in her stockings and her panties and started playing with her clit, her body facing the window -- and the office building across the street.  
  
After squirming and playing with herself for a little while longer, she suddenly said, "Cum on my ass!"  
  
"What?" I asked flabbergasted, not having expected that.  
  
As she got down on all fours, perpendicular to the window, sticking her ass out towards me, she said, while leaning on her left hand, using her right hand to diddle her clit, "Dump your cum on my ass, all over my stockings!"  
  
With my hormones running the show, I was in no position to decline her request and so I took a few small steps towards her, jacking my dick.  
  
"Or better yet, rip 'em and cum all over my panties!" she exclaimed as she shoved a couple of fingers up her twat.  
  
"Fuck, are you serious?" I said, feeling my balls contract.  
  
"Only [moan] one way to [moan] find out, [grunt] isn't there?" she groaned.  
  
I let go of my cock, putting both hands on her ass crack, clawing at the blue nylon fabric and forcefully tore it apart. Kirsten gasped as the applied force propagated through her body. Immediately afterwards, I wrapped my right hand back around my dong and pumped it, pushing the mushroom tip against her black, lace panties.  
  
Barely four seconds later, I squirted my glob onto her panties and into her ass crack, wedging her panties in there a little bit.  
  
She shrieked with a giggle, and hung her head down as she whispered, "That's right, that's all I am good for!"  
  
God, this girl had issues, I thought to myself. I got up and moved away from the window as Kirsten remained on her knees for another couple of seconds.  
  
"You uh... you didn't..." I stammered.  
  
"No," she smirked, "That's okay."  
  
"I could... you know... if you'd want..." I stammered, eloquent as ever.  
  
She smiled at me and replied, "That's sweet, but thank you; actually, not climaxing makes me feel even more like a useless cunt!"  
  
Issues... I thought.  
  
"You're sure there's nothing I can do?" I offered again.  
  
"Well, there's one thing!" she whispered, grinning at me.  
  
"What? Name it."  
  
"I want you to throw me out of your apartment, now! Don't give me time to put my clothes back on. Just kick me out, like you would an unwelcomed guest!"  
  
I swallowed. If I hadn't just shot my load, I'd be hard, right now.  
  
I took a deep breath and then played the part she wanted me to play. I grabbed her arm and pulled her towards the door.  
  
"Wait, at least... my clothes... wait," she whined, playing her part with conviction.  
  
I swung the door open with my free hand and yanked her through the doorway. Because of the force I had used, she turned in place, lost her balance and fell backwards onto her ass. I turned back to pick up her skirt, sweater and bra, then walked back to the doorway and threw her clothes in her face. Then, I slammed the door shut.  
  
I peeked through the spyhole and saw her sitting on her ass, looking down at her bare tits and ripped stockings, a wide grin on her face. I turned away from the door and went about my business again, having a few extra wonderful memories.  
  
About four hours later, I heard the elevator arriving at our floor, indicating that her boyfriend had come home. About ten minutes later, there was a gentle knock on the door. When I opened up, I was pleasantly surprised to see Kirsten standing there, wearing nothing but black panties, stockings, a black bra and black knee-high boots. She was positively shivering with arousal.  
  
"Your boyfriend's home, isn't he?" I verified, as I stared at her tits.  
  
"He is," she replied.  
  
"You waited for him to be home, before coming over, didn't you?"  
  
"I did," she smiled.  
  
"You're a slut," I whispered.  
  
"I am," she confirmed.  
  
"What's he doing right now?" I asked.  
  
"Taking a shower."  
  
"So, you don't have a lot of time?" I concluded.  
  
"I do not," she admitted.  
  
I stepped out of the way, inviting her in. She smiled and strolled right up to the window, taking a good look at the building across the street. Because it was now dark outside, you could actually see into the offices that were lit. Despite the late hour, there were still a lot of people sitting behind their desks, or walking around. In one larger room, there was a meeting going on, with about ten people.  
  
"Come here, and let me suck that cock of yours," she whispered.  
  
I closed the door and walked up to her, taking my fat cock out of my pants. She kneeled down, eagerly opening her mouth wide and sliding her lips over my cock. God, that felt good.  
  
Without any reservations, she began bobbing her head up and down my fat, pulsating cock, while she kept her gaze as much as possible directed at her audience. To degrade herself even more, she used her free hand -- the one not wrapped around my dong -- to wobble her tit, closest to the window, up and down, through her bra.  
  
I managed to keep it together for about three minutes, before I had to cum.  
  
"Oh shit, I am cumming," I said, and pulled my dick out of her mouth, wrapped my right hand around it, aimed it at the window and began pumping my sperm out of my balls, groaning.  
  
While I was ejaculating, she quickly unclasped her bra and dangled it in my line of fire, getting my cream all over it.  
  
"Oh fuck yeah," she chuckled.  
  
When I was done, she dropped her bra on the floor, got up and hooked her thumbs behind the waistband of her stockings and panties, and pushed both items of clothing down to her boots. Then, she kneeled back down, facing the cum-covered window and slipped two fingers up her sopping pussy. Just like that, she started pleasuring herself.  
  
After fingering herself into the right -- nasty -- frame of mind, she leaned forward and pressed her face against the window, amidst my freshly deposited load. She rubbed her left cheek around in it, then her right one, then the left one again, etc. etc., while she continued fingering herself hard and fast. I took a step back and covered my mouth with my right hand, shocked and flabbergasted.  
  
It was the nastiest, vilest and most arousing thing I had ever seen. I never even knew there were women out there, who liked this kind of thing.  
  
She started bucking, groaning and whining as she started to climax. As orgasmic waves of pleasure began rushing over her body, she took things even further and started licking the window, with long, slow licks -- collecting my sperm in her mouth. It only made her cum harder. She squirted against the bottom of the window, over and over again, creating a small puddle between her legs.

I watched her climax for nearly two whole minutes before she finally let up and took her face away from the window, catching her breath.  
  
When she finally, slowly, took her fingers out of her soaking wet twat, she glimpsed down and whispered, "I am sorry for the mess..."  
  
"Don't be!" I replied immediately, "That was the hottest thing I've ever seen in my life!"  
  
She giggled, a little embarrassed and asked, "You don't think that was... weird, or... I don't know disgusting?"  
  
"Well, yeah," I chuckled, "But that was kind of the idea, wasn't it?"  
  
She fought a smile as she looked down at the floor, clearly a bit embarrassed, now that her actions were no longer being governed by her lust.  
  
"Bathroom's that way," I said, as I helped her up and pointed her towards the other side of the apartment.  
  
"Thanks," she whispered, as she bent down to pick up her bra and then stumbled, wobbled -- due to her stockings and panties being around her knees -- towards the bathroom.  
  
While Kristen got cleaned up, I stuffed my cock back in my pants and cleaned up the mess we'd both made. When she came out of the bathroom, about five minutes later, her face looked spotless and her bra, panties and stockings were back in their proper place.  
  
"Thanks, this was fun," she said as she walked back into the living room.  
  
"It really was," I replied as I escorted her to the door.  
  
"You think your boyfriend is still in the shower?" I asked.  
  
"I hope not," she grinned, clearly keen on getting herself in trouble.  
  
She opened the door, walked out and turned, whispering, "Until next time?"  
  
"You got it!" I smiled, and closed the door behind her.  
  
The following morning, Friday, I had just heard the elevator arrive and leave my floor, when there was a knock at the door. I looked at my watch and saw that it was 9:11am. Office hours had just started. And sure enough, there she was, Kristen, standing outside my door. This time, she was wearing a long, pink bathrobe, down to her ankles. She was barefoot. I assumed the elevator had been her boyfriend leaving for work.  
  
"Is this a good time?" she asked.  
  
"Sure, no problem," I replied.  
  
"You sure, 'cause I'm going to be here a while," she blurted out, as I noticed for the first time that she was holding a dark red dildo in her left hand.  
  
"Eric wouldn't have sex with me," she added.  
  
Part of me wanted to ask, "What's wrong with him?" but then decided against it. The less she was thinking about her stupid ass boyfriend -- who obviously didn't know a good deal, even when it wanted to get fucked -- the better.  
  
So, I just closed the door behind her and whispered, "You're welcome to stay as long as you want!"  
  
"That's sweet," she whispered.  
  
I couldn't help but feel that the word 'sweet' was somewhat inappropriate. I wasn't being sweet. I was being selfish and horny. I was taking advantage of her and the situation, and she knew it. She was just too horny and too fucked-up to care!  
  
"Tell you what," she smiled as she traced her index fingers over my bulging crotch, "Don't cum during the first act, and I'll give you the best blowjob you've ever had!"  
  
I nodded and smiled, not believing my luck. God, she was so horny again...  
  
I watched her untie her bathrobe and take it off, revealing her completely naked body underneath. No underwear, no slippers, no socks... she was completely butt naked. She walked up to the drapes, yanked them open and then got on her back, her twat facing the window. She opened her legs as wide as possible and scooted as close to the glass as she could.  
  
Then, she gently pried her twat open with her left hand, while she pushed the dildo into herself with her right one. Mere inches from the window, she began fucking herself with the red toy, putting herself shamelessly on display for anyone to see. Slowly, I moved to the couch and slowly tugged my dick, keeping it hard and ready, but making sure I didn't cum.  
  
It took her quite a while to make herself cum. I assumed she was deliberately making it last, as she stopped at regular intervals. After being on her back for about ten minutes, she changed position, and got on her left side, putting her right foot up against the glass. After drilling herself like that for a while longer, she got on her back again and finished herself off.  
  
She came hard, long and loud. She really rammed that fake dick in there, hard and deep. When her orgasm was over, she caught her breath for a minute, then turned to me, watching me pump my huge dick.  
  
"Come here," she whispered, eagerly licking her lips as she got on all fours perpendicular to the window.  
  
I grabbed a chair from the kitchen and sat down in front of her, right in front of her face, which prompted her to slowly move her head forward, open her mouth and engulf my fat dick. She reached back and gave the red dildo, which was still sticking out of her battered twat, a gently push, just to make sure it was still lodged up there, then looked up at me and said, "And don't pull away this time! I want you to cum all over my face!"  
  
She smiled up at my shocked face and asked, "Is that okay?"  
  
"Fuck yeah!" I blurted out.  
  
Grinning, she started sucking and licking, slow and sensual, gradually picking up the pace until she was bobbing her head furiously up and down, milking my shaft with her lips. She stopped multiple times, letting my dick shrink for a bit, before resuming what she'd been doing. She licked my balls, ran her tongue up and down my big shaft, jacked me off a little bit, slapped my hard dick in her face... she played with me for almost twenty minutes, giving me -- as promised -- the best blowjob of my life.  
  
Eventually, she looked up at me and asked, "You wanna cum?"  
  
"Yes please," I whispered, desperately longing for relief.  
  
She wrapped her right hand around my dong, got her mouth into position and then said, "Remember, all over my face, okay?"  
  
"Got it," I whispered.  
  
She wolfed down my big cock and started jacking and sucking harder and faster than she had done before, clearly planning to get me off as soon as she could. After about forty seconds, I felt my balls contract and so I grabbed my dick, jumped up from my chair, and pulled it out of her slut mouth and started jacking off like a crazy man, aiming for her nose.  
  
She smiled, tilted her face up and kept her eyes open as she looked me, right in the eye. A few moments later, I started ejaculating and moved my dick all over her face, covering as much surface as I could.  
  
She kept her eyes open for as long as she could, I squirted her left one shut, about halfway through my ejaculation, submissively allowing me to make a mess of her beautiful face. When I was empty, I sat back down and admired my paint job. I don't think I had ever cum that much...  
  
I got up and whispered, "I need a drink!" as I stumbled into the kitchen.  
  
"Would you mind if I had another go?" she asked, prompting me to turn around and watch her get back on her knees and bring her right hand in between her legs, touching her red dildo.  
  
"Not at all, go right ahead," I replied as I walked over to the fridge and grabbed a bottle of water. As I poured myself a large glass of water, I looked at her get back on her knees in front of the glass.  
  
She began jamming the dildo in and out of her cunt, fucking herself with it again. This time, however, she began whispering obscenities as well, something she hadn't done before.  
  
"Oh yeah... look at me... I'm such a fucking whore... my slut face covered in cum... that's all I'm good for... just a no-good cumslut... a stupid bitch... oh yeah... oh fuck yeah... I'm such a nasty cock-slut... good-for-nothing piece-of-shit whore!"  
  
She lasted maybe another minute or so, before she started violently climaxing again, her body shaking and twitching. After a minute or two of violently orgasming, she finally relaxed and let her head bump against the window, in pure exhaustion. She collapsed on the floor and stared at the ceiling, while she panted and heaved loudly. She'd been in front of the window for nearly fifty minutes non-stop.  
  
"Can I get you anything? A towel, or something to drink?" I asked as I approached her, smiling at the lewd and disgusting spectacle before me.  
  
"No, thank you," she whispered, "I gotta go."  
  
She stumbled to her feet, grabbed her dildo and bathrobe and walked over to the door. Sensing she'd prefer that I didn't follow her out, I stayed where I was and said, "See you next time."  
  
"Ok, bye-bye," she said as she stepped out and closed the door behind her. Although it was only a ten seconds walk from my apartment to hers, I couldn't help but think what a slut she was for making the trip, butt naked, her face covered in my sperm and carrying her red, soaked dildo in her right hand.  
  
That evening, they seemed to be having a party. The music was quite loud and there was a bunch of people in the hallways talking and laughing, but as I hadn't had any complaints from the other tenants, I let them have their fun. I have a decent surround system on my tv, so it doesn't bother me either.  
  
Around 11 pm, there was a knock on the door. As office hours were over, and they were having a party, imagine my surprise when I noticed Kirsten standing there, when I peeked through the spyhole. I opened the door, hoping there was no one else with her, as I was wearing nothing but boxers. She was wearing a short, black cocktail dress. She looked at me, glancing down at my crotch for a few seconds.  
  
"You... uh... wanna come in?" I asked, hearing people talk further down the hall, barely twenty meters and one corner away.  
  
"No," she whispered, as she reached for her neck and unzipped her cocktail dress, then pushed down her straps and slid it down all the way, over her hips, causing it to fall to her feet. I gawked at her, in her black panties and bra. God, she looked hot!  
  
I reached into my boxers and pulled out my half-hard cock and started stroking it. She smiled and pulled down her panties, stepping out of both pieces of clothing. She turned her head, listening to the people talking around the corner, probably less than ten meters away and brought her right hand to her twat and started playing with her clit. She was getting off on the danger, on the chance of getting caught.  
  
Then, she turned to look at me again, and then slowly started walking backwards towards the corner. The closer she got to the corner, and to danger, the hornier she seemed to become. As close to the corner as possible, without being seen by her guests, she got down on her knees, facing me. Her turned-up feet couldn't have been more than five centimeters from the corner.  
  
She reached back, unhooked her bra and threw it towards me, then started squeezing her right tit with her left hand, and playing with her twat with her right. She hung her tongue lewdly out of her slut mouth, desperately trying to be the biggest slut she could be. Slowly, I walked up towards her, jacking my throbbing dick.  
  
When I was standing right in front of her, she looked up at me and said, "Cum all over me!"  
  
She didn't whisper, she just used her normal voice. God, she was playing it dangerously. But then, she reached back for her left high heel with her left hand, untied the laces and took it off. But instead of leaving it next to her foot, she threw it behind us, towards my apartment. As she'd had thrown it high up in the air, it hit the tiled floor with quite some noise.  
  
The fact that everyone around the corner suddenly went quiet, indicated that they'd heard the noise. Still, Kirsten wasn't worried and now reached for her other shoe, while she continued playing with herself. Realizing she was going to do it again, I knew I was going to cum hard when I'd hear the next bang. She grabbed her shoe and threw it up in the air.  
  
It landed with an ever louder clash than the first one, and I couldn't hold back. I exploded, shooting a thick wad all over her chest and stomach. A smaller rope hit her smack in the middle of her face, before dozens of drops started raining down all over her; her shoulders, her arms, legs, tits...  
  
As the guests around the corner were still quiet, I realized they were probably wondering what those noises were. Although it was a distinct possibility that at least one of them would come and investigate, Kirsten didn't seem to care and just leaned forward to wolf down my spent cock. She sucked the remainder of my cum out of my shaft and licked my balls.  
  
She kept this up until the guests started talking and laughing again, and the immediate danger of getting caught had passed. We walked back to my door, where she put on her cocktail dress again, this time without her underwear.  
  
She took a few moments to enjoy the feeling of my cum getting spread and pressed into her skin by means of her tight dress. She even pressed down on her dress, in between her tits, where I had shot the biggest wad, rubbing my sperm into her skin. While she put her shoes back on, she said, "Leave the underwear," looking at her black panties and bra.  
  
As she hadn't cum, she was still horny and nasty, and it showed; her nipples were rock hard and piercing through her cocktail dress.  
  
"I'll need to get fucked later on," she blurted out, "You wanna do the honors?"  
  
"When? Where?" I replied.  
  
"2 am. Basement," she replied, clearly having it all planned out.  
  
"I'll be there," I replied as I watched her traipse away and turn the corner; her underwear still on the floor, in front of my apartment. I closed the door, set my alarm for 1:55 am and continued watching tv. Luckily I had set my alarm as I had fallen asleep as soon as the movie was over.  
  
When I woke, I was sporting a massive boner. Good, I thought to myself, that'll come in handy. I put on some sweat pants and a t-shirt and headed for the elevator. When I passed by Kirsten's apartment, there was still a lot of commotion, but at least some guests had already gone home. I took the elevator down to the basement level and waited.  
  
About two minutes later, Kirsten arrived, also by elevator, holding two garbage bags in her hands -- which had probably been her excuse to leave the party. As soon as she stepped out of the elevator, she put down the garbage bags against a nearby wall and started taking off her cocktail dress, keeping her shoes on.  
  
There she was, naked except for her high heels once again, letting my gawk at her body. From up close, I could see some of my dried up cum still on her skin.  
  
"So... where do I fuck you?" I asked, figuring I might take the initiative for once.  
  
"Underneath the elevator," she grinned.  
  
"What?" I asked, surprised, not having expected that response.  
  
As if on cue, the elevator engaged and started to rise, probably being called to our floor. Without hesitation, Kirsten took a few steps backwards and got on her back, on the cold concrete, where the elevator had just been.  
  
The old elevator had all of its mechanical components on the roof, making a technical compartment down here unnecessary. Kirsten laid down and spread her legs, saying, "Fuck me, as hard as you want!"  
  
More than a bit hesitant, but unwilling to pass up this chance of a lifetime, I carefully got on my knees in between her legs and pushed my cock into her soaking wet, dripping cunt. When the elevator, carrying people from the party, started coming down, I started getting a bit anxious. But inadvertently, my cock grew harder and I started fucking Kirsten harder. She didn't give a fuck about anything, apparently and moaned out loud. I quickly covered her mouth, while I kept my eye on the elevator. Luckily, it stopped at ground level.  
  
About thirty seconds later, it started moving again, going back up. Kirsten started groping and squeezing her tits, in anticipation of it coming back down. Truth be told, I started to see the appeal. The danger, not only of getting caught but also of having the elevator come down on us. Sure enough, it would be a spectacular way of going out, and it made my cock harder than it had ever been before, but I wasn't taking my eye off the elevator.  
  
With every elevator ride, bringing guests from the party to the elevator, we both got more rallied up and I was having more and more difficulty keeping Kirsten quiet with just one hand. Her screams and moans were getting louder, as she was steadily approaching her well-deserved and clearly overdue climax.  
  
She was remarkably at ease, considering the fact that it would only take a wrong push of a button or one of the other tenants to come down to the basement at this ungodly hour, to send us crawling for our lives...  
  
She climaxed and trashed around my cock, sending high pitch screams through the building. Luckily the elevator itself was pretty noisy and camouflaged at least some of the noises she made.  
  
When her orgasm was over, she poked her head up and said, "Let me suck it!" as she pushed me off and got up. Somewhat surprised, but feeling that that was a better alternative than dumping my cum in her unprotected cunt, I got up, stroking my cock. I moved back, following her lead as she gently pushed out from under the elevator shaft, and pushed the button, calling the elevator to the basement floor.  
  
The elevator trips had gotten significantly less frequent, as most of the guests had probably gone home. Still, there was no way of knowing whether or not everyone had gone home or not. While Kirsten squatted down, grabbed my cock and started sucking it, I heard the elevator come down. Luckily, it was empty.  
  
Seeking out danger and possible humiliation, Kirsten got up, opened the elevator grill, stepped inside and closed the grill, getting back on her knees, facing the grill and me. Realizing what she wanted, I stuck my hard cock through one of the holes in the grill and she started sucking it. God, the risk she was taking! She knew that there was a distinct possibility that not all the guests had gone already... and it was making her so fucking wet that she started fingering her twat, although she had just climaxed big time!  
  
She was no doubt picturing the humiliation she would have to endure if the elevator should start to move. She was nervous and jumpy, although she was still focused enough to give one hell of a blowjob. When she sensed I was getting close, she stopped playing with her twat and used that hand to reach out to the elevator control panel.  
  
To my astonishment, she put her finger on the button for the first floor and looked up at me, knowing fully well that that would set me off. My eyes grew big as I looked her straight in the eye and whispered, "You... wouldn't..."  
  
Almost immediately, she slammed the button, causing me to gasp and cum; a massive barrage of cum splattered against her face. I pulled my cock out of the grill, but not before squirting another cum rope onto her naked, slut body.  
  
Then the elevator had risen too high to reach her, so I grabbed my dong and pumped the rest of my load onto the floor, as I watched her face, horny but also a little scared, as she didn't know what was going to happen. I heard the elevator stop at the first level. As I didn't hear any voices or other sounds, I assumed there was no one there. I shook my cock, sending the last few drops of my load flying all over the place and then pressed the button for the elevator, calling it back, as I didn't know for sure Kirsten would do it herself.  
  
When the elevator came back down, Kirsten was on her back, fingering the shit out of her beautiful little twat. God, she was horny. I knew part of her wanted to get caught, but another part was probably glad she hadn't, as this meant she could masturbate in front of me again.  
  
I opened the grill and stepped over her, jacking my half-hard cock. I left the grill open so the elevator couldn't be called to another floor.  
  
"That was so dangerous, you stupid slut," I whispered, realizing the insult would drive her even wilder. And I was right, she gasped and squirmed, writhing even more violently. I watched her pleasure herself all over again, for minutes on end.

Then, suddenly, she seemed to have had enough, got up, put her clothes back on. I did the same and we got into the elevator together. As it rose to our floor, I looked at her, signaled at my cum still clinging to her face and whispered, "You've got some..."  
  
"I know..." she whispered, smiling excitedly.  
  
We got out on our floor and she walked into her apartment. The door was open. I continued to mine, where I hit the sack.  
  
On Saturday, Kirsten and her boyfriend left early and were gone all day. For all I knew, they'd be gone all weekend, so I decided not to wait around for her. I called Anna, an old friend of mine. She and I had been to school together. We had found each other online a while back and had been meeting up, now and then, ever since. She told me that my timing was perfect as her boyfriend was out of town for the weekend, visiting his folks.  
  
We met up in town, had a few drinks, then went to the movies and finally went out for a burger. Afterward, we went over to her place where we fucked each other's brains out. I mean, we really ran through the whole list: she jacked me off, gave me a blowjob, I fingered her, ate her out, then I fucked her doggy-style before finally shooting my load all over her back, ass and her hair.  
  
After a final drink, we parted ways and I headed back to my place. Neither of us wanted me to stay over, so I headed home. It was well past 1 am by the time I got home. When I walked past Kirsten's apartment, she suddenly opened the door and said, "Hey."  
  
She must have been listening for the elevator to arrive. I looked her up and down, she wasn't wearing much. Just a thin, flimsy sleeping gown. I could see her nipples piercing through it. I assumed her boyfriend hadn't put out -- or she hadn't let him...  
  
"I swung by your apartment earlier tonight," she said, as she lowered the straps on her gown, causing it to fall to the ground, trembling with lust.  
  
"Yeah, I was out," I replied as I gawked at her naked cunt and tits for a few seconds, but never really stopped.  
  
"You fucked someone, didn't you?" she asked, reluctantly moving out of the way to let me pass. It was clear that she wasn't just horny, but also jealous. Although we weren't in any kind of relationship, I liked the fact that she was jealous. I ignored her, not even answering her question.  
  
"Please," she begged, "I need it!"  
  
I stopped and turned towards her. I could see she was horny and desperate. As I slowly strolled up to her, she whispered, "I am sorry, my boyfriend dragged me to one of his work events, on a stupid boat... I couldn't get out of it!"  
  
She was apologizing to me -- stark naked -- for not being home and not being able to be a cheating slut and a self-destructive exhibitionist.  
  
I walked up to her and glanced inside her apartment, hearing the tv.  
  
"He's passed out on the couch," she said, informing me.  
  
All right, you wanna play? I thought to myself, as I carefully walked into the apartment.  
  
Surprised, she followed me in.  
  
I walked into the living room and indeed, noticed her boyfriend on the couch, in front of the tv, snoring. I unbuttoned my pants and hung out my half-hard cock. She looked at me, intrigued and horny, and walked up to me. As she took another look at her boyfriend, she kneeled down and wrapped her right hand around my dick, bringing her face closer to it.  
  
At some point, she must have smelled Anna's scent on my dick and she looked up at me for a moment, but then she inhaled sharply, taking a big whiff and quickly stuffed my erection in her slut mouth and began sucking me off, just a few meters from her boyfriend.  
  
During the next couple of minutes, I gradually shuffled closer to the couch. Kirsten, knowing what I was doing, scooted on her knees to keep up sucking me. Eventually, we were right behind the couch, my big cock and her slut mouth only inches from the top of her boyfriend's head. She sucked and sucked for another couple of minutes before I whispered, "I'm gonna cum!"  
  
Instinctively, and based on my actions over the last few minutes, she had a pretty good idea of what I wanted and took my cock out of her mouth and started jacking me off, aiming my throbbing cock at her boyfriend's clothes. I arched my back, then looked down at her.  
  
Excited and very eager, she jacked my cock, grinning widely as she watched my cock spew fat ribbons of spunk onto her oblivious boyfriend. I surprised myself at the sheer quantity of the load and smiled as I drenched his shirt and jeans. She eagerly shook my cock, sending drops flying off in all directions, hitting the couch, herself, the floor and even her boyfriend's arms.  
  
When I was done, I grabbed my cock, wiped it slowly on her forehead, causing another wide grin from her, then zipped up and walked out of her apartment.  
  
Now, who wouldn't want a neighbor like that?  
  
THE END