

A romantic scene featuring a young man and woman in a candlelit setting. The man is on the left, looking towards the woman on the right. They are both shirtless. A woman's hand is resting on the man's shoulder. In the foreground, there is a three-arm candle holder with lit candles, two glasses of champagne, and a red rose. The background is dark, emphasizing the warm light from the candles.

PEEPING GEORGE

JUDE
MASON

He watches from his dining room window as his neighbor darts naked to her pool for a swim. Does she know he's there? Does it matter?

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Peeping George

By

Jude Mason

*To those people who love to watch and to those who are
watched*

“Holy shit,” George gasped. His eyes widened and his mouth hung half-open. He’d glanced out the dining room window just in time to see his neighbor rush out of her back door and dive into the new pool she’d just had installed. She actually ran right past him, thanks to the way their houses and yards were laid out.

Forty-five if she was a day, but extremely well preserved, he thought to himself as he took in the expanse of flesh before it disappeared into the water. Jane was a bit on the short side, five feet two or three maybe. She had more curves than was fashionable, but man, he’d love to get hold of her. Her boobs jiggled and swayed, like two rabbits on the run, as she crossed the thirty or so feet from the door to the pool’s edge. The slight swell of her belly and that gorgeous triangle of hair he’d never seen before drew him like a beacon. A few stretch marks marred the lower sides of her stomach, but only seemed to enhance her beauty in his eyes. The last three or four steps she took at a run, then dove gracefully, beautifully arrow straight and without a ripple into the pool. She was immersed in the clear water.

“Oh my!” he managed and felt the familiar

tightness and warmth begin in his groin. George, at almost fifty-one, was still very much a vital, sexual man. But as a widower, he'd been deprived of companionship for months. His hand seemed to have a mind of its own, unfastening the button and dragging down the zipper of his shorts. He quickly found himself tugging the growing length of his cock into the open. The loose shorts fell to the floor. He stepped out of them and stood naked in front of his sliding glass door.

He watched transfixed as Jane, gloriously nude, swam her laps. Her flesh glistened wetly in the sun, muscles played against each other in the ripples created by her swift passing. A length of backstroke changed sinuously into a breast stroke on her turn. Back and forth, not twenty feet from him, she surged through the sparkling clear water. When she got into rhythm, her legs flashed and her bottom wobbled from side to side, the plump pale mounds drawing his eyes like a pair of magnets.

George slowly stroked himself, his excitement growing as he let his imagination kick in. He'd pretend he hadn't seen her and just walk out to retrieve something he'd left outside, offering a view of his rapidly growing cock. Or he'd take his place in his lounge chair and lay there, pretending to be asleep behind dark glasses, all the while watching her. Wanting her. Feigning sleep where

Peeping George

he could innocently stroke himself for the pleasure of them both. Instead, he watched and ached for her, wanted her. The widow next door.

“Foolish old man,” he chided himself, but didn’t stop looking, or masturbating. His passion wasn’t as quick to rise as when he was younger, but no matter, the enjoyment was equal or even better than when he was twenty. Cupping his testicles, he enjoyed the feel of their weight in his hand, and tugged on first one ball, then the other. The skin along his shaft felt tight, he growled low in his throat as his passion climbed steadily higher. His knees began to tremble, but he stayed where he was, not wanting to miss one second of her show.

“Come on out sweetheart, George wants to see you again,” he murmured to no one, to her, but mostly to himself. His hand sped up just a little at the thought of her climbing out. Facing or away, no matter, he loved all the parts of a woman.

As if she’d heard him, she slowed, then stopped and he could see her mouth, slightly open, taking deep breaths as she reached for the side of the pool. The laps had winded her and he watched as her breasts bobbed on the top of the water, her nipples dark and shiny in the sun. Lying back, she let her head rest in the water, hair fanned out, framing her face, her breasts lifted slightly. An offering, he wished and felt his mouth go dry.

“Oh God, woman, you’re gorgeous.” He tightened his fist around himself, at the base of his fully distended and throbbing cock, wanting to prolong the pleasure a bit longer. The palm of the other hand slid across his glans, and he felt it to his toes. His balls churned and moved up in their sac, tensing, preparing to discharge the load they stored. With the tips of his fingers, he teased the glans, with the other he began the slow pumping that he loved so much. His hips moved in unison and his heart raced. “Come on, baby, show old George,” he whispered reverently.

Jane swam one final lap, on her back and to George’s amazement, her hands moved over those generous curves he loved so much. She drifted slowly and cupped her breasts, pushing them skyward, as if offering them to some unseen being. The nipples looked pebble hard and she tweaked them each and pulled on them.

“Oh yeah, that’s it, sweetheart,” he said in a voice that had grown harsh with excitement. Pre-come dribbled down his shaft and he used it to lubricate his cock. When her fingers strayed between her thighs, it proved too much for him and he felt a tickling under his balls as the come climbing up his shaft. He exploded over his fingers. Pulsing and pumping his hand in just the right way, he surged over the brink, and groaned in pure pleasure, his cream splattering the glass at

Peeping George

the second spasm. His buttocks tightened and his entire body tensed. Each spurt was less, but the climax was wonderful, it had been too long since he'd last sought release.

Finally, remembering to breathe, his vision cleared just in time to see Jane pull herself out of the pool. She was directly in front of him, facing his doors and her face shone. Smiling, seeing him and smiling. He blushed, but continued to stroke the softening length of flesh between his thighs.

Without so much as a word, Jane nodded at him, eyeing him up and down, then walked slowly toward her house. The sway of her ass drew his eyes after her. The knowledge that she'd seen him had his heart racing once again.

He'd call her, they'd get together for lunch. Hell, he thought, maybe he'd get lucky. Visions of them together crossed his mind.

The phone rang.

About the Author

Multi-published Canadian author, Jude Mason, writes in a variety of genres and adores stretching the boundaries. The bulk of her work has been m/m of late but D/s and femdom hold a special place in her heart. She's also enjoyed straying into fetish, pulp fiction, f/f, paranormal and sci-fi, among others. A picture, a smell, an unexpected glimpse of flesh, or a load of soil in the back of a pickup, are all fodder for her writing. Her male characters run the gamut from the alpha male ruling his women with an iron fist, to a simpering purple-clad boy-toy, whose only desire is to please. As diverse and as richly depicted, her women find themselves in a myriad of exotic and erotic situations, and are as lusty as their male counterparts, if not more so. Jude has work in print, e-book format and audio

Interested, Google her name, you'll find her. Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare!