Teasing Tuesdays Ch. 01

by ExoMani Â©

The View from My Apartment

Angela's name suited her perfectly, because, in my opinion, she resembled

a cute, sexy, little blonde cherub. She was a beautiful 42 years-old

woman, and wasn't at all fat, or even chubby. Her cheeks and oval face,

however, made her look oh-so-sweet whenever she smiled, and Angela smiled

often. Her friendly, bubbly personality was also a big factor in me

thinking of her as a cherub, because Angela always brightened up my day,

whenever I saw her. To complete the picture, she was 5'5" tall, with

blue-gray eyes, medium-blonde hair, and a light complexion. Angela had

dyed her natural light-brown hair to medium-blonde, and wore it in a

classic bob cut that just touched her lovely shoulders. I eventually

learned that her measurements were 36-26-38, and that she wore a 34C bra,

and a size 8 dress. She reminded me of a younger, thinner, sexier version

of Tipper Gore.

I was 27 years-old, and had rented my large, third floor studio apartment

from Angela and her husband. So, Angela was my landlady. Angela and her

husband owned several nearby apartment buildings, that had originally been

large, single family dwellings. My apartment had originally been the attic

of a large single home, before the entire house had been converted into

apartments. I had chosen my apartment because it had several skylights,

and I could, actually, use it as an artist's studio. I'm only an amateur

artist, but it was fun to be able to use my place for painting and

photography, when I had the time.

As Angela and I lived right next door to each other, we bumped into each

other frequently. She had a large garden, and was often outside, in her

jeans and tank tops, tending to it. About once a week, in the summer, she

would stop by my apartment with tomatoes, or cucumbers, or something from

her garden. I would often photograph her flowers, and, a few times, I even

got her to pose for me, while she was working in her garden. Once, I

talked her into posing, in her garden, wearing a pretty sundress and straw

hat. I sent those photos to the local newspaper, and to the surprise of

both of us, they were published in the "Home and Garden Section".

All-in-all, we were on friendly terms, and even flirted with each other,

on occasion.

Angela's husband was another story. He was a lawyer, and was older than

Angela, by about 10 years. We hardly ever spoke to each other. It wasn't

that he was particularly unfriendly, it was more like he always seemed to

be preoccupied. I had the impression that he didn't pay much attention to

Angela.

My computer desk was set up near a window that faced Angela's house. So,

one day, when I heard hammering outside, I just turned in my chair to look

out the window. Then, I saw that the noise was coming from some carpenters

that were working in Angela's attic. The next time that she stopped by, I

mentioned that I had seen the renovation work. Angela told me that her

daughters were always bringing their girlfriends home from college on the

weekends, and that they were converting the attic into another guestroom

to make more room for them.

As Angela was telling me this, she walled over to the window, and looked

across at her house. After looking out, for a couple of seconds, she

laughed and said, "I can see that I'm going to have to tell my daughter's

friends to keep the curtains closed, and the shades down at night." She

continued, "You can look directly at the bed of the new guestroom from

this window."

Angela was right. My window was about twenty-five feet away from her

house, and directly across from the center window of her new guestroom. To

add to that, my window actually looked slightly down and directly at the

bed that was located in the middle of the room.

I laughed and said jokingly, "Please don't do that, Angela." I continued,

"I was really looking forward to watching your daughter's cute little coed

friends prance around at night in their thong underwear. This is the only

place in the neighborhood with that kind of a view, you know." I finished,

"I bought that telescope, over there, just so that I could peep into your

new guestroom at night. And, now, you're going to ruin it all for me," as

I pointed to a small, brass, folding telescope that sat on a nearby shelf.

The telescope remark wasn't really true, as I had owned that little

telescope for years, and often carried it with me when I went hiking. But,

pointing it out, as I did, served to enhance my little joke.

Angela turned to face me with a smile, put her hands on her hips, in a

matronly fashion, and said, "Oh, you like to watch pretty girls prance

around in their underwear, do you?"

"Yes. Yes, I do," I answered with a laugh, "And this way, it won't even

cost me any money, like it does down at the nudie bar."

Angela laughed and said, "Oh, you're a naughty, naughty boy, Greg!" She

continued, "Don't you get enough pretty girls to prance around for you in

their underwear, right here, in your little artist's studio?"

"No. No, I don't," I said with a laugh, "An amateur artist, such as

myself, can never talk enough pretty girls into prancing around for him in

their underwear."

Angela said, "Oh, really? And, just how many of your girlfriends have you

managed to talk into posing for you, up here in your little love nest?"

Then, she laughed, again, and added, "Excuse me. I meant to say 'your

artist's studio'."

"Unfortunately, none of them," I answered with mock sadness.

She responded, "None of them? That's hard to believe!"

"No, none of them," I answered, "My relationships with my girlfriends are

all strictly platonic."

"Don't quit your day job," Angela said with a smile, "Otherwise, you won't

be able to afford to go down to the nudie bar anymore."

We laughed, then Angela said, "So, none of your girlfriends have ever

posed for you?" She continued, "I know that that's not true." She

finished, "You're very sweet, Greg. Most men brag about their success with

women."

"I was taught," I answered, "that a gentlemen doesn't kiss and tell." I

continued with a laugh, "Or look and tell, or whatever and tell." We

talked for a little while longer, then Angela left, and I didn't give our

conversation another thought. That is, I didn't give it another thought

until a few days later, when things started to get interesting in the

neighborhood.

On Tuesday evening, after Labor Day, at around 8:00 PM, I was sitting at

my computer, when I noticed a light go on outside, out of the corner of my

eye. I glanced out the window and saw that the light had come from the

center window of Angela's new guestroom. Angela was walking away from the

window, so I assumed that she had just raised the shade. I didn't think

anything of it, and continued working.

A few minutes later, I looked up from the computer, to rest my eyes for a

moment, and glanced out the window again. This time, I saw Angela walking

around in her plain white bra and jeans.

I said to myself in surprise, "What the hell?" Then, I looked more

closely. As far as I could tell, the only shade that was up was the one on

the center window of her guestroom, and the curtains were wide open. I was

quite certain that Angela had seen me working on my computer, when she had

opened the curtains and raised that shade. Then, I remembered my little

joke of a few days before.

"Interesting," I said to myself, "Very interesting." After thinking about

it for a moment, I turned off my computer and the lights of my apartment.

Then, I sat down, in the dark, to see what Angela was going to do next.

First, Angela laid some blouses out on the bed. Then, she sat on the end

of the bed and exchanged her flat shoes for high-heels. Next, she started

trying on her blouses, one at a time. She put on quite a fashion show,

alternating between looking at herself in the mirror, and turning and

looking directly at my window. Angela looked cute, beautiful, sexy, and

happy, all at the same time, as she slowly tried on the three blouses over

a period of about fifteen minute. I could see that she, definitely, had a

real woman's breasts, a good figure, and a nice ass. Those tight jeans and

high-heeled shoes really helped to emphasize Angela's shapely butt. When,

she was finished trying on her blouses, she simply walked over to the

window, smiled, and pulled down the shade.

I was pretty sure that the fashion show had not been an accident, so I

immediately got up and turned my lights back on. When I looked out the

window, I saw that Angela had pulled her window shade to one side, just a

crack, and was peeping out at me. As soon as she saw me, she closed the

shade completely.

Now, I was absolutely certain that the fashion show had not been an

accident.

Nothing else happened until the following Tuesday, when I was coming home

from work. As I walked up the sidewalk to my apartment, Angela waved to me

from her front yard. She was watering her flowers, so I walked over to say

hello.

"Hi, Greg!" she said with her big cherub smile, "How are you doing today?"

"Great!" I answered, "And you, Angela?"

"I'm fine," she said, "But, I've still got a ton of work to do, to get the

new guestroom ready for when my daughters brings their girlfriends home

from college." She continued, "It's Eric's poker night, so I'll be working

up there all evening, after he leaves." She finished with an even bigger

smile, "And what about you, Greg? Will you be hard at work on your

computer, again, tonight?"

"Oh, yeah," I laughed, "I've got work that I need to get done this

evening." I added, "So, I won't be going anywhere tonight." I finished,

"Well, I'll see you later, Angela."

"I'll see you later, Greg," Angela said with a big smile.

Around 8:00 PM, I sat down at my computer. A few minutes later, I saw a

light go on outside, out of the corner of my eye. I looked over, and, sure

enough, the shade of the center window of Angela's guestroom was up, the

lights were on, the curtains were open, and she was walking around, again,

in her plain white bra, and jeans. So, I turned off my computer and the

lights, and sat down to enjoy the show.

As I watched, Angela laid some clothing on the bed. Then, she sat on the

end of the bed, facing the window, and slowly removed her flat shoes and

jeans, smiled and tossed them aside. Then, wearing only her plain white

bra and knickers, she walked out of my view. When Angela returned, she was

wearing her dark high-heeled shoes.

Although Angela was only wearing an everyday bra and knickers, she filled

them out very well. Her breasts looked full, and her stomach was smooth,

with no sign of the love handles that a lot of women her age tend to

develop. On top of that, Angela's high-heeled shoes made her apple-bottom

ass look especially good.

Angela admired herself, for a few moments, in a full-length mirror that

was located off to the side. Then, she went over and moved the mirror to

right alongside the window. With the mirror located in that position,

Angela could look at herself, and I could look directly at the front of

her, at the same time.

Angela then proceeded to try on and model three sundresses. She would

stand facing the window and slowly put on a dress. Then, she would pose

and look at herself in the mirror, turning to see herself from every

angle. When she was satisfied, she would take off the dress, still facing

the window, and go over and pick out the next one. This time, the fashion

show lasted almost half an hour. When Angela was finished, she, again,

walked over to the window, with a big smile on her face, and pulled down

the shade.

This time, at the end of the show, I placed my telescope on the window

sill, before turning on the lights. When I looked out my window, I, again,

saw that Angela had pulled her window shade slightly to one side, and was,

again, peeping out at me. As soon as she saw me, she closed the window

shade completely. I sat down at my computer, smiled to myself and thought,

"Well, this is interesting."

Again, nothing more happened until the following Tuesday. This time,

Angela waved to me from her front porch, as I was coming home from work.

Then, she hurried over to talk to me.

Angela told me that she had just had some furniture delivered, and asked

if I would help her carry it upstairs. The furniture turned out to be only

another full-length mirror, to match the one that she already had in her

new guestroom. So, it was an easy job. While I carried the mirror

upstairs, Angela said that her husband had gone directly to his poker game

from the office, and that she really wanted to get the mirror upstairs, so

that she could continue her work in the guestroom. We placed the matching

mirror on the other side of the room's center window. Then, she smiled her

cherub smile and asked me if I would be working on my computer, again,

that evening. And so, "Teasing Tuesdays" became an established routine.

Angela tried on swimsuits that evening. She would coyly turn her back to

the window, to undress and put them on, but she made quite a show of

modeling them in the mirrors. First, Angela tried on a conservative,

one-piece flowered tank swimsuit, the kind that a woman her age would wear

to the community pool. She preened and strutted around in it for a while,

wearing her high-heeled shoes. Then, she took it off and put on a more

revealing swimsuit.

Her next swimsuit was a black wet-look one piece, cut high on the thighs,

with a plunging scoop neckline, and a matching plunging scoop back. This

was the kind of swimsuit that a woman would wear on a vacation in the

Caribbean, where the neighbors couldn't see her. This time, Angela slowly

ran her hands over herself as she modeled. She started with her stomach,

then cupped each breast in her hand, then both breasts together. She

turned her back to the window, and ran her hands over her ass. She even

ran her hand lightly over the crotch of the swimsuit, as she faced the

window. Angela, definitely, looked hot, and this swimsuit really did her

beautiful boobs and apple-bottom ass justice. "Things are, definitely,

getting more interesting in the neighborhood," I said to myself at the end

of the show.

The following Teasing Tuesday, the show got even better. This time, when I

looked over, Angela was dancing, while wearing a simple white tank top, a

dark knee-length skirt, and her high-heeled shoes. I couldn't hear the

music, but as I watched, Angela slowly pulled her top over her head, and

tossed it aside. She continued to dance, for a few minutes, in her plain

white everyday bra, then she slowly unfastened her skirt and pushed it

down over her knees. Then, she gracefully stepped out of the skirt, one

foot at a time, and kicked it aside.

Now, Angela was dancing in only her plain white bra and knickers, and

high-heeled shoes. This wasn't an outfit that any of the dancers down at

the nudie bar would be caught wearing, but it was surprisingly hot,

nonetheless. Angela continued dancing for a while, and then she surprised

me.

I didn't know whether or not Angela would undress completely again, but if

she did, I expected her to turn her back to me. This time, however, she

turned her back to me so that I could see her unhook her bra, but she

turned around to face me while she slowly removed it.. When she had taken

her bra completely off, she slowly held it out at her side, at arm's

length, and let it drop to the floor. Angela had her big cherub smile on

her face the whole time.

Now, I could see, without a doubt, that Angela had a really nice set of

boobs. I could tell that they were, definitely a C-cup, and that they were

surprisingly firm, for an older woman. Her nipples were rosy-pink in

color, and when she turned to the side, I could see them protruding from

her breasts.

Angela continued to dance for a while, then she turned her back to me, and

grasped the sides of her knickers with her hands. Next, she turned her

head, so that she was looking over her shoulder at me, and bent forward

while slowly pulling down her knickers. As she was doing this, she wiggled

her ass, in my direction, with that big cherub smile on her face.

Angela danced, for a while, with her knickers pulled partway down, barely

covering her crotch, but leaving her beautiful ass cheeks exposed. At

last, Angela turned her back to me again, pulled her knickers all the way

down, and then gracefully stepped out of them, one leg at a time. Then,

she stood up and slowly held her knickers out to the side, at arm's length,

and let them drop to the floor. I could now clearly see that Angela had a

truly nice ass. There was no sag or cellulite to be seen on that sexy

apple-bottom. I know that, like most women, Angela thought that her ass

was too big, but I thought that it was perfect. Hers was a real woman's

ass, not some anorexic fashion model's skinny butt.

To my surprise, Angela turned and faced the window, while continuing her

dance. In truth, I hadn't expected her to do that. Now, I could clearly

see that Angela's natural hair color was light-brown, from the wispy

thatch of pubic hair between her legs. While she continued to dance, she

started to ran her hands slowly over her body. Angela first fondled her

breasts, cupping each one, and pinching her nipples. Then, she turned her

back and wiggled her ass toward the window. Soon, she ran her hands slowly

up and down over her sexy ass cheeks.

When Angela turned in profile, she rubbed her ass with one hand, and her

pussy with the other. Turning towards the window, she would alternate

between slowly running her hands over her breasts, ass, and pussy, and

exposing herself completely. Angela continued to dance, for several more

minutes, wearing only her high-heeled shoes. Then, she walked over to the

bed, put on a robe, smiled her cherub smile, and walked back to the window

to pull down the shade.

"Wow!" I thought to myself, "This is even better than the local nudie

bar!"

Soon, to my surprise, things got even better.