**The Voyeurs**

by Tempest

*Jennifer's new neighbor turns out to be a very unusual man and they start a very unusual relationship.*

**Chapter One**

I live in an older neighborhood of small, two-story, single family homes. My Dad died when I was much younger – in fact I don't remember much about him except what Mom has told me. Mom said he was going to work on his motorcycle early one morning when he got hit by a truck. Apparently the company that owned the truck paid out insurance money which allowed Mom to pay off the mortgage and the car loan. She still has to work though.

My older sister is a lot smarter than me as she got a full scholarship to go to college. Mom says I don't apply myself enough whatever that means. I do okay at school and I'll be going to high school next year. I have four good friends and one really good friend. Her name is Monica and she very pretty and all the boys chase after her, but she doesn't let them catch her as she's a lesbian. I'm okay with that and we've never done anything together but I've been curious at times to see what sex with another girl would be like.

Monica tells me I'm beautiful. She says "Jen, you're beautiful and don't let anyone tell you otherwise. I love your long blonde hair and grey-blue eyes." I don't think I am though, so maybe she tells me that to make me feel better. I wish my boobs were bigger; as it is I only wear a 34A bra and Monica is a 34B already and she's only thirteen – well thirteen and a half. I think my ass is okay though, as this last year I really put on a growth spurt and Mom had to buy me all new clothes which she could ill afford.

Our house and our neighbor's house are quite close together. There's a common driveway between the houses that's wide enough for two cars with room to walk around them. The driveway ends at two single car garages that are joined together; there's a fence between them and the houses. Each fence had a gate in it that leads to the backyard.

I don't know what the guy who built them was thinking though, because my bedroom window faces the bedroom window in the neighbor's house. Both windows are tall, with a low sill two feet off the floor. I can look across the common driveway right into their bedroom. They can do the same which is why I tend to keep my drapes closed.

The house had sat empty for a month when the previous owners moved out. Mom said something about foreclosure. I looked it up and it means that the owners couldn't make the monthly payments and the bank evicted them. I was sorry to see them go as I had a bit of a crush on their sixteen year old son. He didn't know it of course and hardly ever acknowledged my presence. Monica said that high school boys never even look at middle schoolers so I shouldn't waste my time trying to get him interested.

It was a Friday afternoon, and the school bus dropped me and four others off where our street joined the main road. As I got near to my house, I saw a moving van parked outside my neighbor's house. The large, double, side doors were open and a man dressed in a blue uniform came out of the van and down the ramp carrying a piece of furniture wrapped in a large padded blanket.

As I walked up the path to our front door, I saw a man getting out of his car in the driveway. He waved at me and smiled. I waved and smiled back. He looked to be in his late twenties, about six inches taller than me (I'm five-three), very good-looking, with dark brown hair. I didn't see a woman or kids, and as he was driving a newish-looking Corvette I assumed he was single. I love cars – especially Corvettes. Mom says I must have inherited that from my Dad since he was what she called a gear-head.

I unlocked the front door and climbed the stairs to my bedroom. The drapes were open and I went to close them when I saw my new neighbor again. He looked to be giving direction to a man carrying a large headboard. It seemed as if the bedroom was going to be his or maybe for a guest. The houses on this street looked to be the same; Mom calls them cookie-cutter houses since she had been in a couple and they were the same inside. Only the outsides were different – but not by much. Some had a front porch and others had different brick or siding. Our house had three bedrooms all the same size and one bathroom so maybe the bedroom opposite mine was going to be his.

Dropping my backpack on the bed, I changed out of my school clothes into a loose t-shirt and a pair of blue cotton shorts. The school I go to has a strict dress code. No t-shirts with any form of message printed on them, I could wear skirts as long as they came to below the knee or I could wear jeans. I usually wore a plain cotton blouse and jeans.

At five thirty Mom got home and started to cook dinner.

"We have a new neighbor," I said as we sat eating.

"It's about time," Mom replied. "I've been after the bank to cut the grass for weeks now. How big's the family?"

"I only saw one man and he was driving a Corvette so maybe he's a bachelor." I saw a slight smile on Mom's face. She had dated a few guys these last few years, but nothing came of them. I was glad in a way as I didn't really like any of them. I didn't like the way they treated me like a child.

**Chapter Two**

The next morning around ten o'clock, I had just dropped a trash bag into the wheeled container when I heard music playing. It was a Kinks song called You Really Got Me. The Kinks were one of my favorite groups and I had most of their songs on my iPhone. I opened the gate and walked onto the driveway. I was greeted by the sight of my new neighbor dressed in just a pair of shorts and flip-flops. He was washing his car and I just stood there, rooted to the spot, looking at his body.

He was quite muscular, but not like a body builder. I thought maybe he worked out at the gym since he seemed nicely toned. I felt my panties getting damp as I watched him run the wash mitt all over the roof of the car. Soapy water was dripping of his elbows, sparkling in the mid-morning sun.

As he dipped the mitt in a bucket of soapy water, he looked across at me and smiled, showing me two rows of perfect white teeth. He dropped the mitt in the bucket and came over to where I was standing. He wiped his right hand on his shorts and held it out.

"Hi, I'm Trevor," he said. I couldn't take my eyes of his gorgeous green eyes and dazzling smile, not to mention his six pack abs. I must have appeared stupid as I just stood there. Then I pulled myself out of a daze and shook his hand.

"I'm Jennifer, but everyone calls me Jen," I said finally.

"Well it's nice to meet you Jen," he said.

"I love your Stingray; it's a ZO6 – right?"

"Wow! You sure do know your cars," he said.

"Yeah, Mom says I take after my Dad; he was what she called a gear-head."

"What's your dad's name?"

"It's Eric but he died when I was very young."

"Oh, sorry to hear that. How old are you Jen?"

"I'm thirteen. I go to high school next year. You married or have kids?"

"No, it's just me and my cat Leopold I'm afraid. So, it's just you and your mother – no brothers or sisters?"

"I have an older sister but she's away at college."

I stood there not knowing what else to say. I should have gone back in the house but I wanted to keep looking at his gorgeous body. My panties were definitely wet now and I could feel my nipples getting hard. I wanted to check and see if they poked my tee-shirt but didn't want to embarrass myself.

"You're quite beautiful Jen," he said.

"Thanks," I replied, feeling my cheeks flush. "I have to go now. Nice to meet you Trevor." I turned and walked back toward our gate.

"I'll take you for a ride some time if you like," he shouted after me.

I turned and said, "I'd like that a lot."

**Chapter Three**

At nine I kissed Mom goodnight and went upstairs to my room. I quickly got undressed and put my pajamas on. They were the shiny cotton ones Mom got me from Abercrombie and Fitch. The top had short sleeves, buttons down the front and came to my ass. The shorts and top were a pale-blue with bark-blue piping. I usually wore a simple pair of white bikini-cut cotton panties underneath. After peeing and brushing my teeth, I walked back into my bedroom, turned off the light and headed for my bed when I saw light coming through the small gap between my drapes where I hadn't closed them completely.

JENNIFER PEEPED THROUGH THE gap at her neighbor's bedroom window. The light was on and the drapes were drawn back all the way. She got a shock when her new neighbor walked into his bedroom wearing just a pair of very tight briefs!

She couldn't take her eyes off his body. She had seen most of it that morning as he washed his Corvette, but obviously what she hadn't seen was his cock – not that she could see it now. It looked like he had an erection since it stood straight up and all the details where outlined in the thin stretch cotton of his briefs.

He stood there looking straight at her. She didn't know if he could see her or not. Probably not, she thought since her room was dark. She slipped her hand down the front of her pajama shorts and cupped her pussy inside her panties. The sight of Trevor's, cock outlined in his briefs really got her aroused. The shapes of the head, the shaft and his ball sack were all visible. She thought she could see the very tip of his cock peeking out the top of the elasticated waist band. As she slipped her middle finger into her slit, she almost came as she saw him put his hand inside his briefs and start to rub his cock; she could see the outline of his knuckles where the material has stretched around his fist.

God, this was incredibly sexy she thought. She didn't know if he was putting this on for her benefit? "Did he even know this was my bedroom?" She asked herself. It could easily have been her mother's or Cindy's room. Then she remembered that she had changed when she came home from school and the drapes were open. She blushed at the thought of him seeing her in just her bra and panties. Then her nipples and pussy tingled at that thought. "Wow! What if he did see me? Was he now giving me a show in return?" she said to herself.

She watched him for five more minutes until he turned around, giving her a great view of his ass. Both she and Monica loved watching men's butts. They both thought they were the best part of a man's body – well maybe the second best part. He turned his light off. Jennifer got into bed and continued rubbing her clit until she brought herself to a nice cum.

**Chapter Four**

I CALLED MONICA THE NEXT morning and told her all about the show Trevor put on for me.

"Did he cum?" She asked.

"No, he just rubbed it for a few minutes. But you should have seen the bulge in his briefs Monica. I know you're not into guys, but his cock looked big and he's got a great bod."

"You gonna put on a show for him tonight?"

"Dunno. You think I should?"

"Does it turn you on thinking about doing it?"

"Big time."

"Then I would, but take it slow . . . you know . . . tease him a little."

"Then I think I will. Bye Monica."

All that evening, letting him see me in my bra and panties was all I could think about. Mom even asked me if I was on the same planet as she was talking to me and I wasn't answering. At eight-thirty I went to my room and looked in my lingerie drawer. After looking through its contents, I pulled out matching bra and panties. They were pale-blue lace. You could see my dark areolas through the lace of the bra as well as my sparse light brown hair through the bikini-cut panties. After putting them on, and making sure a nice camel toe was showing, I walked to the window. I stood there trembling as I grasped the drapes and drew them back. His bedroom was dark but I could make out a figure standing back from the window so as not to be visible.

JENNIFER FELT LIKE A STRIPPER at a gentlemen's club with acres of flesh on display. She turned around to let him see her ass, pulling the material of the bikini bottoms into the crack of her ass. She could almost feel his eyes on her, looking at her cheeks. She reached behind and unhooked her bra and let it fall off her arms onto the floor.

She thought this was so hot. Now she knew why girls become strippers. The rush that they must get as they show their bodies to the men at the club. She felt that rush and she wasn't even naked yet.

Turning slightly, she gave him tangential view of her left boob. She cupped both boobs and turned around. She gave him a quick flash of one of them and was sure he was standing there masturbating since she could see something moving rapidly in the shadows.

This show went on for five minutes until she turned her back on him and bent down, giving him a nice view of her very plump pussy coddled in her panties. Covering both boobs with one hand she closed the drapes with the other. The orgasm she gave herself in bed that night was extra intense.

**Chapter Five**

SUNDAY MORNING I DROPPED some envelopes in our mail box. As I was walking back up to our front door, I heard my name shouted. It was Trevor.

"Jen, you want to go for a ride?"

"Be with you in a sec," I shouted back. I went inside the house and told Mom I'd be gone for a while. I paused at the front door, took a few deep breaths and walked outside. Trevor smiled and acted as if the events of the past two evenings never happened.

"Hey Jen," he said as he opened the passenger door for me.

I got in and buckled up. He fired up the big supercharged vee-eight and backed out of the driveway.

"Where we going?" I asked as he drove off.

"I thought we'd drive up to the mountains. I know a nice restaurant where we could have lunch."

It sounded very romantic. "That sounds nice," I told him.

Thirty minutes later, we pulled into the gravel parking lot of Mountain View Café. Trevor opened my door and helped me out. He was such a gentleman, I liked that about him. Inside we were seated at a table with breathtaking views of the valley below.

"So. Tell me something about yourself Jen," he said.

"There's nothing much to tell really."

"Oh I'm sure there is. What music do you like; who's you favorite movie star?"

"I love the British bands of the sixties – the Kinks, Herman's Hermits, the Moody Blues."

"That's most unusual for a teenager. I love the Kinks as well, I have all their songs on my iPhone."

"I do too," I said excitedly. You were playing You Really Got Me on your car stereo yesterday morning. I heard it over our fence."

"I can play their album on the way back if you want."

"I'd love that."

Our soup and sandwiches came and we talked as we ate.

"What do you do for a living Trevor?"

"I'm a male model," he replied. I almost spit my soda out.

"A male model!. Wow!" I said as I regained my composure. "Well you sure have the body for it." I had no idea why I said that as it made me blush. "I mean . . . I saw you . . . you know . . . washing your car."

"Yes it's a little unusual job, but as they say – someone has to do it."

"Exactly what do you have to do?"

"Well I model clothes and underwear. In fact, if you've seen any of the print ads for Hayes underwear that's me in their stretch briefs and tee-shirts."

I felt a little heat in my face but hoped I wasn't blushing too much as I remembered his hand down the front of his briefs on Friday night.

"I haven't seen those but I don't read many magazines."

"I'll let you have a couple of copies if you want."

"Thanks, I'd like that."

"You know you would make a great model."

"Me!"

"Yes, you would be surprised but companies are always looking for fresh faces to model their clothes. They pay very well. Of course you would have to get your mother's approval and they usually require that mothers be there when they do the shoot."

"How much do they pay?" I asked. Extra income would be welcome. "My Mom doesn't earn a lot and she really needs another car as hers is on its last legs."

"It depends. A photo shoot with outerwear pays around two hundred an hour. Underwear pays more – around two-fifty an hour."

"Wow that's a lot."

"You want me to put you and your mother in touch with my agent?"

"Agent?"

"Yeah, they get the work for you and take a ten percent fee."

"Okay, I'll talk to Mom and see what she says."

We finished lunch and listened to Kinks songs all the way home singing with the lyrics.

**Chapter Six**

ALL THROUGH THE EVENING Jennifer was on a heightened state of arousal at what Trevor might show her. She wasn't disappointed. She didn't even try to hide behind the drapes, but stood there in her bra and panties watching him. He tugged his briefs down and she gasped as his cock sprang out. She noticed that he was completely hairless, even his ball sack was bare. The sight of his smooth cock in his fist made her weak at the knees.

He started to masturbate, twisting his fist as he slid it up and down the shaft. She couldn't stand it anymore; she reached behind and unhooked her bra and let it fall to the floor. The sensation of standing there topless, with her sexy neighbor watching her all the while stroking his cock was incredibly sexy. She could feel herself leaking into the gusset of her cotton panties.

She watched intently as Trevor masturbated and it was one if not THE most sensual act she had ever witnessed. Even watching her best friend Monica bring herself to a climax didn't compare to what she was now watching. His eyes narrowed as he fisted himself faster and faster. Then she saw his legs shake; he stopped stroking his cock as a thick, white rope of cum shot up in the air and landed back on his hand. It was followed by three more equally long ropes. The last couple oozed out.

She could see him panting, breathing hard. He picked up a towel off the window sill and cleaned up. A few minutes later he turned and walked to the bed and then the light went out. She climbed into bed and put her hand inside the front of her very wet panties and brought herself to a quick, but very satisfying climax.

FOR THE NEXT WEEK, all I could think about was my neighbor Trevor, masturbating for me. The image of him cumming was burned into my brain. I knew that the next Friday night when he looked into my window, I was going to masturbate for him. That thought alone caused dampness in my panties. Friday night came and I kissed Mom goodnight. After peeing and brushing my teeth I went to my room where I undressed and put on the sexiest bra and panties I had. They were the same ones I wore when he masturbated for me.

THE DRAPES WERE OPEN and his bedroom light was off – he was not there. She positioned a chair near the window, sat in it and waited. Fifteen minutes went by and still no sign of Trevor. Then she saw the headlights of his car coming down the street. He pulled into the shared driveway, killed the engine and got out. He glanced up at her window before going into his house.

Five minutes later, his bedroom light came on and she saw him getting undressed. He stood at the window with a semi-erect cock hanging down between his legs.

Jennifer's panties started to get wet. She stood up and put her hands behind her back and unfastened her bra. Turning around, with her back to him, she let the bra slip off her arms onto the floor. Cupping her breasts with her hands, she turned back around. Slowly, ever so slowly she move her hand off each breast in turn. As he saw her naked breasts, she saw his jaw drop. The thrill it gave her was incredible.

Now, realizing what she was about to do, she started to tremble with excitement. She moved the chair in front of the window and saw down in it. She hooked her thumbs inside the elastic waistband of her panties and slowly lifted her butt of the seat and pulled them down and off. As he saw her naked pussy his cock twitched.

She could hardly believe what she was doing – exposing herself to Trevor – something she had never done before. The only person to see her pussy was her friend Monica. She swallowed hard and put both feet on the window sill side by side. Feeling like a stripper on a stage with dozens of pairs of eyes on her crotch, she slowly moved her feet apart; the slit formed by her plump labia stayed tightly closed. As she moved her feet further apart her vulva opened like a flower exposing her small inner labia and her vagina. Trevor was stroking his cock faster now as he watched the show that Jennifer was putting on just for his benefit.

She pushed two fingers inside her vagina, curling them, feeling her intense arousal as she started to masturbate for her handsome neighbor. With two fingers of one hand inside her vagina she rubbed her clit with the pad of her finger of her other hand. Sliding down the chair a little and spreading her legs wider to give him a better view, she rapidly flicked her engorged clit. He was fisting his cock furiously as he watched the thirteen year old bring herself to a climax.

As he came, spurting cum into his other hand, Jen climaxed too. She clamped both hands between her legs as she had the most intense orgasm of her young life. Her whole body shook as her orgasm engulfed her. Trevor's orgasm was over and he stood and watched Jen shaking in the chair with both hands clamped between her thighs.

Jennifer sat there for a few minutes, letting her breathing slow and her body to calm. As she looked over at Trevor standing there with his cock now semi-erect, he put his hands together in silent applause for the show she had just put on.

**Chapter Seven**

THE NEXT NIGHT – A SATURDAY, Mom dropped me off at Monica's house as we were having our monthly sleepover. She couldn't believe it when I told her what I had done the night before.

"You masturbated for him?"

"Yes and when he shot his load I came so hard. I don't think I've cum that hard before."

"You gonna let him fuck you?"

"I dunno. You know I'm not a virgin but his cock looks huge."

"If I were you Jen. I'd let him fuck me. But as I'm not into guys I'll let you have the honors." Both girls giggled.

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BACK AT JENNIFER'S HOUSE, her mother Priscilla, was getting ready to do what she always did on a Saturday night – the weekly wash. She thought how boring her life was. She had dated quite a few guys and slept with a couple but the relationships never developed. It was a Saturday night and all she had to look forward to was giving herself an orgasm as she lay in bed.

She noticed that she didn't have Jennifer's dirty laundry so she went upstairs. As she opened the door and before turning on the light, she noticed her neighbor's bedroom light was on and there was a man standing at the window.

Priscilla put her hand to her mouth as she gasped – he was naked and he was masturbating. She stood rooted to the spot watching him with his cock in his hand. The thought crossed her mind that Jennifer had been watching him and wondered what she had been doing in return. She felt her panties getting damp as she watched him. Deciding that she couldn't let another Saturday go by with just her finger for company, she went to her room and put on the sexiest underwear she had; a blouse that she left open to so her cleavage was visible and a pair of figure hugging jeans.

She knocked on her neighbor's front door. After a few minutes, Trevor opened it. She stuck out her hand.

"I don't think we've met," she said. "I'm Priscilla and I live next door."

He shook her hand. "I'm Trevor and it's nice to meet you," he replied. He stepped to one side. "Would you care to come in?"

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"I'm so sorry Jen," Monica said as she rinsed her mouth out with water. She had been throwing up for the last ten minutes. "I don't know what brought this on."

"That's okay Monica," Jennifer replied, "we can have another sleepover when you're feeling better."

"Dad'll take you home. Better that you not stay here as you may catch what I have."

Fifteen minutes later, Jennifer opened her front door and stepped inside.

"Mom, I'm home," she shouted. There was no reply so she went to her bedroom to see if Trevor was in. She looked across at his bedroom window. The bedside light was on and all she could see was two pairs of legs on the bed, one most definitely belonging to a female and she was on her back. "Trevor must have a friend," she said under her breath. She stood and watched for a few minutes. The legs belonging to the woman swung over the edge of the bed. The woman got up and walked to the bedroom door. She had her back to Jennifer so she couldn't see her face. She was naked.

Intrigued, she waited for the woman to come back. A few minutes later the bedroom door opened and Jennifer was shocked to see her mother come walking in. Her mother turned toward the bed and said something to Trevor then nodded toward the window. He got off the bed and stood behind her, putting his arms around her and cupping her breasts.

Jennifer was rooted to the spot looking at her naked mother with Trevor's hand squeezing her breasts. She had seen her mother in her underwear before but never naked. She was strangely excited and aroused by the sight. Trevor moved Priscilla toward the window and put his hand between her shoulder blades and bent her over. Placing her hands on the window sill she moved her feet apart opening her pussy for him.

As Trevor entered her from behind and thrust hard into her, it moved her forward. Jennifer watched with excitement at her own mother getting fucked by her handsome neighbor. It was if her daughter was looking her into her eyes, as her body bucked as Trevor's cock slammed into her. Jennifer unzipped her jeans and let them fall to the floor as her hand slipped inside her panties and started to rub her clitoris.

Every time Trevor thrusted into her mother, Jennifer pressed her clit hard. She was breathing hard now, as she brought herself to an incredibly intense climax while watching her mother reach her orgasm.

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Later that night, with Jennifer in a deep and satisfying sleep, Priscilla silently opened her daughter's bedroom door and stepped inside. The smell of sex lingered in the air. She saw her daughter's jeans lying on the floor in front of the window with a pair of panties on top. She picked them up and sniffed them; the smell of sex and fresh cum in the gusset made her light headed.

"I see you enjoyed the show Jen," she said under her breath. You thought I didn't know you were watching but shadows that move betrayed your presence."

She sniffed her daughter's panties once more, turned and left. That night in her own bed, she brought herself to another satisfying orgasm.

"Tomorrow night, Jen my darling daughter, you're going to lose your virginity and I'm going to be there to witness it," she whispered into the darkness.