**Windows Wide Open**

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After a long, tiring day at work, I was looking forward to a long, hot bath full of scented bubbles and a cold drink. I pull into my driveway at that time of the afternoon right before the evening dark settles in, when the sky is awash with pink, purple and orange tinges cutting straight across the clouds. Letting myself into the house, I don't even bother closing the curtains, and undress on my way to the fridge for a tall glass of whatever is handy.  
  
Chilled glass in hand, clad only in my bra and panties, a matching set in the deepest emerald green satin, covering only the very bare essentials, I waltz through the house towards the bathroom. After grabbing a fresh towel, and the book that currently has my attention, I bend down to run the taps into my roomy corner bat-tub. I have to realize that my bathroom window still has no curtains, and is wide open, but I really don't care. I just want to soak my weary body in a cocoon of soft, strawberry scented bubbles.  
  
Removing my bra and panties, I drop them on the floor. I turn to the cupboard and remove a hair clip, and facing the mirror begin to pile my hair up on my head to avoid it getting wet. While standing at the mirror, I run my hands down from my hair to my shoulders and give my neck a quick rub, trying to ease some tension out. My breasts start to tingle at the touch, begging to be caressed. I run my hands over my chest, gripping at each globe, fingers tightening on each nipple. The only thing that could make this better is the bath itself.  
  
Lowering myself into the hot water, I lay back against the tub, I sigh at the instant relief. I feel so much better now that I can relax in the comfort of my own home. I sip at my drink, letting the cool liquid run down my throat, several drops falling onto my sensitized breasts. I rub my hand over my breasts, loving the contrast between the hot water around me and the cold drops on my hardened peaks. I take my finger and run it around my nipple, tweaking it to its hardest peak. I star to wonder what that cold sensation would like if I ran it over my clit.  
  
Raising myself up onto the edge of the tub, I ease back against the cols tiled wall. From this angle, I can see myself in the mirror, and also straight out of the open window. I run my finger over the glass again, wetting it with the icy cold drops, and slowly run my chilled fingertip down over my clit. The chill is almost too much to bear. Almost.   
  
My hand has a mind of its own, moving up and over my clit, back and forth, up and down, rubbing over the most sensitive flesh on my body. My other hand is stroking my nipples, groping my upper body in an effort to draw out the pleasure, to make it last as long as possible. As I pinch my nipple between my thumb and fingertip, a noise startles me. I look up and see a face in my bathroom window.   
  
My next door neighbor, who walks in the evenings, has discovered me in all my glory, pleasuring myself, driving my fingers into my tight, wet core. My first thought is that I should have closed the window. My second thought is that I don't really care. I'm in here, he's out there, if he wants to watch, who am I to disturb his fun. Just for my own fun, I decide to up the pace. My hand is moving at a furious pace. I want it to last, but want so badly to explode, to let the pressure of the day flood from my body and wash away. My eyes are locked with the man outside who has now moved closer and is busy with something under the window-sill that I cant see.  
  
I don't care, his face is just the inspiration that I need to get my body hot enough to push for a climax, and I'm not letting anything get in my way. I force my fingers in as far as I manage, rubbing over my g-spot. I have to back off, or my orgasm will hit before I'm ready for it. Not yet, just a little bit longer. I need more, I need something, but I don't know what. My hand feels so good between my legs, my mouth is wide open, my breathing is getting heavier. My thigh are wet, slick with sweat, drenched in the hot juices from my pussy. I force myself to slow down, to to make it last. Make it worthwhile.  
  
I open my eyes and realize that my peeping neighbor has perched himself on the fence that separates our houses. He has his pants around his knees, one hand bracing himself so he doesn't fall. He has his cock in his hand and he is stroking himself with such force, like he can't quite control his own hand. I watch as his face contorts, from one stage of pleasure to the next, and I know that he is close to blowing all over his hands. His eyes are focused on me, watching, waiting.  
  
I pull myself out of the tub, and sit myself on the windowsill, bare-assed for the world to see. I spread my legs wide, one on the windowsill and one on the bathroom counter. I brace one hand on the window pane, the other I shove between my legs, shoving 3 fingers inside my pussy. The pressure is unbelievable, my body almost explodes on the spot, but I back off just enough to make contact with the man next door. Our hands seem to move in unison, our breathing labored, our bodies glistening with sweat, and our own juices flowing steadily.   
  
I feel my inner muscles start to contract around my fingers, buried deep inside my soaking flesh, pushing me closer to the edge. I lean my head back against the window and moan, through my panting breath, rubbing myself harder and harder, pushing myself over that final crest, coming in a rush of heated fluid. I manage to open my eyes in time to see Mystery Man grabbing onto the fence, leaning hard to support his weight, watching as he cums in his fist, milking his body for every last drop he can squeeze from within himself.   
  
I let my leg fall from the counter to the floor, its too much to hold up, heavy from spasming with my orgasm. I stand and lean into the window screen as my neighbor leans heavily against the fence, using the fence to support himself. He looks up as he stuffs his now sated cock into his sweatpants, blows me a kiss and heads around the other side of the fence. I start to lower myself back into my tub, the water a little cooler than when I started. As I turn to lean on the sill for support, I see him. I look back at him, out the window, and he is standing there watching me.   
  
He smile, blows me a kiss, and I can't help but give him a wicked grin in return. A silent agreement passes between us. Always leave the window open.