**Unit 3A**

**by [CafeExtreme](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1105418&page=submissions)©**

I knew when I moved in to my new unit that there was a chance of something like this happening. It was more than just a feeling. When the unit block was first built, it no doubt provided stunning views across Sydney Harbour. Now however it was well and truly built in – surrounded by other newer unit blocks on seemingly all sides. I looked upon other unit blocks and the residents of these no doubt looked upon my mine or others.

I had been there about six months and since I prefer natural light, I would leave my blinds open during the day unless I was getting dressed or undressed or having a nap. When shuffling around looking for some clothes in my room, out of the corner of my eye, I thought I saw the venetian blind move in one of the windows almost directly across from mine. As I stood upright and stared, I clearly saw the slats of the blind slowly slide back to their closed position. I didn't think much of it again until I saw it occur on a couple of other occasions. I then started to pay more attention and began to realise that whoever occupied that particular unit (which later investigation revealed was unit 3A) spent a lot of time sneakily peering out, particularly on weekends. I didn't know if whoever it was, was peering specifically at me, as I was sure they would be able to clearly see into at least a dozen or so units from that particular window.

Curiosity got the better of me and I found myself wondering whether this mystery person was male or a female. I assumed male in the first instance and this was verified a few weeks after I first noticed there was a spy in my midst when I noticed one day that the blind was up fully and a fairly well built man in his late 20s or early 30s was moving about inside. Seeing whether my spy (as I came to think of him) was spying, became a bit of a ritual.

One day I noticed my spy was in residence but something seemed a bit different. It appeared that a lens of some description was now inserted between the slats of his blind. It could have been a camera of some description, or it could have been a small telescope. You wouldn't necessarily pick this up unless you had been being paying as much attention to things as I had. I wondered if my spy realised I was spying on him.

One Saturday evening I came home a bit before midnight. I had drunk one too many Long Island Iced Teas with my girlfriends and I was feeling both drunk and naughty. I went to the bedroom and flicked the light on. I was almost certain my spy was peeking through the slats of his blind as usual. It was the alcohol that made me do it. Instead of closing the blind and turning the light off, I disrobed then and there. I slipped my LBN (little black number) over my shoulders and stood resplendent by the window in my black bra and hi-cut black panties. I turned around and faced away from the window and bent down ever so slightly to put my dress in the washing basket. Away from the window slightly but no doubt still visible from Unit 3A, I unclasped my bra and let my big boobs bounce free before slipping my panties off. Naked, I walked (stumbled) towards the light and flicked the switch off, went back to the blind and drew it.

I couldn't believe how much I was turned on by giving this little impromptu show. As I lay on my bed which was spinning slightly as a result of too many drinks, I slipped my fingers towards my crotch and went to "work", sliding the tip of my fingers around the side of my little clit and dipping digits deeply into my wet pussy. I normally don't orgasm if I have been drinking, but I was so aroused I had no trouble climaxing quickly. At the height of climax, my pussy walls clenched the two fingers that I jabbed deeply inside and I shuddered uncontrollably. As I came down from my orgasm, I quickly drifted off to sleep. When I woke in the morning I not surprisingly had a throbbing hangover, but I thought about my wanton show of exhibitionism. I was surprised at how aroused it made me, and I didn't feel any regrets. In the afternoon, my hangover forced me back to bed where I again became aroused at the thought of my display the night before and I masturbated to orgasm again.

Over the next month or so I gave a number of little displays in my bedroom, walking around topless, lying on the bed naked. It was so arousing knowing that I was being watched. I wondered if the spy knew that he had been sprung and that I did what I did knowing that he was watching. I didn't exactly do it for his benefit though I did it because it turned me on - call me a selfish little minx. I guess I was an exhibitionist but had never known it. After I had switched off the light each night, without exception I masturbated to orgasm. I started thinking about my spy when I did so, imagining him having a nice sized dick, tugging on it as he spied on me, ejaculating copiously.

After a few drinks one Sunday afternoon, I decided to put on a real show. Fortified by a bottle of Pinot Grigio I checked whether my spy was in residence. The telltale signs, perhaps imperceptible to most proved affirmative. I went into the bedroom and undressed fairly quickly in full view of my window, then left the room and had a very quick shower. When I returned wet and naked to the bedroom, I bent down to a lower drawer of my bedside table and pulled out my favourite toy, a fleshy purple vibrator which I called "Charlie". I threw it on the bed and laid down, spreading my legs so that my spy had a good view of what was about to happen. I started to rub my slit slowly but firmly before picking up the vibrator and sliding it into me. The aroma of my aroused pussy filled the room as I started to fuck myself with the vibrator. I knew it wouldn't take long to reach my orgasm and I just went for it. I clawed at my boobs with one hand while the other was busy with the vibrator. I started to thrash around in delirious orgasm, the vibrator buzzing me to hedonistic heaven. After my tumultuous climax subsided, I just simply lay on the bed, keeping my legs spread wide, affording my spy an extended view of my satiated pussy. I wondered if he had masturbated himself and decided without much hesitation that he had no doubt done so.

The next weekend I had gone out to a city night club with some friends. I had pranced around my bedroom naked that afternoon, but I had not masturbated for my spy since the previous sunday. I don't usually pick-up in night clubs, but I met a cute man named Robbie who I could tell was hot for me. I was aroused by the thought of fucking him, but more than just that I was aroused by the thought of fucking him in my bedroom with the spy watching on and Robbie being oblivious to the hidden eyes. We left the night club very early, and in the taxi home Robbie and I were all over each other. Our tongues danced together and Robbie's hands roamed over by chest.

When we got to my place, I wasted no time in dragging Robbie off to the bedroom. I was almost certain my spy would be in residence and he didn't let me down. I guided Robbie to a position where my spy would have a good view. Without much ado, I unbelted Robbie's pants, pulled down his undies, and inhaled his dick. We were side-on to the window, affording my spy a perfect view of Robbie's dick going in and out of my mouth, as I bobbed my head back and forth. I clasped his tight butt cheeks as I did so, drawing him towards me. After sucking Robbie to the brink of orgasm, I let go of his hard cock, stood up and started kissing him deeply. His hands helped my boobs out of the confines of my top and unclasped my bra at the front. My big boobs spilled out and Robbie started to squeeze them. He broke off our kiss to move his mouth to my nipples, where he licked and sucked them passionately while continuing to squeeze them, more firmly now than before. My nipples were on fire and this fire had spread out of control to my pussy.

Robbie and I separated and we undressed each other fully. We kissed briefly again, but my petulant pussy needed some urgent attention. I directed Robbie to sit up with his back more or less against the window. I straddled his face; my hands pressed against the window, and lowered my bald vulva onto Robbie's waiting mouth. As I did so I focussed my gaze squarely on the attended window of Unit 3A. Robbie expertly lapped and nibbled at my pussy, my boobs were now also pushed up against the window glass as I thrust my pussy smoothly and rhythmically down against Robbie's face. I could feel my orgasm building and I ground down hard as Robbie's expert mouth continued to lap and nuzzle my engorged pussy folds. The waves of ecstasy crashed over me and I orgasmed violently, spasming against the window.

Robbie wasted little time in extracting himself from between my legs. He stood up, his face coated with pussy juice and I Instinctively knelt down and started to suck his cock again. As before, I guided him to stand perpendicular to the window to afford my spy the prime view of my head bobbing and Robbie's cock being inhaled. After a minute or so of sucking Robbie's cock deeply into my mouth, I felt him tense and then thrust raggedly into my mouth. With a guttural grunt, Robbie came, filling my mouth with a flood of semen that I did my best to gulp down.

We ended up fucking and sucking all night and always in a position that gave my spy a great view. Robbie fucked me from behind while I knelt on the bed, affording my spy a view of my swinging boobs. After that, I rode Robbie sensuously for what seemed like hours on end, climaxing twice. As I did so I faced the window giving my spy would have had a perfect view of Robbie's roaming hands that never seemed to leave my boobs alone – squeezing them, pinching and twisting my nipples. It was a sex session of boundless raunch, heightened for me even further by the knowledge that I was being watched. I knew that my voyeur was watching the whole thing, less surreptitious than usual. A couple of times I saw his blind move appreciably as I rode Robbie and my mind filled with the thought of him masturbating while watching my pussy filled with Robbie's cock.

Eventually at about 3:00AM Robbie and I were exhausted and satiated. Robbie finished things off by fucking my boobs in front of the window. I squeezed them together tightly as Robbie thrust his dick rapidly between them eventually ejaculating for the fourth time that evening. We lay down after that and spooned, both eventually drifting off for a few hours sleep. Robbie left early the next morning. I never saw him again, but this was not the last adventure involving the resident of Unit 3A. If you like maybe I'll tell you more another time........................