**The Thrill of Almost Getting Caught**

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Global warming made for a warm winter. I sighed. I hate heat, and here it is over 70 degrees in February. My only saving grace was working at night. As I pulled into my driveway, my neighbor was getting out of his car. What a sight for my sore, tired eyes. As eye candy goes, he would be ranked up there with that expensive stuff from Europe. Tall and broad shouldered, there didn't appear to be an ounce of fat on his hard body. I couldn't tell what color his eyes were from where I was sitting, but his dark brown hair matched the tanned color of his olive toned skin. The total package was riveting, but it was his ass that always caught my attention. Damn, that man had the finest ass I had ever seen.   
  
I could only assume that he was in the military, but based on his uniform and the close proximity of the military base, it was a pretty safe assumption. I figured that he worked the same hours that I did, since I was rewarded with this mouthwatering view every morning at the same time. After ogling him as he walked up his driveway and went inside his house, I finally got out of my car. Being single and working crazy hours, my dating life was nonexistent, and that was the only action for me.   
  
"I really need to get a life," I mumbled to myself, as I shut my door.  
  
Stripping off my clothes, I took a quick shower and got ready for bed. It was still relatively dark at 6am, but not dark enough that I couldn't see without lights. As I approached my window to shut the blinds, I noticed that I could see into his bedroom. His lights were on, and I had an unobstructed view of his entire bed. From some reason, just the thought of watching him had me wetter than I had ever been. It felt like my pussy was swollen twice its normal size.   
  
"I'm such a pervert," I said, dragging a chair to my window; waiting for him.  
  
It was so exciting. Here I was spying on my hot neighbor, and there was the possibility that he would be able to see me watching him, as the sun got higher. The risk of getting caught only made me hornier. After about five minutes, he appeared. His hair was wet, and he had a thin towel wrapped around his hips. When he walked up to the window, my stomach sank. I figured he had seen me and was closing his blinds, but to my pleasure, he was only opening his window to let in the morning air.  
  
He stood by the window for a second, before backing far enough away from the window that I was able to see his body from head to knee. I tore my gaze from his rock hard six pack long enough to look at his face. My heart nearly stopped, when I noticed that he was looking straight at me. I wondered if he could see me watching him, even though my lights were out. The intensity of his gaze had my nipples pebble hard and my pussy soaked. My clit throbbed in time with the rapid fluttering of my heart.  
  
Without breaking eye contact, he gripped the top of his towel, and with a flick of his wrist, it dropped from his hips to the unseen floor below. My eyes were as round as saucers. If I thought his clothed ass was fine, the sight of his naked body nearly gave me a heart attack. I knew his hands were big, but his thick cock and heavy balls seem to overflow his palm. He squeezed his package gently, as if to tease me. I watched him stroll to the side of his bed and bend over to fluff his pillow. He was getting aroused; his cock was on its way upward. With every movement he made, I watched his shaft bob. Finally, he sat down on his bed in what appeared to be a very comfortable position; his knees bent and legs open wide.  
  
At some point, my hand had strayed downward. My slit was very puffy and slick from my pearly juices. I propped my feet on the window sill and let my knees drop open, as I continued to watch my neighbor. He was leaned back against the headboard, with one hand pulling on his sac and the other lazily stroking his now erect cock. And...he was still staring at me. Something about the situation made me bold. I pushed two fingers into my weeping hole and began to finger myself in time with his strokes. My other hand was squeezing my breast and tugging my nipple.   
  
After a few minutes, wet sucking sounds filled the room, as my cream began to tickle around my fingers. It was getting harder to concentrate on what he was doing. I let go of my tit to rub slow circles around my hard, little pearl, which was throbbing. He was stroking faster now, and I could see how shiny wet his cockhead was getting. His ball sac was drawn close to his body, and he was breathing rapidly. My eyes crossed, as they rolled back. I could feel my cunt sucking my fingers, as I flicked my clit back and forth. The telltale tingling that began deep in my pussy started radiating outward, making my body stiffen. I pressed down hard on my clit, as my fingers pumped in and out. With my sticky juices coating my fingers, I threw my head back and came hard.  
  
I sat there for what felt like forever, but was probably only a few seconds before lifting my head. I looked up in time to see his body stiffen, and then he squeezed his shaft and shot his load all over his chest. He relaxed. Rolling over, he turned out his light, thus ending the show for me. I got up out of the chair and headed to bed myself. My body was satisfied for the moment.   
  
My alarm went off four hours later. I knew that if I slept all day that I would not sleep that night, and being that I had a couple of days off in a roll, I wanted to have a semi-normal life. I rolled out of bed and slipped on a tank top and shorts. I wasn't going anywhere, so I skipped wearing panties or a bra. As I made my way to the kitchen, I noticed a white envelop on the floor close to the front door.  
  
"What's this?" I murmured, picking it up.  
  
Masculine handwriting filled the page. Basically, it was my neighbor's way of letting me know that he was knew that I was watching this morning, so I ripped it open. All it said was call me and gave a phone number.   
  
"Hmm...so his name is Ben," I said.  
  
I set the note on the counter and made a cup of coffee. Armed with the standard requirement of caffeine, I parked my butt at the breakfast bar. Was it my neighbor that made the morning so erotic, or was it the thrill of getting caught? I admitted to myself that I liked being watched. Call me an attention whore, but just the thought of people watching me, or perhaps busting me, while I masturbate sent shivers down my spine.  
  
"Well, there's only one way to find out," I told myself.  
  
After drinking my coffee, which did nothing for the butterflies in my stomach, I went back to my room and looked for the shortest skirt I could find. My choice was a tight black micro miniskirt that barely covered my ass. Keeping with the decision to not wear panties, I turned around and looked at my reflection in the mirror. I spread my legs slightly and bent over. Lo and behold, my pussy peeked from below. With a grin, I stood back up and pulled on a conservative shirt, which made me laugh. Here I was being modest about showing my tits, while planning to display my slit like an open buffet.  
  
All the way to the park, my stomach was in knots. It took all my willpower not to turn the car around and go home. Forcing myself out of the driver's seat, I strolled down the main path, looking the perfect place to set my devious plan into motion. Being the middle of the afternoon on a beautiful day, the park was filled with people doing various things. Not wanting to get arrested, I steered away from the playgrounds and made my way to the wooded jogging path. Glad that I had decided to wear my running shoes instead of sandals, I stepped onto the path right in front of a man, who was stretching.  
  
Fully aware of what I was doing, I pulled my foot up to stretch the front of my thighs. He was watching me from the corner of his eyes. I made like I didn't notice that I had caught his attention. Then and on purpose, I turned around and bent at the waist to stretch the back of my thighs. As I peered at him through my spread thighs, his gaze was locked on my pussy. Smirking, I wrapped my arms around my left ankle and then my right, making my ass wiggle and cunt dance.   
  
I stood back up. Knowing that he was tangled in my web, I jogged slowly down the path into the thick wooded area. With each step, my skirt rode higher and higher, until it was nothing, but a bunched up belt around my waist. I had never felt so free, and horny, as I did jogging down that path bare assed. I could hear his heavy steps behind me. Although we were jogging, we weren't going fast at all, but his breathing was labored and heavy. Stopping at a tree, I pretended to fix my shoe.   
  
Sneaking a peek at him, I saw that he had stopped, too, and there was no hiding how aroused he was; not in those shorts anyway. His cock was long and hard, tenting out the fabric. He made no effort to hide it. I smiled at him, when he noticed that I was looking at him. I propped my foot up on a large boulder. Poking my ass out, I reached between my thighs with one hand and spread my puffy lips open. His eyes bugged out, but never left my pink slit. It was like his gaze was cheap metal, and my pussy was a magnet. He inched closer.  
  
I could hear his breathing and felt the heat radiating from his hard body. Slipping a finger inside my now sopping pussy, I fingered my hole rapidly; wet, sucking noises emanated from it. My breathing now matched his, as tingles raced up and down my spine. Glancing back at him, I noted that his cock was free from his shorts, and he was tugging on it slowly. My cream ran down my thighs, as I watched his glans hide the excess skin of his foreskin, only to rear its head later. His cock was beautiful, with delicate veins tracing their way along the thick shaft.  
  
Feeling kinky, I pulled my finger out of my puss and sucked my cream off it. His tongue licked his lips, like he was starving. I coated my finger with a thick layer of spit and pressed it against my tightly closed rosebud. I don't know what came over me. I had never played with my ass before; never wanted to, but here I stood with cunt cream dribbling from my dark pink slit and my finger pushing past my sphincter. This was very different kind of pleasure. It burned, but I wasn't about to stop. My clit was throbbing madly. Unable to resist, I rested my chest against the rough tree trunk and used my other hand to jack my huge pearl.   
  
I had almost forgotten about him; lost in pleasure that I was startled when I felt him brush against me. He was close enough that I could smell his unique male scent. I figured out that he was rubbing the head of his dick up and down my ass cheek, which turned me on even more. I started slapping and pinching my pulsing clit. The stinging sensation seemed to make it grow bigger and get more sensitive. I reminded myself that at any time someone could bust us, which made my cunt balloon out before going into a series of contractions. Gasping softly, I came for the second time that day, and this time I felt my juices squirt from my hole and drip onto the forest floor. Seconds later, I felt a splash of warm fluid cover my ass cheek, and then ooze a path down the back of my thigh.   
  
I composed myself, pulled my skirt down, and continued down the path. I don't know if he followed me, because I never looked back. By the time I made it back to my car, it was getting dark. The cum on my ass had dried, but my pussy was still wet. It seemed that all this teasing had done nothing, but make it hungrier. So, I made my way home with plans to call the number I found this afternoon.  
  
When I got home, I jumped into the shower. Stepping out of the hot water, my skin was fresh and clean...and I was horny. I grabbed my cell phone and sat on my bed. My hands shook, as I dialed the number. It rang twice, before he answered.  
  
"Hello," the deep voice said.  
  
"Hello," I answered, uncertain what to say.  
  
"I'm surprised that you called...didn't think you would," he remarked.  
  
"I seem to be at a disadvantage. You obviously know me, but I don't know who this is," I said, playing the game.  
  
"Oh...I think you do. You're such a bad girl," he countered.  
  
"Why is that?" I asked.  
  
"Only a bad girl would play with her pussy, while spying on me. Not to mention, what you did in the park," his silky voice teased.  
  
"So...I did get busted," I laughed.  
  
"I would say you did; such a naughty, little slut. I should come over there and spank you," he said; voice husky.  
  
"What's stopping you?" I taunted.  
  
In the background, I could barely hear the unmistakable sounds of a cock being stroked. He must have been super aroused to be stroking that hard all ready. The sound of his breathing was ragged. I scooted backward on my bed and got my dildo from my nightstand. I leaned back against the wall and braced my feet on the bed, before spreading my thighs open. I looked over at his window, hoping to catch a glimpse of him, but his room was dark. I was certain that he was in his room, watching, so I left all my lights on.  
  
"You know...if you did that to me...I wouldn't have came on your ass. I would have been buried in that ass," he grunted.  
  
I pushed my toy deep inside my cunt. As wet as I was, there was no resistance. As my pussy sucked on the latex shaft, I listened to his voice, as he told me what he would have done to me.  
  
"I would have fucked your tight ass...so hard. My balls would be slapping your pussy, as I stretched your hole so wide that it would still be open," he said, between moans.  
  
My hand was soaked, as my dildo pumped in and out of my hungry pussy. I angled the toy upward slightly, making it rub against my G spot. Using my shoulder to hold the phone, I used my other hand to rub circles around the base of my clit. Little moans of pleasure escaped my lips.  
  
"Work that pussy, bitch. Yeah...damn...I bet you taste so fucking good," he panted.  
  
His dirty talk, which should have pissed me off, only fueled my desire. I was hanging on the edge, and by the sounds he was making, so was he.   
  
"I wanna hear how wet your slutty pussy is," he demanded.  
  
I had enough sense to put my phone on speaker, so I could hear him, before I set it on the bed, close to my ass. Raising my legs high, I rammed the dildo in my cunt roughly. My guttural grunts competed with the wet squishing sounds, coming from my sloppy slit. Within seconds, I heard him yell out that he was cumming. My pussy tightened up, and tingles raced out from my twitching clit through my gulping cunt to my winking sphincter. The bed below me was drenched.  
  
"Pick up the phone," he said.  
  
I put the wet phone to my ear, but said nothing.  
  
"Dress nicely tomorrow," he said, and then hung up.