**Mr. Hitchins**

I cannot describe my feelings at the moment when I looked up to catch Mr Hitchins enjoying the view of me from his bedroom window. My first reaction was to awkwardly grab at the towel I was lying on and clumsily try to cover myself up which failed miserably and probably looked ridiculous from his viewpoint. Eventually I sort of gave up on that and just slowly put on my bikini, bottom first then top. At least when I looked up again he had the decency not to be watching me. I was so very embarrassed about this. I had to assume that he saw the whole thing and I cussed myself for not thinking this through. After all it was pretty obvious he could see me when he went indoors if he chose to. Does this mean he knew I was there all along? Does it mean he carefully planned the whole episode? The weather went off after that day and so although there was no opportunity to sunbathe all these questions bugged me for days afterwards and I was carefully avoiding Mr. Hitchins but eventually a week or so later one bright sunny morning we did bump into each other leaving the house at the same time and he smiled at me and said Hi Suzy, Isn't this weather just fantastic? It was as if those few simple words of greeting were loaded with hidden meaning and sexual suggestiveness and innuendo. I went bright red and smiled nervously but he sensed my discomfort and with a look of genuine concern on his face went on to say You know we're friends Suzy, Don't you? I think that was a sweet thing thing to say and he didn't have the pervy undertones I expected either. I like Mr. Hitchins even more now! I tried to speak but no words would come, only the beginnings of a dry vocal rasp which I terminated before it escaped. I hurried away but I did look back and smile at him.

Later that day I was in my room watching TV when I heard his sunlounger scrape on the concrete, a sound which had the same effect on me as a church bell calling the faithful to prayer. I sneaked down the garden to spy on Mr. Hitchins and sure enough he was wanking himself but this time it was furious, energetic wanking and the cumload shot from his cock like champagne. My pussy was on fire and soaking wet as I witnessed this awesome sexual moment. It annoyed me a little that I didn't have time to join in like before and I was in a quandry now about what to do next. I realised Mr. Hitchins will go inside now and if I wanted to I could allow him to watch me as before. Would this seem contrived and obvious? Well I sat fully clothed on my lounger with an eye on his window waiting for him to appear. He didn't show up and so I went back inside trying to cook up a plan which would only half form in my mind with too many sequences and threads to pull together into a coherent scheme but I did change into my bikini and I went back outside. I draped a towel over my lounger and laid down on my front in my bikini. I casually rested my smartphone so that the blacked out screen acted like a mirror reflecting Mr Hitchins' window. I laid there watching and waiting. After a few minutes Mr. Hitchins showed up at the window and spotted me straight away. He stood looking at me for some time then disappeared. When he reappeared he was quite obviously spying on me through binoculars. All my upbringing told me this should be offensive to me but I didn't feel offended, I felt flattered and my mind raced back to when I was a kid and had a plastic set of toy binoculars. I remember the thrill of seeing distant objects close up. In my mind I conjured up the image of me lying here from his perspective as seen through those lenses as if taking a close up personal view of my body. I knew then that I was going to show Mr. Hitchins again. I lay there on my front and reached around to untie the strings of my bikini top which tied at the back. I then demurely laid back down so it would appear I was just concerned about tan lines. After 5 minutes I untied the strings at the sides of my bikini bottoms and I pulled them from the front between my legs fully exposing my bottom. I am now effectively naked of course although I am only showing my back to the world and I am out of sight completely except for two windows being my mother's bedroom and Mr Hitchins' bedroom. I can see the sun glinting off the lenses of his binoculars by looking at the reflection in my smartphone screen. Being naked this way is a huge thrill all by itself but knowing I'm being spied on is giving me butterflies in my stomach and my head's spinning with the excitement I'm feeling. My pussy is dribbling onto the towel and my clitty is screaming out to be relieved of this agony with contact of any kind and I start grinding my hips into the towel for some sort of relief. I am keeping an eye on the time. I don't want to turn over too soon but neither do I want Mr. Hitchins to get bored and wander off. After around 20 minutes it feels like I should turn onto my back and give this hot sun a chance to give my front a tan. Sure enough he is still there watching me through those binoculars and I as I turn over I am careful to do it in a way which makes it obvious I have no idea he's there. Lying on my back with my feet towards Mr. Hitchins I put both hands behind my neck and close my eyes to create a vision of what Mr. Hitchins can see through those enormous lenses he is pointing my way. I imagined him looking up and down and all over my body and I wondered if he feels what I was feeling that day I spied on him through the fence. I take a risk and half open one eye to see if he's still there and sure enough he's right there helping himself to a good look at his young neighbour sunning herself naked. I allow my legs to fall apart a little exposing more of my tuft of hair but nothng more. Mr. Hitchins responds by dropping the binculars out of view and he starts fiddling with his waistline oh-my-god he's removing his pants! He drops his pants unceremoniously exposing his erect cock. He grabs it with one hand and once again starts tugging and teasing it. I respond by placing one hand on my tummy and very slowly as I watch him pulling on his solid hard cock I move me hand down and lightly tap my clitoris with my middle finger. I open my legs a little more to allow my hand access to my swollen dripping pussy slit. I see he is masturbating with one hand while holding up the binoculars with the other. He is wanking off while spying on my nudity and my self pleasuring. I start fingering my pussy and teasing my clitty with my thumb I squeeze my nipples and clench my bum muscles slowly the crescendo of a climax is well under way almost taking me by surprise. I am now masturbating rapidly and hungrily and watching Mr. Hitchins manhandling his mighty penis. He is getting faster and faster, his strokes more and more urgent. My fingers and thumb are delicately teasing my pussy and clitoris, my quim starts to quiver uncontrollably and I arch my back as the orgasm takes over, involuntary spasms contract and release my vagina muscles and then I moan with the sheer ecstacy of this outdoor sexual release and once again it's only afterwards that the realisation slowly enters my consciousness that at one point close to orgasm mine and Mr. Hitchins' eyes were firmly fixed on each other!