**Window Dressing - The Sequel**

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When I awoke the following morning, I found once again I had beaten my 7:00am alarm by a good forty minutes. Resisting any temptation to open the blinds, I put on my sports bra, T and shorts and headed for the exercise room telling myself this morning I would give the steam room a miss. There were two people already in the exercise room, a man and a woman of about the same age, maybe a couple. They looked to be about my age. After fifteen minutes they left and halfway through my routine another man entered and started running on the treadmill. He was still going hard at it when I finished.

Entering the ladies' locker room, I was hit by the heat from the showers and the leakage from the steam room. It was busier today than yesterday and I found a space to change just opposite the steam room door. I peeled off my clothes and was about to head for the shower when I looked at the door to the steam room. There was a clear notice on it 'swimsuits must be worn'. Yesterday I must have missed that as someone exiting had held the door for me. The fact was it had never occurred to me to pack a swimsuit

I picked up a towel to go to the showers but something in that notice got to me. I had gone in yesterday, with my two towels wrapped round me, and had always maintained my modesty. Sure, I had not known then it was used by both men and women. Somewhat unusual in this country but what was the big deal? Before I knew it, I had grabbed a second towel and just like yesterday I wrapped the first around my waist and the second around my boobs.

I was through the door and into the steam. It was not crowded. I moved up to a place on the higher row of benches against the back wall. No one else was sitting at that level; the level at which yesterday's exhibitionist had displayed himself.

He clearly was not here today. I relaxed and let the steam sink into my body. I must have closed my eyes for I sensed rather than saw someone sit down next to me. I mean right beside me not just a few feet away. Before I could say anything, he whispered "I enjoyed your little show last night."

I was speechless. The breath was knocked right out of me. It was the same fiftyish man who had exposed himself in here yesterday. He had not only watched me, but he had recognized me here among the steam.

"That's quite the tattoo you have on your shoulder" he continued.

Of course, I have a colorful tattoo of an eagle perched on a grinning skull. It's something I got during my college years and have since had occasion to regret. Perhaps at no time more than now.

"I first noticed it when you were in here watching me yesterday morning. It was your gaze that got me really hard. I'm so glad you are a voyeur too."

As he sat there smiling at my embarrassment, he unfolded his towel on the side next to me to reveal his penis lying quietly on his thigh: not an erection but it was very chubby and at least five inches long.

I had a sudden impulse to touch it, but of course I didn't. That would be so inappropriate. Where did that thought even come from, I'm married for God's sake. I should leave now.

But I didn't.

"I'm happily married." I asserted lamely for no good reason, and yet I felt a buzz of excitement sitting there just looking at it. Even on nude beaches I had never sat this close to any one but my husband.

"Oh, so am I!" he whispered back.

I paused and then added: "You know you are required to wear a swimsuit, at least a speedo or something" I whispered, assuming the door from the men's changing room had the same sign.

"Of course, but rules are meant to be broken, aren't they? I'm sure there is a rule against your little performance last night."

With that he reached over and unfolded the side of the towel across my lap that was nearest to him, uncovering my naked thigh.

"See what I mean" and he raised it further to lay bare my naked pussy. His boldness sent a thrill through me. Perversely I found I was getting excited under his gaze. Moreover, I was getting moist even though he withdrew his hand without touching me. I realized the way we were positioned alone on the upper level only he and I could see each other. The outer side of our towels still protected us from the people below and to either side of us seeing anything. Not that there was anyone else on the upper level.

For some reason I did not immediately cover myself. I felt the towel wrapped around my breasts slip and I did nothing to stop it, even though now my breasts were on display for anyone who wished to look, if they could see through the steam. I knew my extremely sensitive nipples and areola were enjoying the freedom.

I continued to look at his exposed penis. It lay there not moving, neither shrinking nor growing, and for some reason I cannot fathom, I watched as my hand with a will of its own lowered and rested along it. My hand and his penis were about the same length. It was only a moment before I felt it throb and rise and I pulled my hand away as though his penis was red hot.

It continued to lift off his thigh as it thickened and lengthened. Did you know a woman can feel when her excited labia separate? I felt that feeling now. I stared at that now rigid erection as though hypnotized. It pointed accusingly at me.

"Thank you" He breathed, then added "You have such beautiful breasts."

I knew I had crossed a line and at once felt mortified. He had not touched me. I covered myself as quickly as I could and started to get up. He touched my arm and for a moment I sat down again.

"Before you leave, I should tell you I happened to have my 4K video camera with a rather good optical zoom. I had put it ready after I caught a glimpse of you the previous evening in hopes of a repeat performance and you certainly did not disappoint. I got a rather nice view of your whole performance.

Another smack to the gut and I was breathless again, but he wasn't finished. "Your room was just a perfect distance for the video camera's zoom range. I could watch your entire body while you stripped before you lay down on the coverlet of your bed. That was when my interest was really peaked.

Why hadn't you climbed between the sheets? Most people would even if they intended to read. I loved the artless way your robe slipped open as you moved on the bed. You didn't even touch it. I thought you must have done this before. And there you were totally naked and reading, and I could not stop watching.

I had started to put down the camera, but then you started to play with your breasts. I could physically experience your excitement rising as your hands started to wander, just as they did just now. I so desperately needed to touch myself, but thankfully I kept a death grip on the camera. This was not to be missed.

With full zoom I have a close-up of your sticky fingers moving in and out of your delightful, glistening cunt. Using the bedside light was a master stroke, I got every detail from the sweat on your brow to the moisture on your spread thighs. I even captured when you looked in the mirror to see who was watching. You naughty, naughty girl!"

I finally got to my feet when he said the "C" word. I hate that word, so course.

"I'll enjoy watching you on quiet evenings when I am feeling in need of a little lift. If you catch my drift. But don't worry it will just be our secret."

My sense of guilt and embarrassment was now complete. I could not wait to get away from this lecher even if I could not get away from my own shame.

Back in the locker room I stood and scrubbed myself under a hot shower. I started shaking and could not stop. I knew I had no one to blame but myself. I may have let myself get carried away by my imagination, but the fact that I had been seen and recognized was a sobering reality check. All that was bad enough, but I had crossed a red line touching that awful man's penis. How could I have done that?

Returning to my room I turned on the light and dressed as quickly as I could keeping the curtains firmly closed. I packed my suitcase and checked out so that I would be ready to leave for the airport to catch my flight as soon as the seminar ended.

Thank goodness he was not part of our seminar gathering, but I could not help wondering and worrying throughout the day if any of the men in the room had also seen and recognized me.

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On the drive home I started unburdening my guilty conscience as soon as we were moving. My husband listened quietly and laughed when I told him about the mixed gender steam room and the man showing off his erection. Then I confessed to exposing myself and even masturbating in my room all the time knowing I was being watched.

I hadn't got much further than that when we arrived home. We went inside and while my husband paid the babysitter, I checked the children were both sound asleep.

My husband could not wait to get me to bed, he was very turned on. He voraciously ate my pussy until I was on the very brink. He moved up and into me and supporting himself on outstretched arms began his long thrusts keeping me just at the edge. I pulled up my legs and as he paused and slipped his arms under them, I raised them to his shoulders. This is one of our favorite positions as everything seems to touch the right spots. I came almost immediately, and the strength of my orgasm brought him to a rapid climax.

As we lay there, I felt compelled to finish my confession. I told him of how the following morning I had gone to exercise again and somehow again found myself in the steam room. Then I confessed how I had suddenly found myself actually touching that pervert's cock and watching his growing erection; how I knew I had crossed a line and how terrible I felt afterwards.

He lay there and I wondered what he was thinking. After what seemed like an eternity, he said that knowing what an impulsive sex drive I have, he could see how one thing could lead to another. I said I was glad he could, because frankly I was still appalled at that part of my behavior and could not explain it at all. He took my hand and placed it on his growing cock, and I knew where this was going.

Afterwards he said he had never had the experience of seeing some woman in a hotel room naked, never mind actually playing with herself. But he said if he ever did and she looked half as good as me, he doubted he could stop himself from watching and whatever. I am so lucky to be married to this understanding man.

The only part I somehow forgot to mention to him was the video. I just hope the pervert keeps it private as he promised. I sometimes join my husband when he is watching uploaded porn as a kind of foreplay. I just dread the thought of one day being surprised by a voyeur video of a woman on a bed with a very visible tattoo of an eagle perched on a grinning skull.

THE END