Peeping Shaun

by mightypinkdms©

I already knew that he was there. Watching. Waiting. Every day I waited for the

familiar thrill to start me off. Slowly, I felt the cool stare of his ice blue

eyes raise the small hairs on the back of my neck. It was show time yet again, I

thought as I gently loosened the silk scarf from around my neck and let it float

down to my plain, black, stilettos.

By day, I was one of those non-descript office girls. You know the type: hair

bunched back tightly to my head, make-up to the bare minimal and outfits that

made my Mum look sexy in her velvet dress and thick black tights. It wasn't that

I didn't want to be sexy: oh no, my boss made sure that any female inferior to

her was made as frumpy and unsexy as possible in order to make her shine. So I

went along with it, and in the long run it only made me wanted to be sexier by

night.

It started about a month ago. There I was in my apartment, sunlight streaming

through my wide set windows and falling luxuriously onto the naturally sun

bleached wooden floors. After seven years of individually scraping every penny I

owed to purchase this one bedroom suntrap. The only unfortunate thing was that,

less than a few metres away stood another block of apartments, modern ones with

fancy balconies and such like. Mine was a classic, Victorian model with

sculptured ceilings and features that charmed the socks off me, and best of all

it was all mine. No snotty flat mates, no awful sponging blokes. Yes, I guess it

did get kind of lonely but the pros far outweighed the cons. On that particular

day I had been rushed off my feet at the office, and as I stepped through my

door I kicked off my shoes into the far corner, I paused to stand in the

sunlight, allowing it to warm my back. Without shutting my blinds, I pulled off

my starchy white blouse with one angry thrust and let my red curls free from

their tightly bound clip. The sun warmed my freckled skin and, as I eased my

skirt past my tiny thong I felt the now familiar eyes boring into my back.

Quickly I span around, and there standing on a balcony opposite my beautiful,

old window stood a man, open-mouthed, watching me. Now don't get me wrong,

usually this sort of thing creeped me out, but curiously I couldn't help but

realise that this was no normal peeping tom. His face was ruggedly handsome, his

eyebrows knotted to guard his eyes from the beautiful sunshine. In his left hand

hung a half cigarette, forgotten as he clearly enjoyed this quick, uninvited

show from the balcony. Even from a few metres away I could see the visible

outline of his semi-hard penis in the blazing hot sunshine. Seeing him seeing me

was perhaps the most arousing thing I had been involved in in a long time –

needless to say, being a single office girl in frumpy fashion didn't get you

many numbers. But right now, here, I felt wanted. Unfortunately, exhibitionism

wasn't my strong point and as a blush matching my hair crept up my cheeks, I

fled to my adjoining bedroom, my wetness sticking to the little piece of fabric

hiding the secrets of my desires.

This scenario went on for weeks, come rain or shine I made sure I gave my voyeur

something to watch. I began putting matching underwear on every morning in order

to indulge him, my watcher. Everyday, no matter how hard and trying my day was I

waited until my evening to release all my steam in my usual manner. He always

gave me his visible approval without saying a word, just watching me intently

with that smouldering, piercing stare that would give me the material to

masturbate over during the night. Although I did desire a relationship, this

silent pact we held led me to orgasm after orgasm after orgasm, and I was scared

that anything more I asked for would be rebuked – or worse, a disappointment.

It wasn't until that Thursday night that my stress was at an all time high. I

had ended up in the office until way past 8pm, and my anxiety to get home and

put on my show was eating me alive. Regrettably, my orgasm intensity was

beginning to wane so it was time to try something new, something so thrilling

and daring that after tonight, nothing would hopefully penetrate my skin for the

following week.

It began as normal. As I swung through my front door I noticed that dusk was

beginning to settle and my sun-trap, although warm, was dull. Anxiously,

swinging my big Chloe handbag and tweed jacket to the floor, I scuttled across

my wooden floor, heels clicking with a fierce beat as I checked, hidden that he

was there. In the half-light, I could see him staring into my flat, waiting as

usual. I could just make out the faint burn of his cigarette in his left hand.

Good, at least he was ready. Quickly, switching on my fake tiffany lamp, I

gently pulled the scarf from my neck and, as I said before, let it float gently

down to my stilettos. I urged myself not to look at him, let him think he had

yet again caught me unaware. Today I had chosen a pale lilac blouse and,

carefully and slowly, I unbuttoned the top, one by one, taking my time and

making him wait as, inch by inch, my creamy white skin was exposed. By the last

button, I checked on him, to make sure he was watching, and I could still make

the faint line of his ever observant, lean frame. I tugged it off my arms,

revealing my lean biceps, the fabric rustling against my sensitive skin. In

response, my nipples peaked to attention, followed by a soft moan that escaped

my throat. Already, just by removing my shirt, I felt my clitoris jump with the

anticipation of what could happen, but I already knew what I was doing. Then, I

trailed a red-taloned hand behind my back and slowly, painstakingly slowly,

unzipped my expensive tweed skirt, stepping – stilletoed and all – out of the

work clothes, becoming Sarah the red haired vixen. Just one more movement, I

told my body as it shivered deliciously, and with a swift unclipping of my hair

my red curls settled, ready, on my elegantly carved shoulders. I had become the

self-loving temptress, ready to put on my one-woman show.

Suddenly, I saw his balcony light go on, his body edged with a soft white light.

In his right hand I spotted a pair of binoculars, focused on me. My clitoris

leapt with excitement, and even though I had expected the added thrill of the

binoculars, my body ached with desire. Tenderly, I held my creamy, white

breasts, which were spilling from my deep green bra set. In full view of this

man, I stroked my nipples through the silky fabric, tweaking them and pinching

them, sending electric shocks to the very heart of my yearning. I threw my head

back in delight, arching my back as I slipped back into a carefully placed

chair, my legs spread wide giving him a teasing view of what was to come.

Slipping one bra strap down, I teased my own flesh, imagining his cool hands

touching the same spots eagerly, his eyes roaming over my luscious milky skin. I

bit my red lips gently, trying to subdue my desire, but my whole body was so

turned on that I wanted to scream. The bra had to come off and, ensuring that

the watcher was observing, I edged my bra off, revealing my small, pert breasts

topped with two, cherry like buds. They popped out, hard and pointed, and

quickly I strolled towards the window, gazing boldly in his directions.

I promised myself that tonight I would only masturbate in front of him, but

here, in my stilettos, suspenders and deep green thong, I only wanted him. So,

with my inhibitions shattered I beckoned him. The light at his apartment

suddenly switched off, and, as I felt the wetness visibly soak my pants I shook

with desire and fear: had I pushed it too far?

A few minutes later there was a knock at my door. I froze, still horny, still

wet, but solid with fear. Had he reported me? Was it him? Was it my mother?

Quickly slipping on my coal silk gown, which was like melted chocolate coating

my energized skin. With dread I approached the door, and fearfully opened it.

"Hello," he said quietly, a bottle of champagne in his hand, "That was quite a

show tonight." His ice blue eyes were glued on my rock hard nipples that

teasingly peaked from the fabric, and his erection became more blatantly visible

through the grey trousers.

"Hi," I said, "come in." I stepped back from the door and waited for him to slip

his suit jacket off, and as he did he revealed a white shirt barely covering his

well-toned chest.

For a moment, we simply gazed at each other; but then he began to approach me,

and pulled me urgently towards him while diligently removing my silk gown. His

big, manly hands held my small breasts, his thumbs rubbing back and forth over

the small buds, making me once again shiver in delight. Instantaneously, he

pushed his body against mine, his erection pressing directly against my soaking

wet groin causing me to groan out loud. In return, I ripped his shirt off, and,

momentarily began to stroke his chest, mesmerised; then I continued to tug his

trousers down. There, in his muscular glory, was a modern day Adonis there for

my taking and I trembled with delight as he groaned into my neck.

"You're amazing," he groaned, pulling aside the thong, while I ran my hand down

his shaft, causing his muscles to tense with pleasure. Shuddering, he began to

gaze intently at my glistening wet folds, "Everyday, you drive me wild...I just

need to have you." With that, he knelt and buried his face into me, his tongue

exploring every part of me, sucking my juices while his magical thumbs span

circles on my clitoris.

"Stop!" I gasped, as he looked up from between my legs, "You'll make me come. I

want to come with you inside me." He grinned wolfishly, and in one swift

movement, whipped his Calvin Klein underwear off and grabbed a condom from his

wallet.

"I was hoping you'd say that," he said, his pupils dilated with desire as he

eased the latex on. I pulled him down on top of me, and, while I held my thong

aside to enter me, I felt a scream whelm up inside me as those weeks of pent up

desire came to a head. At first he teased me, only allowing me to have the head

of his penis inside until I begged him for more, and then, grinning, he pulled

my smooth white thighs up to allow a deeper thrust and began to deeply fill me,

and within moments of each other, excitement and indulgence overtaking our

pleasure, we came, my screams filling the old, Victorian apartment...

For a few moments, he lay inside me, his penis spurting into the latex walls

giving me little frissions of delight. Slowly, as the orgasm subsided I could

feel the embarrassment snaking back into the atmosphere as I couldn't fill the

void of silence.

"Look," he said, gently easing out of me "I don't really do this sort of thing.

You see, I work in an office, and I didn't mean to watch you but it was the

perfect way to end a hard day. I hope you'll forgive me, and let me take you out

for the night?" I grinned, recognising the irony of the situation.

"Sure that would be great," I said, "by the way, I'm Laura."

"And I'm Shaun, pleased to meet you," he said murmured, grinning, stroking my

turmoil of red hair. "Now how about a glass of champagne?" he said, standing up,

his brown hair mussed softly.

"That would be great," I said again, flinching at my repetition, my stress

leaving me entirely and replaced with the prospect of further nights of passion.

And who said stress was bad for you?