**The Tales of Andrea & Dean**

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**The Tales of Andrea & Dean Ch. 01**

**A Fortunate Accident**

As Dean squinted through his sunglasses up at the bright blue summer sky, he marveled at what a perfect day it was for a run. He wiped his brow with the bottom of his singlet top and jogged from the park across the street to the bottom of his block, on the final stretch to his new home.

He had moved in only a week ago, but he was already enamoured with the neighourhood--plenty of trees and greenery, well-kept houses, not too far from his office, and with a large nature reserve abutting his block. He had already explored much of it on his daily runs, and was becoming more and more pleased with his choice to move there.

He checked his watch and took a deep breath, preparing for the last few hundred meters of his route. He was about to quicken his pace, finish strong, when he noticed a young woman jogging toward him. From this distance, he could see that she was thin, petite, with long hair tied back in a ponytail that swished back and forth dramatically as she ran. As they approached each other, he saw that she was young--probably in her early to mid twenties--blonde, wearing a light blue sports bra and tiny black spandex shorts, her flat, toned midriff bare. She wore sunglasses as well, so he could not tell if she was looking at him, but he decided that she would not be able to see him looking at her, so he continued to stare at the blonde vision bouncing toward him. As they came closer, Dean smiled at her and nodded politely. The young woman smiled back. Apparently she was watching him too.

Dean focused all his attention on her as they passed. He took in every detail; her slightly parted lips, the subtle beads of sweat trickling down her chest into her cleavage, the swells of her modest but firm breasts held snugly in place by her sports bra, the small buds of her nipples poking through. It felt like time slowed as his eyes fell to her flat tummy, the curves of her waist to her hips, her lean thighs. He watched her ponytail flick behind her as she went by, smelling a sweet aroma of her perfume and musky sweat, unable to turn his gaze away as he rubber-necked to look down to get a glimpse of her ass.

Unfortunately, his ogling was interrupted when his feet became tangled, and he sprawled headlong onto the sidewalk.

While he did his best to break his fall, his knee and the outside of his right leg scraped painfully on the pavement as he tumbled. He couldn't help but cry out in surprise, pain, and embarrassment. His glasses skittered along the ground and he rolled, absorbing much of the impact, finally coming to a halt on the lawn next to the sidewalk. He sat up on his knees and looked about him, hoping no one had seen his fall. He didn't see anyone ahead of him, and breathed a sigh of relief.

"Oh my god! Are you ok?!" came a woman's high, concerned voice from behind him, as he heard running footsteps approach.

Dean winced, but not from the pain in his leg.

"Yeah, yeah, fine thanks. All good. Just, uh, rolled my ankle a bit," he replied, not daring to look up out of pure shame.

He felt a warm hand on his bare shoulder.

"Are you sure? It looked like a pretty hard fall."

Dean finally mustered the courage to look up. he was looking into the pretty blue eyes of the girl he had just jogged past moments before. She had lifted her sunglasses to the top of her head, and had a look of genuine concern. Dean chuckled.

"Yeah, nothing hurt here except my pride," he said, standing up.

He bent to pick up his glasses, and smiled pathetically at the beautiful girl before him.

"Thanks for stopping, it's very nice of you. I'm ok, I'll just--"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, pointing down at his leg.

He looked down to see blood dripping from the nasty scrape from his lower thigh to his upper calf on the outside of his leg.

"No, it's alright, it looks worse than it is. Really, it's ok," he reassured her as she looked at him with greater concern.

"Oh my god, I feel terrible," she said.

"Why?"

"I don't know, I think maybe it may have been my fault. You fell just after we passed each other, maybe I tripped you."

"Don't be silly, I was just clumsy," Dean said, then he chuckled. "Well, maybe it is a tiny bit your fault. You're a very pretty woman. You may have distracted me just a bit."

She giggled, and if her cheeks were not already flushed from her jog, he might have thought she blushed.

"I'm so sorry. Look, my house is just at the end of the block. Why don't you come in and we'll get you cleaned up?"

Dean was about to tell her he was nearly home himself, but decided he would rather have this sexy girl take care of him than do it himself.

"I'd like that... I mean, if it's not too much trouble. I don't want to interrupt your exercise."

"No, no, it's fine. I've already done a few laps of the block, I was nearly done anyway. This way," she said, gesturing down the street. "My name's Andrea."

"I'm Dean. Nice to meet you, I just wish it was under less embarrassing circumstances," he replied smiling awkwardly.

"Oh don't worry about it. We've all been there," she laughed.

There was a pause in the conversation as they walked. Eventually, Andrea spoke.

"Do you live around here?"

"Um, actually yes. I was going to mention it earlier. I'm just over on Bentley. It's not far, I can just head home..."

"Oh... we just met and already you want to get rid of me?"

"No! No, I--"

She giggled and swatted his arm playfully. "Only joking, sweetie. I haven't seen you around here. Did you move here recently?"

"Yeah, just last week. It's a fantastic location. I'm loving it so far." His eyes ran up and down her body quickly before darting away again.

"It's a great area. I've lived here less than a year, so I'm relatively new myself. This one's mine," she finished, pointing.

Dean and Andrea walked up her front walkway and she opened the door for him to enter. Her place was spacious and tastefully decorated. Neat, but welcoming. Paintings adorned many of the walls.

"Welcome to my humble abode," she announced, shutting the door behind them.

The cool air conditioning felt wonderful on Dean's hot, sweaty skin.

"Follow me up the stairs, the bathroom's just down the hall on the right. You can jump in the shower and I'll get you some clothes. I think I've got a t-shirt and some shorts of my ex-boyfriend's that will fit you."

Andrea began walking up the stairs ahead of Dean. His eyes immediately gravitated to her bottom. His jaw actually dropped when he beheld it. It was perfectly shaped, like an upside-down heart, the soft, round curves under her buttocks perfectly framing the firm cheeks above. He noticed two small dimples at the small of her back. The way she swayed her ass as she walked up the stairs seemed a deliberate tease to Dean, and it took all his will power not to reach out and grasp the perfect ass that was less than two feet from his face. Despite his fatigue and the stinging pain in his leg, he found himself wishing the staircase would never end.

"Here you go. There's fresh towels in the cupboard inside. Make yourself at home. I'll get you those clothes." She turned quickly and left down the hallway, turning into the far left hand doorway and out of view.

Dean entered the bathroom and looked at himself in the full-length mirror next to the bathtub. He was lean and athletic, with short brown hair, a short growth of stubble on his square jaw. His shoulders were broad for his relatively thin frame, and his body fat percentage was enviably low. He looked at his leg, seeing the blood slowly drying on his skin and soaking into his sock. He pulled off his singlet, revealing his toned torso dripping with sweat. He bent down and untied his shoes, removing them and his socks. Next he hooked his thumbs into his waistband and pulled his shorts and boxers down.

As he tossed them into a pile with his shoes and singlet, he looked back in the mirror. He was handsome; not strikingly so, but he had no shortage of attention from the opposite sex. But his most remarkable asset was his manhood. It hung proudly, thick and long, even when flaccid. Every woman he had ever been with had commented positively about his size, and he certainly made some of the guys on his ice hockey team envious when they were in the shower room.

He stepped across the bathroom and into the shower stall at the foot of the bathtub. He turned the water on and rinsed his body clean, using the soap to wash his injury. He winced as he cleaned the wound, but the pain soon subsided and he turned his face into the warm stream of water.

Suddenly, something caught his eye. He thought he saw some movement near the bathroom door. He had not closed it when he entered. Being on a mixed-sex ice hockey team had made him casual about nudity. There were two women on the team, one in her twenties and the other in her early or mid-thirties--around Dean's age. They were both very attractive, and it did not bother them when the men went to the showers in the room adjacent to the change room. There was a separate curtain for the women's use, but Dean had no doubt they snuck peeks at the men as they showered. After all, Dean would have done the same if it was the other way around.

In any case, he had no qualms about showing off. He was proud of his body, and had nothing to hide. But now he was intrigued. Was Andrea spying on him? He decided to turn around and face away from the door, but the reflection of the doorway showed in the nearby medicine cabinet's mirror. He scrubbed his body and kept an eye on the door. There it was again! The hallway was fairly dark, but he thought he could perceive some motion near the door frame. He kept watch and thought he saw the outline of a head peeking around the corner.

Dean smiled to himself and felt a tingle in his loins. He liked the idea of a sexy girl watching him as he showered. Slowly, he turned back around and ran his hands through his hair, giving Andrea a full-frontal view of his body. He wished he could have heard her reaction, but the sound of the water was far too loud. His hands roamed over his chest and hard abs, down to his closely-cropped pubic hair. He stroked his hands along his length, pulling it, then letting it fall and swing between his legs. He could feel it begin to grow.

'Wait, what am I doing?' he thought. 'I can't just jerk off in this girl's shower. I've just met her!' He turned and shut off the water, again keeping an eye on the door in the mirror. He saw Andrea duck away quickly. He got out and dried himself off, feeling refreshed. He wrapped the small towel around his waist. It was so small it left a slit at his thigh. He heard footsteps in the hallway.

"Hey Dean, are you decent? I've got some clothes for you, and I'll put a band-aid on that scrape," called Andrea's musical voice, with a hint of nervousness.

"Yep, all good. Come on in."

Andrea entered tentatively, and immediately looked at Dean's groin area. His semi-engorged cock made a noticeable bulge in the small towel. She was still wearing her running outfit.

"Oh, um, good... I'll just put these here," she said, setting the t-shirt and shorts down on a table next to the door, but not taking her eyes off his bulge.

Eventually she pulled her eyes away, then went to the medicine cabinet to fetch some first aid supplies.

"Just sit here," she gestured to the edge of the tub.

Dean sat and gripped the edge of the tub for balance. The towel draped down exposing nearly his entire right leg. Andrea got out some antiseptic cream and knelt on the bath mat next to him. Dean spread his legs slightly so the towel just barely rested on his lap, and he felt his cock sway underneath him. From Andrea's angle, she must have been able to see it clearly, dangling down between his legs. He noticed her eyes widen and her mouth open in amazement. After a few moments, Dean cleared his throat.

"Oh, sorry! Um, here just let me..."

She fumbled with the cream, finally managing to spread some on the scrape. Her fingers were gentle, and the pain was tolerable. Andrea's eyes looked up into Dean's for reassurance. He nodded subtly, and she looked back down. Soon she was stroking his upper thigh, no longer anywhere near the scrape. Dean felt his penis begin to rise. Andrea stared as if in a trance. He wanted her to touch it, to pull his towel back and stroke him to rock hardness. He was about to move his hand to put it on top of hers, when she suddenly stopped, blinking rapidly.

"There, that should be ok. Here." She put a couple large band-aids on the scrape, pressing on them carefully, then stood up quickly, her breasts wiggling under her top.

"There you go. All patched up!"

"Thank you so much Andrea. Really, you didn't have to go to all this trouble."

"It's fine, I really don't mind. You can put these clothes on in my room while I have a quick shower. It's just down the hall on the left. You can use my laptop if you get bored."

"Thanks," Dean said, standing and attempting but failing to hide the bulge his semi-erect cock was making in the towel.

Andrea had another glance down at his groin, then looked up at him, blushing. Dean smiled and walked past her, first picking up his clothes, then the clothes Andrea had left on the table. He nodded to her as he exited the bathroom. As he went down the hall, he did not hear the door close. He hoped she would repay the favour.

He entered her room and looked out the large window facing her back yard. Across the small yard, he saw the back of his house!

"Hey, Andrea, that's my house right behind yours!" he called down the hallway.

"No way! That's great! We'll have to put a little door on the back fence so we can visit each other more easily," she responded.

"Definitely."

He hung his towel on a chair at her desk where a laptop sat and put the clothes on. Her ex must have been a bigger guy, because both the t-shirt and shorts were rather baggy. The shorts were cotton track pant material, and felt soft on his skin, as he was not wearing underwear. He pulled the drawstring so they would not fall down.

The sound of splashing water came from down the hallway. He thought he should wait a minute before trying to spy on Andrea. Dean's gaze drifted back to her laptop, where a colourful screensaver pattern raced across the screen. He touched the keys and opened a browser window. Out of curiosity, he checked her browsing history. It included news sites, fashion and art blogs, and shopping sites, but one site caught his eye. It was a site he was familiar with: an adult erotic fiction website with a bulletin board. As a hobby Dean liked to write erotic fiction--when he could find the time--and this was the site he posted on! He had spoken with a couple members before through the boards and private messages, but he had never met one in person. Dean rubbed his chin, then clicked on the link. It opened, and he noticed that Andrea seemed to be logged in under the username p\_c352006. She was a member too! He made a mental note of the username, then closed the browser. He would have to investigate later at his home. At this moment, he was curious about what he might see through Andrea's bathroom door.

As quietly as he could manage, Dean crept down the carpeted hallway. As he approached the bathroom door, he saw that it was open about a foot. He moved closer, and noticed some material on the floor just inside the door. It was Andrea's spandex short shorts, and inside was a tiny pink thong. The blood began to rush back into Dean's member as his heart beat hard in his chest. He listened for a moment, hearing Andrea splashing, then carefully and slowly peeked past the door frame.

What he saw took his breath away. Andrea was facing him, and had her leg up on the ledge where the glass of the shower stall met the tub. Her head was bent looking down, and her left hand was splayed on her abdomen. In her right hand she held a razor, and was carefully and methodically shaving her pussy. Dean blinked and licked his lips, feeling a sudden bolt of pleasure in his groin.

Andrea's long, wet hair was draped over her shoulder, and the water cascaded over her back and shoulders, dripping down over her firm breasts. Her small nipples were hard and protruding, and Dean's mouth watered with the idea of what they would feel like on his tongue. She finished her careful grooming and rinsed her mound clean, rubbing it and cupping it with her hand. She set her razor down and ran both hands up her body, squeezing her breasts and pinching her nipples, her head thrown back. Her leg was still up on the ledge, and Dean had a perfect, clear view of her cute, freshly shorn pussy, the lips parted slightly to reveal a deep pink slit.

The bulge in his shorts was made more noticeable because of the looseness of the fabric. He was pitching a veritable tent. Before he was aware of what he was doing, his hand slipped into the waistband and gripped his thick shaft, squeezing it firmly. Andrea had run her hand back down to her womanhood, and was now carefully stroking her fingertips along her clit. Her other hand kneaded her breast and she bit her lip, her eyes closed. Dean began to slowly stroke his cock through his shorts, but found the restraining waistband uncomfortable. He untied the drawstring and pulled the waistband down to his thighs. He extracted his enormous member and stroked its length, sighing at the waves of pleasure it sent through him.

Over the sound of the water, Dean thought he could hear small, short, high-pitched moans coming from Andrea. She was clearly enjoying herself, and at this point Dean almost didn't care if she saw him spying on her while jerking off. Still, he felt nervous, and was careful not to stand too much in view. Andrea slipped a finger into her pussy and began stroking it in and out, first slowly, then more quickly. Her cheeks and chest were flushed, and her mouth was open. Dean stroked himself faster, imagining what it would feel like to have his cock inside her young, tight, smooth pussy.

Suddenly, Andrea put her leg down and put her finger in her mouth, sucking her pussy juice from it. She was looking off to the side at... what? Dean wondered. He stroked his dick harder and faster, cupping his balls as he watched her pull her finger out of her mouth and run it over her pouting lips. His legs felt weak and his heart raced as he thought about what he was doing. 'I'm masturbating as I watch this hot girl I just met pleasure herself in the shower.' He couldn't believe what he was doing, but he was unable to stop.

She turned around to face away from him, and her ass came into view. He felt his balls tingle in pleasure as he beheld the perfect, firm, round cheeks. He imagined gripping her buttocks roughly in his hands and pulling her onto his waiting cock, impaling her pussy hard. Almost as if she could read his thoughts, Andrea bent over at the waist and pressed her ass cheeks against the clear class of the shower stall door. Dean thought he might ejaculate right then and there, but controlled himself, taking deep breaths through his nose and biting his tongue. He saw her fingers appear at her bald mound between her thighs, her fingers slipping along her wet slit as the water cascaded over her perfect ass. Again, she dipped her fingers inside her pussy as she put her other hand on the far wall to stabilise herself.

"Oooohhhh...."

He clearly heard her moan in pleasure, a moan he probably even would have heard if he was still in her bedroom. She rubbed her sweet bottom over the glass as she got herself off. Dean's cock was now pulsing in his hand, and he knew if he continued to stroke himself much longer while watching Andrea in the shower, he would lose control.

Quickly and without thinking, Dean crouched and swept his hand just inside the door, picking Andrea's shorts and panties up off the floor of the bathroom. He stepped back into the hall and looked down at his hand. He could feel the wetness of her shorts and panties, soaked with her sweat from her afternoon run. He held his dick at the base and stroked his length along the material, his hot cock feeling the cool sweat of her shorts. When he looked back up, Andrea was facing him, her back against the tiled far wall of the shower, her legs spread and bent slightly at the knees. One hand squeezed her tit firmly, her nails digging into the soft flesh of her breast, her nipple protruding from between her fingers. The other hand was rapidly plunging two fingers in and out of her pussy. He could hear the wet smacking sounds as her palm connected with her mound upon each thrust of her digits into her sex. She moaned loudly now, and her head was turned slightly, again not looking at him, but looking intently at something.

This was too much for Dean. He pumped his cock furiously and opened his mouth in a silent scream as his cock swelled in his stroking hand. Long, thick, milky streams of cum exploded from his dick head, spurting across Andrea's shorts and panties held in his other hand. His head swam as he watched Andrea's legs quiver as she came, her fingers dipping inside her womanhood a few final times. Still more of his seed spurted onto her shorts, covering them in sticky strings. He watched her body twitch with the aftershocks of her orgasm as his dick spilled the rest of its load onto the now completely soaked garments.

He breathed hard and squeezed the tip of his spent cock, the last few drops oozing out. In a rush, he realised where he was and what he had done. His face went from bright red to dead pale in a matter of seconds. He had just stroked himself to orgasm into Andrea's shorts and panties! How was he supposed to cover this up? He knew he couldn't very well take them, as she would certainly notice that. But he couldn't replace them; they were covered in his cum. He heard the click of the shower door and knew he had no choice. He balled the shorts and panties up, hiding his sticky mess as best he could ('why did his load have to have been so huge?!' he thought in annoyance), then, when Andrea was shutting the shower door, placed them back on the floor where he had found them. Without looking up to see if she had noticed, Dean made a quick escape down the hallway back to Andrea's room, pulling his shorts up over his sagging erection as he went.

He paced up and down in her room, trying to catch his breath, wondering what he should do. The thought of bolting occurred to him, but she would find that strange, and probably creepy. Though how could that be creepier than him watching her in the shower and spunking on her shorts? He stared out the window to calm his nerves. 'I'll just have to face her', he decided. After all, she watched me in the shower. Feeling better, he took a deep breath. He heard footsteps in the hallway, then thought he should probably look busy, otherwise she would wonder what he was doing while she was in the shower. He sat down quickly at her computer and opened a random page from her bookmarks shortcut, then turned to look at her as she entered the room.

Andrea wore only a towel. It was incredibly short, barely covering her ass and pussy. Her wet hair fell in strands around her face. Her cheeks were rosy red, and her pouting breasts rose and fell alluringly under her towel.

"Mmmmm, that's better," she moaned, winking at him.

He noticed that she was not carrying her workout clothes, and it occurred to him that she probably didn't know about what he had done. He decided the timing was right.

"Yeah, feels good, doesn't it? Look, I've taken up enough of your time, I'd better head home," he said, standing and gathering his things.

"Thanks so much for the shower, and for patching me up. Maybe I'll bring something over for you as a proper thanks."

He backed away toward her bedroom door.

"Oh, leaving so soon? Ok, just don't forget these."

Andrea turned away from him and bent over to pick up his clothes. He watched as the towel rode up her bottom, exposing the curves under her ass cheeks, then her cute, bare pussy lips, and even a faint shadow of her asshole between her perfect buttocks. Dean's cock stirred once more, and began to tent his shorts. Andrea stood up and turned around, smiling devilishly and handed Dean his things.

"Thanks again, really. You're amazing." He meant it in more ways than one. "I'll see you soon, yeah?"

"I hope so, Dean," she responded, touching the top of her breast with her hand and pushing a strand of hair behind her ear.

Dean smiled and spun around, eager to make a quick escape. He walked home as quickly as he could, his cock bouncing comically in his loose shorts, his mind filled with images of the beautiful Andrea. Once inside the safety of his own house, he wondered when she would discover his messy present, and how she would react. He hoped desperately that everything would be ok. But more than anything, he wanted to see her again. Soon.

**The Tales of Andrea & Dean Ch. 02**

The sound of the front door closing woke her from her temporary hypnosis, as self-awareness came washing back over her. Andrea, standing in the middle of her bedroom dressed only in a small white towel, blushed deeply as her heart thudded with excitement. 'Oh my god, did that just happen?' she thought to herself. Her mind raced, the events of the past 45 minutes flashing through her memory.

She had just me her new neighbour, Dean--a handsome, fit 30-something man with brown hair, hazel eyes, and one of the largest cocks she had ever seen. He had tripped and fallen when they passed each other jogging--likely because he couldn't take his eyes off her young, lean body--and she had invited him back to her house to let him shower and clean up his scraped leg. He had left the bathroom door open, and she had secretly watched him shower. When it was her turn, she had decided to put on a show for him, fingering herself to orgasm. She knew he had been watching her, and had seen him clearly--hiding in the hallway--in the reflection of the medicine cabinet. To her amazement, he had actually taken his dick out and masturbated as he watched her.

Presently, she walked back to the bathroom and looked at the floor. Her balled-up spandex running shorts and pink thong were lying there where he had put them. She bit her lip as she bent down to pick them up, recalling the image of him stroking his enormous manhood, depositing his load into the sweaty garments.

She gingerly opened them in her hand with her fingertips, and gasped as the amount of cum soaking into the material. His load was as impressive as his dick, and she looked wide-eyed at the sticky mess, tracing a finger through the thick, white strands. The musky smell of his seed wafted up to her and she unconsciously licked her soft lips. She felt a tingle in her groin at the thought of Dean watching her through the door, pleasuring himself as she put on a show. Her cheeks flushed again, this time in embarrassment, as she tossed her soiled shorts and panties into the laundry hamper and returned to her room.

Andrea was usually a fairly shy person. She was friendly and sociable, but certainly not extroverted, and her sexual experiences could be described as somewhat conservative for someone of her age and attractiveness. She had certainly not done anything as adventurous as let an older man she had just met watch her shave her pussy clean and masturbate to orgasm in the shower. Her emotions mixed within her, eliciting butterflies in her stomach--excitement and shame, thrill and anxiety.

As she opened her dresser drawer to choose some clothes to wear, she glanced over at her laptop. Dean had been sitting in the desk chair when she'd entered her room, pretending he had been there the whole time. She looked at the browser window open on the screen. She was shocked to discover that it was her profile page for the erotic fiction website she posted on! He must have forgotten to close the browser. How much had he seen? He likely wouldn't have had time to read any of her stories, but now he knew she was a user on the site. She had no doubt he would have taken note of her username, and would probably check out her profile when he got home. She felt embarrassed, but part of her wanted him to see it. The thought of him reading her stories and getting turned on was appealing to her.

Andrea pulled a pair of panties, a short summer skirt, and a thin cotton tank top from her dresser and tossed her towel on the bed, exposing her petite body to the cool air circulating in her bedroom. As she pulled her thong up her thighs and felt the material rest snugly between her perfect buttocks, she smiled to herself and wondered what naughty adventure would befall her next.

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The front doorbell's musical chime rang through the empty house and drifted through the screen door at the back, just far enough tickle her ear. Andrea lifted her head from the sun lounger and lowered her magazine to her lap. She had been catching some sun in her small back yard on a midday Sunday, reclining on the lounger in a miniscule red string bikini, her skin glistening with lotion.

Again, the chime rang. She tossed the magazine on the small table next to her and stood, putting on a long, loose t-shirt to cover herself before hurrying through the house to the front door.

"Coming!" she called as she nimbly stepped across the hardwood floor, her many years of dancing explaining the powerful grace of her motion.

She opened the door and was greeted by Dean, her new neighbour. He was wearing a snug white t-shirt and cargo shorts with flip flops, and looked even more handsome than the day before when they had met.

"Hi Andrea," he said, his eyes quickly darting up and down her body, lingering on her bare legs. "Um, I just came by to say thanks for yesterday."

He held out a bouquet of flowers and an oval-shaped object wrapped in a tea towel.

"I picked these from my garden, and brought over some homemade bread," he said, handing them to her.

"Oh, thank you Dean! These are lovely. And the bread's still warm!" she replied, smiling at him, her eyes sparkling.

He smiled back sheepishly and stood awkwardly in the doorway. Andrea suddenly felt nervous too, remembering what had happened the day before.

"Oh my god, how rude of me. Come in, come in," she urged him, stepping out of the way. "I was just relaxing in my backyard. Would you like to join me?"

"Sure," his face lit up as he stepped inside.

Andrea put the flowers in a vase and the bread on the cutting board in the kitchen, cutting a few slices to put on a plate with a small dish of olive oil, then led Dean outside. He surveyed the yard, then took a seat in a patio chair. Andrea turned away and slowly pulled her t-shirt over her head, making sure Dean got a good, long look at the red bikini bottoms bunched between her soft butt cheeks. She turned back around and reclined on her lounger, adjusting the cups of her bikini to expose more of her breasts. Dean eyed her hungrily, then cleared his throat and pretended to be distracted by something across the way.

"How's your leg?" asked Andrea.

"Oh, fine thanks. Just a small scrape, so I don't think it will affect my hockey career," he laughed.

"You play hockey?"

"Just an amateur league, for fun. It keeps me active."

Andrea imagined a group of sweaty men stripping down in the change room and felt a tingle between her legs.

"Maybe I could come watch one of your games sometime."

"That would be great. Our fan base is pretty thin. I'm sure the guys would love to have you supporting us," he chuckled.

Andrea imagined a few other ways she could 'support' the team, then blushed at the naughty thought that had popped into her head. 'What's gotten into me?' she thought to herself.

They chatted outside for a while, enjoying the summer weather. Andrea took note of how often Dean's gaze drifted over her body, scanning her legs, flat stomach, and perky breasts. After some time, Dean stood.

"I should be heading off. I've got a bit of work to do on the house this afternoon."

"So soon? Ok Dean, thank you for stopping by, and for the lovely flowers and the bread."

He smiled and his eyes darted to her tits, where her nipples poked subtly through.

"It's a shame you have to walk all the way around the block," she continued. "Maybe we should install a gate," she laughed.

He raised his eyebrows and the corner of his mouth turned up slyly.

"You know, It wouldn't be hard. I have the tools and hardware. I could do it this afternoon if you wanted. I'd just have to cut a section out of the fence and put some hinges in along one of the support posts."

"Really? Yeah, go for it. I don't mind."

"Are you sure? It'll be a bit noisy."

"No, that's fine. As long as you don't mind me watching you work."

He grinned. "Of course I don't mind."

With that he disappeared through the house. Before long Dean was hard at work, sawing out a section of the fence and attaching the hardware. Andrea watched him avidly, especially from the moment he removed his shirt. Sweat glistened on his chest, back and shoulders as he took measurements and made marks on the wood with the pencil he had stuck behind his ear. She began to fantasise about him, and before long felt a warmth between her legs.

She turned to lie on her stomach and untied the strings of her bikini, letting them fall to the side and folding her arms under her head. She made sure that Dean had a good view of her body, her breasts pushing against the lounger, bulging subtly out from under her, her back scooped, sticking her ass up to display it in all its curvaceous glory. The material of her bikini bottoms had been pulled further into her butt crack, revealing more of her luscious buttocks. Andrea observed Dean from behind her large, dark sunglasses. She noticed that he was finding it harder and harder to keep his attention on his work. He continually looked over at her reclining body, dropping his tools, taking frequent breaks to wipe sweat from his brow with his t-shirt, all while hungrily surveying her supine form.

After giving Dean an eyeful of her sexy ass for a while, she turned over, holding her bikini top to her chest. Once on her back, she adjusted her top so that it lay across her breasts, the small red triangles just barely covering her erect nipples. She lifted one knee slightly and settled back, making sure she was facing Dean, but not so much that he would suspect she was staring at him. The warm sun caressed her skin as she watched him hoist the gate into place, the muscles in his back and shoulders rippling. She became drowsy, her eyes closing involuntarily as her mind strayed into the naughty fantasies of her daydreams.

"Andrea?"

She was on a beach... sun on her naked skin... Dean's body hovered over her, his manhood erect and directed at her wet opening... she wrapped her arms around him, her nails scratching at his back... he spoke her name softly... Andrea... she wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him to her, his cock moments away from penetrating her burning pussy...

"Hello? Andrea?"

The voice was loud enough to wake her. Her eyes fluttered under her dark sunglasses as Dean came into focus, standing next to her lounger. Her body was still paralysed from the dream she had been having, and she was just about to make an effort to acknowledge him when he leaned down slightly, waving his hand in front of her face. He stopped, staring down at her, then looked around, uncertain what to do next. He was evidently unwilling to wake her from such a seemingly deep sleep. He stepped quietly away to the gate, crouching at his toolbox and pulling the pencil from behind his ear. He hastily scrawled a note on a pad of paper, and returned to Andrea's lounger, putting the note under the glass of water on the small table next to her.

As he leaned down, she could smell sawdust and sweat on his skin. He began to straighten up, but hesitated, his eyes carefully scanning every inch of her reclined body. He wiped his brow with his hand, then rubbed his chin, his eyes crawling over her barely-concealed breasts. Moments passed, neither of them moving. Dean looked about him, then back at Andrea, waving his hand again, this time only inches from her face. He stopped and waited. He touched her shoulder gently and spoke her name again. She did not move. He stood straight, putting his hands on his hips and scanning the area. 'What is he doing?' she wondered.

After another few moments, Dean looked back down at her and carefully fished into the pocket of his cargo shorts. He retrieved his phone and touched the screen urgently. He angled it down at her and touched the screen again. 'Oh my god, he's taking pictures of me!' Andrea realised. She considered moving, altering him to the fact that she might be waking up... then hesitated. As he snapped another photo of her near-naked body, she felt a spark of excitement in her groin. She wanted to smile to herself. She was proud of her figure, and it was nice to know Dean was so impressed that he would risk taking secret photos of her when she might wake up at any moment.

After a few more photos, Dean stopped and looked around again. His eyes were drawn back to the loose bikini top resting across the swells of her modest bosom. He rubbed his chin again, then licked his lips. He put the phone back in his pocket and leaned down slowly. He splayed the fingers of his hands, but kept his thumbs and forefingers nearly touching, like he was holding a sheet of wet paper. Ever so slowly, his eyes occasionally darting up to her face, he descended on her and took the edge of her bikini in his fingertips. With surgical delicacy, he began to pull the top down. Andrea felt the soft material on her nipples, and they hardened instantaneously, protruding from her pale pink areolas. They poked out so much that the bikini top briefly caught on them, but Dean still slid the top down, her nipples springing free into the open air as the material came free.

Dean froze when he saw her hard nubs flick into the open, scanning her face for a reaction. She could barely control her excitement. Her heart was beating so hard she thought he might actually hear it. She felt a flush on her cheeks and a warmth in her groin. Goosebumps broke out on her breasts and her nipples felt like pebbles. She did her best to control her breathing, to give nothing away. After what seemed like an eternity, Dean continued to slip her top down. It still lay across her body, but now her breasts were completely exposed. He gently placed the cups back against her skin so it would look like the bikini had simply slipped down as she slept.

Again, he slipped his hand into his pocket and retrieved his phone, this time nearly dropping it as he took several photos of her body, focusing especially on her now bare breasts. Her eyes followed the hard lines of his body down to his shorts, where a long, prominent bulge was forming along his inner thigh. 'Why am I letting him do this?' she thought. 'He's taking pictures of my tits in my own back yard!' Her heart skipped a beat at the thought, and her pussy burned with excitement. Still, she waited, and watched.

It did not take long before Dean's free hand wandered down to his crotch, impatiently gripping the cylindrical shape protruding from his shorts. His head swiveled about the yard, scanning for nosy neighbours. Satisfied that he was not being watched, he quietly unzipped his fly and fished his hand into his loose shorts. He grimaced with the effort of retrieving his enormous penis and pulling it through the opening of his fly. Andrea nearly gasped as it flopped into view, swaying heavily in a semi-engorged state, pointing vaguely at her face like a fat snake responding to a charmers' music.

Andrea had seen it already when Dean was in her shower the day before, but this was entirely different. She was so close to it. If she bent her left arm at the elbow, she would be able to caress the bulging head. And it was growing. Dean took a deep breath and stroked his hand along his thick shaft, squeezing it at the base and making it swell like a water balloon. He stroked it again and it stiffened further. Andrea struggled to maintain her composure. She felt exposed, vulnerable, but the butterflies in her stomach were not caused by these things alone. Aching desire and waves of arousal coursed through her nubile body and it took all her effort not to pull Dean down on top of her to get sexual release from this torturous inertia.

The veins stood out along Dean's impressive column as he achieved rock-hardness. Andrea's mouth watered involuntarily as she thought about how in the world her mouth would be able to accommodate such girth. She felt dampness soaking her bikini bottoms as she thought again of her dream, Dean's manhood touching her soft, bare labia as he prepared to drive it deep inside her. He stroked himself faster now, and with his other hand he took more photos, this time with his massive cock in the foreground, as if it was about to touch her breasts.

It was becoming more and more difficult for Andrea to maintain control. She knew she was breathing harder, and her fingers itched to either caress Dean's flesh, or dive into her bikini bottoms and pleasure herself shamelessly. She found instead of being offended, violated, and repulsed by his bold actions, she was falling father into a vast pit of wanton sexual cravings. She wanted him to kiss her mouth hard and rough, to rub his cock against her breasts, to push his fingers into her wet hole. All the while, she wondered how far he would go. Would he stop before he got carried away? Would he wait for her to wake up and discover him jerking off over her like this? Would he stroke himself to orgasm, blasting his cum across her reclined body and unsuspecting face? These thoughts pushed her closer to her own precipice. Her control and composure was slipping away. Her pussy tingled and bolts of pleasure shot through her body. She saw Dean bite his lip as his stroking reached a fevered pace. 'Yes! Yes, cum on me, baby! Cum all over your little slut!' her mind shouted.

When the phone in his hand vibrated, Dean's body jerked so hard it looked like he'd been electrocuted. He released his cock, letting it spring up and down like a diving board, and began desperately swiping the screen of his phone. After he had turned it off, he suddenly seemed to realise where he was and what he was doing. He sprang towards Andrea's house, and she heard grunting as she imagined him attempting the impossible task of stuffing his fully erect manhood back through the small opening of his fly. She heard her screen door open and close. She waited a minute before attempting to move.

Turning her head, she saw no trace of Dean. 'He must have gone out the front', she thought. She sat up, pulling the bikini top completely off and setting it on the table. The note there read: 'Didn't want to wake you. Finished the gate. Feel free to use it anytime you like :) -Dean', with his phone number written at the bottom. She smiled to herself and reclined again, breathing deeply. She enjoyed the feeling of the open air against her breasts, and the thought of her neighbours seeing her topless like this excited her. She began to wonder about herself; about what had come over her lately. She was normally timid. Where had this naughty, exhibitionist streak come from? She had genuinely surprised herself when she wished that Dean had ejaculated on her. She'd just met him, and they were outside in her back yard, visible to a few of the neighbours, if they happened to be on their second floors. And now she was lying here, bare chested, her bikini bottoms soaked in her juices, her nipples still hard with excitement.

The fingers of her right hand wandered over her tummy and down to the red triangle of fabric between her legs. She gingerly touched herself, feeling her wetness, her warmth. Her skin broke out in goosebumps and she sighed as she pushed her middle finger against her clit, feeling its hardness through her bikini. Unable to stop herself, she slid her fingertips up to her abdomen, then slipped them deftly beneath her bikini bottoms, feeling the smooth, soft skin of her mound. She stroked her finger along her moist slit, closing her eyes and biting her lip. The image of Dean's hard body and pendulous manhood towering above her flooded her mind as she pushed her finger between her labia. It slipped in easily aided by her womanly secretions and she moaned softly. With her other hand she gently rolled her nipple in her fingers, teasing the tip and feeling its hardness.

Andrea spread her legs, giving in to her self-stimulation. She now gripped her breast firmly, feeling her nipple hard against her palm, and curled her finger inside her soaking pussy. She moaned again, louder this time, and arched her back, her head rolling, her mouth open. 'Is someone watching me now? Watching as I shamelessly masturbate for my whole neighbourhood to see? Getting myself off in public like a dirty slut?' Her boldness, embarrassment, arousal, shame, and ambivalence all clashed within her, but served only to excite her further. Her hand worked busily under the material of her bikini, dipping her fingers in and our of her pussy with gleeful abandon. She trembled as she felt the wave of her orgasm approaching.

"Oh, you're awake."

Dean's voice came from behind her, and she heard the screen door close. Her arm clasped her breasts to her chest and her other hand cupped her hot mound as his footsteps approached.

"Oh! Oh my god, I'm sorry..." he stammered as he walked up beside her to see her in her compromising position.

He turned away abruptly. "I'm so sorry, I'll just..." he said, as he attempted to walk in several directions at once.

"No, it's ok! I was just... I just wanted to... avoid getting tan lines," Andrea giggled, her cheeks glowing red. "It's ok, I'm decent. You can look," she added, although she made no attempt to put her bikini top back on.

Dean turned around slowly, his eyes roaming over her body.

"Um..." he hesitated as he looked at her groin.

She had forgotten to take her hand out of her bikini bottoms! Like a flash, her hand flew up to her chest, clasping it. Her fingers glistened obviously with her pussy juice. A wet spot was noticeable on the material. Dean looked at it in an almost contemplative manner, then looked back up the length of her body and into her eyes. A sudden smile broke across his face, and he laughed. Andrea couldn't help but join him, and it eased the tension greatly.

"Having a little fun back here, are we?" he said, and winked.

"Well... I thought you had left. I saw your note. You weren't spying on me, were you?" she fired back, smirking devilishly.

His smile faltered for a moment, but Dean recovered himself.

"Of course not. I just needed to use your bathroom, and I was coming back through to get my tools."

"Really? Ok, I'll let you off this time. After all, you did handle your tool quite well this afternoon. I admit I enjoyed watching."

Again, Dean's grin faltered. "Um, yeah. Uh, I should clean up. And like I said, feel free to use the gate anytime." He turned and began gathering up his tools.

Andrea stood, keeping one arm across her chest, and approached Dean, swaying her hips. He watched her approach, standing slowly. She could smell the sweet sawdust and sweat aroma again, and another twinge of pleasure rolled through her body.

"I didn't quite thank you properly," she said softly, looking up into his hazel eyes.

She lifted her sunglasses and put them on her head. Then she then lifted her arms, linking them around his neck, and pressed the full length of her body against his, feeling his warm skin next to hers. She lilted her head up and stood on her toes, pressing her lips firmly against his. The kiss was long, passionate, expressing on their lips and tongues the mutual pent-up desire for sexual release. Her bare breasts pushed against his chest and she felt his cock beginning to harden again, poking against her inner thigh. His hands held her small waist and began to slide down to her ass when she pulled back. She trailed her fingers down his chest and stepped away from him, making no attempt to hide her tits. He stood, open-mouthed in front of her, searching her eyes, her body, breathing hard.

She touched his lips with her finger and smiled.

"I'll see you soon, neighbour."

With those words, she turned and sauntered back into her home, feeling his eyes on her swaying bottom.

**The Tales of Andrea & Dean Ch. 03**

The last of the water circled the shower drain, pulled inevitably into the opening at the bottom. The hot, dry summer evening made using a towel almost unnecessary. Nevertheless, Dean dried his hair and face, then left his bathroom naked, his long, thick penis bouncing off his thighs as we walked to his bedroom.

The afternoon he had spent installing the gate between his and Andrea's properties had been invigorating. He smiled and shook his head with incredulity, barely able to believe what had happened, or what he had done. Andrea had been sunning herself in her small backyard as he worked, her tiny bikini top barely clinging to her breasts.

Dean walked to his desk and picked his phone up, scrolling through the pictures he had taken. There she was: her breasts exposed, the loose strings and cups of her bikini sitting loosely across her tummy. Her nipples poking out obviously in the open air, capping the soft swells of her pale breasts. His engorged cock was in the foreground of the next photo, hanging above her vulnerable body like a flesh baton, pointing at her pretty, serene face.

He felt a thrill as he recalled almost cumming on her as she lay there. He would certainly have been caught if his hot cum had splashed down on her tits and face. How in the world would he have explained that?! But he suspected she knew. That she watched him the whole time, making no objection, no move to indicate that she was awake. "You did handle your tool quite well. I enjoyed watching," she had said. Yes--she must have known.

When he was leaving, she had kissed him, pressing her topless body against his. He had felt the hard nubs of her nipples on his chest. Smelled the tanning oil on her skin. And when she touched his lips with her fingers, he had smelt and tasted her musky, womanly aroma. The same fingers that had been inside her only moments before. Andrea knew exactly what she was doing. It was a tease. And it had worked.

The master bedroom of Dean's house was at the back, with a small balcony. He was pleased when he had discovered that Andrea's bedroom was also at the back of her house, facing him. He fished a clean pair of boxers our of his dresser, put them on, and walked onto his balcony, scanning the back of Andrea's house. It was dusk now, and the light was falling fast. He noticed two windows on Andrea's upper floor were lit: her bedroom, and her bathroom. He couldn't see her in either.

Frowning, he returned to his room and picked his laptop off the desk. He sat in a chair on his patio and opened a browser window.

The first day he had met Andrea he had noticed that she was a member of the same erotic fiction website that he was, and had written her a private message. He had told her that he liked her stories and would like to chat with her some time to exchange ideas, or just have a casual conversation. His profile gave nothing away that might tip her off to the fact that it might be him.

When he logged into his account, he saw to his delight that she had replied to his private message. Hastily clicking into the short message, he read.

'Hey there! Glad you enjoyed my stories. Would love to have a chat sometime. Come and find me...''

Below her message she had given her email address and username where he could reach her on instant messenger. Dean smiled and rubbed his hands together, then logged into his email and im, adding Andrea and writing a quick message. 'Hi sexy, thanks for adding me. Hope we can chat soon.' At the same moment, he saw movement in the corner of his eye. Across the way, a light went out in Andrea's bathroom. He watched intently, then saw her slender form enter her bedroom. She had floor to ceiling windows, like him, but no balcony. Her curtains were wide open, providing a fabulous, unobstructed view of her bed.

Dean set his laptop down and scrambled into his room, turning off his bedroom light and fishing through his closet to find his binoculars. He sat back out on his balcony, put his laptop on the table, and peered through the binoculars into Andrea's room.

She was dressed in a thin white tank top and pink cotton shorts. She strode across her room to the window, looking out. The distance between his place and hers was not far, and even without the binoculars Dean would likely have an excellent view of Andrea's young, lean body. With the help of the binoculars though, he could see the faint bumps of her nipples poking through the thin material of her top, the smooth skin of her thighs, the white trim on her shorts.

She raised her hands to tie her hair back in a ponytail, her firm tummy being briefly exposed. Her eyes looked straight out into the evening. It felt to Dean like she was looking straight at him. He lowered the binoculars and stared back, motionless. After a moment, he waved his hand. No response from Andrea. He waved again. Still nothing. He decided it was probably too dark for her to see him. Was she looking for him? he wondered.

Eventually, Andrea turned and walked to her desk. She picked up her laptop and sat on her bed, reading the screen. She began to type. Dean's computer alerted him to an incoming message.

'Hi there, you around?' it read. What luck! Dean thought. He quickly replied to her.

'Hey! Yeah, just chilling out at home. What are you up to?'

'Same, just relaxing on my bed.'

They chatted for a short while, just casual conversation; what brought them to the adult literature site, about their stories, small facts about each other, physical descriptions--becoming friendly, building a rapport. Soon, the conversation veered to things more sexual.

'I noticed some exhibition/voyeur themes in your stories. That must be a turn-on for you.' Dean wrote.

'Oh definitely. I'm actually a fairly shy person, but the thought of watching and being watched really gets me going.'

'Have you ever done anything like what you write about?' Dean asked.

'Maybe ;)'

'Oooh really? Do tell :)'

'Haha, well... there's this new neighbour that moved in near me. He's singe, and very attractive. I've been showing off a little for him.'

'Naughty girl,' Dean replied, chuckling to himself. He wondered how much she would tell him. After all, he thought, as far as she knows I'm just a random stranger.

'I haven't really done anything like that before. It got me really worked up. In fact, my room faces his, and my curtains are open right now. For all I know he could be watching me right now, lol.'

'Oh my god, what a lucky guy! And what might he see right now, if he was watching?'

Dean felt his cock stir in his boxers, and looked into Andrea's room again. She was smiling, and turned to look in his direction for a moment, before looking back at her computer screen.

'Cheeky! :P Well, he'd see me sitting on my bed, wearing a tank top and short shorts. It's quite warm this evening, no need for too many clothes. And since it's just me in my room, no need for a bra either.'

'Mmmmm, I like that visual,' Dean wrote, then enjoyed the visual first hand. 'I'm getting turned-on just thinking about it.'

'Me too, hee hee'

'Maybe you could give him a little show,' he suggested.

'That's so naughty! Practically the whole neighbourhood would see me!'

'I think that's kinky. Imagine all your neighbours... young men, old men, watching you take your clothes off'

'Omg... '

'What? Doesn't that turn you on?'

'Yeah, of course it does. I've just never actually done something like that.'

'There's a first time for everything, darling ;)'

'Haha Ok, what would you have me do?'

'Oooh, I get to command you? Hmmm... why don't you stand up and turn around. Start by showing off your ass.' Dean's excitement grew. Was she actually going to do it?

'Ok, just a sec'

He saw Andrea slide the laptop to the edge of the bed closest to the window, then stand up. She bent over to type.

'Ok, I'm standing now. Bending over to type, showing off my ass.'

It was a fine ass indeed. Her short shorts just revealed the soft curves of the bottom of her buttocks. Dean pulled his waistband down and released his penis, softly stroking it a few times.

'Mmmmm, nice. Now pull your shorts down. Do you have panties on?

'Yes, a thong. Ok, here I go.'

She hooked her thumbs in her waistband and very slowly slid her shorts over her sweet ass. As her perfect bottom was revealed, she looked over her shoulder as if watching him ogle her tight ass. She pulled her shorts down her toned thighs until they fell to the floor, and she stepped out of them.

'Shorts off. Omg... I'm so nervous! My heart is beating so fast.'

'Damn, honey, that is so sexy. I bet your neighbours are all watching you intently now. Why don't you tease them a little more? Take your top off.'

'Hmmmm... ok.'

She stood straight and crossed her arms, taking the bottom of her shirt and pulling it slowly over her head. She shook her ponytail free of the top and tossed it aside, running her hands down her sides and over her bum.

'Topless now. Just my panties left.'

'Oh wow... is it getting you hot? Showing off for everyone to see?'

'Mmmm, yes. My heart is racing, and I'm so wet!'

Dean gripped his cock more firmly and stroked it, catching glimpses of Andrea's side-boob, loving the way her panties disappeared into the crack of her perfect ass.

'That is so sexy. I'm nice and hard right now picturing you as you display yourself in your window.'

'I hope you're stroking it.'

'Of course, baby. Now how about you take those panties off?'

'Omg, yes. I'm going to peel them down over my ass.'

'Wonderful. Don't bend your knees, just bend at your waist. Let everyone see your beautiful ass.'

'Mmmm, yes baby'

Dean looked through his binoculars for the spectacular reveal that was to come. Andrea hooked her thumbs in her panty waistband as she had done with her shorts, and began peeling them down over her bottom. Dean stroked his cock as it enlarged further, throbbing with the inflow of blood. He watched the thin material come loose from between her ass cheeks as her asshole and pussy came into view. Andrea was smoothly shaven, and Dean swore he could see her moisture glisten on her pussy lips through the binoculars.

The panties finally dropped to the floor, Andrea's hands clasping her ankles as she revealed herself. She held this position, giving him a divine view. He ached to fuck her like that. He groaned as he jerked his cock faster.

'Are you naked now, baby?' he asked.

'Completely naked. I bent over nice and low so everyone could see my ass and pussy. God... I feel like such a slut!'

'Oooohh yes, hun. I bet it makes you feel so horny, acting like a little slut. Spread your ass cheeks for everyone. Show them what they're craving.'

'Yes honey, I'm so turned on. Ok, I'll spread my ass for them like a little slut. I'll make their cocks throb for my tight pussy and ass.'

'Oh fuck yes.'

Her fingers splayed across her buttocks, she pulled them apart, spreading her legs slightly, to give Dean a marvelous view of her tight little rosebud asshole and cute, smooth pussy. He moaned.

'Oh god baby, I want it. Now turn around, show them a full frontal view of your hot body.'

'Yes sweetheart. I'll do as you ask. I wonder if the men watching are stroking their dicks like you are.'

'I can guarantee it, babe.'

'lol. Ok, I'll do a little show for them.'

She turned around and ran her hands over her body, caressing her breasts, sucking her fingers, stroking her thighs, touching between her legs. She was swaying and gyrating as if doing a strip tease, her hips rotating, her shoulders rolling. Dean's cock was so hard it felt like it would burst. He was consumed by thoughts of being with Andrea. He moaned again when she pressed her breasts up against the window and began fingering her pussy.

'Those lucky bastards. It's not fair that I don't get to watch. But my imagination is going crazy.'

Andrea stopped her dance and opened a drawer in her bedside table. She retrieved something from it, then moved her laptop to the floor next to her as she sat down right in front of the window, her legs spread wide.

'I'm glad, honey. I hope you're jerking off thinking of me. I think I'll have a little fun too. I got my vibrator out.'

'Mmmmmm wow, you're going to masturbate for your audience? Many men would happily pay for that privilege and you're giving it to them for free!'

'Yes, that's because tonight I'm the neighbourhood slut.'

'Indeed you are, baby. What sort of vibrator do you have?'

'It's a big long one. What would you like me to do with it?'

'Mmmmm, fantastic.... I think you should start by sucking on it a little.'

'Mmmm yes sir ;)'

Dean brought the binoculars to his eyes again and watched as Andrea turned the vibrator around in her hand, tipping it up toward her face. She kissed the tip several times, then swirled her tongue around it. She then turned her head to the side and held the vibe up pointing at her face, her hand tightly gripping it. She slowly slid her lips over it and began sucking, her head bobbing with a steady rhythm as her hand simultaneously stroked it in and out of her mouth.

He squeezed his cock and sighed as he admired her bobbing head in profile. Her other arm was behind her for support, and her b-cup breasts jutted out invitingly, her nipples appearing hard as diamonds. She pulled the vibe from her mouth and traced it over her chest.

'Too bad this isn't your cock in my mouth.'

'You really are a naughty tease, darling. Now, turn it on and rub it on your nipples for me.'

'Ok.'

She twisted the bottom of the vibrator and moved it across her breasts, then traced circles around her small nipples. Dean saw her body twitch as the vibe passed over them. Andrea's mouth was open as she watched her own chest rise and fall. She began typing again.

'Oooooh, my nipples are so sensitive. The vibrator feels wonderful on them. It's making me twitch.'

'I hope it's making you wet, too.'

'Already there, hun.'

'Well, no need to stall. Give the perverts watching you what they want. Put that vibe against your clit.'

'Mmmmm yes baby. I can't wait to feel this.'

She parted her legs wide, her knees bent, looking down at her bare, glistening pussy. She traced the vibrator down between her breasts, over her stomach, across her abdomen. Dean swore he saw her body shiver as the tip of the vibe reached the spot just over her slit. Andrea's mouth opened and her eyes closed as the vibe touched her clit. Her body jolted and Dean saw her titties jiggle. Andrea's chest rose and fell rapidly as she slowly leaned back and stroked the vibe along her slit. She began to type with her spare hand.

'Oooohhhh god... fuck, this feels good.'

'I bet you're enjoying it. Showing off like an exhibitionist. I wonder if anyone's taking pictures of you right now.'

'Omg... what if they are?! I'm totally exposed, hun.'

'Then give them a good show. Something they won't forget. I know it's getting you off... just go with it, darling.'

'Mmmmm... yes sir. I'm stroking my vibrator along my slit. I'm very wet... my nipples are so hard... my whole body is tingling.'

'Pretend I'm watching you. Imagine me in my room watching you masturbate in your window while I stroke my cock.'

'Yes, baby... ok... I'm going to put the vibrator inside my pussy. I'm going to suck on it first. Get it wet so it slides easily inside me.'

Dean nearly knocked his laptop off the table as he scrambled to put the binoculars to his eyes. Andrea raised the vibrator to her lips and gave it several long, deep strokes into her mouth before positioning it at her bare pussy lips. She used her other hand to spread her labia wide as she guided the tip of the vibe inside her velvety depths. Very slowly she eased the toy into her pussy, her mouth open and her eyes closed. She stroked it in deep, then out again, glistening with her juices. She began a slow rhythm as she fucked her pussy.

The strokes of Dean's hand unconsciously matched the strokes of Andrea's vibrator into her opening. She put her hand behind her again as she arched her back, her eyes fluttering as the pleasure overtook her. It seemed her whole body moved and writhed with the stroking of her toy. It was clear she was enjoying the stimulation. Her eyes peered out into the darkness, undoubtedly seeking a glimpse of the men who may be watching her. More than once, she seemed to look directly at Dean, as if she could see him. It made him slightly unnerved, but it did not stop him from ogling her as she got off on her toy, nor did it cause him to stop jerking off.

After a few minutes, Andrea turned to her laptop and typed.

'I'm going to turn around now. I'll bend over and fuck my pussy with my toy as if I was being fucked from behind with all those hungry cocks of my neighbours watching me out there. I hope you're still jerking off, baby.'

'Mmmmm, yeah, show them your beautiful ass. And yes, of course I'm still masturbating for you!'

Andrea withdrew her toy and turned so she was kneeling, facing away from the window. She put her one leg up as he saw the vibrator appear below her pussy. She wasted no time in re-inserting it deep into her cunt, and Dean saw her buttocks flex as it penetrated her. She looked over her shoulder as she quickly stroked the toy in and out of her wet hole, biting her lip and flicking her ponytail as her body jerked, enjoying the pleasure her toy and exhibitionism was giving her.

After another few minutes, Andrea wrote to him again.

'Baby, I'm so close to cumming. I want you to cum with me.'

'I will, hun, just keep fucking that toy and I'll cum with you. Fuck it deep and hard for your audience. Show them what they all wish they could be doing to you.'

'Aaaahhh yes, omg... so hot!'

Andrea put her face down against her carpeted floor. Dean could see her rosy cheeks and lips in the shape of an 'o' between her legs as her hand became a blur, fucking her pussy hard and fast with the vibe. He saw her other hand stroke across her buttock and spread her ass cheeks. He could even see her pussy juice that had dripped down onto her asshole.

He was now stroking his cock as hard and fast as Andrea was stroking her toy into her juicy cunt. It would not be long before he came. Andrea's body writhed and bucked, her ass bobbing in the air, looking so sexy and inviting. He wished he was there. He wished that toy was his cock. He wished Andrea would invite him over and they would have wild, passionate, unbridled sex all night, right there in her window.

It was a quiet night, and Dean swore he heard... very faint, barely audible... yes, it was a woman's high-pitched moans of ecstasy. He could hear Andrea!

This was enough to put him over the edge. Dean grunted and gasped as his cock spurted a huge load out onto his patio, just missing the table and laptop. He watched Andrea as her body seemed to become rigid. He saw her toes curl and watched her mouth open. Faintly, he heard her scream. She was cumming too. Dean jerked several spurts of thick, hot cum from his cock as he watched Andrea's orgasm, her legs trembling, her hand pushing her toy inside her pussy a final few more times.

Eventually, her body relaxed and she removed the vibrator. She moved until she was sitting up, kneeling on the floor facing the window.

'Oooohhhh fuck that was good :)'

'Mmmmm, it was for me too, baby.'

He saw her smile and put the vibe into her mouth, sucking her juices off it in a slow, lascivious manner. Dean squeezed the final few drops of cum from his softening cock as they dripped over his fingers. Andrea turned to her laptop on the floor and picked it up, carrying it to her desk. She was typing again.

'I hope my neighbours enjoyed the show. Especially you, Dean ;)'

His jaw dropped. He froze, not daring to breathe.

Andrea appeared in her window again, naked in all her glory, her cheeks still aglow with post-orgasmic rouge. She smiled and put her hand to her lips, then blew a kiss and winked. She turned and--still smiling widely--closed the curtains.

**The Tales of Andrea & Dean Ch. 03**

The last of the water circled the shower drain, pulled inevitably into the opening at the bottom. The hot, dry summer evening made using a towel almost unnecessary. Nevertheless, Dean dried his hair and face, then left his bathroom naked, his long, thick penis bouncing off his thighs as we walked to his bedroom.

The afternoon he had spent installing the gate between his and Andrea's properties had been invigorating. He smiled and shook his head with incredulity, barely able to believe what had happened, or what he had done. Andrea had been sunning herself in her small backyard as he worked, her tiny bikini top barely clinging to her breasts.

Dean walked to his desk and picked his phone up, scrolling through the pictures he had taken. There she was: her breasts exposed, the loose strings and cups of her bikini sitting loosely across her tummy. Her nipples poking out obviously in the open air, capping the soft swells of her pale breasts. His engorged cock was in the foreground of the next photo, hanging above her vulnerable body like a flesh baton, pointing at her pretty, serene face.

He felt a thrill as he recalled almost cumming on her as she lay there. He would certainly have been caught if his hot cum had splashed down on her tits and face. How in the world would he have explained that?! But he suspected she knew. That she watched him the whole time, making no objection, no move to indicate that she was awake. "You did handle your tool quite well. I enjoyed watching," she had said. Yes--she must have known.

When he was leaving, she had kissed him, pressing her topless body against his. He had felt the hard nubs of her nipples on his chest. Smelled the tanning oil on her skin. And when she touched his lips with her fingers, he had smelt and tasted her musky, womanly aroma. The same fingers that had been inside her only moments before. Andrea knew exactly what she was doing. It was a tease. And it had worked.

The master bedroom of Dean's house was at the back, with a small balcony. He was pleased when he had discovered that Andrea's bedroom was also at the back of her house, facing him. He fished a clean pair of boxers our of his dresser, put them on, and walked onto his balcony, scanning the back of Andrea's house. It was dusk now, and the light was falling fast. He noticed two windows on Andrea's upper floor were lit: her bedroom, and her bathroom. He couldn't see her in either.

Frowning, he returned to his room and picked his laptop off the desk. He sat in a chair on his patio and opened a browser window.

The first day he had met Andrea he had noticed that she was a member of the same erotic fiction website that he was, and had written her a private message. He had told her that he liked her stories and would like to chat with her some time to exchange ideas, or just have a casual conversation. His profile gave nothing away that might tip her off to the fact that it might be him.

When he logged into his account, he saw to his delight that she had replied to his private message. Hastily clicking into the short message, he read.

'Hey there! Glad you enjoyed my stories. Would love to have a chat sometime. Come and find me...''

Below her message she had given her email address and username where he could reach her on instant messenger. Dean smiled and rubbed his hands together, then logged into his email and im, adding Andrea and writing a quick message. 'Hi sexy, thanks for adding me. Hope we can chat soon.' At the same moment, he saw movement in the corner of his eye. Across the way, a light went out in Andrea's bathroom. He watched intently, then saw her slender form enter her bedroom. She had floor to ceiling windows, like him, but no balcony. Her curtains were wide open, providing a fabulous, unobstructed view of her bed.

Dean set his laptop down and scrambled into his room, turning off his bedroom light and fishing through his closet to find his binoculars. He sat back out on his balcony, put his laptop on the table, and peered through the binoculars into Andrea's room.

She was dressed in a thin white tank top and pink cotton shorts. She strode across her room to the window, looking out. The distance between his place and hers was not far, and even without the binoculars Dean would likely have an excellent view of Andrea's young, lean body. With the help of the binoculars though, he could see the faint bumps of her nipples poking through the thin material of her top, the smooth skin of her thighs, the white trim on her shorts.

She raised her hands to tie her hair back in a ponytail, her firm tummy being briefly exposed. Her eyes looked straight out into the evening. It felt to Dean like she was looking straight at him. He lowered the binoculars and stared back, motionless. After a moment, he waved his hand. No response from Andrea. He waved again. Still nothing. He decided it was probably too dark for her to see him. Was she looking for him? he wondered.

Eventually, Andrea turned and walked to her desk. She picked up her laptop and sat on her bed, reading the screen. She began to type. Dean's computer alerted him to an incoming message.

'Hi there, you around?' it read. What luck! Dean thought. He quickly replied to her.

'Hey! Yeah, just chilling out at home. What are you up to?'

'Same, just relaxing on my bed.'

They chatted for a short while, just casual conversation; what brought them to the adult literature site, about their stories, small facts about each other, physical descriptions--becoming friendly, building a rapport. Soon, the conversation veered to things more sexual.

'I noticed some exhibition/voyeur themes in your stories. That must be a turn-on for you.' Dean wrote.

'Oh definitely. I'm actually a fairly shy person, but the thought of watching and being watched really gets me going.'

'Have you ever done anything like what you write about?' Dean asked.

'Maybe ;)'

'Oooh really? Do tell :)'

'Haha, well... there's this new neighbour that moved in near me. He's singe, and very attractive. I've been showing off a little for him.'

'Naughty girl,' Dean replied, chuckling to himself. He wondered how much she would tell him. After all, he thought, as far as she knows I'm just a random stranger.

'I haven't really done anything like that before. It got me really worked up. In fact, my room faces his, and my curtains are open right now. For all I know he could be watching me right now, lol.'

'Oh my god, what a lucky guy! And what might he see right now, if he was watching?'

Dean felt his cock stir in his boxers, and looked into Andrea's room again. She was smiling, and turned to look in his direction for a moment, before looking back at her computer screen.

'Cheeky! :P Well, he'd see me sitting on my bed, wearing a tank top and short shorts. It's quite warm this evening, no need for too many clothes. And since it's just me in my room, no need for a bra either.'

'Mmmmm, I like that visual,' Dean wrote, then enjoyed the visual first hand. 'I'm getting turned-on just thinking about it.'

'Me too, hee hee'

'Maybe you could give him a little show,' he suggested.

'That's so naughty! Practically the whole neighbourhood would see me!'

'I think that's kinky. Imagine all your neighbours... young men, old men, watching you take your clothes off'

'Omg... '

'What? Doesn't that turn you on?'

'Yeah, of course it does. I've just never actually done something like that.'

'There's a first time for everything, darling ;)'

'Haha Ok, what would you have me do?'

'Oooh, I get to command you? Hmmm... why don't you stand up and turn around. Start by showing off your ass.' Dean's excitement grew. Was she actually going to do it?

'Ok, just a sec'

He saw Andrea slide the laptop to the edge of the bed closest to the window, then stand up. She bent over to type.

'Ok, I'm standing now. Bending over to type, showing off my ass.'

It was a fine ass indeed. Her short shorts just revealed the soft curves of the bottom of her buttocks. Dean pulled his waistband down and released his penis, softly stroking it a few times.

'Mmmmm, nice. Now pull your shorts down. Do you have panties on?

'Yes, a thong. Ok, here I go.'

She hooked her thumbs in her waistband and very slowly slid her shorts over her sweet ass. As her perfect bottom was revealed, she looked over her shoulder as if watching him ogle her tight ass. She pulled her shorts down her toned thighs until they fell to the floor, and she stepped out of them.

'Shorts off. Omg... I'm so nervous! My heart is beating so fast.'

'Damn, honey, that is so sexy. I bet your neighbours are all watching you intently now. Why don't you tease them a little more? Take your top off.'

'Hmmmm... ok.'

She stood straight and crossed her arms, taking the bottom of her shirt and pulling it slowly over her head. She shook her ponytail free of the top and tossed it aside, running her hands down her sides and over her bum.

'Topless now. Just my panties left.'

'Oh wow... is it getting you hot? Showing off for everyone to see?'

'Mmmm, yes. My heart is racing, and I'm so wet!'

Dean gripped his cock more firmly and stroked it, catching glimpses of Andrea's side-boob, loving the way her panties disappeared into the crack of her perfect ass.

'That is so sexy. I'm nice and hard right now picturing you as you display yourself in your window.'

'I hope you're stroking it.'

'Of course, baby. Now how about you take those panties off?'

'Omg, yes. I'm going to peel them down over my ass.'

'Wonderful. Don't bend your knees, just bend at your waist. Let everyone see your beautiful ass.'

'Mmmm, yes baby'

Dean looked through his binoculars for the spectacular reveal that was to come. Andrea hooked her thumbs in her panty waistband as she had done with her shorts, and began peeling them down over her bottom. Dean stroked his cock as it enlarged further, throbbing with the inflow of blood. He watched the thin material come loose from between her ass cheeks as her asshole and pussy came into view. Andrea was smoothly shaven, and Dean swore he could see her moisture glisten on her pussy lips through the binoculars.

The panties finally dropped to the floor, Andrea's hands clasping her ankles as she revealed herself. She held this position, giving him a divine view. He ached to fuck her like that. He groaned as he jerked his cock faster.

'Are you naked now, baby?' he asked.

'Completely naked. I bent over nice and low so everyone could see my ass and pussy. God... I feel like such a slut!'

'Oooohh yes, hun. I bet it makes you feel so horny, acting like a little slut. Spread your ass cheeks for everyone. Show them what they're craving.'

'Yes honey, I'm so turned on. Ok, I'll spread my ass for them like a little slut. I'll make their cocks throb for my tight pussy and ass.'

'Oh fuck yes.'

Her fingers splayed across her buttocks, she pulled them apart, spreading her legs slightly, to give Dean a marvelous view of her tight little rosebud asshole and cute, smooth pussy. He moaned.

'Oh god baby, I want it. Now turn around, show them a full frontal view of your hot body.'

'Yes sweetheart. I'll do as you ask. I wonder if the men watching are stroking their dicks like you are.'

'I can guarantee it, babe.'

'lol. Ok, I'll do a little show for them.'

She turned around and ran her hands over her body, caressing her breasts, sucking her fingers, stroking her thighs, touching between her legs. She was swaying and gyrating as if doing a strip tease, her hips rotating, her shoulders rolling. Dean's cock was so hard it felt like it would burst. He was consumed by thoughts of being with Andrea. He moaned again when she pressed her breasts up against the window and began fingering her pussy.

'Those lucky bastards. It's not fair that I don't get to watch. But my imagination is going crazy.'

Andrea stopped her dance and opened a drawer in her bedside table. She retrieved something from it, then moved her laptop to the floor next to her as she sat down right in front of the window, her legs spread wide.

'I'm glad, honey. I hope you're jerking off thinking of me. I think I'll have a little fun too. I got my vibrator out.'

'Mmmmmm wow, you're going to masturbate for your audience? Many men would happily pay for that privilege and you're giving it to them for free!'

'Yes, that's because tonight I'm the neighbourhood slut.'

'Indeed you are, baby. What sort of vibrator do you have?'

'It's a big long one. What would you like me to do with it?'

'Mmmmm, fantastic.... I think you should start by sucking on it a little.'

'Mmmm yes sir ;)'

Dean brought the binoculars to his eyes again and watched as Andrea turned the vibrator around in her hand, tipping it up toward her face. She kissed the tip several times, then swirled her tongue around it. She then turned her head to the side and held the vibe up pointing at her face, her hand tightly gripping it. She slowly slid her lips over it and began sucking, her head bobbing with a steady rhythm as her hand simultaneously stroked it in and out of her mouth.

He squeezed his cock and sighed as he admired her bobbing head in profile. Her other arm was behind her for support, and her b-cup breasts jutted out invitingly, her nipples appearing hard as diamonds. She pulled the vibe from her mouth and traced it over her chest.

'Too bad this isn't your cock in my mouth.'

'You really are a naughty tease, darling. Now, turn it on and rub it on your nipples for me.'

'Ok.'

She twisted the bottom of the vibrator and moved it across her breasts, then traced circles around her small nipples. Dean saw her body twitch as the vibe passed over them. Andrea's mouth was open as she watched her own chest rise and fall. She began typing again.

'Oooooh, my nipples are so sensitive. The vibrator feels wonderful on them. It's making me twitch.'

'I hope it's making you wet, too.'

'Already there, hun.'

'Well, no need to stall. Give the perverts watching you what they want. Put that vibe against your clit.'

'Mmmmm yes baby. I can't wait to feel this.'

She parted her legs wide, her knees bent, looking down at her bare, glistening pussy. She traced the vibrator down between her breasts, over her stomach, across her abdomen. Dean swore he saw her body shiver as the tip of the vibe reached the spot just over her slit. Andrea's mouth opened and her eyes closed as the vibe touched her clit. Her body jolted and Dean saw her titties jiggle. Andrea's chest rose and fell rapidly as she slowly leaned back and stroked the vibe along her slit. She began to type with her spare hand.

'Oooohhhh god... fuck, this feels good.'

'I bet you're enjoying it. Showing off like an exhibitionist. I wonder if anyone's taking pictures of you right now.'

'Omg... what if they are?! I'm totally exposed, hun.'

'Then give them a good show. Something they won't forget. I know it's getting you off... just go with it, darling.'

'Mmmmm... yes sir. I'm stroking my vibrator along my slit. I'm very wet... my nipples are so hard... my whole body is tingling.'

'Pretend I'm watching you. Imagine me in my room watching you masturbate in your window while I stroke my cock.'

'Yes, baby... ok... I'm going to put the vibrator inside my pussy. I'm going to suck on it first. Get it wet so it slides easily inside me.'

Dean nearly knocked his laptop off the table as he scrambled to put the binoculars to his eyes. Andrea raised the vibrator to her lips and gave it several long, deep strokes into her mouth before positioning it at her bare pussy lips. She used her other hand to spread her labia wide as she guided the tip of the vibe inside her velvety depths. Very slowly she eased the toy into her pussy, her mouth open and her eyes closed. She stroked it in deep, then out again, glistening with her juices. She began a slow rhythm as she fucked her pussy.

The strokes of Dean's hand unconsciously matched the strokes of Andrea's vibrator into her opening. She put her hand behind her again as she arched her back, her eyes fluttering as the pleasure overtook her. It seemed her whole body moved and writhed with the stroking of her toy. It was clear she was enjoying the stimulation. Her eyes peered out into the darkness, undoubtedly seeking a glimpse of the men who may be watching her. More than once, she seemed to look directly at Dean, as if she could see him. It made him slightly unnerved, but it did not stop him from ogling her as she got off on her toy, nor did it cause him to stop jerking off.

After a few minutes, Andrea turned to her laptop and typed.

'I'm going to turn around now. I'll bend over and fuck my pussy with my toy as if I was being fucked from behind with all those hungry cocks of my neighbours watching me out there. I hope you're still jerking off, baby.'

'Mmmmm, yeah, show them your beautiful ass. And yes, of course I'm still masturbating for you!'

Andrea withdrew her toy and turned so she was kneeling, facing away from the window. She put her one leg up as he saw the vibrator appear below her pussy. She wasted no time in re-inserting it deep into her cunt, and Dean saw her buttocks flex as it penetrated her. She looked over her shoulder as she quickly stroked the toy in and out of her wet hole, biting her lip and flicking her ponytail as her body jerked, enjoying the pleasure her toy and exhibitionism was giving her.

After another few minutes, Andrea wrote to him again.

'Baby, I'm so close to cumming. I want you to cum with me.'

'I will, hun, just keep fucking that toy and I'll cum with you. Fuck it deep and hard for your audience. Show them what they all wish they could be doing to you.'

'Aaaahhh yes, omg... so hot!'

Andrea put her face down against her carpeted floor. Dean could see her rosy cheeks and lips in the shape of an 'o' between her legs as her hand became a blur, fucking her pussy hard and fast with the vibe. He saw her other hand stroke across her buttock and spread her ass cheeks. He could even see her pussy juice that had dripped down onto her asshole.

He was now stroking his cock as hard and fast as Andrea was stroking her toy into her juicy cunt. It would not be long before he came. Andrea's body writhed and bucked, her ass bobbing in the air, looking so sexy and inviting. He wished he was there. He wished that toy was his cock. He wished Andrea would invite him over and they would have wild, passionate, unbridled sex all night, right there in her window.

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This was enough to put him over the edge. Dean grunted and gasped as his cock spurted a huge load out onto his patio, just missing the table and laptop. He watched Andrea as her body seemed to become rigid. He saw her toes curl and watched her mouth open. Faintly, he heard her scream. She was cumming too. Dean jerked several spurts of thick, hot cum from his cock as he watched Andrea's orgasm, her legs trembling, her hand pushing her toy inside her pussy a final few more times.

Eventually, her body relaxed and she removed the vibrator. She moved until she was sitting up, kneeling on the floor facing the window.

'Oooohhhh fuck that was good :)'

'Mmmmm, it was for me too, baby.'

He saw her smile and put the vibe into her mouth, sucking her juices off it in a slow, lascivious manner. Dean squeezed the final few drops of cum from his softening cock as they dripped over his fingers. Andrea turned to her laptop on the floor and picked it up, carrying it to her desk. She was typing again.

'I hope my neighbours enjoyed the show. Especially you, Dean ;)'

His jaw dropped. He froze, not daring to breathe.

Andrea appeared in her window again, naked in all her glory, her cheeks still aglow with post-orgasmic rouge. She smiled and put her hand to her lips, then blew a kiss and winked. She turned and--still smiling widely--closed the curtains.

**The Tales of Andrea & Dean Ch. 04**

**Chapter 04: The Portrait**
The show had ended.

After pulling the drapes closed on her floor-to-ceiling bedroom windows, Andrea walked shakily back to her desk, her legs still feeling wobbly after her explosive orgasm. She stood looking down at the screen of her laptop, her chat window open, her eyes glued to the bottom of their naughty text. She was waiting for Dean's response after she had revealed to him that she knew it was him, and not just some random stranger from the adult fiction website she was a member of. The cursor blinked, but no text appeared. After a few moments, Dean's avatar indicated that he had logged off.

Andrea touched her lips and smiled. She guessed that she had given him quite a shock--not just with her saucy strip tease and masturbation in her window in full view of the row of houses behind hers--but calling Dean out at the end of it. Her face flushed as she recalled her shameless display. How many people were watching me? she wondered. She stroked her chest and tummy, feeling her sweat cooling on her naked body. She shivered as she imagined her horny neighbours watching her stroke her vibrator into her pussy. She thought of Dean jerking his magnificent cock as he chatted with her and watched her from his balcony. She had not been able to actually see him, but she knew he was there.

Turning her bedroom light off, Andrea lay on her bed and stretched, her arms extending above her head before moving down her body, her fingertips brushing her labia, still wet with her orgasmic juices. She marveled at what a naughty minx she was becoming, and how horny and excited she had been exposing her soft, slim, sexy body to anyone who cared to watch. She shivered involuntarily and sighed, twisting her body in her sheets. It was not long before she was asleep, her dirty dreams a mystery to all but her.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

It was a surprise and a disappointment to Andrea that Dean had made himself scarce over the following few days. She logged onto her chat account frequently, hoping to find him, or at least a message from him, acknowledging what had happened. She peered out her windows to his house, but only caught the odd glimpse as he moved from room to room. She hadn't even seen him jogging in the area, as he was usually keen to do. Did I embarrass him? she wondered. She could simply not understand why he had no interest in following up after she had exposed herself to him fully. She tried not to let it bother her, but in truth it did. She was a fit, attractive, desirable woman. Why was he avoiding her?

Despite this, she often found herself getting ready for bed in front of her bedroom window, the curtains pulled back, her light on. She routinely disrobed there, bending over excessively to remove her panties, pulling her top over her head painfully slowly to expose her b-cup breasts and rock hard nipples. Applying moisturiser to her skin. She even masturbated again, though more discreetly whilst lying on her bed. Often, she would notice Dean's bedroom light go out when she entered her room, and she was positive that he was watching her. Still, she had no contact from him.

To distract herself, Andrea took to doing what she loved: art. She spent hours in her small home studio painting, listening to music, and absorbing herself in her work. She was in the middle of touching up a painting when her concentration was broken by a knocking sound. She lifted her head and froze, listening. Yes, there it was again. A knock. She put her brush down and padded out of her studio listening for the next knock. Strangely, it did not seem to be coming from the front door.

She wiped her fingers on the tails of the man's striped business shirt she was wearing. She enjoyed painting wearing only a business shirt and panties as it made her feel more free and unencumbered. Today she had even forgone the panties, since her shirt hung low, just covering her bottom.

Another knock. It was coming from the back of the house. Andrea's heart skipped a beat. She quickened her pace and called out, "Coming!"

Rounding the corner, she smiled to herself as she saw Dean, his face up against the glass of her patio door, his hand shielding the glare from the window, peering in. When she came into his view, he started and jerked back, then smiled sheepishly and waved. She waved back, then opened the door for him.

"Well hello there stranger," she said, surprising herself with how cold her voice sounded. She realised then how much his absence had actually bothered her.

"Hi Andrea. Um, I brought you these. Cut them from my front garden," he said, handing her a small bunch of flowers.

Her heart melted at the gesture, and she couldn't help but smile as she took them. Still, she was not going to forget about why she was annoyed.

"Thank you. They're lovely," she said, taking the flowers and turning away from him.

She found a vase and filled it with water, placing the flowers inside and carrying them to the dining room table, where she set them down. She turned around and saw Dean staring obviously at her ass. She had forgotten how little clothing she had on. Her nipples instantly hardened under her shirt. She faced him again and crossed her arms.

"Um... how have you been?" he asked.

"Fine. Keeping busy. You?"

"Yeah, same. Working a lot."

An awkward silence. Andrea drummed her fingers on her arm. Dean was wearing a snug t-shirt with shorts and flip flops. She felt her excitement rise as she scanned his body. She couldn't deny her attraction to him. Still, she waited for him to speak. Then, she got an idea.

"Look--" he began.

'--I was just in the middle of something, Dean, but I'd be happy for you to come in and keep me company."

He beamed.

"Yeah.. yeah sure!"

He stepped inside and slid the door shut.

"Follow me," Andrea said, walking toward her studio, swaying her ass as sexily as she could.

She could feel the draft of air at her bottom, and on her pussy lips. She could already feel herself getting moist. She knew that Dean would have a fabulous view of the bottoms of her perfect ass cheeks, and her long, lean legs. Let him get worked up a little too, she thought.

They walked into Andrea's studio and she turned to him.

"Oh wow! You're an artist!" Dean said, sounding impressed.

His eyes scanned the room, picking over her paintings before coming back to ogle her body.

"You're very talented, Andrea. Seriously, I'm not just saying that. These are excellent," he said sincerely.

"Thank you. I do this work part-time. It's my passion. I'm mostly commissioned to do murals and portraits, but I do a lot of my own work when I can find the time."

"I'm impressed," he said, nodding and scanning the room again.

"Perhaps you could help me. I'd love to practice my sketching," Andrea said, moving her painting from the easel and replacing it with a large sketching pad.

"Um, ok. I'm not sure how much help I'd be..."

"You'll be my model, of course," she replied, grinning widely.

Dean laughed. "Oh, I don't know. I'm not much to look at..." he said modestly.

"Don't be silly. Come on, just sit there," she said, pointing to a nearby chair.

Dean shrugged and sat, leaning his arm on the back of the chair. Andrea chose a pencil and sat oh a high stool, crossing her legs. From this angle, Dean would have a clear view of her legs. She saw his eyes widen as her shirt slipped up to show off her smooth skin.

"Ready?" she asked.

"Sure. Go for it."

She began sketching him, observing the lines of his jaw, the roundness of his shoulders, the tapering of his waist. He sat patiently, and they made small talk for a short time. Andrea noticed Dean's eyes frequently glancing down at her legs and the side of her ass. he probably couldn't tell that she wasn't wearing panties from that angle, but he was still clearly excited by how much leg she was showing. Dean squirmed a little in his chair and looked at her.

"Look, Andrea, the real reason I came over today was to apologise for how I've been avoiding you. I mean, let's get this out in the open, shall we? I've felt so uncomfortable and awkward about this whole situation for days."

"What situation?" she asked, feigning innocence.

"Come on, Andrea. I watched you put on that show in your window that night, and I've watched you every night since. And you know I've been watching. You know that was my username on that site... I guess you saw that checked your browsing history and that you were a member too."

Dean chuckled and shook his head.

"I was so shocked when you revealed that you knew it was me. I thought you might be mad that I invaded your privacy or something. I just didn't know how to react. That's why I was avoiding you."

Andrea paused, observing him. Finally, she smiled.

"That's ok, Dean. I always knew you were watching, but I was annoyed that you didn't talk to me about it or anything. I mean, if we're clearing the air, let's get it all out: I watched you in my shower that first day we met. I saw you jerk off into my panties when I showered. I saw you take my bikini off and take pictures of me when I was sunbathing. I saw you stroke your cock over me while I lay there in my back yard."

"Wow... heh... ok, I guess that really does get things out in the open," chuckled Dean, rubbing the back of his neck with his hand.

"I wouldn't have shown off for you if I didn't want you to watch me. It's such a turn-on knowing you're stroking your cock while I strip down in my window at night."

"I have enjoyed every show you've put on, Andrea. To be honest, it's driving me crazy! You're all I can think about. I've been jerking off to those pictures I took of you in your back yard, fantasising about being with you," Dean said, squirming again in his chair.

Andrea looked down at his lap and saw the long bulge of his cock as it gradually hardened while they spoke.

"And I've been dreaming of you and that big cock of yours. I can see you're getting excited," she said, biting the end of her pencil. "You know, I think I'd prefer a nude model for this sketch. Do you think you can accommodate me?" she asked saucily.

"Anything for your art," Dean said, smiling as he stood up.

He pulled his t-shirt over his head, revealing his toned torso and strong arms and shoulders. His cock pushed against his loose shorts.

"Your pants too, honey," added Andrea, pointing with the end of her pencil.

He unfastened his belt and slowly pulled his shorts down, letting them fall to the floor and stepping out of them. His massive cock was clearly outlined in his boxer briefs, the head nearly poking out the bottom of the leg. Andrea's eyes roamed over his washboard abs, his lean thighs. She hummed her approval and squirmed on her stool. Her pussy tingled as she squeezed her legs together.

"How's that?" Dean asked, looking at her as she ogled him openly.

"That's wonderful, hun. But I've been showing you a lot more than that lately. It's only fair you do me the same courtesy."

"Fair's fair," Dean laughed, as he hooked his thumbs into his boxers.

He inched them down his hips slowly. Andrea was barely aware that she had leaned forward over her legs, eager to get a closer view. The room began to feel hot, and her cheeks burned. She twirled her pencil around a lock of her blonde hair as the thick base of Dean's manhood appeared below his neatly trimmed pubic hair.

"Mmmmm that's it, baby. Keep going," she said approvingly in a soft voice.

She inhaled deeply as inch after inch of his semi-engorged shaft was revealed to her, in awe and amazement at its length and girth. It was beautifully veined, and Andrea thought of how soft it would be to kiss, as she unconsciously licked her lips. Finally, his head popped free of the elastic of his boxers, bobbing heavily in front of her. She even gasped a little.

"Oh my god..." she whispered.

Dean let his boxers fall and stood with his hands on his hips, proudly displaying his enormous cock. After a few moments, he chuckled, his stomach muscles flexing.

"Aren't you supposed to be sketching me?" he said.

Andrea realised she was leaning so far forward she was nearly falling off her stool. She straightened up quickly and giggled.

"Yes, yes, of course. How unprofessional of me."

She began furiously sketching, her fingers deft and nimble, the scratching of the pencil on the paper the only sound in the room as her eyes flicked back and forth. She tried to concentrate, but the insistent itch between her legs grew. Her pencil flew across the paper--she was skilled, and captured Dean's form, his angles, shadows, and shapes, perfectly. She vacillated between her focus on her art, and her sexual desire. After keeping her attention on the page for a moment, she looked back at Dean to see that he was touching his cock; cradling its length in his palm.

"I hope it's ok if I move a bit. You look so beautiful when you're working. Your eyes are so alive, and your mouth... your lips move in such a sexy way. Not to mention how hot you look wearing that shirt."

"No, that's perfectly fine. Please, continue," she urged, blushing.

Andrea noticed her free hand fingering the buttons on her shirt. She began to unfasten them--a couple from the top and a couple from the bottom. Only two she left fastened, just below her breasts. She had uncrossed her legs, but the shirt tails still covered her bare pussy. She could feel her pussy lips slipping slightly on the leather stool. She was soaked.

Dean caressed his shaft and stroked it--long, slow strokes--invigourating it. Andrea watched it grow in his hand. Her pencil scratched the paper. Her chest rose and fell as she breathed more heavily. Her pussy burned.

"Do you like this, Andrea? Do you like sketching me while I stroke my cock for you?" Dean asked.

He appeared to be enjoying himself, and was becoming more comfortable, spreading his stance slightly and putting one hand on his hip as he masturbated.

"Oh yes, honey. God you look so hot. I've sketched nudes before, but not like this. Mmmm, don't stop, baby. Yes, that's so good. Point your cock up a little more, yes, like that. Ooohhh," she encouraged him.

Spurned on by Andrea's instructions, Dean gripped his cock more firmly and sped his pace. His hips began to move, subtly thrusting. He moaned as he watched Andrea work. The tension between them was palpable, electric.

"Yes Dean, stroke it for me. I've been dying to watch you do this. Jerk your big cock for me, hun," Andrea's voice rose in pitch as she continued drawing.

Dean stopped for a moment, noticing a large bead of pre-cum on the tip of his cock. He used his fingertips to distribute it over his swollen dick head, making it shine in the natural sunlight coming through the large studio windows. Andrea's mouth watered as she imagined what his pre-cum might taste like. She spread her legs apart and her hand slid down her body. She jerked as she touched her sensitive, swollen pussy lips.

"Let me see you touch yourself, Andrea. Please show me your pussy," asked Dean, resuming his firm, even stroking.

"It's not like you haven't seen it before, Dean," she teased.

"Please, Andrea. You're making me so hot for you, and I can see you're turned on too. Please touch yourself for me," he pleaded.

She paused from her sketching and gave him a devilish smile. She adjusted her position on her stool, bringing her ass forward and tipping her hips back. She lifted her legs, keeping them together, as if she were resting her knees on an invisible wall between them. Ever so slowly she parted her legs. Dean watched as she opened herself to him, her firm, milky thighs leading up to her cute, bare, pink pussy lips.

Being in such good shape, and keeping active with jogging, swimming, and yoga, Andrea was able to balance herself easily on the stool while she exposed her privates to her friendly neighbour. Her labia parted as her legs drew further apart, and Dean saw her wetness glistening on her beautiful vagina.

Dean visibly shivered as he beheld Andrea's womanhood, his hips thrusting more obviously, as if he was trying to resist the magnetic pull of his penis to her exposed cunt.

"Ooooh god, baby... you are so hot," he moaned.

She loved the power she had over him, and it excited her tremendously to have him look at her this way, her legs spread wide open for him, her pussy shining with her wet desire. Her fingers inched over her abdomen and down to her labia, her index and middle fingers parting in an upside-down 'V' above her slit. She pushed on her pussy lips, pressing them between her fingers and sandwiching her clit in between.

"Aaaaaaahhhhhhhh.... " she moaned, sighing deeply, her eyes half closed.

She felt a tremendous wave of pleasure course through her body and thought for a moment than she might cum right then. Her shirt was open up her tummy, exposing her belly button, and above, exposing her chest, but her breasts remained hidden. Her nipples poked obviously through the material.

"Take your shirt of, baby," said Dean.

"Ah-ah, not this time, hun. It's my turn to watch you," she replied, shaking her head and grinning. "Just keep jerking that beautiful cock for me."

"Oh god, Andrea, you are such a tease! Mmmm, I like it though. Ok then, baby, just watch me. Enjoy the show," he replied.

Using both hands, Dean now took control of his tool, pumping it and twisting his hands around his thick shaft, the head bulging out from his fist. He moaned loudly as he looked Andrea in the eyes, his gaze burning with lust. Andrea felt another wave of pleasure as she watched him, and began stroking her middle finger along her slit, teasing her clit and sliding on her abundant juices.

She had set her pencil down, and was gripping the back edge of the stool with her other hand. She looked down between her legs at her fingers--almost as if they did not belong to her-- as they teased her pussy lips. She sucked her tummy in and her body twitched as she brushed her sensitive clit.

"You look so wet," Dean said, watching her trail her fingertips along her slit.

"I am, baby. Watching you masturbate for me is making me so horny," she said in a husky voice. "Do you want to see me put my fingers inside?"

"Yes Andrea, please finger yourself."

Reaching up to her mouth, Andrea put her middle finger between her lips and sucked it briefly, before trailing it down her body. Her saliva left a small trail over her bare abdomen down to her slit, where she paused to rub her clit in small, tight, circles. Her legs twitched and she moaned. Her finger descended, slipping between her smooth labia. She looked into Dean's hazel eyes as she eased her finger between her hot, slippery folds, sliding it into her love hole and sighing.

"Aaaaaahhhhhh.... oooooouuu..." she moaned as she pushed her middle finger deep inside, pressing her palm on her mound.

She felt his gaze crawling over her body like a searing beam. Her head rolled on her shoulders as she moaned again, thrilled with the excitement of being watched so intimately, and enjoying the obvious pleasure Dean was getting from her shameless display. His eyes grew as she inserted her ring finger into her pussy next to her middle finger, dipping them into her soaked mound as if into a jar of honey. She loved the movement of his hips, the increased pace of his stroking hand, the tenseness of his muscles, the rising and falling of his chest, the wanton lust in his eyes.

"Oh my god, Andrea... I want you so badly..." he murmured, cupping his balls with his other hand as her jerked himself.

"I bet you wish your cock could switch places with my fingers, hmmm? Feel how tight, and wet, and ready I am?" she teased, pushing her fingers against the bottom of her hole, gently stretching herself, imagining his cock actually was entering her.

She shuddered at the thought, and heard herself cry out.

"I think you're wishing that too, sweetheart. Fuck, you look so hot. I can see your nipples poking through your shirt," he said, smiling.

Andrea looked down at herself, and sure enough, she noticed the nubs poking obviously against the cotton of her shirt. She arched her back and felt her tits press against the fabric, sending sparks over her chest, and spreading up and down her body. She heard Dean groan his approval.

"This is much better than spying on me in secret, isn't it Dean?"

"Absolutely... though you're still driving me crazy."

"Mmmm good. I want you to cum for me. I want to see that big load spurt out of your cock. Don't think I didn't notice how much you soaked my panties when you jacked off into them."

"Fuck, Andrea, I still can't believe I did that. But it was so hot... masturbating and watching you in the shower."

Dean's stroking was faster now, more urgent. Andrea could see the tension in his face, the tautness of his body. There was a table behind her, and she leaned back so she could put her hand on it for support, tipping her hips up further to give him a better view of her womanhood. She spread her legs further and began stroking her fingers in and out of her pussy quickly. Her skin broke out in goosebumps as she saw more pre-cum leak from Dean's cock head, dripping down into his fingers.

"Oh baby, you're leaking pre-cum for me. I can see how badly you want me, how your cock throbs to be inside me. Fuck, it's so big, Dean. I've never had a cock like yours. You would love how my tight pussy feels around it," Andrea said, growing in desire and enthusiasm.

She became aware that she was now just teasing herself. She DID want his cock inside her. She wanted him to fuck her deep with his big dick. She wanted to feel his hands grip her ankles as his thighs slapped against her ass.

"Yes baby, I want to fuck you, I want to feel the heat of your pussy against my dick head as I push inside you. Aaaaagh..." he grunted and moaned, his hand pumping fast along his thick shaft, his jaw clenching.

"Oh yes... oh fuck yes..."

Andrea's moans were high and loud. Her palm slapped against her wet labia as she furiously fingered herself, her legs shaking, her juices dripping down onto her asshole. She was moments away from pulling Dean to her and guiding his cock into her. She was going to beg him to fuck her. She needed that cock. Needed it now.

"Oh fuck, baby, I'm so close..." moaned Dean.

Andrea regained control of herself, realising how close she was to giving herself to him. Now she just wanted to see him cum.

"Yes Dean, cum for me. I want your cum," she begged, desperate to see him erupt.

"Yes baby.... yeah.... oh Andrea... I'm going to give you my cum... I'm going to cum for you, baby... oh god, I'm cumming!" Dean cried.

"Yes Dean... cum!" she echoed, her eyes wide, her fingers fucking her pussy in a blur of motion.

His whole body tensed and his hips thrust forward as he pulled back on his cock. A long, thick rope of pearly cum spurt from his dick head in a beautiful arc. It had power and distance, and splashed down along Andrea's outstretched leg and the top of her foot.

"Oh!" she cried, feeling the hot liquid touch her skin.

Her body jerked and what felt like a bolt of electricity raced through her. Her pussy clenched and her mouth opened.

"Oh Dean... I'm cumming too!" she screamed, driving her fingers deep into her pussy and curling them, pressing her palm on her clit.

She watched a second and third spurt shoot from Dean's cock, seeming to hang in the air before gravity took its course and brought them splashing to the floor. Her hips bucked as she watched him ejaculate, her orgasm wracking her body, her toes curling, a long, sustained cry of pleasure escaping her lips.

Dean grunted again, giving his erupting cock a firm stroke as he coaxed more spurts of his hot load out of it. Andrea was amazed at the velocity, the volume of his cum. Dean, for his part, was more concerned with watching Andrea have her own orgasm, her body twisting and writhing in pleasure. In the excitement, her shirt had shifted to expose her left breast, her hard, pink nipple pointing up at the ceiling as if celebrating its freedom.

A few more ejaculations spit from Dean's cock as he squeezed it and pumped it, the cum now leaking over his fingers and down to his balls. He was gradually regaining his composure as his orgasm subsided. Andrea trembled as she watched his breathing slow. She withdrew her fingers from her sopping hole and sucked them without thinking, still admiring Dean's body, his skin now with a slight sheen of perspiration.

She looked down at the floor and sighed at the white, gooey mess in amazement.

"My god, honey... that is a LOT of cum," she mused.

"That's how excited you got me, Andrea. Wow... that was... incredible," he replied, releasing his member to let in bob in front of him, dripping the remainder of his semen onto the floor between his feet.

"Seems you had some fun too," he added, grinning happily at her.

Andrea blushed, if it was possible for her to blush with already such a red face. She touched her sensitive pussy and jumped.

"Oh! Mmmm yes I certainly did."

Sitting up slowly onto the stool, Andrea closed her legs and put her hands on her knees, tipping her head down and letting her hair fall around her. She sighed, her head still swimming from her orgasm. She looked up, smiling groggily at Dean, who didn't seem to know what to do next.

"Whew! Oh, sorry hun, here," she said, retrieving a box of tissues from the table and handing them to him. Dean took several, and wiped his hands and cock.

"Sorry for the mess," he said, looking at the floor, and at her leg.

She looked down, having forgotten about his first shot that had splashed against her leg. She extended it outward, admiring the thick goo dripping down her shin and onto her toes.

"That's ok, darling. I didn't expect you to spurt so far, but it felt good... your hot load splashing onto my skin. It tipped me over the edge," she admitted.

She slid her fingers down her thigh and over her knee, trailing it through the cum. Gathering a bit, she raised her hand to her mouth and, eyeing Dean intimately, sucked his cum from her fingertip.

"Mmmmmmm," she hummed. "That's good."

"Wow Andrea... you are a saucy girl," chuckled Dean, his hands on his hips and a pleased expression on his face.

"You don't know the half of it," responded Andrea, pinching her nipple and giggling, before pulling her shirt closed to cover herself.

"I think I'll have a little nap now, hun. Thank you for stopping by, and for the flowers, and," she said, looking his body up and down, and then to the pools of cum on the floor, "for being my model."

Dean bent and picked up his clothes and approached Andrea.

"The pleasure was all mine. Well, almost all mine," he laughed.

Dean looking into her eyes affectionately, then turned his head to examine her sketch.

"Wow. That's really good! I'm impressed you could create such a good portrait in such a short time... under the circumstances."

Andrea looked at her work. He was right: it was good. Probably among the best quick sketches she'd ever done.

"I'll keep this for my private collection," she said, running her hand through her hair and winking at him.

"Well, I'll see myself out. But I hope to see you again soon, Andrea."

"Oh don't worry, Dean, you will. As long as you don't go into hiding again," Andrea replied.

She kissed her fingers, and lightly touched Dean's warm, soft lips.

"Until next time," she said, and watched him nearly trip as he left her studio, looking back at her longingly.

**The Tales of Andrea & Dean Ch. 05**

**Ch. 05: Office Job**
It was finally all out in the open. Andrea had revealed to Dean that she knew he was watching her nightly shows in her bedroom window, and since that time the two of them had had a wonderful time teasing each other. Ever since Andrea had sketched Dean in her studio as he masturbated, they had been playing a game of sexual cat and mouse. Andrea continued to strip in her bedroom window almost every night for the neighbourhood (and Dean in particular) to watch, and Dean had also begun doing the same in his bedroom, allowing Andrea to watch him change, or masturbate, or just walk around naked. They had also kept in touch over messenger, and had the occasional video chat session.

In person, however, they rarely mentioned their sexual escapades. Perhaps it was to maintain the illusion of civility, hiding their carnal desires for each other, or maybe they were waiting for the other person to take things to the next level. In any case, the teasing did not stop. Dean frequently saw Andrea outside either reading on her lounger in her tiny bikini, or gardening in extremely short shorts so that he could see the sweet curves of her ass cheeks offered up to him as she knelt down to weed or plant flowers. She often wore either her bikini top, which left little to the imagination, or wore snug-fitting tank tops with no bra, so that he could see her nipples poking through, and watch her 32 B breasts subtly jiggle as she walked. For his part, Dean was almost always shirtless when outside, and did work around his house in plain view of Andrea, sweating and displaying his lean body.

They often went jogging together, as they both liked to be active. Dean noticed that Andrea wore her most titillating clothing--short shorts, sports bras. She showed her fit, sexy body off at any occasion, and Dean noticed the frequent rubber-necking of male passers-by on their jogs, ogling Andrea and giving Dean jealous looks. Dean loved the way her ponytail bounced, and the small beads of sweat that collected between her breasts. He often found himself becoming heavy on their runs, his swelling cock bouncing comically in his loose shorts. He was sure Andrea noticed too.

They spoke often--cordial, polite, friendly conversation about their work, leisure activities, current events, the weather, music and art, neither of them breaching the subject of their sexual adventures. It was a game to them. The objective: to see who would crack first. As they became closer, it built an almost palpable tension between them, but neither would give in. And so the teasing continued.

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Dean worked in an office in the city. It was typical in many ways for a small to medium sized company, and he enjoyed his work. He had his own private office and a nice view of the city from his floor. His colleagues were smart, and easy to get along with, for the most part.

Late one afternoon, as Dean was buried in his work, Natalie, the secretary, stepped into his office. It was her habit never to knock, but it didn't bother him. Natalie was an attractive girl in her mid 20's, with long dirty blonde hair, blue eyes, and a medium build. She had the notable feature of being rather well endowed in the way of breast size. Dean often found himself having to concentrate on not sneaking glances at her breasts, as she often wore tight fitting, low-cut tops. Today she wore a frilly blue skirt with a tight white scoop-neck top. Her bra held her breasts high, creating magnificent cleavage.

"Afternoon, Dean. Hope I'm not interrupting."

She always said that: 'I hope I'm not interrupting'. She said it whether she was interrupting or not. It was another of her quirks, and Dean always smiled when he heard it.

"Not at all Natalie. What can I help you with?" he replied, leaning back in his chair and doing his best not to stare at her bulging bust.

"There's a young lady here to see you. She says she doesn't have a meeting with you. Her name is Andrea. Should I see her in?"

"Oh, uh, yes please, Natalie."

Natalie turned to go, then stopped and looked back at Dean.

"A lady friend?" she said cheekily.

"You may see her in, please, Natalie," Dean replied, giving her a wry smile and refusing to take the bait.

Natalie giggled and left.

Dean wondered why Andrea was coming to see him at work. He had mentioned where he worked, but hadn't made lunch plans with her. Nevertheless, it was a pleasant surprise.

Putting his hands on the arms of his office chair, Dean made to stand up, but the vision in his office doorway stopped him mid-rise. Andrea's petite form stood before him. He saw her feet first, in black high heels. Her beautiful, lean, stocking-clad legs ran up into an extremely tight, extremely short black pencil skirt, with a white blouse tucked into it, opened far enough to give him a glimpse of her black bra underneath. She wore red lipstick and black-rimmed glasses, and her hair was pulled back into a bun.

After an uncomfortably long pause, Dean's eyes scanning the sexy vision before him, Andrea cleared her throat. This broke Dean's daze and he stood up quickly, striding toward Andrea.

"Hey there neighbour, this is a pleasant surprise!" he said cheerfully, opening his arms to her.

She hugged him tightly, and he smelled her sweet perfume. She always smelled so good.

"Please, come in, have a seat," he said, gesturing to the armchair by his desk. She strode confidently into the room as Dean shut his door and watched her perfect ass sway.

She sat slowly, deliberately, knowing Dean was watching her, curving her back to display her bottom perfectly in her tight skirt. The tease had begun. Dean loosened his tie and walked back behind his desk, sitting down and facing the beautiful woman in front of him. Her legs were crossed, her hands poised on top of her knees.

"I didn't know you wore glasses," he commented casually, settling back in his chair.

"Do you like them?" she asked, impassively.

"Very much indeed."

Her lips curved into a coy smile. "I don't need them, really. It's just to complete the look."

"A very nice look on you, Andrea. You'd fit right in here. So, to what do I owe the pleasure?" he asked, curious and intrigued.

"I just wanted to see where you worked. I was in the area and thought I'd pop in to say hello. You have a nice office," she added, surveying the room. "And a nice view."

"That I do. Many hours of thankless labour and shameless ass-kissing to get where I am today," he laughed.

"I was going to say, who did you have to sleep with to get this office?" she giggled.

They made conversation for a little while, casual banter, the usual polite chit-chat. All the while Dean wondered what she was up to. He suspected she had dressed as the 'sexy office girl' on purpose to tease him, and it was working. She played with the buttons on her open shirt, exposing more of her chest until he saw the modest swells of her breasts over the black cups of her bra. She un-crossed, and crossed her legs several times, showing off her stems. Her skirt was hiked up so high that he could see the lacy garters of her stockings. He squirmed in his chair, and felt his member begin to swell in his trousers.

After a pause in the conversation, Andrea stood and walked over to the window, putting her hands on the glass and tipping her ass up in the air.

"You sure have quite a nice view," she said, looking out over the city skyline.

Dean nearly drooled as he ogled her sexy bottom, her skirt now just barely covering the bottoms of her ass cheeks.

"Do I ever," he replied, nodding as if in a trance.

Andrea looked over her shoulder with a knowing smile. She wiggled her ass and laughed.

"I was talking about the view out the window," she chastised him playfully.

"I wasn't," he admitted, still admiring her firm, toned ass.

She turned to face him and gave him a scolding look.

"Tsk tsk. I expected a more professional attitude from you Dean," she smirked.

"Yes, well... I am still being relatively professional. You can't blame me for admiring your cute ass, can you?"

"I suppose not," she replied, and sauntered over to his desk, hopping up on the end and swinging her legs around towards him, crossing them.

She eyed him up and down, finally fixating on his groin, where a bulge was emerging. She slipped off one of her shoes and slowly trailed her toe along Dean's thigh, up to toward his groin. He shivered when her toes touched the tip of his cock through his trousers, and felt a rush of excitement when she rubbed them up along his shaft.

"Ooooh, look at that. Getting nice and hard for me, hmm?" she giggled.

Dean gripped the arms of his chair and watched her stocking foot stroke his length, becoming more aroused. Andrea leaned forward and put her hands on the desk beside her, giving him a lovely view down her top.

"Andrea... ah, someone might come in," he said quietly, still gazing down her shirt at her breasts.

"I know. Exciting, isn't it?" she relied without missing a beat and winking.

She let her other shoe fall onto the floor and put both feet on his shaft, applying pressure on his cock and stroking it as best she could through his trousers. At the same time, she sat up and began unbuttoning her blouse even further, pulling it open to fully expose her torso. Dean glanced nervously behind her at his office door and the frosted glass next to it to make sure no one was about to come in. Satisfied, he looked back at Andrea.

"Ooooh yeah hun, show me your breasts," he said quietly.

"Mmmm-mmm," she said, shaking her head, "not until you take that magnificent cock out of your pants."

Dean hesitated for a moment, wondering what he would be able to get away with, then decided he didn't care--Andrea looked so hot sitting on his desk and rubbing his dick with her feet that reason was beginning to give way to lust.

Cocking an eyebrow, Andrea leaned back and moved her feet so that they rested flat on the tops of his thighs. A long, cylindrical bulge was clearly visible along his trouser leg. Her breasts rose and fell as she waited. Looking Andrea in her pretty blue eyes, Dean slowly unzipped his fly. It was a bit of a struggle fishing his penis from his trousers, as she had gotten him very hard, but he eventually managed to extract his impressive manhood.

"Oooouu," Andrea cooed as her eyes widened behind her glasses.

Her feet moved, deftly caressing his exposed cock and stroking him off. He felt the soft stockings on his shaft and was amazed at how well she was stimulating him with only her feet.

"Wow, you're very good with your feet, Andrea," he complimented her.

"That's thanks to years of dancing, hun. You'd be surprised at all the things my body can do," she replied cheekily.

"I'm eager to find out."

She curled her toes over his cock head and squeezed it as she massaged his balls with the other foot. She was careful and delicate, but confident and 'sure-footed'. Dean moaned and clenched his teeth as she massaged his dick head and stroked his shaft along the arch of her other foot.

As she manipulated his member, her legs parted and he caught glimpses of her black, lacy panties under her skirt, which was now riding extremely high up her toned thighs. He stroked his hands along her shins and calves, moving up to her thighs, peeking up her skirt. She spread her legs wider, giving him a better look.

"You like my panties? I wore them especially for you."

"I do like them very much," he said, squeezing her thighs and pushing them further apart. "Why don't you take them off for me?"

She swung her legs to the side and hopped off the desk eagerly, aroused by Dean's request. She turned around so her ass was facing him and slid her thumbs up the outsides of her thighs. She picked up the hem of her skirt and slid it slowly up her sexy legs, exposing her garters, then the bottoms of her butt cheeks, then her crack, all the way up to her waist. Looking back at him, she hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her lacy panties and began to peel them down, the thin strip of material pulling out from between her buttocks. She bent at the waist as she pulled her panties down, exposing her asshole and bare pussy lips to him.

A hoarse growl escaped Dean's throat as he took hold of his cock and pumped it, feeling his face get hot as Andrea bent over to reveal her perfect, shapely ass and pussy. She stepped out of her panties and picked them up, turning around to face him. Her skirt was now bunched around her waist, her cute, bald slit glistened with her juices. She dangled her panties from her fingertips and grinned at him.

"Good girl. Now give them to me," he said softly, but firmly.

She took a step forward and held out her panties to him. He could already smell her musky scent in the air in front of him, and it drove him wild with desire. His mouth began to water. He took the panties from her and brought them to his nose and mouth, inhaling deeply. The heady scent caused goosebumps to break out on his arms and his head swam. Dean extended his tongue to taste Andrea's juices. She had soaked her panties. His balls tingled.

"Mmmm, you taste wonderful," he said.

"Thank you, boss," she responded, taking on the role of his naughty secretary.

"I think it's time you showed me those cute tits," said Dean, pointing with his index finger, the others still gripping her panties tightly.

Her smile widened and she pulled her blouse open, pushing her chest out. Starting with her right breast, she pulled the lacy cup down with one hand and lifted her tit out. She repeated the process with her left, then put her hands on her hips. Her perky tits stared at him invitingly, her nipples erect and pointing, the folded bra cups framing them from underneath. Her breasts were small, but perky and beautifully shaped, capped by rosy pink areolas.

"That's perfect, darling. God you are so fucking sexy," he growled, looking her up and down, still stroking his big dick.

"Now, if you hope to get anywhere in this company, you'll have to do me a few favours," he continued, matter-of-factly.

"Yes sir. I'll do whatever you ask in order to get ahead," she replied obediently.

"Good. Get on your knees and suck my cock," he commanded.

Her body visibly shook at his words, and her cheeks blushed bright pink. Dean had taken control, and it excited her. She grinned and descended slowly to her knees between his legs. She put her hands on his thighs and stared, mesmerised, at his long, thick meat. Her eyes consumed him first. She slowly moved a hand up his veined shaft, her fingers wrapping tentatively around it. He was so thick they did not touch on the other side. Her eyes widened and she sighed.

"God... it's so big..." she whispered in awe.

"It's so nice to have you finally touch it, Andrea. Mmmm, yes, that's it, stroke it for me."

Her other hand busied itself at his belt and button of his trousers. She wanted to free it. Soon the top of his pants were open and she was cupping his balls as she softly stroked his shaft.

"Fuck... I don't know how I'm going to get this thing in my mouth," she mused.

"You'll find a way, baby. I know you're a diligent worker, always keen to please," Dean said, touching her cheek affectionately.

After stroking his dick for a few minutes, Andrea pointed his swollen head at her face and looked up at him over her glasses.

"Ok boss, here I go."

She opened her mouth wide and guided his cock between her lips. Dean felt the sweet, wet warmth of her mouth on him and shuddered, gripping the arms of his chair. Andrea put her lips around his dick head and pushed him a little further in, her eyes looking almost worried. She sucked his head, her cheeks pulling inward. Her hand stroked him.

"Aaaahhhh..." he moaned.

His vocalisation gave her more confidence, and she began bobbing her head, taking a couple inches of him into her mouth. She drooled on his member and let the spit drip down his shaft, her hand distributing it along his thick column. As she sucked him off, she began to make short, soft moans, muffled by his dick head. She looked up at him as she bobbed her head.

"You look so beautiful, baby. You're doing so well. Your mouth feels incredible. This will definitely earn you some points," Dean complimented her.

Encouraged, Andrea ran her hand up Dean's shirt over his washboard stomach and forced more of his cock into her mouth. Her brow creased with the effort, and Dean moaned and tiled his head back, feeling the back of her throat push against the tip of his cock. He lifted his hips up off his chair as she took him deep, her hand gripping him firmly. He was impressed by her blowjob talents. Not many women had been able to properly suck him off without using their teeth. Andrea was doing an excellent job, and wave after wave of pleasure washed over Dean as he watched her mouth work.

"Aaaaah fuck yeah..." he groaned.

"Do you like it, boss? Have I earned a promotion yet?" she asked, looking up at him hopefully, playing her role perfectly.

"Mmmm, you're getting close, sweetheart. Suck on my balls while you jack me off," he instructed.

Giggling, Andrea tipped his cock back toward his stomach and licked slowly down his spit-shined shaft. He felt her warm tongue poke at his balls, tickling them playfully, before her lips enclosed around one. He watched her suck his nut into her mouth as she used both hands to stroke him. She alternated between his balls, coating them in her saliva, rolling them in her mouth, slurping at them as if they were juicy plums. Dean sniffed her panties again as she licked his balls.

She kissed up his shaft again and tickled the underside of his dick head with the tip of her tongue, fondling his balls with her fingers. She looked so sexy in her thick-rimmed glasses and her hair tied back from her pretty face, her blue eyes sparkling with excitement, her lips wet with the efforts of her blow job. She sat up and pushed her chest out, her perky tits sitting high and proud. She leaned in and, holding his cock firmly at the base, rotated her body to rub her hard nipples against his cock head. Dean jumped slightly as he felt her erect nubs bump his sensitive dick. He saw traces of spit and pre-cum coat her nipples as she giggled and stroked him, admiring his turgid column.

"I'm sorry my breasts aren't big enough to tit-fuck you, sir," she said.

"That's perfectly alright, sweetie, I love your breasts just he way they are. So high, and firm, and perky. Your nipples feel great on my dick head."

Andrea beamed at him, appreciating the compliment.

"Lie down on my desk, baby, on your back. I want to touch your body," Dean said, leaning forward and helping her to her feet, putting her panties near his keyboard.

He held her face and kissed her deeply, their tongues intertwining. He pushed his body against hers, his dick poking her stomach, but she backed away, sliding her ass onto his large desk and pushing his papers out of the way. She turned and lay sideways, her head near the edge of the desk. Dean dropped his trousers to the floor and approached her, pulling his shirt up so she would have access to his throbbing cock.

Andrea took his dick eagerly into her mouth and began sucking him off as his hands explored her neck and chest. He cupped her breasts and pinched her nipples, pulling them gently. She moaned, louder this time, as his hand traveled south, over her blouse and bunched up skirt. She spread her legs obligingly as he touched the soft skin on her abdomen. She bobbed her head on his dick as he touched the bare skin above her slit. It was so smooth, freshly shaved. Dean moaned as his fingertips touched her smooth pussy lips.

"Mmmmmm.... oh yes, touch me boss," she pleaded.

Her slit was moist with her excitement, and Dean's middle finger slipped easily between her labia as he stroked her hard clit. Andrea's body tensed and she sighed as he slid his finger up and down her pussy. He pushed his finger gently against her hole as she gobbled his cock, moaning loudly.

"Oooooh yeah... don't tease me sir, put your fingers inside. Finger my wet pussy."

She reached up to stroke his shaft as she resumed her blowjob, her hips moving as she urged his finger to penetrate her. Dean used two fingers and slid them into her tight hole, groaning as she blew him.

"God Andrea, you are so tight," Dean marveled as she dipped his fingers inside her, coating them in her abundant pussy juices.

He held the back of her head as he began thrusting his hips, poking his cock deeper into Andrea's sucking mouth. He had forgotten where he was, leaving all inhibition behind, losing himself in the eroticism of the situation. He fingered her hot pussy as he fucked Andrea's mouth, his legs feeling weak, his breath coming in pants and growls. He loved how she sounded, her high-pitched, muffled moans filling his office as she pushed her hips onto his fingers, clearly enjoying the pleasure he was giving her.

Her hand began stroking him faster and she popped his dick from her mouth, moaning and looking down at her pussy as it was penetrated by his fingers, his palm slapping against her mound.

"Oh fuck yes! Fuck my pussy! Make me cum, boss!" she cried, her body shuddering, her breasts jiggling on her chest.

Andrea lifted her hips in the air as Dean pounded her cunt with his fingers, feeling it clench powerfully.

"Aaaaah yeeeeeah!" she cried as she came.

Her hand squeezed his cock hard as she stroked him and her other hand gripped her tit as she moaned shamelessly, her hips bucking as her orgasm overwhelmed her.

"Oh god yes...mmmm, gimme that big cock, sir. I want to taste your cum," she barked hoarsely, looking up at him.

She opened her mouth wide and guided his member into it, bobbing her head on it aggressively as she pumped his shaft. She was taking it deep, right to the back of her throat. He felt the incredible pressure on his head as she made wet, slurping sounds, sucking him hard. His fingers, soaked in her cum, trailed up her body until his hand groped her tit. He knew he would not last long with her giving him such amazing head.

"Ooooh yes, Andrea... you're so close to earning your promotion. Just swallow my cum and job is yours. Be a good little office slut and swallow my cum."

Andrea's eyes watched him lustily as he thrust his cock into her mouth. He clenched his teeth, feeling his orgasm approaching. Andrea sensed it too, and her hand jerked him faster as her tongue massaged his dick head. Dean moaned as his balls twitched and he felt his cum rocked through his shaft and explode into Andrea's warm mouth. She uttered a muffled squeak as the cum hit the back of her throat. She pumped him again, coaxing a second blast of semen to eject into her mouth. She swallowed the hot, salty load with relish as Dean's ass tensed again, ejaculating another blast.

"Hope I'm not interrupt--oh!"

Dean's head snapped up to see Natalie standing just inside his office, the holding the handle of the door. Her expression would have been comical had the circumstances been different, and in fact her expression likely matched Dean's. Andrea had also turned her head to the source of the voice, and she squeezed reflexively on Dean's member. Dean was unable to stop the next spurt of cum from his cock, and it splashed off Andrea's cheek and across her breast in a long, thick, gooey stripe.

Still, no one moved. The last of Dean's cum squirted on her tits and dripped on her cheek and chin. Natalie stared in disbelief at the sight in front of her, fixating particularly on Dean's large, dripping dick. There was complete silence in the room.

Andrea was the first to move. Slowly, she licked her lips and sat up. She swung her legs over the desk and stood next to Dean, using her fingers to clean the cum from her cheek and chin, sucking it off her fingers and swallowing it. Next, she bent down and sucked the last few drops from Dean's cock, cleaning him and kissing the tip softly. Natalie and Dean had still not moved, but watched Andrea as if they were paralysed.

Picking up her panties from the desk, she used them to wipe the cum from her tits, then stepped into them and pulled them up. She pulled her skirt down, pulled the fabric of her bra cups over her breasts and buttoned her blouse. She calmly put her shoes on, kissed Dean on the cheek, and walked up to Natalie.

"No, you're not interrupting. We were just finishing up," Andrea said, patting Nat's cheek, then exited the office as if nothing untoward had happened.

She shut the door behind her, and the sound seemed to jar Natalie and Dean back to reality. Natalie jumped, and her breasts bounced as she looked away form Dean's cock and put her hands up defensively.

"Oh my god! I'm so sorry! I didn't know..." she stammered.

"No, no, I'm sorry, that was really inappropriate of me. Please don't--"

"It's ok, Dean, I won't say anything. Oh my god, I'm so embarrassed," said Natalie.

"It's not your fault," he replied, awkwardly pulling up his pants as quickly as he could, half turning away from her. "God, I'm the one who should be embarrassed."

"Trust me, hun, you have nothing to be embarrassed about," Natalie chuckled, stealing a glance at his groin, not seeming to realise what she'd just said. "Oh my god... Did I just say that? I... I'm just going to go now..."

Red-faced and flustered, Natalie quickly left Dean's office. He sat down heavily in his chair, wiping the sweat from his brow. Shaking off his embarrassment, he sighed and smiled at the memory of Andrea's naughty visit.

His smile widened as a plan slowly formed in his mind about how to properly repay her the favour.

**The Tales of Andrea & Dean Ch. 06**

Making Friends

Walking briskly through her house toward the front door, Andrea paused in the hallway to look at her reflection in the mirrored closet door. She brushed her hair over her shoulder and smoothed her short, pleated summer skirt. Her white tank top was tight on her thin torso, and she had decided to forgo a bra. She turned sideways to admire the way her breasts sat high and perky on her chest, the thin cotton of the tank top clinging to her soft curves. Although the day was hot, her house was cool thanks to the air conditioning, and she smiled naughtily as she pinched her nipples through her top, causing them to poke out obviously.

She heard her doorbell ring a second time. She was excited about seeing her guest, and reached for the door to open it for them.

It had been a few weeks since Andrea had visited Dean at his office. She had initially gone there just to tease him, dressing in sexy office attire, but things had escalated and she wound up taking most of her clothes off and giving him a blowjob. It had been a shock when his secretary Natalie had barged in just when Dean was ejaculating into Andrea's mouth and across her breasts. She had been lying on his desk, blouse open, bra pulled down, skirt hiked up, sucking Dean's big cock as he fingered her pussy. She was so exposed, and there was no hiding what was going on.

The whole experience had thrilled her, and even emboldened her. She had calmly cleaned Dean's cock with her mouth, got dressed, and walked out past Natalie as they both watched, stunned. She had actually been glad that Natalie came in and got to see them in such a compromising position. Even now, as she opened the door, she got goosebumps and felt a tingle in her groin at the memory.

"Hi sweetie! You found the place ok?" she said cheerfully, greeting her guest.

"Hey! Yeah, it was no problem," replied Natalie.

After the whole office blowjob incident, Andrea had visited Dean almost regularly, meeting him for lunch, or an after work drink. She had teased him with her outfits, and flirted shamelessly with him, but nothing sexual had happened since that day. She knew he wanted her, and she wanted him, but it was a game to them, and they would both have to wait until one or the other made the next move.

As a result of visiting Dean's office, she had seen quite a lot of Natalie, and despite the initial embarrassment and awkwardness, they had become fast friends. The three of them had had many after work drinks and lunches together, and Andrea had even had several coffee and shopping outings with just Natalie. No one had yet raised the subject of the blowjob, but it seemed to have caused them to form an unspoken bond, like friends sharing a naughty secret.

It being a weekend, Andrea had invited Natalie to her house for the afternoon. She extended her arms to Natalie who leaned in for a hug and kiss on the cheek. She felt Natalie's large breasts press against hers as they embraced. Her groin tingled again.

"I'm so glad you could come over. I was so bored today and wanted someone to hang out with for the afternoon," she said to Natalie.

"Thanks for having me, hun," Natalie replied, stepping into Andrea's house. "I brought some sparkling wine."

"Oooh, wonderful!" Andrea took the bottle and walked toward the kitchen, with Natalie following.

She got two glasses from the cupboard and opened the bottle.

"Nice day for a cool glass of bubbly," she noted, filling their glasses.

The glasses were raised and clinked. "Cheers to new friends," said Natalie, smiling.

Andrea sipped her champagne and beamed at her visitor. Nat was wearing a snug-fitting red tee with a low scoop neck--a style she was apparently fond of, as it showed off her beautiful assets. Everywhere Andrea had been with her they had been stared at by men: Natalie for her enormous breasts, and Andrea for her perfectly toned ass and legs. Nat wore short navy shorts which sat low on her hips, accentuating her curvy waist. Andrea looked her up and down, her eyes wandering over her curves like a curious insect.

Over the past few weeks, Andrea would often tease Dean about the time she had spent with Natalie, telling him about how sexy Nat looked in this or that outfit, about trading sex stories, and mentioning that his name came up often in conversation.

"What? You guys talk about me?" he had asked.

"Sometimes. I think Nat might have a bit of a thing for you."

"But she's married! Did she say something? What did she tell you?" he had pleaded.

But Andrea would always change the subject, leaving him frustrated. She knew he was attracted to her, and it came as no surprise. Natalie was young (a couple years younger than Andrea), pretty, intelligent, friendly, and sociable. And while it was true that she and Andrea had conversed about Dean, it never got too personal. Natalie seemed to love her husband, and if she had anything more than a passing attraction to Dean, then Andrea was unaware of it. Still, it was fun to torture him by dropping hints, and he was sure that it must have made things interesting at their work.

"So, this being your first time at my house, can I give you a tour?" Andrea suggested to Natalie.

"Yeah, of course," she said, placing her handbag on the kitchen counter and following Andrea down the hallway.

She showed Natalie her small art studio, the lounge room, the upstairs bedrooms, and the back yard. The girls sat together in the lounge room eating cheese and crackers and drinking champagne. Their conversation meandered from work, to music, to leisure activities. They chatted and giggled as they enjoyed each others' company. On a few occasions, Andrea saw Natalie's eyes flit over Andrea's chest, perhaps noticing the way her nipples poked out, or the way her firm breasts jiggled subtly when she laughed. In her turn, Andrea also found herself stealing glances at Natalie's impressive bust, feeling a faint pang of envy at the soft, bulging breasts before her. Before long the bottle of champagne was nearly empty.

The women returned to the kitchen to open another bottle. Natalie opened the patio door and stepped out on the deck to gaze at the lawn and small garden.

"You've got such a lovely place, Andrea. I love this little back yard."

Andrea looked through the window across her yard at Dean's house, and a naughty smile touched her lips. It was time.

"It's such a nice day... how do you feel about getting some sun?" she suggested, looking at Natalie.

"Sure! Champagne in the sun sounds like the perfect afternoon. I kinda wish I'd brought something better to wear though," replied Natalie, looking down at her top.

"Come on," said Andrea, taking Natalie's hand, "I've got just the thing."

Andrea led Natalie up the stairs to her room and began rummaging in her dresser drawer. She picked out two pairs of string bikinis and tossed them on the bed. One was white and the other was green. Andrea closed the drawer and pulled her tank top quickly over her head, her small breasts bouncing into view as she tossed it aside. Andrea stared at her, looking slightly shocked at her sudden toplessness.

"Oh, sorry hun," Andrea apologised, "I'm just so comfortable around you."

Natalie continued to stare at her body for a moment, blushing, before finally looking up at her face and smiling nervously.

"No, that's totally fine," she said, looking down quickly at the bikinis on the bed. "Um, which one's mine?" she asked without looking up.

Andrea secretly enjoyed Natalie's discomfort. Perhaps it reminded Natalie of the last time she saw Andrea naked, which was in Dean's office with his cum dripping from her chin. Andrea felt her skin break out in goosebumps and her nipples hardened. She blushed as she unfastened her skirt and let it fall to the floor. She wore lacy blue boyleg panties, which hugged her toned ass cheeks alluringly.

"You can wear the green one. Sorry, it's the biggest I have. I'm not quite as well-endowed as you," she giggled.

Picking up the strings of the green bikini gingerly, Natalie held it up to her breasts. It was indeed very small, the triangles of the top covering a very small portion of her large bust. She looked down at it, then at Andrea.

The girls paused for a moment, then broke out into giggles.

"It may be a tad small," laughed Natalie.

Andrea covered her breasts in mock self-consciousness. "Hey, don't be mean," she said jokingly.

"Only teasing, hun. I'll give it a try."

Nat looked at Andrea again, then turned to face away from her to protect her modesty. Andrea could not suppress a feeling of disappointment. She watched as Natalie's fingers found the hem of her top, pulling it up over hear head. Her dirty blonde hair tumbled free of the top as she turned to place it on the edge of the bed. She wore a white bra, the straps pushing into her shoulders and back from the weight of her breasts. She peeked over her shoulder at Andrea, then unbuttoned her shorts, peeling them down over her full ass. Underneath she wore a white thong, the fabric vanishing between her round buttocks.

Andrea subconsciously caressed her breasts as her eyes roamed over the soft curves of Nat's hips and waist. She felt a rush of blood in her cheeks as Nat reached back to unfasten her bra. She found herself becoming aroused watching Natalie get undressed. Andrea had never properly been with a woman before, but she had always had a vague attraction to females. Sure, she had drunkenly made out with a few girls in her teenage years and college, but nothing further than kissing and some fondling. She remained curious, but had never felt the urge to pursue a relationship with another woman--sexual or otherwise. Nevertheless, as she watched Nat peel her panties from between her ass cheeks and down her thighs, there was no denying the tingling warmth between her legs.

She began to take her panties off as Nat turned--her arm across her breasts--to pick up the bikini. She turned back around and put the bottoms on first, tying the strings at her hips. Natalie's ass was fuller than Andrea's, and the material bunched sexily in her crack, unable to cover her luscious buttocks. Andrea quickly put her bikini on, adjusting the cups over her breasts and tying it at the back. Nat struggled a bit with her top. She was pulling and tugging at the front.

"Need some help?" asked Andrea.

"Um... yeah, kind of. It's really small," Nat said nervously.

Andrea approached her and took the strings, tying them firmly in a bow across Nat's back. "Turn around, hun, let me see you."

Natalie tugged at the cups again, then turned slowly to face Andrea, her face red with embarrassment. Andrea put her fingers to her mouth and tried to stifle her giggles. Natalie's enormous breasts dwarfed the tiny green triangles of Andrea's bikini cups. Her tits bulged out on all sides and created the most succulent cleavage Andrea had ever seen. She could even see the edge of Nat's pale areola peeking out from behind the left cup. It was almost comical how ill-fitting the top was: like trying to wear a child's clothing.

"Oh my god... wow," she said, giggling a bit to ease the tension.

"See? I told you it was too small!" said Nat, making to turn away.

"No, no, honey, you look really sexy in it," Andrea said, touching her arm, then reaching out to adjust the cup so it completely covered Nat's nipple.

She stared shamelessly at Nat's beautiful tits as her fingers brushed the bulging cleavage. She saw Nat's nipples harden through the material in response to her touch.

"Seriously, you look really hot. And besides, you'll get more sun this way," Andrea said cheerily.

"Well that's certainly true," said Nat, looking down at her big tits, seeming a little more relaxed.

Picking up her phone from her dresser, Andrea approached Natalie and stood next to her. She held the phone aloft and pointed it at them.

"Smile!" she said, and took a quick picture before Natalie could object.

"Oh my god, you can't show that to anyone!" exclaimed Nat as they looked at the picture on the screen.

The women looked gorgeous, smiling up at the camera. Natalie's breasts looked phenomenal, almost fully exposed, and contrasted nicely with the sexy subtle curves of Andrea's bust.

"Don't worry Nat, it's just for my viewing pleasure. Now why don't you go downstairs and pour us some more champagne. I'll get us some towels and meet you on the back patio."

"Sure hun."

Andrea watched Natalie leave the room, her ass swaying and her tits bouncing and jiggling erotically with every step she took, barely contained in her tiny bikini top. Andrea quickly composed a text message, reading ' Bikini babes going to get some sun in the back yard. Voyeurs welcome ;) '. She attached the photo of her and Nat and sent it to Dean. Her heart sped up and her nipples hardened as she became excited by the idea of her neighbour watching them from his house across the yard. She pulled two towels from her closet and skipped down the stairs to join Natalie on the back patio, grabbing the bottle of champagne from the fridge on the way.

Natalie was standing next to the patio table, shielding her eyes from the sun as she scanned the houses around her. The sound of a lawnmower could be heard in the distance, but no one seemed to be within eyesight of Andrea's back yard. Andrea put the towels on the loungers and the girls settled down, putting their sunglasses on and enjoying the warmth of the sun on their skin. The glare of the sun off the windows made it difficult to tell, but Andrea thought she saw some movement in Dean's bedroom. A moment later she received a text. "Looking good so far" it said, and had a photo of them taken from his bedroom.

"Who's that?" asked Nat.

"Oh, it's just Dean. Wants to know what I'm up to today. I'll tell him I'm hanging out with you. It will make him jealous," replied Andrea.

"Haha, yeah sure."

"No, seriously, he would kill to see you in that sexy bikini."

"Oh stop it."

"Come on, Nat, don't tell me you don't notice guys checking you out. I bet all the guys in the office love you."

"Well, lots of guys stare at my tits, I guess," Nat shrugged.

"I think that's kinda hot. I like when guys check me out, and stare at my ass. Makes me feel sexy," responded Andrea, stroking her thighs.

"Yeah. I mean, there are some pretty hot guys at our office, and it's kind of exciting when I catch them staring at me. I'd be lying if I said I didn't dress to show off a little. Married life can be a bit boring, so it's nice to know other men still find me attractive. There are the old men and creeps, of course, but I tolerate it."

"What about Dean? Have you ever caught him checking you out?" asked Andrea, sipping her drink.

"Oh my god, Andrea... he's pretty much my boss. That's not really appropriate," Nat said, but couldn't suppress a coy smile.

"I know he has, hun, don't try to deny it."

"He's always been respectful to me as a professional and a married woman. He's never made a move or anything... Did he say something to you?" Nat said inquisitively.

"Maaaaybe," teased Andrea.

"Really? What did he say?" asked Natalie excitedly.

"Now you're interested? I thought you said it wasn't appropriate," said Andrea grinning.

"Oh, stop being a tease and tell me!"

"Obviously he likes you, Nat. He's told me as much. He thinks you're very pretty, and sweet, and smart."

Natalie blushed, a large self-satisfied smile on her lips.

"But he would never try anything unless you showed him that you wanted to. So I guess the question is: would you?"

"Oh god... I couldn't. I mean, I'm married..." Nat replied unconvincingly.

"I know, hun. But just imagine. He's hot. It wouldn't have to be anything more than physical. And you've already seen his--"

"--Oh my god, Andrea!" squealed Nat.

"Let's not pretend you didn't see what happened that day in the office," said Andrea, sitting up in her chair and facing Nat.

"Um... what... I mean, I know, but..." stammered Nat.

"You saw his huge cock. It's amazing, isn't it?"

Natalie blushed again and laughed uneasily, looking up into the sky. She paused, then looked back at Andrea.

"It's fucking massive!" she blurted, then giggled, and took another sip of her champagne.

Andrea laughed, "I know, right?"

Nat refilled her glass, her large breasts rolling on her chest as she replaced the bottle back into the ice bucket on the table. She looked at Andrea for a moment, furrowing her brow.

"So, are you guys, like, dating?" she asked.

"No, nothing like that. What you saw--when I sucked his cock in his office--that was the first time we've really been sexual, although we've been teasing each other a bit."

"How so?" Natalie was riveted.

"Just sending naughty texts and stuff. And nothing's happened since that day. Maybe I scared him off."

"Not a chance. I see the way he looks at you. And judging from his expression, it looked like you gave him the best head he's ever had," Natalie giggled.

"Mmmm. He came so much. I'd already swallowed several mouthfuls before you walked in and saw him cum on my face."

The girls' conversation was becoming more open the more they drank. They both talked animatedly about Dean, and the details of that day. After finishing the bottle, Andrea went inside to get another. She filled Nat's glass and set it in the bucket, then sat on her lounger and reached behind her, untying her bikini strings. She casually pulled the bikini top off and put it on the table, then picked up the sunscreen.

"Oh my god," gasped Nat, looking around them. "Aren't you afraid of the neighbours seeing you?"

She was sitting up on her elbows looking over at Andrea. Andrea couldn't tell easily, but she sensed Nat was staring at her perky breasts. She began to rub sunscreen on her arms and shoulders, then over her stomach and chest, caressing her tits sensually. Her pussy tingled and throbbed. She looked up to Dean's window again, knowing he was watching.

"I'm not too fussed. I've done it plenty of times and never had any complaints."

"I can imagine! That's not really what I meant, though. What about the pervs?" asked Natalie.

"That's what makes it exciting, doesn't it?" replied Andrea, grinning at Nat as she gently pulled her nipples.

Natalie laughed. "Honey, you are crazy."

"Can you give me a hand with my back?" said Andrea, holding the bottle of sunscreen out to Natalie.

"Yeah, of course," she responded, standing up and taking the bottle.

She sat behind her on the lounger and squirted some sunscreen onto her palm. She began rubbing it into Andrea's back slowly, spreading the white cream evenly over her lightly browned skin. Andrea loved the feeling of Nat's hands on her skin, and her nipples became hard as Natalie's fingertips brushed the sides of her breasts. She took her time, and Andrea was sure the sunscreen had been applied adequately, but still she continued to rub and stroke Andrea's back, sides, and shoulders.

Suddenly, she saw motion over her fence. She tensed slightly and scanned the area, finally noticing a vague shape near the hedge at the corner of her yard and Dean's. It was him. he had sneaked into his back yard and was using the hedge as cover so he could spy on the girls from a closer vantage point. She smiled at the thought of him watching them, and she could feel moistness at her groin. She found herself wanting--needing--to touch Natalie.

"Ok hun, now your turn," she said quickly, turning to pick the bottle up from the side of the table.

The girls switched spots, and Andrea began rubbing the sunscreen on Natalie's back. She applied it almost as if she was giving a massage, and heard the occasional faint sigh from Nat. Natalie drained another glass of champagne as Andrea rubbed her back, neck, and shoulders.

"Mmmm, that feels really nice," murmured Nat, rolling her head from side to side.

Carefully, gingerly, Andrea began to tug at the string of Natalie's bikini top. She watched the bow slowly slip, the ends coming loose.

"Oh... Andrea..." breathed Nat, covering her breasts with her hands and turning her head to the side.

"It's ok, sweetie. Let me take it off. Let's both be naughty and go topless," she whispered near Nat's ear.

She clearly saw the skin on Natalie's shoulders and neck break out in goosebumps, and Nat shuddered subtly, but her hands slowly fell away from her bosom, and she nodded. Andrea untied the string around Nat's neck and lifted the fabric away. She leaned close and peered over Nat's shoulder down at her enormous bust. It was truly magnificent. Full, round, but firm, with medium-sized light pink-capped areolas. Her nipples were as hard as pebbles, and jutted out obviously.

Andrea's hands shook as she squeezed more sunscreen from the bottle. She rubbed it between her hands and reached around Nat's body. She rested them against Natalie's chest and began spreading the cream, moving down over the soft, globular flesh, feeling the hard nipples against her palms, squeezing and caressing the supple, yet firm breasts. Nat was looking down at her tits as if they belonged to someone else. She watched Andrea massage them, then tilted her head back and emitted a low moan.

"You like it, Nat?"

"Yeah... that's... really good," Nat sighed, then added, "Wow, this is so naughty!"

"Oh my god, can I tell you something?" said Andrea, then continued without waiting for a response, "I've wanted to touch your breasts so badly!" she giggled.

Nat laughed, and Andrea felt her tits bounce heavily in her hands. "I hope it was worth the wait."

"Definitely," Andrea said lasciviously.

She continued to rub the sunscreen over Nat's bust and stomach as Nat moaned softly. She leaned closer, and felt her nipples graze Nat's back. It sent shocks of pleasure through her chest and down her spine. Her pussy felt hot, and she was breathing hard on Nat's neck.

Natalie was also breathing hard, and Andrea noticed that she had spread her legs slightly. Andrea's fingers brushed the top of Natalie's bikini bottoms, and as she was going to move them up again, she felt Nat's hand on hers.

"Keep going," Nat whispered, guiding Andrea's hand toward her mound.

Andrea obliged, moving her fingers slowly over the material of Nat's bikini, feeling the plump swells of her labia, and the slit between them. She pushed her fingers against the slit and felt Natalie tense against her as she moaned. Her head rolled to the side and Andrea pressed her body up against Nat's. Their lips were nearly touching as they breathed heavily. Andrea's other hand kneaded Nat's tits as Natalie stroked her inner thigh with her nails.

"Do you... do you think anyone's watching?" asked Nat quietly, still keeping her mouth next to Andrea's.

"Maybe. But it turns me on. The thought of them staring at your big, beautiful tits out in the open, while I play with them."

"Yeah... oooooh yeah," moaned Nat.

"Kiss me, Natalie," whispered Andrea, overcome with lust.

The girls' lips met, softly at first, tentatively, then pressing harder together. Finally their lips parted and their tongues touched, exploring each other, their heads moving, sharing each others' saliva. They both moaned into each others' mouths and their bodies moved and tensed, writhing together.

Before Andrea realised what was happening, her fingers had slid underneath the top of Natalie's bikini bottoms, delving down over her soft, smooth, hairless abdomen, finding her puffy cunt lips, and pushing her middle finger between them, rubbing her clit. Nat was soaking wet, and her legs parted further as Andrea stroked her slit.

Natalie reached back with one hand and gripped Andrea's hair, pulling her mouth to her neck. Her other hand pinched the nipple of the breast that Andrea was not currently fondling.

"Oooooh fuck yeah! Put your fingers inside me," groaned Natalie, losing herself in the moment.

Andrea looked across the yard and saw the shape of Dean again. She swore she could see him moving... was he stroking himself as he watched? Was he taking pictures of them? Filming them? She felt a thrill, and hastily moved her hands to Nat's hips where her bikini bottoms were tied, pulling the strings.

Natalie gasped, and put her hands over her breasts, but did not move away from Andrea or close her legs. She let Andrea untie her bikini and even leaned back, lifting her ass up so Andrea could pull the green fabric free of her body. She tossed it to the side and moved back so that Nat's head rested between her breasts. Natalie was now completely naked, her body exposed to the open air and any prying eyes that may have been watching from the upper floors of neighbouring houses... not to mention her voyeur friend hiding by the hedge.

Nat rand her hands over her own body and parted her legs further, her hands splayed on her inner thighs. She turned her head to look up at Andrea. Andrea removed her own and Nat's glasses so they could look each other in the eye. Nat's expression was a mixture of lust, nervousness, and giddiness.

"Finger my pussy, Andrea. I don't care who's watching. I want you to make me cum," she begged.

Looking down Natalie's beautiful body, Andrea felt a pang of envy. Nat's breasts were so perfect as they rose and fell rapidly, her stomach was not as toned as Andrea's but was flat, and her pussy was clean shaven, her labia plump, puffy and pink. She could see Natalie's wetness glisten in the afternoon sun.

She ran her hands down Natalie's reclined body, caressing her breasts, rolling her hard nipples in her fingertips, feeling her hips and thighs. Finally, she rubbed Nat's clit in circular motions, watching Nat lift her hips, eager for Andrea to penetrate her. Andrea slowly dipped her middle finger inside Nat's hot cunt and watched her stomach suck in as she gasped.

"Aaaahhn!" she moaned.

Her finger slid in deep, and Andrea loved the hot, moist feeling. She stroked it in and out several times, then withdrew it, soaked in Nat's juices. She could smell Nat's musky scent, and her mouth watered. She brought her finger to her lips and sucked it as Natalie watched. She looked across the yard and saw the top of Dean's head peering over the fence. She saw movement between the slats in the boards near his groin.

"Mmmmm... you taste so good, honey," cooed Andrea as Nat smiled up at her.

She reached back down and pushed two fingers into Nat's pussy, her other hand kneading Nat's breast. She began a steady rhythm, stroking her fingers inside Natalie, feeling her vaginal walls clench and her body writhe, listening to her ragged breath, her throaty moans.

"You like that, baby? You like being finger fucked by another girl while the neighbours watch?" said Andrea, getting caught up in the moment.

"Fuck yes... it's so naughty... ooouuu yeah, do it harder, Andrea. It feels so fucking good... aaaah!" Nat continued to groan, louder now, losing all inhibition.

It was obvious to Andrea that Natalie, like her, enjoyed being an exhibitionist. She was getting off on exposing herself, on acting like a dirty slut for all to see. Andrea felt equally excited, and was surprised at how erotic it felt to be intimate with her female friend. She stroked her fingers into Natalie faster, her palm slapping against Nat's clit, listening to the wet sounds of her juices, twisting her body so she could get her fingers deeper, all while squeezing Nat's large tits.

"Aaaahhh... yes baby... yeah yeah yeah...oooouuuu, fuck it just like that..." squealed Natalie, lifting her knees up and out, and pushing her tits together from the sides with her arms as her nails gripped her inner thighs.

"You're such an exhibitionist slut, Nat, showing off your sexy body and big tits to my whole neighbourhood. I'm going to make you cum for them," growled Andrea, pounding Nat's pussy with her hand.

"Do it, honey, make me cum! Oh fuck, I'm so close! Make me cum for your neighbours!" Natalie cried, her body beginning to tremble.

Her moan was high and loud, building in volume and intensity as Andrea plunged her fingers in and out of Nat's wet fuck hole. Natalie's legs shook and Andrea felt her pussy clench powerfully.

"Aaaaahhhh yeeeeaahhh!" screamed Nat, as Andrea felt a gush of warm fluid on her palm.

She cried out and felt her fingers forced out of Nat's cunt with the force of her contraction. Nat's hips tipped up as her pussy squirted a jet of pussy juice straight up like a fountain. It splashed down on Nat's thighs, stomach, and breasts, sparkling in the sunlight as her body was wracked with orgasmic spasms.

She squirted again, the stream spraying out and away from them this time, screaming in ecstasy, not caring who heard. Andrea put her fingers in the streams of cum, and rubbed the liquid into Nat's breasts and stomach. Nat trembled as her orgasm abated, emitting short moans and sighs, shaking and twitching each time Andrea touched her clit or her pussy lips.

"Oh my god... oh my god..." she kept repeating softly, squeezing her thighs as her body finally relaxed.

Her hands released her thighs and joined Andrea's in rubbing the pussy juice into her skin, slowly and sensuously.

"Wow... I can't believe you made me squirt," she said quietly, looking up at Andrea.

Andrea was lost in wonder and desire. Nat's explosion had surprised her (she herself had never squirted before), and she felt overwhelmed with lust. She was afraid Nat would not return the favour, and her expression must have shown this, for Natalie smiled widely and giggled.

"Oh sweetie, don't worry... now it's your turn," she assured her, sitting up and turning around to face Andrea.

The crotch of Andrea's bikini bottoms was soaked, the white material a slightly different colour over her slit. She was practically panting, and upon seeing Natalie's glorious, cum-soaked breasts, she darted forward, pushing her face between the slippery globes. She sucked and lapped at Nat's tits hungrily, tasting her squirt juice, nibbling her nipples, pushing her face against Nat's soft bosom. Natalie stroked her hair encouragingly, and even began to moan again.

"Be careful or I'll make you do me again," she giggled.

Andrea looked up, and began kissing Nat passionately, their tongues dancing against one another like writing snakes. Natalie began kissing her way down Andrea's neck, then to her chest. She lingered at her breasts, caressing them and putting her lips on every inch of her skin, sucking her nipples and pulling them with her lips and teeth.

Andrea became self-conscious. "I know they're not as nice as yours--" she began.

"--stop it," Nat interrupted. "They're beautiful."

She sucked Andrea's tits both with tenderness, and eagerness, and Andrea loved her for it. But she soon became impatient, as the itch and tingle in her pussy was becoming unbearable. She put her hands on Natalie's hair and pushed gently down.

"Please... I need you to lick my pussy," she said in a breathy voice.

Nat smiled and kissed down her stomach as Andrea reclined, watching Nat as Nat watched her, kissing her tummy, her navel, lower, to her abdomen, lower again... down. Natalie carefully untied Andrea's bikini and pulled it away. She sighed as she looked at Andrea's wet pussy, licking her lips and lowering her head.

Andrea jumped as Nat's lips made contact with her labia. She was so horny she could barely see straight. She felt Natalie's soft, hot tongue tracing patterns on her inner thighs and pussy lips. Then, across her yard, she saw Dean's head peering over the fence, fully visible now. She ran her hands through Nat's hair and carefully motioned to Dean with her finger, beckoning him. He looked surprised, but moved to the gate, and opened it slightly.

She could see that he was shirtless, and had pulled his shorts down to his knees. His cock was rock hard and standing at attention. His hand wrapped around his shaft and he pumped it as he watched Natalie lick Andrea's cunt. Andrea got an idea.

"Oh my god," she said, quietly but with alarm.

"What?" Nat responded, looking up at her face. She began to turn her head in the direction Andrea was looking.

"No, don't look. I think I can see my neighbour through his window."

"Oh shit!" cried Nat, and began to move, but Andrea held her by the hair.

"No... no don't move. I don't want him to know I can see him. He's... he's definitely watching us. He's naked, I think. Oh my god, Nat, I think he stroking his cock watching us!" she hissed excitedly.

"What? Oh my god... what should we do?"

"Keep going, hun. It's really turning me on. I've seen him before. He's just a little older than me, I think. Really hot. I... I want him to keep watching us. Oh fuck... it's so sexy," she said, moaning now.

Natalie paused for a moment, seemingly resisting the urge to turn around and look. Instead, she smiled and moved her knees back, tilting her full ass in the air in Dean's direction. Andrea saw Dean open the gate further and take a step into her yard to get a better look. In his other hand Andrea saw his phone. He was recording them.

"Then let's give him a good show," said Natalie, and dipped her tongue between Andrea's pussy lips.

Andrea moaned loudly as Nat went to work, licking her slit, sucking her labia, tonguing her clit rapidly, slurping at her juices as her hands roamed over Andrea's body. Andrea's hips moved rhythmically as Nat pleasured her, and her hands stroked Nat's hair, sometimes gripping it and forcing Natalie's face against her wet mound.

She watched Dean as he stepped further into her yard, seemingly having difficulty concentrating on approaching silently, watching the girls, filming them, stroking his cock, and making sure his shorts didn't trip him. He stopped only a couple meters from Natalie's ass. Andrea could just imagine what he saw: Natalie's round ass cheeks and thighs, still glistening with her pussy cum, her tight, puckered asshole, her bare, plump cunt lips. He could probably see the sides of her hanging breasts too. He smiled at Andrea as he jerked his cock excitedly, and she moaned louder to try to cover any sounds he might have made.

"Oh fuck, Nat, you're so good with your mouth... oooooohh, I love it. Put your fingers inside me," moaned Andrea.

Nat looked up at her, her lips wet with Andrea's lubrication. "Is he still watching?"

"Yeah... he's stroking his cock so fast now," she said, looking at Dean. "I bet he'll cum soon."

"Mmmmm, then let him watch this," replied Nat, and Andrea saw her arm disappear beneath her. "I'm spreading my pussy open for him. God... if only he were here to fuck it," she mused, then lowered her head to Andrea's cunt again.

Dean bit his lip as Natalie said this, and his fist stroked his big cock faster. Andrea felt Natalie push two fingers into her pussy and she cried out in pleasure. It was all so stimulating: getting her pussy licked and fingered by a sexy woman outside in her backyard in the middle of the day while her neighbour secretly watched and filmed them as he stood only meters away, stroking his thick manhood. She could see that Dean wanted nothing more than to stuff his manhood deep into Natalie's hot cunt until he emptied himself completely inside her, gripping her ass and pounding his hips against them. She wished that he could do it, that he would fuck her hard while she ate her pussy so that the three of them would cum together. She felt her head buzz and her pussy tighten. Although Dean didn't step forward to penetrate Natalie's wet, open pussy, it seemed the fantasy was enough.

"Aaaahhhh... ooooooh baby... c-cum!" she cried out as her orgasm approached.

She was saying it to Dean, but of course Natalie thought she was talking about herself. Incidentally, it referred to both Andrea and Dean.

She saw Dean's mouth open and his face contort as he pumped his column firmly, a thick rope of cum ejaculating from his tip and flying through the air. At the same time, her body jerked and she screamed as she came, Nat's fingers buried deep inside her, her mouth sucking hard on her clit. She gripped Natalie's hair firmly and ground her cunt into Nat's mouth as wave after wave of orgasmic bliss washed over her. Natalie was moaning too, probably fingering her own pussy as Andrea came in her mouth. Dean spurted again and again, his pearly white cum dropping into the grass and dripping over his clenched fingers. His stomach and legs tightened and flexed as he milked the last of his load from his cock. He breathed heavily, his chest and brow sweaty with his efforts.

Andrea began to relax, her eyes half-closing, her hand loosening on Nat's hair. Dean took the opportunity to sneak back into his hard, and hid again next to the hedge, still watching the girls.

"Oh my god, Natalie, that was incredible," panted Andrea.

Nat giggled and sucked her fingers clean of Andrea's cum. "I'm glad you liked it. Oh my god, did he cum?" she said quickly, turning her head to see if she could catch a glimpse of the spying neighbour.

"Yeah... I saw him spurt. That's what made me cum. But I think he noticed that I saw him and he left quickly."

Nat looked disappointed, but smiled again after a moment.

"Oh my god... we are such sluts!" she giggled again and kissed Andrea's pussy lips, tasting her again.

"That was really hot, Nat. I'm so glad you came over," replied Andrea, touching Nat's cheek affectionately.

Natalie crawled up Andrea's body, kissing her and stroking her sweaty skin.

"Please don't tell anyone about this, ok hun? I mean... I'm a married woman," said Nat with a naughty grin on her lips.

"Of course, sweetie. It's our secret... any my neighbours'" Andrea giggled.

Natalie blushed as she rubbed her big tits against Andrea's modest ones, then sighed.

"Whew... it's hot out today. I wouldn't mind a quick shower, if that's ok. I'd love you to join me, too," suggested Natalie.

Andrea sat up and kissed her on the mouth--a long, passionate kiss. She could taste her pussy on Nat's lips.

"Lead the way," said Andrea, smiling and cupping Nat's breasts.

Natalie grinned and hopped up, her tits bouncing, and, grabbing her towel from her lounger, strolled casually inside. Andrea got up to follow her, collecting their bikinis and the champagne bottle. Before going inside her house, she turned and caught Dean's eye over the fence.

She blew him a kiss, giggled, then closed the sliding door behind her.