

The Days Of Our Youth

(By: Unknown)

When summer came I rented a sublet in the center of town with another student. After moving in, I casually checked to see if any of the windows had views into other apartments. It looked like I was out of luck, until I discovered that by standing on a windowsill and pressing my face against the edge of the window, I could see into the bathroom of an apartment in the building next door. I had a nice perpendicular view of the toilet and bathroom sink. I checked on the bathroom sporadically, and was pleased to discover that it belonged to a fairly attractive young couple.

It turned out, though, that the only pussy I ended up seeing was the kind with whiskers. The couple had a black cat, which seemed to spend most of its hours on earth sitting on the sill of their bathroom window, looking out. It was probably just an illusion, but every time I looked over it seemed that the cat was staring right at me. What's worse, the cat's body blocked the crucial part of my view. When it was on the sill, I could only see the upper torsos of anyone in the bathroom. So I looked over only occasionally. I was pretty socially active that summer, and my roommate was often around, so I didn't really have the time or inclination for voyeurism anyway. Once, though, I did get an informative display of the woman urinating. She came into the bathroom, pulled her pants down to her knees, then sat on the toilet seat and stared slackly in front of her while she peed. When she wiped, she reached under her butt cheek and did it from the side, which interested me because I'd always assumed that women wiped from the front. When she stood and pulled her pants up, I got a glimpse of her hips and the thick mound of pubic hair. She would always wash her hands with a vigorous amount of soap when she left the bathroom.

The other worthwhile sight I caught was when the guy came into the bathroom naked, with a hard-on. I noted with pleasure that his erect phallus was substantially smaller than mine. He got a condom out of the medicine chest and left the bathroom, then came back only a couple minutes later, peeling the condom off. Not exactly a marathon man in bed, it would seem.

At the end of the next school year, my girlfriend and I did something which we should have known would be a disaster. We rented an apartment in the city with one of her friends from high school. Money was the motivation: the girl wanted to visit the city for the summer, and splitting the rent three ways saved us all a lot of cash. The old high-school friend---I'll call her Sue---was a student at a college in another state. She was the kind of girl who looked excellent from a distance, but then when you saw her more closely and listened to her talk you started to wonder. She had a sexy, slim body and nice hair, and always wore expensive, tasteful clothes. (She was majoring in fashion merchandising.) But something about her face was a bit off, and she spoke in an odd nasal voice. My girlfriend told me that she'd been kind of shy and unpopular in high school. She'd grown into a fairly fashionable young woman but still seemed slightly strange.

When she moved in with us, my girlfriend was unaware that on a previous visit, when I was very drunk, I'd made a crude pass at Sue. She'd refused me, of course, and the next day I was very apologetic. When she'd returned to her college, though, I got a letter from her saying that she wasn't upset at all, because she was attracted to me, and that if it weren't for my girlfriend she wouldn't have turned me down. I was amused when I sniffed the letter and realized that she'd scented it. I filed this confession away for possible future use.

The apartment we all rented was on the ground floor of a converted townhouse. Two bedrooms and a bathroom door were in a row, separated by little swinging doors. You had to walk through the first bedroom to go to the bathroom or get to the second bedroom. Both bedrooms had big, oversize windows which faced across a small closed alley, to the windows of another apartment on the same floor.

My girlfriend and I moved our futon into the first bedroom, which was larger, and Sue stayed in the second bedroom. We tried putting curtains on the windows but they were so big that none of the standard sizes would fit. The windows across the alley were totally covered, so we didn't worry about it. We all got along fine at first. All three of us had day jobs, but on evenings and weekends we went out and tried to get served in bars, or watched videotapes while eating sundaes. Sex between my girlfriend and I improved substantially. (She was always more sexually excited when someone was in the next room---particularly my parents.) My girlfriend confessed to me that she was attracted to Sue and had secretly fantasized about trying a lesbian experience with her.

Needless to say, I also fantasized about having a heterosexual experience with her, only not so secretly. My dedication to monogamy was not all that strong. The fact that my girlfriend visited her family frequently, leaving Sue and I alone, didn't help things any. Before long I did make a move. One Friday evening after seeing my girlfriend off at the bus station, Sue and I went to a happy hour at a restaurant that had nickel drafts and a buffet. The place was jammed and so noisy that we had to shout at each other. Sue and I sat at the bar and stayed for hours, drinking many beers. Amid the general merriment, in my drunken mind, it seemed perfectly natural to give Sue a kiss, so I did. She kissed back, and the rest of the night we smooched periodically. She smelled and tasted so nice, I wondered what may come of this. When we walked home I kept my arm around her, occasionally sliding it down to feel her waist and ass.

Nothing happened that night, but the next day we went to a park and sat on the grass. I put my hand on her thigh and she covered it and rubbed. I asked her if we were going to sleep together. She said she didn't know, was quiet for a moment, and then launched into a long passionate confession, going on and on about her life and her insecurities. I listened patiently. Ultimately, she shook her head firmly and decided that no, we shouldn't get together. She smiled at me, like I was supposed to be proud of her willpower or something. I'd pretty much anticipated this, anyway---in my experience, women would much rather avoid taking action than take it. So I resigned myself that I wasn't going to sleep with Sue.

I started to think idly about how I could at least see her naked. My voyeuristic instincts were still strong; it would have wounded my pride if I'd permitted her to leave at the end of the summer with all her secrets intact. I contemplated drilling holes in the wall and arranging mirrors outside her windows, but these techniques were clearly way too crude. One day I was lying on my futon in misery listening to her take a shower when I realized that the bathroom door didn't go all the way to the ground. It wasn't a normal door with hinges but a heavy wooden sliding door, and the carpeting in the hall was worn away so there was a gap of more than an inch between the bottom and the floor. I slid over and lay on my stomach on the floor, and peered through. I could see the floor of the bathroom and about four inches of the bottom of the tub. Obviously I wouldn't be able to see more than her ankles this way, but I figured that if I had a small mirror I could angle it up. Later when I was alone in the apartment I closed the bathroom door from the outside, lay down in the hall and tried it. I was delighted to find that by angling the mirror properly I could see into the bathroom almost up to the ceiling.

This was almost an intellectual exercise for me, rather than a real attempt to peep. I was pleased that I'd been able to figure out a way to see her if I wanted to. When I was alone I practiced my technique, finding landmarks on the bathroom walls so I could tell where I was looking. Then one day when my girlfriend was away, I decided to actually go ahead and do it, more out of boredom than anything else. I watched Sue go into the bathroom to shower, listened as she peed and flushed, and then heard the tub faucet go on. I knew she would adjust the water temperature from the faucet before routing it through to the showerhead. I scooted over and did a preliminary scan under the door with the naked eye. I could see the heels of her feet at the edge of the tub, unwrapping a new bar of Camay soap. I was turned on by this, she always smells so nice after a shower.

Satisfied she was looking the other way, I placed the mirror under the edge of the door and found my bearings. Sue's upside-down calves appeared in my mirror. I traveled up her legs and gazed triumphantly upon her naked ass. I almost laughed at how well it had worked. Her hairy pubic mound was visible between her thighs and I was delighted to see a nub of genitalia protruding from the crack. Then the showerhead turned on, and she stepped into the tub with the bar of pink Camay soap. I quickly moved the mirror away and stood up. When she exited the shower I was innocently sitting in the other room, waiting to smell her.

I was proud of myself for executing the operation so skillfully, but naturally it wasn't enough. To a voyeur, nothing is ever enough. Even though I'd managed to see cunt, I only wish it was her soapy pussy, I now wanted to see what her bush looked like from a front, standing position. So, the next time, I waited until she turned off the shower, then put the mirror under and watched her pull back the shower curtain. I saw her bush, alright, and I also saw her lean down and peer in my direction. She'd obviously seen the mirror. I stood up and tiptoed away in humiliation.

I was extremely embarrassed that I'd been caught peeping on a friend, and a would-be lover, who was living in the same apartment as me. It was pretty pathetic. I was sure she'd lost any respect or affection she'd ever felt for me. But when Sue finally came out of the bathroom, she started an innocent conversation and didn't give any indication that anything was out of the ordinary. Once again she smelled wonderful.

I figured that maybe she didn't mind being watched by me and wanted me to continue it. So I kept spying on Sue whenever the opportunity presented itself. She must have known perfectly well when I was looking at her, but she never showed it. I interpreted this as consent---after all, she could have easily just thrown a towel down and blocked my view whenever she was in the bathroom. Mostly I saw her either leaning over the side of the tub to adjust the water before she showered, or stepping out of the tub when she was done. I got some lovely glimpses of her hairy crotch. Unlike my girlfriend, whose bush was curly and thick, Sue's pubic patch looked very light and silky. She had a tight crack but her clitoral hood appeared to puff out of her slit at the top. I loved this, along with her tight, smooth little butt cheeks. But although she was clearly letting me watch, she didn't seem to be getting any sexual enjoyment out of exhibiting herself. I thought that maybe she would leave the shower curtain partly open, to see her soaping herself, but she always closed it. I know she used lots of soap by the wonderful scent she held after her shower. She loved the Camay soap, and so do I. She never played with herself or went out of her way to show me anything; she just took a long hot soapy shower, and neither helped me nor stopped me from peeking at her.

When we'd talk we both just pretended that nothing was going on. We even remained stone-faced one time when she announced she was going to take a shower and I blurted out "See ya!" I'm still confused by her passivity---I can understand how a woman could get angry by finding someone peeping at her, and I can understand how she could get flattered and aroused, but I can't understand being totally indifferent. I suppose she was just indulging me.

Before the summer ended, Sue and I did end up having sex, sort of. In August both of the girls had planned long, overlapping trips with their respective families. My girlfriend was gone for a two week period, and for thirteen days nothing happened between Sue and I. The last night, though, as we sat drinking margaritas and watching TV, I just put my arm around her without even thinking. She didn't say anything and after a minute I cupped her breast in my hand and caressed it. We got up and went into my bedroom. She was very compliant. We laid down and fondled for a while.

Suddenly she said "Hold it" and got up and went to the bathroom. I remember she was wearing a nice silk sleeveless blouse and knee-length black cotton shorts, with sandals. I heard the water running and the toilet flushing. When she came out her hair was brushed, and she'd washed her face and probably other areas as well. She lay back down, and I wasted no time getting her blouse and bra off before she changed her mind. She smelled of Camay soap, I was so hot for her. We started kissing; she tasted and smelled so sexy. Her breasts were very small, but soft and pleasant to the touch. I noticed she had a weird tan pattern all over her torso; she must have worn a number of

different bathing suits when she'd gone to the shore, because different patches of her skin were tanned to different degrees. After sucking her nipples and running my hands over her body for a while, I pulled her bottoms off and spread her legs wide to look at her pussy. She gave a nervous chuckle.

I'd never seen a cunt quite like hers before. Her clitoral area was bulbous and protruded from her cleft, but the rest of her pussy tapered down and narrowed until at the very bottom, under her vagina, the lips disappeared and there was only a pink pinch of tissue at her perineum. The top was the size of my big thumb, and the puffy folds were very tight. You could almost tell she was a virgin. I was curious to actually see her hymen but if it was there I couldn't find it. Her anus was hairless and had a spot of pigment surrounding it. Her whole body was very slim, young and fresh-looking, though the strange tan patterns made her torso look like a dashiki.

She was willing but very passive. She didn't want me to actually penetrate her, after all. She laid back while I sucked her breasts, licked her inner thighs and then went down on her. "I've always wanted someone to do that," she whispered. Her pussy tasted like soap. I loved it, I think she did not rinse her pussy very well, this made her taste of soap. After twenty minutes, though, she was still just lying there. She hadn't made a sound and her cunt hadn't gotten any more aroused or juicy. "Are you enjoying this?" I asked. "Sure," she said. I tried to insert my index finger into her vagina, but she said that it hurt and told me to stop. She asked me if I liked looking at her naked, I admitted I sure do. Did she know I'd been watching her for some time? I went up to kiss her, we were making out for the next 15 minutes. She said the taste of her pussy mixed with the scent and slight taste of Camay soap was nice, I agreed.

Finally, with typical masculine subtlety, I pushed her head down towards my lap. She got a very serious expression on her face. She said, we need to wash this cock, lets go to the bathroom and clean it off. We went to the potty, she had me sit on the toilet seat while she soaped up a washcloth, and the aroma of the Camay soap was so erotic. As she took the warm, wet soapy washcloth to my crotch, my cock quickly began to rise. She laughed at me as I had a raging hard on with a soapy washcloth stroking my penis. She had this look in her eye of deceitful joy and very intently maneuvered my cock between her hands as she removed the soapy washcloth. I was getting my very soapy cock worked with both of her hands as she kissed me deeply.

She kissed so nicely and then she licked behind my left ear, this made me groan as I looked up to the ceiling in ecstasy, then she took my soapy cock in her mouth and started sucking. I suspected this was the first blowjob she'd ever given. She was taking my soapy cock in her mouth with no sign of slowing down. She seemed dedicated to doing a good job and really concentrated on it. Unlike my girlfriend, who tended to just grasp my dick and pump her mouth up and down on it, this girl wrapped her mouth around me deep and left it there, giving slow soft suction. Her mouth was frothing from the sides as she slurped my soapy member, I couldn't believe how tender, wet and hot the inside of her mouth was; after a few minutes I could tell this was going to be possibly the best blowjob of my life. It's hard to explain, but between the sensations I

was getting from every inch of her tongue and her gullet and the roof of her soapy mouth, and the sight of my thick rod as it disappeared into her face---it was just freaking me out that I was inserted inside this other human woman in this incredible way.

The pitcher of margaritas I'd drunk contributed to this impression. It was one of the few times in my life that I actually starting groaning and moving around in involuntary ecstasy. I finally had a deep, hard, long orgasm. When she felt the first spurt she jumped a little and giggled through her nose, but kept on sucking dutifully until I finally started to soften. Then she let go of me and sat up. She had a confused look on her face and her messy soapy mouth was hanging loose a little. She hadn't swallowed my semen, probably because it was mixed with a lot of soap. She worked her mouth for a moment like she was going to swallow, then reconsidered. "You can spit it out if you want," I said.

She got up and went into the sink, and I looked over her shoulder as she spit soapy goeey cum into the sink. She rinsed her mouth with water a few times to remove the soap from her tongue and mouth. She came to me and we kissed and made out for a while, she tasted like Camay soap, it was exquisite. When I went to sleep that night I was deeply contented in the knowledge that I'd just had a hummer I'd remember for decades.