Six Floors Down

by TimFen Â©

My routine on Saturday and Sunday mornings is so regular, it almost

qualifies as a religious observance. Sleep late. Take a shower. Clean up.

Go get bagels. I'm like clockwork.

I know it's not that exciting, but it works for me. I'm a single guy in my

30s, past my party years, and my focus is mainly on my career. Weekend

days are for relaxing. Weekend nights are for seeing friends.

Last Saturday I got up, showered, and went to attack the sink full of

dishes that had piled up over the course of the week. I live on the top

floor of a six-story apartment building, and there is a window right by

the kitchen sink. While the view is nothing special (no water, no

skylines, no parks), I loved looking out the window while I did the

dishes. It is relaxing to look out over the row of attached houses and

backyards that spill out from the side of my building.

As I picked up the first plate and began cleaning it, I glanced out my

window and immediately saw something new. Sitting in the Henderson's back

yard was a woman, a blonde, lying on her back on a lounge sunning herself,

wearing a white string bikini. I write "bikini," but it really was more

like dental floss attached to two quarter-sized pieces of fabric as a top,

and dental floss with fabric the size of half a one dollar bill for a

bottom.

From six floors up, I couldn't tell too many details, but certain things

were clear. She was blonde. She wasn't fat. Her skin was tan (but not

overly so), and her skin looked fantastic, possibly due to the sun tan

lotion that made her skin glisten and look so soft. Also, her breasts

seemed average, maybe a drop larger, based on how they stood up and out

from her chest. She seemed pretty, but it was hard to tell given the

distance.

I put her age as early 20s. The Hendersons had moved in a few months ago,

and I had heard they were empty nesters with a daughter who was a senior

in college. I guess this was the daughter. Mrs. Henderson looked as though

she probably turned some heads in her younger days, so it all seemed to

make sense.

I was mesmerized by the beauty and sensuality of this woman lying there,

absorbing the sun. The only thing that moved was my dick, as it quickly

grew to its full six inches and hardened. I turned off the water and

watched for a little while, captivated by the sight of the almost-naked

girl below me.

I craved to know more, so I dug my binoculars out of the back of the

closet, jumped up on the kitchen counter, and focused on my target.

Between the shakiness and lack of clarity of the image, it was hard to see

too much more through the binoculars than I had seen with my eyes, but it

confirmed that my earlier observations were correct. There was no doubt

this woman had a beautiful body and a pretty face.

I ended up putting down the binoculars, and started stroking my cock,

slowly but forcefully, mesmerized by my bikini girl. I reached over and

put some dish soap in my hand and used it as a lubricant. It felt warm and

wet on me, which only made me think more about what was underneath bikini

girl's tiny bottoms.

I rubbed my cock for about ten minutes, and bikini girl rolled over,

showing off her perfect ass. Well, at least it looked perfect from six

floors up. I quickened the pace of my stroking, and about five minutes

later, I blew my load, the first burst landing on the window, the rest

running over my hands and the sink below.

I cleaned up and finished the dishes, keeping my eye on bikini girl as she

adjusted her positions a couple of times over the next half hour, before

picking up her towel and walking back into her house. Even her walk was

sexy, with an almost imperceptible sway of her butt as she moved across

the yard.

When I went on my bagel run, I walked the wrong way, just so I could go by

bikini girl's house. I don't know what I was expecting. I guess I thought

maybe I'd get lucky and she'd come out of the house just as I walked by.

Of course, that didn't happen, and I looped around, picked up my bagels

and cream cheese, and headed back to my apartment.

All the rest of that day and night, no matter what happened, my thoughts

kept drifting back to bikini girl. I was in a constant state of arousal. I

cancelled my plans with my friends and went to bed early.

When I got into bed, all I could think about was making love to her. And,

of course, I couldn't help wondering if she would be out there again the

next morning. I finally tried to calm myself down by popping in a porn

movie and rubbing my cock, but every girl on the screen seemed like a poor

substitute for my bikini girl.

I finally turned off the movie, closed my eyes, and thought of her tan,

glistening body on the lounge. Her tiny top straining to contain her

breasts. Her legs leading up to that tiny patch of white covering her most

intimate of places. In minutes I came, imagining it was her hand around my

dick.

I finally fell asleep, but was up at 6 a.m., thinking about nothing except

whether I would see her again. I jumped in the shower, grabbed my

binoculars, and then took up my position on the kitchen counter, waiting

for a possible appearance of my bikini girl.

Sure enough, at around 8:30, she bounded out of the house wearing the

exact same bathing suit, only it was red. She had two of these

micro-bikinis. At least. Wow. I was impressed. She laid on the lounge and

closed her eyes. I thought to myself how lucky I was that I had a second

opportunity to watch her.

Then, my eyes widened as she moved her hand to her stomach and started

sensuously moving her hand up and down, back and forth.

My cock nearly burst through my pants, so I undid my fly and let my

hardness pop through.

Bikini girl's hand kept moving back and forth and side to side. If I

didn't know better, I'd think she was teasing me. Then, after what seemed

like an eternity, she dipped her hand underneath the small strip of fabric

covering her pussy. The fabric couldn't hide the motion of her fingers

flying up and down.

As great as it was, it was also painful, because I really wanted -- almost

needed -- to see what was going on underneath the material. Who thought

that a tiny piece of cloth could cause me so much pain!

Then, as quickly as it started, it stopped. Bikini girl matter-of-factly

stopped touching herself, pulled her hand from under her bikini bottoms,

stood up, and, with no hint of rush, walked into the house, her butt

swaying a bit just like last time.

I couldn't move. I was incapacitated by the odd combination of

overwhelming arousal and thudding disappointment. Why did she run off so

quickly? Why did she stop touching herself? Nothing startled her, it was

all so business as usual.

I had to move on. This whole bikini girl thing had taken way too much of

my time. The weekend was rapidly moving towards its end, and I couldn't

help feeling like I didn't know where the time had gone. I went to my

bedroom and started sorting the laundry, determined to salvage what

remained of the weekend.

After a few minutes, there was a knock at my door. When I opened it, I

thought for sure that my weekend of spying had made me insane. Standing

before me was bikini girl. It was really her. I wasn't imagining it.

She had gotten dressed, but barely, in what had to be the shortest terry

cloth shorts ever made, a spaghetti string tank top that stopped at the

top of her perfect, toned, tanned midriff, and a pair of flip-flops. She

held a tiny purse over her shoulder, too.

And, up close, she was, if possible, even better looking than from far

away. I could see now that her body was perfect, toned, with no cellulite

or flab, but she also wasn't coke-addict skinny. Her body was very

feminine, and very sexy. Just as I had suspected, her breasts were a drop

bigger than average, nicely filling out her tank top. Her skin was

radiant. I noticed that she had the most beautiful hands, almost artistic

looking, with sexy deep purple polish on her nails. Her feet, too, were

fantastic, tanned, smooth, nicely shaped, and with her suckable toes

painted in the same deep purple polish.

But, most of all, what I noticed seeing her up close was her eyes,

impossibly blue and seemingly sparkling. These couldn't be contacts. Too

much life there. Her eyes just took over the room.

I realized that I had been staring silently at her for some time. She just

smiled, waited for me to come to, and then casually said: "I figured, if

you were going to watch, you should have a better view."

With that, she stepped into the room and headed directly for the couch. As

she walked, she added: "Besides, with a little more privacy, the show can

be that much more thorough."

Bikini girl reached the couch, and casual as can be, kicked off her

flip-flops, pulled down her shorts, and pulled off her tank top, leaving

her in the red micro-bikini. She sat on the couch and started running her

hands over her legs, stomach and chest, just as she had in her back yard,

strategically avoiding the tiny bit of flesh covered by her tiny bathing

suit.

She smiled and said: "Sit down. Get comfortable. Enjoy the show."

It all seemed like a dream, and yet here she was, on my couch, in the

tiniest of bathing suits, about to pleasure herself for my (and, of

course, her) enjoyment.

I pulled a chair up across from the couch and settled in, my eyes roaming

over her body, noticing all the little spots I wanted to lick and kiss. I

wanted to taste her neck. I wanted to feel the heft of her breasts in my

hand. I wanted to run my tongue across her navel. I wanted to feel the

backs of her knees in my hands. I wanted to massage her beautiful feet.

Basically, I just wanted to kiss, lick and touch her everywhere.

Bikini girl continued caressing herself, really pampering her body with

her hands. After what seemed like an eternity, she finally reached

underneath her bathing suit top and started rubbing her left nipple. After

a few seconds of intense attention, she switched to the right one, all the

time leaving her bikini top on.

I was riveted. My erection was at full force, pushing my pants out. There

was no hiding my passion for this girl.

When bikini girl finished her assault on her right nipple, she smiled and

said: "Would you prefer to see me without the bathing suit?"

I stammered out a quick "Yes!"

"Somehow, I guessed you might."

Bikini girl stood up, moved the straps of her top over her arms, and then

lifted the whole mini-suit over her head, freeing two of the most

beautiful breasts I had ever seen in my life. They sat nicely on her

chest, and hung just enough that you knew they had to be real.

Before I could recover from the sight of her newly-freed breasts, she

hooked her thumbs into either side of her G-string and shimmied the

miniscule bottoms down her legs. When she straightened up, I had an

eye-level view of her pussy, lips full and pouting, with a small tuft of

blonde hair just above her clit. It was a miracle any of her pubic hair

could be covered by that tiny suit, but she kept that teasing little

patch. It was so erotic looking, I was afraid I was going to start

drooling.

Bikini girl sat back down on the couch and started rubbing her naked

nipples with her left hand, while her right hand made its way down to her

pussy. She rubbed up and down over its length, letting her delicate

fingers stimulate her inner lips. She seductively sucked her finger for a

few seconds, and then her finger disappeared into her snatch. Her eyes

closed from the sensation and she let out a soft "oh."

She started stroking her finger in and out, and after every third or

fourth stroke, she would move her finger back and forth over her inner

lips. I could see her pussy getting wetter and wetter, and I wanted to

taste her juices so badly.

I felt like I couldn't stand much more of this. I was about to drop my

pants and start stroking myself, when bikini girl stopped. I impulsively

blurted out: "What's wrong?"

She giggled. "You're an anxious one, aren't you? I just decided I needed

more than a finger."

Wait, was she asking me to join in? I had to proceed with great caution,

here. The last thing I needed was her running out of my apartment, nearly

nude, cursing at me.

I didn't need to wait long to see exactly what she meant. She reached into

her little purse and pulled out a small vibrator, probably about 5 inches

long.

"I have a really big one at home, but it wouldn't fit in the purse."

Okay, the thought of this girl plunging a ten-inch dildo in and out of her

beautiful, wet pussy was so intense, I really wondered if I would cum with

my pants still on. Thankfully, I didn't.

Bikini girl switched on the vibrator and started moving it over her clit,

moving in a circle, going one direction and then the other. She started

letting out little "ah" yelps over and over, and her whole body seemed

like an electric current was racing through it.

The site of this beautiful young woman, completely comfortable with her

sexuality, pleasuring herself on my couch, was intense. I thought to

myself, "this is the greatest moment of my life!"

She started pulling at her nipples, harder than before, and soon she

started poking the vibrator in and out of her pussy, quickening her pace

as she went along. She moved her other hand from her nipples to her clit,

and soon she was rubbing her clit as quickly as she was ramming the

vibrator in and out of her.

Her eyes were shut tight, and the "ah" yelps had gotten louder and more

intense.

I couldn't take it anymore. I figured that she couldn't get upset if I

started stroking myself. And, at this point, I wasn't sure if she even

knew I was in the room. I stood up, dropped my pants and underwear, and

sat down. I took my cock in my hand, and before I could even stroke once,

her eyes flew open, and as calmly as could be, she said: "That's fine, but

save some for me. It looks mighty good."

Wow. Not only did she know I was there, she was enjoying showing off for

me. And, even more, I was going to get to touch this supremely erotic

creature. I thought to myself, "No, THIS is the greatest moment of my

life."

Bikini girl went back to work. She was relentless on her body, pleasuring

her pussy and clit with the vibrator, and her clit and nipples with her

lithe fingers. I completely lost track of time, but she must have been at

it for ten minutes or so.

What a sight it was. I was so happy to watch, so turned on, probably more

aroused than I had ever been in my life. But I just held my cock, not

stroking at all. I decided to save whatever I had for her.

Seconds later, her "ah" yelps went up an octave higher and quickened in

pace to an unprecedented level. Her toes clenched, her body got rigid as a

board, and then she started spasming, cumming with an intensity I had

never seen in a woman before. I watched as she wet her hand and pussy with

her juices, and her breathing slowly returned to normal.

Bikini girl then looked over at me and gave me the biggest smile. As

turned on as I was, I smiled right back at her. Then she said: "That was

hot! Knowing you were watching me from the window was good, but being able

to go all out with you a few feet away is much, much better."

I cleared my throat and managed to get out: "That was the hottest thing

I've ever seen."

She responded, "You've been a very, very good boy. Just watching, letting

me do my thing for you. I think it's time for you to be rewarded."

With that, bikini girl climbed off the couch and over to me and took up a

position between my legs, my cock staring her in the eyes. She smiled

again, licked her lips, and started licking up and down my cock, first the

sides, but then licking the underneath part, from my balls to the tip of

my dick. It felt so good, but I needed more.

"Please."

"You want me put it inside of me?"

"Desperately."

"Where?"

"Anywhere you like."

"I don't think I can choose. At least two places this time. I don't think

you can handle much more than that."

This time? I tried to put the thought of another encounter out of my head

and concentrate on the incredible action taking place at that second.

Bikini girl opened her mouth and engulfed my throbbing tool, taking all

six inches in one gulp. Her mouth felt so warm and so wet, it took

everything I had to keep from coming right there.

Bikini girl then slid her mouth up, her tongue bathing the underside of my

cock again, until I popped out of her mouth. She stood up and straddled

me, facing me with her pussy lips an inch or two above my cock, which was,

of course, pointing straight up.

Balancing herself with one hand on my shoulder, and using the other hand

to guide my cock, she slowly lowered herself down on to me, engulfing my

dick with her pussy lips. As she slid down, I felt her lips, still soaking

wet from her orgasm, stroking my shaft, while the tip of my cock went

deeper and deeper into her burning, velvety snatch. I had had sex with

probably 20 women in my life before bikini girl, but this was, by far, the

greatest feeling a pussy had ever created on my cock.

Un-freaking-believable.

Once I was fully inside, she started rhythmically bucking up and down on

me. I could feel her clit grinding into my pubic hair and my cock being

enveloped by her heat and wetness.

I reached out and took hold of her glorious breasts. At first I just held

them from underneath, feeling the heft I had imagined from the window.

After a while, I started rubbing her nipples, grabbing them like she did.

She met my ministrations with a guttural moan, which temporarily

interrupted her yelping "ahs."

The feeling of her pussy going up and down on my dick and feeling her

breasts in my hands, combined with the site of this unbelievably sexy

woman, covered in a light sheen of sweat, put me close to the edge. So,

making sure not to leave this heavenly creature unsatisfied, I reached

down and started working her clit with thumb and forefinger, rubbing it in

circles like she did with her vibrator.

As she increased her pace up and down on me, I knew I was getting to her,

so I went in for the kill, rubbing her clit directly with my thumb, harder

and harder, while twisting her nipple with my left hand. I had never been

with a woman who liked it that rough, and yet retained the softest

femininity at the same time.

I could tell she was about ready to cum again. She quickened her pace even

more, and the volume on her "ahs" got much, much louder like earlier. She

grabbed on to my shoulders hard with her hands and grinded her pussy into

me harder than ever until she started cumming, her body one giant spasm.

The feel of her pussy muscles clamping down on my cock put me over the

edge. I grabbed her shapely ass with both hands and started meeting her

downward motion with upward strokes of my own. Just as her orgasm was

subsiding, I came, pumping four or five shots of my semen inside of her.

She collapsed forward, with her head on my shoulder and her arms wrapped

around my back. I kissed her neck and shoulder, and she tasted and smelled

so good, I didn't want her to move. I finally found my voice: "That was

fantastic."

"You're a pretty good lover, for a perv."

"I could say the same about you. Only, I didn't get to do half the things

I wanted to do with you."

"Well, just look out your window tomorrow morning, and we'll see what

happens."

Needless to say, tomorrow, I will be calling in sick for work.