Out On The balcony

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Hi, my name's Angela. A few years back I confessed to

this forum an adventure with Marc, an old high school

friend I met at the gym. I got responses from people

wondering if anything else happened between us.

It had been several weeks since my last date with Marc,

so his e-mail inviting me over to his place for drinks

came something out of the blue. He must have realized

that, since he briefly apologized for the radio

silence, and asked me for a quick reply with my phone

number so he could talk to me.

Being a good girl, I didn't reply right away of course.

Being a little bit of a not-so-good girl, I agreed to

come over. I didn't give him my phone number, I always

feel awkward on the phone. It makes me feel all school-

girlish, talking to someone I can't see. I guess it has

something to do with having trouble guessing a person's

mood or intent without the visual interaction.

Not that it would be hard to guess Marc's intent. Our

previous and only date had been mostly sexual. I'm not

\*that\* kind of girl, usually. I've only been with three

guys in my life, and the other two were back in

college. That date with Marc was actually more an

accidental meeting in the gym, and the conversation had

turned to people's sexual patterns. Marc had managed to

get me to admit that one of the main reasons girls like

me don't give in to their desires, is because they fear

being looked on as cheap.

The night had turned out to be very intense and

memorable, and Marc had admitted to me he was as

surprised about the outcome as I was. Still, it was

clear this wasn't leading to a relationship. The weeks

of silence between us made that clear. I was very

curious what he was up to, and I for my part I wasn't

willing to go along with just anything.

Saturday morning I got another e-mail from Marc, with

instructions on how to get to his apartment, and the

suggestion to bring a bikini or swimsuit, since his

balcony faced south and would be very sunny. As for the

directions, I can use Google maps of course. But as for

the bikini suggestion, I was a bit annoyed at his

obvious ploy to get me to flash my assets. Sure, it was

hot outside, but I wasn't planning on being easy today.

I decided to go with a black tank top and shorts, Lara

Croft style. He would have to settle for bare shoulders

and just half an inch of cleavage.

But when I stepped out of my air-conditioned car and

walked over to his building, and felt the sun scorching

down on me, I felt a slight regret. This wasn't just an

ordinary sunny day, it felt like the first day of a

genuine heat wave. Black had been a bad choice, and I

felt myself getting sweaty already. But I decided that

Marc at the very least had to be shirtless, and he was

pleasant to look at of course. This might become a nice

day after all.

Marc was very friendly, and he had prepared ice cold

drinks. As I expected, he was shirtless and I had to

try not to stare. He had been in on his balcony for

some time apparently, since apart from being nicely

bronzed some sweat glistened on him here and there. He

was quite a sight to behold, and I almost felt sorry

for not bringing my bikini so I could return the favor.

We chatted a little about what we both had been doing

the last few weeks, but the conversation remained very

casual.

There were numerous awkward silences, as if we both

were looking for something to say, or didn't want to

talk about what \*was\* on our minds. My guess was that's

what happens to people who've had sex. During another

awkward silence, Marc picked up the glasses and

refreshed our drinks. While he was back inside, I

peeked at myself and saw beads of sweat trickling in my

cleavage. Somehow I managed to make even this thing

look sexy.

As Marc walked back onto the balcony with our drinks,

he glanced at me, and said: "You look hot, don't you

want to change into a swimsuit or something?" I shook

my head, saying: "Sorry, I didn't bring one. I'll be fine."

"Are you sure? Black isn't the best color for the sun,

and you can always work on your tan." Marc replied. "I

mean, you can take the top off, I wouldn't mind. And

it's not like this balcony is on display."

I smiled at his remark, I guess this was the start of

us flirting. I looked around to the other balconies.

The neighbors wouldn't be able to see much because

there were panels between the balconies. Also, because

the apartments were quite big, they were a few meters

apart. Two upstairs neighbors to the side might get a

good look at me, if they bothered to look over the edge

of their balcony. And as for the apartment building

across the street, it was over a hundred yards away;

someone would have to use binoculars. I supposed it

would be possible to take off the top.

"As you can see, the other side would need eagle eyes

or a telescope. And the neighbors aren't a problem at

all. You could also go topless for an even tan, if you

like." Marc added. My reservations against stripping

grew a little; he was being a bit too obvious to get me

naked. I tried looking angry at Marc, and shook my

head. "Oh no, mister. I'm not falling for that one." My

angry look failed, and I giggled. Then we both laughed

out loud.

"Seriously, what's the big deal?" Marc had recovered,

and continued his efforts. "I mean, it's more

comfortable and good for your tan. Also, I've already

seen your boobs naked. They look great, honestly, and I

like looking at them I'll admit that. But there's

nothing to worry about." He gave me an honest smile,

and together with the compliment I almost melted. I'm

self conscious about my boobs, but I can always take a

compliment. I was ready to give in now, but I had an

idea to make it a little more interesting.

"If you're so sure about your balcony being safe to

undress, why don't you take off those shorts, first?" I

asked him with a devilish grin. That certainly caught

him off guard, and for a moment he was speechless. Then

his grin returned, and he agreed with me. He took off

his shorts without much ceremony, and the next moment

he was standing before me completely naked.

I couldn't help staring a moment at the newly exposed

flesh, his dick was limp but it still reminded me of

the ample size it could grow into. His balls hung low,

bigger than I remembered. I swallowed, and I repressed

a thought about what now almost certainly lay ahead. I

managed to get a grip of myself, and saved myself with

a joke: You could use a little tan improvement

yourself, white boy."

He didn't reply, and just smiled at me as he waited. It

was my turn, apparently. I got up and took off my

shorts, then I peeled of my top. Reaching behind my

back with a shy smile, I unclasped my bra and it fell

to the ground too. I piled up my clothes, and sat down

on the bench again, naked except for my panties. Marc

picked up a bottle of sun lotion, and said while

pointing at my big, naked and very white boobs: "Now

that's one place you don't want sunburn. Would like me

to put some oil on you?"

Wow, we were moving at record speed, so it seemed. One

moment he wanted me topless for tanning purposes, the

next he was aiming to get a handful. I reached out and

took the bottle from him. "No thanks, I can manage. I

opened the bottle and applied ample amounts of oil to

other hand, my neck and shoulders and the tops of my

boobs. I began rubbing my arms, neck and shoulders, and

then I realized that there was probably no way I could

seriously rub my boobs without making it an erotic

display for Marc.

I stopped for a moment, and glanced at him. He was

enjoying the view apparently, smiling at me. I used the

pause to apply more oil, and decided to do it properly

then. I began massaging the oil into my breasts, making

slow circular movements, all the time looking directly

at Marc. He was no longer trying to decently look at my

eyes; I had captivated his glance with my massaging

movements.

The effect was fascinating. His limp dick made a

twitch, then another, and then another. It began to

swell slowly, getting longer and thicker. It began

lifting itself to an upright position, all the time

getting thicker and longer. Meanwhile, I could see his

balls which had been hanging low until now, being

pulled tight against his body. This made them look even

bigger, I could swear they were the size of small

chicken eggs. His dick had reached its maximum girth,

and its swelling in length had made the foreskin draw

back, revealing the purplish-red head. It was as big as

I remembered, seeing it swell from beginning to end was

a fascinating view, and I was getting seriously turned

on by this.

Finally, his erection was complete. I can't remember

ever seeing a man looking more sexual than this, Marc

with his muscular torso, fully erect penis with the

head now completely revealed, a drop of pre-cum forming

at the tip, and his balls swollen and drawn up tight.

If I had doubts about whether we would have sex again

today or not, they were gone now.

I stopped massaging my breasts, and waited for Marc's

next move. If he would pick me up and take me to the

bedroom there would be no protests from me. Instead,

Marc picked up the bottle of tanning oil. He kneeled

next to me on the bench on one knee, and applied more

oil to my boobs.

"You missed a spot," he whispered, as he began

massaging more oil into my already very sun-protected

breasts. His position caused his penis to dangle right

in front of me. I took it in my hand without thinking,

and began sliding my slippery hand up and down its

length. My free hand cupped his balls, confirming their

size and swollenness. I gave them a light squeeze and

Marc groaned in return.

Slowly as to not lose my grip on his dick, he sat down

next to me, bent over me and started kissing me slowly

but deeply. One hand was still massaging my breast, but

the other one moved down into my panties and found my

very wet pussy. He began slowly rubbing my opening and

my clit, and I moaned in delight. Then, as he paused a

moment to shift his position, I realized we were well

on our way to have sex on his balcony. That snapped me

out of my trance for a moment, and I glanced around.

Still no neighbors around, and I still couldn't see any

detail across the street. Safe for now. but I decided I

wasn't going to risk it.

Not wanting to spoil the moment, I decided not to ask

Marc to go inside, but instead I applied both my hands

which were still slick with oil to his now throbbing

penis, en began sliding them up and down the entire

length. He responded to my movements, and I quickly

increased both speed and pressure. I was going to make

him come in my hands now to 'get the edge off', then we

could always move into the apartment for some serious

lovemaking.

I was well on my way too, and Marcs breathing was

shortening and he was pumping his dick into my hands.

But at the same time, he was working on me too. He

shifted position with his fingers, then withdrew from

my pussy and applied his thumb in circular motions

directly to my clit. I gasped in response, and

momentarily lost grip of his penis. Then I recovered,

and got back to jacking him off.

It was a race then. Marc was close, but he was working

me towards an earthquake of an orgasm, and fast. I

broke the kiss, and looked at his penis. It was

throbbing, pre-cum was streaming from its tip, and I

couldn't imagine he was going to last much longer. Marc

groaned deeply, and for a moment I thought I had 'won',

then the pressure on my clit became too much and my

orgasm exploded on me. I groaned out loud and began

bucking my hips. I lost my grip on his penis

completely, and Marc grunted in obvious disapproval. I

reached back out with one hand, but my orgasm was just

getting started.

I began shuddering and moaning as wave after wave of

pleasure swept away my control. Marc was at least being

the good sport and continued working on me. For what

must have been a full minute I climaxed with his thumb

working on my clit. In the sparse moments I could open

my eyes I could see Marc sitting bent over me, his rock

hard throbbing dick still dangling in front of me.

I felt my orgasm slowly subsiding, and Marc felt it

too. Softly but firmly he pushed me on my back. In a

quick move he removed my panties. He pushed one of my

legs over the back of the bench, and pushed the other

one aside. I resisted, I didn't want to have sex out

here on the balcony! But I was weak, and Marc ignored

my resistance. I guess I couldn't really blame him,

being so close to coming. He positioned himself in

front of my opening, and guided the head of his

throbbing dick. I felt the tip enter me, and then he

paused for a moment. I was amazed at his control, being

so close to climax, but he waited for several seconds

with the tip of his dick inside me, and I could feel

the throbs. Then he began pushing slowly in, and slowly

out.

Last time it had been a tight fit, but I was extremely

wet and he pistoned in deeper with each thrust. I could

feel myself stretching, and taking him completely.

After several thrusts he had entered me completely, and

he began to thoroughly fuck me. He withdrew his dick

completely each time, then buried it inside me with

each slow but powerful thrust. It was an incredible

sensation, and I was lost in a blissful state. But when

I opened my eyes, I was shocked to see we were being

looked at!

One of Marc's upstairs neighbors had a view on us from

their balcony, and a middle aged couple was looking at

us. For one moment I froze, but even from this distance

I could see they weren't too shocked but were very much

enjoying the experience. I looked at Marc, and he was

smiling a very happy smile at me. There was no way I

could stop him now anyway, so I smiled back and

encouraged him to go on.

For minutes Marc managed his deep thrusts, then as his

own climax was building again, he penetrated me fully

again and began making short, quick strokes deep inside

me. Then I felt him becoming irregular in his thrusts,

his penis swelled even more inside me, and I could feel

him climaxing inside me. He groaned out load and

shuddered against me. I felt him spurt his load again

and again, until he finally stopped. He was still hard,

and he resumed softly pushing in and out until I felt

him softening, and then he withdrew. He collapsed next

to me on the bench, and I looked up towards the other

balcony. The other couple was gone; maybe they were

inspired and had gone inside. In any case, we were

alone again.

We lay against each other, nude and exhausted for the

moment. No words were spoken for some time. Then, as I

traced my finger along his now limp penis, I said:

"That was really fascinating, seeing it grow from small to big."

Men can't take compliments about their equipment

without a response. His penis twitched. He smiled, and

replied: "Looking at you does that to me." But we were

both looking at his penis as it swelled to full size

again. When it was fully erect again, Marc got up and

lifted me in his strong arms, carrying me inside.

For the couple on the other balcony, the show was over.

But our show had just gone through the first act.

END