**We Don't Need No Stinkin' Curtains!**

**by [AceStroker](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=702491&page=submissions)©**

I have this remarkably good looking woman who lives across the street from me. She really loves her husband. I can tell, because when she talks to him, she always does it with an emphatic amount of volume in a very impassioned way so that even I can hear it from my house with the window closed while down in the basement. I love noisy women. Apparently so does her husband, because he responds the same way each time to her boisterous chattering: a vigorous shaking of his head with steam coming out his ears, while ejaculating loud and urgent bursts to the contrary of anything she says. Oh, and for the dirty-minded individuals who might be reading this, there are two versions of the word ejaculate. I was of course using the other less offensive definition. This isn't base porn or anything we're writing here.

Okay, so I might have lied about that last part.

But even though they both yell constantly at each other with considerable strain and amplitude (a sure sign they've been married for more than five years), they actually do have redeeming qualities. For one, as I mentioned, she is a true hottie. But they also have the incredibly persistent ability to forget to close their bedroom curtains. And by forgetting to close their bedroom curtains, I should really say they never bothered purchasing curtains for their bedroom in the first place! I get to see it all, and constantly. Undressing, folding laundry while topless, blabbing on the phone while topless, doing everything while topless, you name it. I've even watched her fondle her breasts in the mirror when she gets up in the morning. And because despite not having curtains they still decide to leave the lights on when getting intimate, I get to see every possible sex act known to mankind on a nightly basis. As a result I disconnected my broadband, because the porn across the street is free, and it is real, as are the swaying breasts. That saves me $34.95 per month, which of course I use up on lotion and tissues anyways, so it's a wash.

Now, for those who have read my other writings, it is no secret that I am one of the biggest exhibitionists on the planet. I know my trade, and the saying in our trade goes: it takes one to know one. Let me tell you, these folks are first ballot hall of fame exhibitionists. I mean, lights on, and no curtains at all, with huge windows that go down below the waist so you can see every damned thing? I worship their brazen boldness. I once awarded them the 2001 Most Obvious Exhibitionist of The Year award. That is not to say I am complaining in anyway, I would wholly advise that all hotties out there learn from these folks and scrap their curtains.

My neighbors are insatiable animals when it comes to what happens in their bed. And with the lights on I get to see it all. Cunnilingus, fellatio, titty fucking, handjobs, facials, doggy style, penguin style, etc etc etc. I'm not even going to go into the time I saw her with a strapon... They are diverse in their sex acts on a nightly basis, so each evening that I tune in I never know what new show they have in store for me. The one downside of having neighbors this frisky, frequent and blatant, is that it is hard to watch the end of any game. As a northern New Jersey male, you have no idea how difficult it is to decide if I should watch the final two minutes of the tied Giants-Cowboys game, or catch the score on the radio later so I can see her butt up in the air as she gets pounded from behind by her husband with reckless abandon. I haven't watched the end of many games lately. I can live with that.

Fortunately we both live at the end of a dead end street so I am the only one who can look into their window like this. Which is good because it keeps some jealous wife from calling the police on them because she caught her husband with his willie out while looking at Mrs. Hottie across the way. I once thought of calling the police on them myself. My friend is a cop, and I'm sure he'd love to see her in the nude doing all these nasty things. But then the two of us haven't talked in a while. Whenever he calls me, I'm in the middle of watching the neighbors bonking, and can't come to the phone right now. Please leave your name and a short message after the beep, and I might get back to you after I clean all this ejaculate up... unless of course they are beginning round two, in which case I'll talk to you tomorrow.

I've always wondered which would be hotter to watch, a gorgeous blond doing all manner of things with her husband, or a gorgeous blond doing all manner of things to herself when he isn't around. I've recently discovered I don't give a shit what manner of things she is doing to whomever, as long as she is still doing it, because either way she has my undivided attention. A few months ago I realized that an hour or so after they have wild sex, and he's upstairs sleeping, she goes down to the computer room, gets naked and masturbates to erotica on the internet. The web page layout on her laptop monitor looks eerily similar to Literotica.com. If it indeed is Literotica that she is visiting, then she/you could well be reading your own neighbor's story right now. So if she/you are a hot blond with an English accent, live on a dead end street and have a single guy next door with a beard and big binoculars permanently attached to his face, please give me/him a call. He wants to thank you for the show.

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In Part One of this little adventure, I introduced you very briefly to my two neighbors, who far and away are the most blatant pair of exhibitionists I've ever enjoyed living across the street from. I admit, I should have gone into more detail of exactly what they did, how they did it, and how many different things they did. Because let me tell you, they do it all, right there in the open, with the lights on, and without any curtains on their bedroom windows at all. So allow me to go more fully into the sexual antics of my sexy blonde neighbor and her husband.

I've been enjoying their nightly sexcapades for nearly a year now. I'm sure they figured out long ago that without any curtains on their windows, I can see everything they do. I'm also certain they've picked up on the fact that my lights always seem to go out right when they start putting on a show. Two weeks ago when I got home from work, there was an envelope in my mailbox, with nothing written on the front, not even a stamp or my address. When I got inside and opened this curious bit of mail up, it contained just a small sheet, with only one line, obviously written in a female's flowing handwriting: "I know you watch."

I paused for a moment after reading this unusually laconic note, scratching my head in the process. The word "watch" being the keyword in this short sentence, it took me a few moments to realize whom this must be from: my exhibitionist neighbor across the street. But what would possess her to send me a note like this? I quickly rushed to the window to look across the street at their house, and as soon as I looked out I saw a figure slip away from their bedroom window. I knew then that it was she who sent me the letter, and her figure at the window was her way of letting me know that she knew I got her letter. That sent a jolt of testosterone through my body.

Now I understand what "I know you watch" means. It means she knows I watch when they/she/you does all those nasty things with the lights on and curtains off. But what precisely did she mean by it, and why did she send the letter? Was she actually taking the next step in our little voyeur game by letting me know she enjoyed the fact that I watched? It could conversely be a direct warning to me: hey perv, stop being a perv and respect the exhibitionist perv across the street's privacy, you bastard! This of course made no sense being that they were such ridiculously obvious exhibitionists, but then you never know with some people. Humans are not a logical species. So I was quite in a quandary here with how to take this note.

As I ate my microwaved macaroni and cheese for dinner, I kept peering out at the street, almost expecting a cop car to pull up to the door and arrest me for looking in my neighbor's windows. As I wolfed down my bachelor noodles (i.e. macaroni and cheese), I quickly composed a defense tactic in case I should be hauled into court to stand trial for this heinous crime, "But your Honor, they don't have any frickin' curtains on their windows, and she's really hot. What was I supposed to do?" Admittedly, if it was a female judge, I'd need a new angle. Unless of course this judge had lesbian tendencies, but then I digress...

As it turned out, my fears of being arrested, or at the very least, drawing my exhibitionist neighbor's ire, turned out to be unfounded. She merely wanted me to get turned on by knowing she knew I watched. How did I come to this conclusion? As I finished the last of my bachelor noodles, I was on my way to the TV to watch Gilmore Girls. I never got that far, because across the street my neighbor's bedroom light turned on at just that moment. And there in the middle of the room stood this completely naked beautiful lady, a hand cupping one breast, and the other hand doing some busy things between her legs. Female masturbation? I did what any normal man would do: I quickly pulled up a chair and grabbed my binoculars.

The scene that followed was an interesting one. I admit, I've been so busy looking in their windows every night since they moved in, I never did get a chance to catch their names. So for convenience I'll just call her Blondie, or Hottie, and I'll interchangeably call him either her husband, or "that lucky S.O.B." At any rate, she was standing there clearly playing with herself, her ample boobs being massaged by one hand while her delectable nether areas were being attended to with great effect by the digits of her other hand. From what I could tell, she seemed to be an experienced veteran at this maneuver. It took me a few moments to realize that off to her side, lying on the bed, was the aforementioned lucky S.O.B. husband, naked, erect, and stroking himself. They were having a nice mutual masturbation session - and they knew damned well I was watching them!

After a few minutes of this reciprocal fun, her fingers were flying around in ever faster circles on her love button, and it wasn't long before she started to shake, wobble, shimmy, and roll. She seemed barely able to remain standing upright as a mighty orgasm consumed her luscious body. As amazing a sight as this was for me to see, I cursed my fate that I couldn't hear a single sound she made throughout this entire wonderful moment. Remind me to install that microphone in their bedroom the next time they're not home.

After her orgasm subsided, she looked down at her husband, still busily stroking himself, eyes quite big from the sight in front of him. She began to wag her tongue at him, as if edging him on, and then got down on her knees, mouth wide open. He quickly got the hint (and so did I!), and he jumped off the bed, stood firmly before Blondie, and began wanking himself furiously until he shot his copious load all over her cute English face. Lucky S.O.B. She looked up at him with an evil grin, and then got up and kissed him with her cum filled lips. He then walked out of the room to clean up.

Alone in the bedroom now, she turned directly toward the window, standing there for a moment as my binocular aided eyes could see the ejaculate all over her face. She was intentionally letting me see this. Finally for effect, she wiped a good bit off with her finger, and very deliberately licked it up. A big smile took her face as she looked out the window, then she turned away, and the lights went out. Wow. I'm in love.

Is there anyone on the planet who wouldn't be able to figure out what I did next? Hello lotion, I'd like you to meet Mr. Hand and Mr. Penis. You've all met before? Splendid! Well, have at it boys, and don't spare the horses. To say the least, it got quite noisy for a while in my house, particularly when it came to "O" time. No sooner did I stop my panting then I heard the phone ring, once. Just once. I knew exactly who it was. While she couldn't see me jerking it there by the window (my lights were still off), she was letting me know she knew full well what I was doing at that moment, and what drove me to it.

The next day I found myself in the pharmacy to purchase some, well, hand lotion. Why? You figure it out there, Sherlock. Turning into an aisle, who should I find facing me but my neighbor exhibitionist hottie. It took me a minute to get my eyes off her breasts so I could say hello. I hadn't seen them up close like that before, and was intrigued by this thing called clothing which was covering them, something I normally didn't see her wearing in her own house. Up close I realized how stunning and beautiful a face she had. That was fortunate too, because it enabled me to take my eyes off her breasts, so we could actually converse in a considerably less awkward fashion. Her English accent was a pleasure to listen to as well. We exchanged cordialities and we introduced ourselves. To be honest, my heart was pounding too much and my eyes were too busy taking in the eye candy, so whatever names she gave for herself and her husband, those names went in one ear and out the other just as fast, so I never did learn their names. Thus, I'll stick with Blondie and Lucky S.O.B. for the remainder of this story.

After a while of chatting, I saw her look down at the bottle of lotion in my hand. She paused for a second, clearly thinking about it, and all at once the light went on in her head. She grinned to herself as if to say, "Did he really come here just to buy lotion to get off with?" She realized I saw that look on her face and she blushed slightly as a result. It was an awkward moment. Despite our Voyeur/Exhibitionist nightly shows since she moved in, we didn't know each other at all. Trying to be witty and ease out of this situation in a graceful, though a suggestive way, I responded to her questioning look, "I always like to keep a good supply of this stuff around the house, I never know when I'll need it."

Fortunately, she laughed at this, so I knew I hadn't overstepped my bounds. We both went our separate ways through the store, and coincidentally wound up on line at the checkout together, me in front, her behind. I know, it would have sounded better the other way. I'm sure she couldn't help but notice that I had picked up a second item to go along with my lotion: a box of tissues. Oh, I'm good. When I put the lotion and tissues on the counter, the young girl behind the register did a double take, gave me a weird look, and said sarcastically, "Is that all?"

She wasn't trying to be funny, but it evinced laughter from both myself and Blondie behind me, which gave the girl an even more uncomfortable expression. Grabbing my bag with those two essential items, seeing that expression not yet gone from the young cashier's face, I stuck my thumb over my shoulder pointing at my neighbor and said to the girl, "Don't worry, she's just buying a back massager and a lifetime supply of batteries." That one received a rather stern smack to the back of my head. I got the hint, said good day to the two of them, and left the store.

Back at my house that night I wolfed down a bowl of more bachelor noodles, and as I was getting up to go watch Gilmore Girls again, I saw a car coming out of my neighbor's driveway. It was Lucky S.O.B. going somewhere for the night. I paused for a minute by the window, hoping with all my mind that he had left hot British Blondie alone for the night. As soon as he was out of sight, her bedroom light turned on, almost on cue; I was in luck. She was standing there in nothing more than bra and panties, or do the English call them knickers?

At any rate, considering the curiously devilish exchange we had enjoyed at the store earlier in the day, I decided it was my turn to put on the show. I knew that since we had left the store, Blondie must be wondering about that lotion and box of tissues I had bought, and when I would use them next. I felt that as a good neighbor it was my responsibility to help solve her curiosity as soon as possible, by showing off of course. It had been a while since I had enjoyed a really good exhibitionist experience, as the one showing off that is, so I had a bit of nervousness and hesitation, though that hesitation proved fleeting as I glanced back at the scantily clad hottie across the way.

Making sure my curtains were completely wide open, I turned on the bedroom light. Out of the corner of my eye I could see her standing in her own bedroom, still in her underwear, curiously looking in my direction now that my own bedroom light had gone on. I pulled out the lotion from the shopping bag, and held it up where she could clearly see it, pretending to be looking at the label. A moment later I put down the bottle and help up the tissue box, taking my time to open it. Having shown her the very two items she had seen me purchase earlier in the day, I then slowly removed my shirt. Instantly her bedroom light went out. However with her hallway light on, I could see by her silhouette that she was now standing in her dark bedroom, looking out the window at me. I had a captive audience, and the show was on!

Slowly down came my jeans, until I was in nothing but my briefs. I walked around the room a bit like this, intentionally teasing her, even bending over a time or two. I several times lightly touched my crotch, then finally stuck a hand down inside my underwear and felt myself for about 10 seconds. A furtive glance over to her bedroom showed her still standing at her window watching. All systems go, I slowly pulled down my underwear, and for the first time showed her my goodies, my penis at this point being half erect. I gave her a profile view, and let my penis slowly rise on its own until it was pointing at the ceiling. Then and only then did I pick up the lotion, put a big smattering of the stuff on my hand, and reached down to grab my cock. I nearly came at the idea that I was now masturbating in front of my neighbor's hot wife.

Masturbating when you know you have a very attentive and attractive audience makes it a thousand times more erotic. I tried to go as slowly as I could to make this pleasurable show last, but each time I stole a glance, I could see her standing at her darkened window looking back at what I was doing to myself. Seeing her watching me like this, I couldn't help but pick up the pace as the intensity of my horniness grew. I would say I lasted nearly 10 minutes, a worthy effort considering I nearly shot my load the second I touched myself. With the idea of her watching me I shot my load all over the place. There's just something about having a woman watch me do that to myself which really makes me cum like crazy. What a delightful mess that causes.

Act One of my little show having been achieved, I grabbed the box of newly purchased tissues she was now so familiar with, and deliberately cleaned up my dick, hands, rug, table and ceiling using far more tissues than I actually needed to. No sooner was I "cleaned up" then I noticed her bedroom light had turned back on. Taking my cue, I quickly shut off my own bedroom light and grabbed the binoculars. It was my turn to watch her.

She sat on the corner of the bed now, facing the window. Gone were all her undergarments; she had obviously shed them while watching me play with myself, a rather erotic thought. Like the previous night, one hand was alternating grabbing each breast, and the other was busily going at it between her legs. The second she started touching herself, I could see what a frenzy she was already in. There was no delicate, romantic touching to get in the mood, this was full-blown masturbation. Her fingers were going hot and heavy all over her love button, and her body was responding likewise. The look on her face was simply wonderful. She was staring off into space, looking at nothing in particular, intent on getting herself off knowing she was being watched by a guy with sperm all over his hands. I could see her occasionally steal a glance out the window at my place.

I guess my little show must have turned her on quite a lot, because it did not take her long to have an orgasm, her legs suddenly closing upon her busy hand, her head drooping down, and her body quivering for a nice long time. She sat in that position relishing in the moment for about thirty seconds, and then collapsed back onto the bed. Her legs opened up, giving me and my binoculars a perfect view of her pussy. Yes, it glistened from her wetness, and I was instantly hard again. However, I'm of the philosophy that less is more. There would be other nights to show off. As she lay there motionless on her bed, stark naked, her phone suddenly rang, once. Just once. I saw her put her hands to her face either in laughter or embarrassment. She knew it was me calling, mimicking what she had done to me the previous night after I had finished wanking.

Moments later, her husband Lucky S.O.B. returned home. As he walked into the bedroom, he was met by his hot and horny wife at the door, dripping and naked. She quickly kneeled down, and without any warning yanked down his zipper, pulled his soft penis out and quickly stuffed it in her mouth. Oh, the surprised and pleasant look on his face! She bobbed back and forth with reckless abandon, him supporting himself on the doorframe. I could see by her upper arm that she was again furiously diddling her clitoris while she sucked him off. Her intense horniness clearly was not lost on him, and he very quickly came in her mouth. Did he have any idea what had made his wife so horny?

She stood up to give him a kiss with her cum soaked mouth, and I saw him slip his softening dick back into his zipper and leave the room. Like with last night, she walked up to the window and opened her mouth so I could see the sperm all over her lips. This time, she actually gave me a brief wave, and then her lights went out. The lotion got a second work out that night, there in the dark. There was a lot of panting and moaning, and a good dose of tissue usage afterwards. I swear, I'm never moving from this place.