The Apartment Window

by sunnyitalia©

Natalya didn't know when they had started, these late-night strip-teases in

front of her apartment window. But one night as a teenager, undressing with the

curtains open, she had felt the thrill of exposing herself, and it became a

weekly occurrence. Dancing naked and alone, surrounded by all the lights of the

city and the blackened sky, made her feel sexy and strong and completely free.

It was safe, she told herself, because she was on the fourteenth floor, and the

building right across from hers, the Vedere, had been vacant for years. But

there was just enough of a chance of being seen- maybe someone on the street

below could see into her window, maybe some driver would look up through his sun

roof, maybe someone was wandering around the old Vedere- to make the display

exciting. So a few nights a week around midnight, when she undressed for bed,

Natalya would do her little show.

It was different every time. Sometimes she started with her shirt, pulling it

sensually over her head and flinging it onto the queen-sized bed. Sometimes the

pants came first, sliding down her narrow hips and smooth thighs to her feet.

But next came her favorite part, freeing her small breasts from the push-up bra

and letting the cold night air turn the soft tips of her nipples into sensitive,

swollen buttons. Usually she would dance around for a while in her panties,

swiveling her hips and pressing her body against the full-length window. When

she could wait no longer, she hooked her fingers into the lacy sides of her

panties and glided them inch by inch down her legs until they slipped from her

knees and dropped to the floor.

She would then pick up the panties with her toes and drop them a few feet away.

She continued her dance completely naked, save for a hairclip and the tiny

diamond stud in her bellybutton. Reaching up with one slender arm, she would

pull the clip from her light brown hair and let the soft curls fall around her

bare shoulders. Shaking her head so the hair caressed her skin, she would spread

her legs and reach up to grab the curtain rod, looking at the reflection of her

tightly stretched body in the window. Then, slowly turning to see herself from

behind, she pushed out her small, round bottom and arched her back.

Sometimes she danced longer, but usually by this point she couldn't help

touching her hardened nipples or the soft skin of her stomach. After just one

touch, it was impossible to stop. She would run her fingertips all over her

body, stopping at the insides of her thighs for just a moment before continuing

on to her breasts to encircle them until she reached the nipples. Every tap on

the nipples was like a jolt of electricity throughout her body, weakening her

knees and causing a small gush of juices that threatened to overflow and drip to

the floor. Her clit demanded attention, throbbing with anticipation. But not

yet- she would think- not yet. First she had to run her hands up her thighs,

stopping just before the swollen lips and then approaching from above, tickling

down from her belly button to the creases between her thighs and her stomach

until-

There. She rubbed her clit and plunged her fingers deep inside, inhaling deeply

and sitting, almost falling, onto the end of the bed. Lying back, she couldn't

help but groan a little as waves of sensation rolled from her clit through the

rest of her body. With one hand, she gently caressed and squeezed her nipples,

while the other hand moved with increasing urgency toward the elusive g-spot,

just out of reach, and returned to the clit. Rubbing first in circles, then back

and forth, she came closer and closer to orgasm. Another groan escaped her lips-

she bit down to keep from screaming as the climax drew closer. Almost- almost-

she pressed down on the clit with two fingers and rubbed it in ever-faster

circles. At last, her head fell back and her body arched off the bed as the

first orgasm exploded from her core.

As the waves subsided, she began to massage her whole pussy, keeping her palm on the sensitive clit until it was impossible to wait any longer. Quickly, the

second orgasm approached. Rubbing her clit with impatient fingers, she tightened

the muscles in her legs and hips until- a second climax, bigger than the first.

Exhausted, she would turn out the lamp and fall asleep, naked and sweaty on the

light blue sheets, completely and utterly spent.

Alex

For Alex, the constant moving was the worst thing about his father's job with

the phone company. And the worst thing about moving every year was that he was

always alone. By now he knew the friends he made in one city would forget him

when he moved to another, no matter how close they had become, so he didn't make an effort these days to become more than a casual acquaintance.

In the absence of real friends, and a real, live love interest, he had developed

a colorful fantasy life. So at first, he thought it was just his imagination

when, from the window of his new apartment in the recently renovated Vedere, he

saw a beautiful girl about his age begin to pull her tight red t-shirt over her

head. He had caught glimpses of women undressing before; it was a common

occurrence in apartment buildings. But this- this was something different. For

one thing, he was so close to her it seemed he could see every little downy hair

on her stomach, every curl of lace on her sexy red panties, and- oh god, his

dick almost burst through the zipper- every pink wrinkle of her small, erect

nipples.

Without taking his eyes off the unbelievable scene in the opposite window, he

turned off the light in his room to see better and pulled a chair up close to

the window. For a moment a guilty thought floated into his head- should he

really be watching this? But this girl was stripping in front of an open window,

surely she intended to be seen...And with that thought, came another, straight

from his fantasy land of made-up girlfriends and invented sexual experiences:

maybe she was performing for him. Or, if not for him, maybe she was performing

for whoever wanted to watch, and maybe she wanted to do more than perform...

With this thought he quickly unzipped his pants and pulled them and his black

boxer-briefs down to his ankles. His dick, now freed, sprung up toward the

clenched muscles of his stomach as he pulled off his black t-shirt and groaned

with relief and desire. As he watched the girl pull down her panties, his hand

went to his dick and began to stroke. He couldn't believe this was happening. It

seemed impossible. And yet, his wide-open eyes and the rock-hard penis he held

in his fist told him this vision was real.

When the girl touched her nipples, he began to stroke faster, using his other

hand to caress his thighs, then his balls. When she moved her hands toward her

pussy and finally pushed two fingers inside, he almost exploded. But years of

masturbatory experience had taught his body to delay orgasm until the sense of

anticipation became overwhelming and the moment impossible to put off any

longer.

Recovering, he realized the girl, this goddess, had lay down on the bed, so that

all he could see now was her spread legs and her open lips. As her strokes

became more rapid and her legs moved involuntarily wider and narrower, he knew

she was close and increased his own pace. When her legs straightened and her

back arched as she climaxed, he let himself go. His cum splattered onto the

window, obscuring parts of the beautiful view as he sat back with a sigh and

watched her play with her swollen pussy lips. He was surprised when she began to

rub her clit again, because he had heard that girls become painfully sensitive

after orgasm. But this girl clearly was different, and he watched in amazement

as she had a second orgasm and almost fell off the bed.

Alex wished he could have a second orgasm that quick, because he was still so

turned on. But his dick wasn't ready to go again, and he was relaxed enough now

to try sleeping in that new, stiff bed with his old sheets that didn't quite

fit. He dragged himself over and flopped down on the mattress, not even

bothering to put on new boxers or wipe off the window.

Natalya

Tonight, Natalya had been desperately horny. She had seen a movie earlier that

day with such strong sexual tension and such captivating eroticism that she had

been in a state of advanced arousal all day. With every step her jeans rubbed

against her swollen clit, bringing her almost to the point of orgasm but- not

quite. So when night finally came and she began to undress, she didn't notice at

first that something was different.

When she did start to sense something amiss, she couldn't tell what it was. Not

stopping her show, she tried to figure it out- was it the light? The

temperature? Something about what she was wearing? Then it hit her. The Vedere

was no longer dark. Suddenly she remembered hearing that it was finally to be

opened, the long-vacant apartments finally rented out. And as all this cascaded

through her head, while her hands moved to pull down her panties, she noticed

more: there was a boy in the window across from her, and he was taking off his

pants.

And now he was beginning to stroke himself. It was like fate, she thought. A new

guy moves in across from me, and he's an exhibitionist too! An attractive

exhibitionist. She wondered if he knew she was watching him. But she didn't

wonder for too long, because her fingers had found their way down her body to

her clit and she couldn't really think coherently anymore.

As she watched his strokes become faster and faster, she lay back on the bed and

attacked her pussy with frantic fingers, seeking a climax that had been eluding

her all day. Like that- almost-

There. As the spasms subsided she watched as the boy had his own orgasm. When

the cum spurted out and hit the window, it turned her on so much that she began

to rub her clit again, furiously and urgently until she came a second time.

As she lay back in bed and turned out the lamp, the thought came: she had to

meet this boy. She wanted him like she'd never wanted anyone else.

Alex

Waking up still hard from a dream of violent, wild sex with the mystery girl,

Alex wondered if the amazing occurrence last night had been just a dream, too.

But the drops of dried cum on the window were evidence enough. God, he had to

find that girl. He wanted her so bad. He had never had a dream about any girl

after seeing her just once- this was something special. But how could he meet

her?

After cleaning off his window he spent most of his day unpacking, but the whole

time he was thinking up ways to find the girl. His morning erection, one of the

hardest he had ever had, refused to go away. When he could take it no longer, he

rushed into the bathroom, freed his dick from his pants, and with desperate,

almost painful strokes, jerked himself off until a spray of cum shot out into

his hands. But when night came, he was hard again, hoping against hope that the

girl would do her show once more.

He pulled his chair up to the window, peering intently into the opposite

building. Impatiently, he pulled out his dick and began to stroke. What was

that? He saw a face, now, in the window, but she was wearing clothes. She wasn't

doing anything, just watching. Watching him! He realized she must have watched

him last night, and was expecting a show just like he was. Well, if she wanted a

show, that's what she'd get.

He wasn't sure how to do a striptease. Standing up, he pushed the chair away and

began to pull his shirt over his head, lifting it slowly to show off his abs and

chest, then dropping it behind his back. He looked over at the girl. She was

doing the same thing, pulling her black tank top slowly over her stomach and

breasts and lifting it finally over her head. He put his hand onto his own

chest. She did the same. He rubbed his nipples, hoping she'd get the message-

she did. He breathed heavily as she unhooked her bra and let it drop slowly to

the floor, revealing her small, round breasts each capped with a beautiful pearl

of a nipple.

Her hands went to the zipper of her pants, and he followed suit, freeing his

dick with some relief. Watching as she did the same, he pulled his jeans slowly

down his legs, caressing his thighs the whole way. They stood there looking at

each other, both wearing just underpants, both panting with desire. Alex wanted

to take off his boxers, wanted to pull out his dick and jerk off, wanted to cum

so hard. But he waited. The girl turned around so he could see her beautiful

butt. He did the same, keeping his eyes fixed on her black lacy panties but

turning his body so his muscular butt, visible through the red boxer briefs, was

pointed toward the window.

The girl smiled. He smiled to, almost laughing to think she wanted to look at

his butt. But he flexed, twisting so the muscles of his legs stretched and

tightened. She took the cue, arching her back so her butt stuck out, round and

pert, and even wiggling it a little. This time, he did laugh. It looked like the

girl was laughing too.

But he forgot about the laughter when he saw her begin to pull the panties down,

still with her back to the window. He followed suit, pulling his boxer-briefs

down slowly over his thighs and gasping as the cotton rubbed over his erect

penis. Watching as the girl turned toward the window, showing him her whole bare

body, he turned too, his dick hardening. The girl seemed to gasp when she saw

it, so big and long and sticking up against his stomach.

He played with it a little, and the sensation was almost too much for him, but

he loved the way she looked at him when he first ran his fingers up and down the

length, then drew it away from his stomach, then encircled the head. She was

panting now, hands pressed against the window. When he grabbed his dick and

began to stroke, she lost it and began to grab at her nipples, then reached down

and shoved three fingers into her dripping pussy. He spread his legs to keep

from falling and began to stroke faster. He almost didn't notice when she put up

one finger, telling him to wait. With difficulty, he let go, staring at her.

When she ran from the window, he almost shouted at her, but contained himself.

She was back soon, holding something in her hands- it was a pen, the kind you

use on dry-erase boards. He almost didn't dare hope- but yes, she was writing on

the window.

It was hard to make out, because the pen was faint and he could tell she was

having trouble writing backwards, but the first word was a name, Natalya. Below

that was her apartment number. After that she seemed about to put the pen away,

but she went back and wrote one word at the bottom: now.

Natalya

She couldn't believe she'd just told that boy her address. She'd never even met

him, he could be some sort of pervert...but at that she started to laugh. If he

was a pervert, so was she. She didn't even know if he'd show up. He'd gathered

up his clothes and left the window, but maybe he was just freaked out and trying

to get away.

But she sat on the edge of the bed, still wearing nothing but her hair clip and

belly button stud, waiting impatiently and becoming more aroused by the minute.

When the knock came at the door, she freaked out and thought maybe it was her

mother or father- she had a separate entrance, and sometimes they came down from their apartment to check on her. Grabbing her silk bathrobe off its hook, she

shouted "coming!" and ran to erase the words on the window.

"Already? Then I'm too late..." came the voice from the door. She ran to open

it, dropping the Kleenex she had been using to wipe the window.

It was him.

Alex and Natalya

"Hi, I'm Natalya," she said, suddenly shy. She knew it made no sense to hold her

robe closed when she had just shown this boy her entire naked body, but it

seemed the right thing to do when opening the door to one's apartment. "Come

in!"

"I'm Alex," he said. "I, uh, I just moved in across the way..." But he never got

a chance to finish- Natalya had grabbed his shoulders and begun to kiss him on

the mouth. He kissed back hungrily, holding her around the hips. His hands began

to move up and down the silk bathrobe, feeling the bare skin underneath. She

writhed in pleasure under his touch, but pushed him away.

"Not fair," she said, "you've still got all your clothes on."

It didn't take him long to remedy this, unzipping the coat he had hastily thrown

on, pulling off his t-shirt, and pulling down his pants until he stood there in

his boxers.

"These are cute," said Natalya, playing with the waistband. He gasped as her

hands went under the waistband, almost touching the tip of his penis which was

straining against the material. His hands reached out and grabbed her firm butt,

squeezing it through the silk.

"I'll take care of that," she said, dropping the robe from her shoulders. It

slid sexily down her body and fell in a pool at her feet. He reached out,

tentatively touching her breasts. She grabbed his hands, holding them to chest.

When he began to caress them just the way she wanted, she let go and slid her

hands down to his boxers. Grabbing his dick through the cloth, she gave it a

gentle squeeze that made him groan and began to pull the boxers down his tense

thighs.

"Relax..." she massaged the muscles of his thighs and dropped the boxers to his

feet. He stepped out of them and took charge, pushing her onto the bed. She

smiled at the rough treatment, reaching up to grab his naked penis as he knelt

on the bed above her. Suddenly unsure, he began to ask her a question.

"Don't say anything," she cried. "Just fuck me. I want you so bad, Alex."

"But I- I don't know- I've never-"

"You've never had sex before? Shit, sorry, I was just assuming you were really

experienced...actually, I've never done it before either. I mean I've done

stuff..." with that, she sat up and put his dick in her mouth, twirling expert

circles with her tongue.

"Do you want to? I want to," he said, barely able to concentrate as she took

most of him inside her mouth. Then pulling it out, she said,

"I do. Let's do it."

"I don't have a condom..."

"It's ok, I'm on the pill, and obviously you're clean, you've never..."

"Yeah," he nodded. "Yes! Oh god, yes-" This as she put his dick into her mouth

again and began to move her head up and down, holding him tight with her lips

and moving her tongue all over.

"Stop that," he cried, "you're gonna make me cum!"

"Exactly," she said, lifting her head up and smiling at him. Then she put her

mouth around it again and began to bob up and down. He couldn't handle it.

"I don't wanna cum yet. I want to be inside you..." His words made her moan. She

wanted it too. Giving his dick one last lick, she lay down on the bed. He moved

so he was over her, but he was slow, hesitant.

"You sure? This is gonna hurt you, right? I mean maybe it would be better with

you on top. I've heard that's-"

"Don't worry. It's not like I've never put anything in there before. I want you

on top. Fuck me."

He nodded. He believed her, but he still wanted to do this carefully, so he

brought the tip of his penis up to her opening and began to slide it back and

forth along the slit. She gasped in delight, loving this new sensation. He loved

it too, he couldn't even imagine how amazing it would feel to be completely

inside her. But she couldn't wait any longer. She grabbed his hips and pulled

him inside. Shocked, he pulled out again. Oh my god, he thought, fuck. He needed

no further encouragement. He began to thrust, first slow but quickly speeding

up.

"Does it feel okay?" he gasped, hoping she wouldn't say that it hurt.

"Okay?" she cried. "This is fucking fantastic! I mean it hurt a little, it still

hurts a little- no don't slow down! I meant it hurts but it feels so good..."

He agreed. Thrusting harder, he buried his whole cock inside her. She cried out

with pleasure when the tip touched her g-spot.

"Oh god, just like that! Right there!" she shouted. He tried to hit the spot

again. "Deeper!" she cried. He knew what to do. Grabbing her ankles, he gently

pulled her legs so that they were bent up to her chest.

"Why are you- Oh!" she gasped, as he began to thrust again. He was going so

deep. She'd never cum from her g-spot before, but she thought this time she

might. This felt so good. When he reached up and grabbed her nipples, she

couldn't take it anymore.

"I'm gonna cum-" she whispered. He increased his pace, twisting her nipples

harder. That was it- she moaned as her legs wrapped around him and her orgasm

shuddered through her body. He was a little embarrassed. Wasn't he supposed to

cum at the same time? At least he hadn't cum early...

But when he tried to pull out, she stopped him. "Where are you going?" she said.

"I'm not done. And you haven't finished!"

"I'm getting close..." he said. In response, she grabbed his butt and began to

pull his hips into her. As his orgasm approached and her second one seemed like

a possibility, she put her fingers between his stomach and hers, reaching for

her clit. He gasped as the backs of her fingers touched his sensitive stomach.

"You like that?"

"Ohhhh. Yeah. Keep doing that-"

She moved her hands so that they rubbed her clit and at the same time caressed

his lower stomach, just above where the hair started. It was too much for him.

As she pulled his hips into her with one hand and touched him on the stomach

with the other, he slammed into her for one more thrust and stayed there,

digging his nails into her shoulders and releasing a flood of cum. She had never

imagined it would feel so good for a guy to cum inside her. Rubbing her fingers

faster, she had another orgasm just as he finished his. This one made her whole

body tense, as a feeling almost like pain but most definitely pleasure gushed

through her body from her clit outward.

"That was. Amazing."

"Yeah."

"Can I sleep here?"

"Of course. Then tomorrow we'll have plenty of time to get to know each other."