**Cherrie**

by**[TxRad](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=468397&page=submissions)**©

Cherrie looked out her back bedroom window. The sound of a string trimmer had drawn her attention away from changing out of her work clothes. Paul, the young maintenance man was out back trimming around the high fence. She loved to watch the play of muscles under his skin when he had his shirt off like he did today. She shivered as her hands went behind her back to release the catch on her bra.   
  
Her eyes moved down to the back of the tight shorts he wore and then down to his muscular legs. She shivered again as she shrugged the bra straps off her shoulders and the bra fell away. She was standing at the window bare from the waist up.   
  
Part of her mind screamed for her to move away from the window. Part of her hoped Paul would turn around and see her. She shivered even harder when her hands came up to cover and then caress her bare breasts. Her nipples were rock hard. Her index fingers and thumbs found her nipples and she gave them both a hard squeeze. She moaned softly.  
  
"You don't know what you are missing," she whispered to Paul. Paul didn't hear or see a thing.  
  
With a deep sigh, Cherrie released her nipples and stepped away from the window, her hands on the zipper to her long skirt. The zipper went down and she dropped the skirt on the floor. Now she was standing in the middle of the room completely naked. The only light was from the window.  
  
She sighed and turned toward the window. "If I could, I'd fuck your brains out," she said softly to Paul. Paul didn't hear. He just continued to trim the fence.  
  
Cherrie sighed deeply and turned toward the bathroom and a shower. She had lived in this small apartment since she had moved here six years before. It was the end apartment in a series of four. Her bedroom and bathroom was against the bedroom and bathroom of the next apartment. Her living room and kitchen were to the outside with the high fence a few feet past the end of her kitchen.  
  
Behind the living room and kitchen was a small patio with steps leading down to the yard shared by all four apartments. Being on the end gave her a small amount of privacy. Luckily, there were no children allowed. That kept the noise down considerable. There was the brick wall of a large retail store on the other side of the fence that kept the noise down from that direction.  
  
Cherrie smiled as she bent to adjust the water temperature in the tub. The walls were thin between her apartment and the one next door. The sounds from the other apartment were not bad, just stimulating. The couple that lived there were newly weds, about six months into their marriage.  
  
The moans and groans and the occasional banging of a headboard on the wall fueled some of Cherrie's wildest masturbation sessions. The sounds from their bathroom were intriguing to say the least. Giggling and laughing followed by more moans and groans. Sometimes there were even bumps on that wall. Cherrie's mind tried to fill in pictures from both rooms.  
  
Cherrie stepped into the tub, pulled the curtain, and switched the water. The jets from the nozzle lightly stung her neck and upper chest. She moved back and the spray found her breasts and her nipples. She whimpered softly and wiggled her shoulders back and forth slowly. The jets had her nipples aching in a few minutes and heat rising in her sex.  
  
With a grin, she turned around and picked up her washcloth and soap. The soapy rag on her arms and hands felt sensuous. Running it over and around her breasts and nipples made her shiver and whimper. Her mind went to Paul and his fabulous body as her hand worked the rag down across her belly to the top of her mound.  
  
Her hand paused before it could move lower onto her sex. She was trying to decide if she wanted release now or later when she could watch the real thing as she masturbated. "I could always do both," she whispered aloud.  
  
Saying that brought a smile to her face. She stayed horny almost twenty four seven. She dated very little here in the small town she called home. She had her reputation to consider. Her job depended on how people saw her. Or rather how they didn't see her, she added with a grin as the rag ran slowly down over her smoothly shaven sex. Her clit tingled and she groaned softly.  
  
No panties under a long skirt was as far as she could go at the library. Although thigh high stocks kept her mind on her upper thighs as she sat behind her desk. Her soft rubber butt plug drover her crazy when she got up the nerve to wear it. She groaned again as the rag moved back up to her clit.  
  
"Definitely both," she whispered as the rag started to make circles over her clit. A minute or so later, her hips started to flex slowly and her free hand came up to caress her soapy slick breasts. Her head rolled back as she groaned softly.  
  
"So, so good," she whispered as her mind supplied a vision of Paul in all his glory. She had never seen him nude but.... She groaned louder and then giggled as she wondered if the neighbors could hear her. That thought pushed her orgasm higher.  
  
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Cherrie returned to her bedroom wearing a towel around her damp short hair and nothing else. She approached the window and looked for Paul. He was nowhere in sight. With a soft sigh, she turned and walked over to her closet. Her dresses, skirts, and blouses for work were to the right side. Her lounging clothes were in the center and her out of town party clothes were to the left.   
  
Three separate divisions just like her life. Prim and proper, teasing and flirty, and downright sluty. She sighed and selected a light gray shirtdress. The material was soft and thin, just the right thing for a hot summer day. She smiled and then grinned as she thought how it looked without panties or a bra. Not exactly see through but....  
  
She pulled the towel off her head and dropped it on the floor. She put the dress on over her head and picked up the towel. She carried the towel into the bathroom and dropped it in the hamper. The mirror on the wall next to the hamper caught her eye and she grinned at the image there.   
  
The v-neckline made her neck look even longer than normal. The soft material clung to her breasts, the small dark circles under her nipples made sexy shadows. The tents from her hard nipples were clearly obvious. The flared skirt came down to mid thigh but showed the outline of her inner thighs. Her sex was a shadowy blur.  
  
Cherrie shivered and turned to walk back into the bedroom. "Maybe I need to move this dress over to the left side," she whispered as she picked up her skirt from the floor. She shook the skirt out and hung it over the chair in the corner with the rest of her dry cleaning.  
  
The sound of a lawnmower starting up in the back made her hurry to the window. A few moments later, Paul came into view pushing the mower along the back fence. She watched him until her reached the corner and made the turn toward her back patio. He was facing toward the back of her house. She backed away from the window quickly.  
  
With a grin that turned into a chuckle at her silliness, she turned and went into the living room. She had the dress on so why move away from the window. She paused at the breakfast counter and shivered as she wondered what Paul would make of the dress.  
  
She sighed and walked around the counter and over to the cabinet in the corner. She didn't even know if Paul was single or not. She opened the cabinet and got down a wine glass. She had said hello to him several times and shook hands with him the first time they met and exchanged names. She sighed as she closed the cabinet and walked over to the fridge.  
  
"He is so yummy and tempting," she whispered as she opened the fridge and got out the half bottle of white wine in the door.  
  
At the counter, she poured her glass half full. She corked the bottle and sipped the wine as she walked over to the glass-paneled door leading to the patio. She could hear the lawnmower off to her right, out of sight behind her bedroom.   
  
The door had eight glass panes and no curtain. She heard the sound of the mower getting louder as Paul made the return circle along the back fence. She sipped her wine faster as he came into view. His eyes were on the grass in front of the mower. By the time he reached the corner, her glass was empty.  
  
As he made the turn, Cherrie stepped away from the door and returned to the counter to refill her glass. She took a sip and shivered. She was playing a dangerous game with herself. The library board that had control over her job was religious and very image conscious.   
  
She had her teaching degree and had intended to teach English at the very least. She had applied at several dozen different cities with little in the way interest. The one interview she had had was in a large city north of where she lived now. Her lack of Spanish had killed that.  
  
After the interview, a woman on the local library board had approached her. The librarian here had died and they were looking for a replacement. Tired of living with her parents, Cherrie took the job. Little did she know that she was trading two people looking over shoulder for a dozen.  
  
Cherrie sighed and topped off her wine. The lawnmower was coming back along the fence again. She walked over to the door. She stood in front of it a moment and then reached for the knob. She made a soft groaning sound as she turned it. Her mind was at war over going outside or staying in.   
  
Her eyes followed Paul all the way to the corner. When he made the turn, she groaned again but didn't move. His eyes were still on the ground as he came toward her patio. At the corner, he raised the front of the mower and sat it down parallel to the patio and started forward. He looked up and then looked at the door in front of her.  
  
Cherrie gasped loudly as he waved at her. Reflexively she waved back. He had a smile on his face as he moved across the back of her patio and went out of sight behind the bedroom. Cherrie groaned long and loud, her hips quivering.  
  
A moment later, she turned and hurried over to the counter. "Oh, shit!" she whispered softly and downed half of her wine. Her mind was having a field day with all the thoughts about Paul, sex, and her job all in one big tangled mess.  
  
Her brain was settling down a little and she moaned softly as the realization that he had seen her sunk in completely. He had been thirty feet away and there was the glass, one part of her mind supplied. But... but... but... another part sputtered. Cherrie groaned again as she refilled her glass.  
  
With a long deep breath, she turned and leaned on the counter, the wine glass held up near her breasts. She shifted her hips and felt the slipperiness in her sex. Her free hand went to her belly and slowly slid down to the top of her mound. It stopped there, her fingers curling, her nails making her shiver as they tickled the smooth hairless skin under the thin material of the skirt.  
  
She glanced at the wine glass and turned quickly to set it on the counter. "That is not helping my head any at all," she whispered as the sound of the lawnmower crossed behind her apartment again. It sounded louder than normal. Her eyes went to the back door. It was standing partially open. She groaned softly as she took a step in that direction.  
  
"No, no, no," she whispered but she took another step.  
  
As she took a third step the lawnmower shut off. She hurried to the door and looked out. Neither Paul nor the lawnmower was in sight. The thought that he might be coming to her door had flashed across her mind. Now she wasn't sure if she was glad that he wasn't or disappointed.   
  
She opened the door and stepped out onto the patio. She slowly moved toward the steps as her eyes scanned the edge of the bedroom wall. She reached the steps and still hadn't seen the mower or Paul.   
  
With a sigh, she stepped down to the second step and sat down on the third, leaning back against the edge of the patio. Short stucco walls at an angle were on both sides of the steps severing as handrails. She tried to pull the short skirt down over her knees but it barely reached. She held it there, her knees and feet tightly together.  
  
The top of the short railing wall was about level with the top of her breasts. She glanced down. The way she was pulling the skirt made an angled tent over the front of her body. She leaned forward and looked to the right. She knew there was a tool shed on the other side of the last apartment.  
  
There was nothing or anyone in sight. She sat back and relaxed, letting go of the skirt. The skirt sprang up high above her knees. She shivered and pulled it down. "Maybe he's through for the day," she whispered softly, thinking aloud.  
  
The sun was a little above the back fence and warm-- growing toward hot. It was taking a little time for her body to warm up from being in the air conditioning of her apartment. Cherrie moved her feet outward using her toes and then her heels. Her thighs opened wider and wider. Her hands were on her knees.  
  
When her knees were as wide as her shoulders, she raised her heels as high as she could. She groaned softly as her dress slid down her thighs and the heat of the sun kissed her sex. She glanced down and shivered from the excitement of exposing herself like she was. She bounced on her toes and the dress slid a little farther down.  
  
Cherrie took a deep breath and looked around at the high fences and the back yard. The grass was short and neat except for a five-foot strip down the center. She wondered why Paul hadn't finished that strip. Maybe he had been called away or ran out of gas. The second thought made her nervous. What if he refueled the mower and came back to finish? What would she do?  
  
She bounced one foot and then the other with nervous energy. Her mind was telling her to go back inside but her body wasn't moving. She looked toward the far end apartment with the tool shed hidden behind it. If he were refueling, would he start the mower there or roll it out into the yard first? She groaned softly. The first would give her plenty of warning, the second hardly any at all.  
  
Her feet bounced faster as her mind and body warred with each other. Part of her mind wanted Paul to see her this way and part screamed "Hell No." There was a deep tingling itch in her sex and the inner muscles kept clenching and unclenching. Her hands kept fluttering on her knees. They wanted to move to her breasts and or sex.  
  
The thought of having an orgasm out here in the bright sunshine made her sex tighten up even more. The thought of Paul watching her masturbate to an orgasm out here made her groan and rock back and forth slowly. Would his mouth drop open and his eyes get wide as he saw her. Would he stop to watch or would he grin like mad and continue to push the mower.  
  
Questions on top of questions, she thought and then giggled. If she heard the mower start or saw Paul at the end of the yard, would she stay where she was or run like hell for the kitchen door? That was the question of the century. That was the question that her mind was fighting over.  
  
Cherrie groaned softly, her eyes on the far end of the yard. Her hands were moving up and down the tops of her thighs. From her knees, they would slide down to the cloth of her dress and then move back to her knees. They would squeeze her knees and the make the cycle down and back up. Her feet were still bouncing up and down. Her knees would swing to the side, opening her thighs wider.   
  
So much nervous energy, she thought and then giggled, so much sexual energy also. Other than masturbating, she hadn't had sex in over three months. She masturbated daily, sometimes two or more times a day. Keeping her hands off her sex was getting harder and harder to control. She moaned softly as her hands moved down the insides of her thighs instead of the tops.  
  
Her fingertips brushed the edges of her plump outer lips and then returned to her knees. She had groaned at the light touch on her pussy and then shivered as the fingers moved away. She lightly raked her nails up and down on her inner thighs several times but kept her fingers away from her sex. Her heels stopped moving up and down and her knees spread wider.   
  
She looked down and groaned. Her sex was prominently displayed even from where she was looking. From the front and several feet away.... She groaned again even louder. Her short inner lips were peeking out and looked moist and bright pink. Her finger would find her slit and opening sopping wet.  
  
Thoughts of her finger in her slit had her right hand sliding down her thigh. She stopped it at the edge of the dress and whimpered. "No, no, no.... Not now, not yet."  
  
"Now? Yet?" She whispered. Her brain was still sending her mixed signals. She moaned softly as she forced her hand back to her knee.  
  
She was watching the far end of the yard intently as her heels started to move up and down again. She whimpered softly as her hands slid down to the edge of her dress. When they came up and massaged and squeezed her breasts, she moaned loudly. Her eyes slowly closed. They snapped open a moment later. She had to keep an eye out for Paul.  
  
Her hands were motionless on her breasts, just cupping them. Her feet were motionless up on the toes. She leaned back against the edge of the patio and shivered as her hands gave her breasts a squeeze and held the pressure. With a frustrated sounding groan, she forced her hands back to her knees.  
  
The war in her mind was leaning toward masturbating more than anything else at this point. Pleasure was winning out over common sense. She groaned long and loud as her right hand moved slowly down her inner thigh. Her hips twitched and then jerked as her middle finger found her slit. It parted her inner lips and rubbed the glassy slick depths.  
  
Cherrie's hips rolled up, her ass hovering an inch off the concrete of the step. The fingertip moved lower to her sopping wet opening. Her eyes closed with a moan as it slipped inside to the second knuckle easily. Her eyes snapped open as the finger came out. Her legs were shaking as the finger came up and hovered in front of her lips. She sucked it in quickly, her eyes closing with a deep moan.  
  
Sucking on the finger with her flavor all over it made her whimper and moan. Her hips rocked back and forth. She wished she had her toy from her bedside table as she pulled the finger out of her mouth. One part of her mind whispered that the bed in the bedroom was safer and more comfortable.   
  
Cherrie was listening, as her hand dropped to her lap, two fingers rolling her clit around. She groaned deeply and flexed her hips. The itchy tingle in her clit came and went as her hips applied more or less pressure to her fingers. Her growing orgasm jumped in little steps. Her eyes were closed but at the moment she didn't care.  
  
The fingers moved a little quicker and then slowed for a moment as her free hand came up to cup and caress her breast. The fingertips of that hand were bumping rhythmically across her nipple. She moaned loudly as her hips rose another inch.   
  
The feelings from her fingers on her clit were growing more intense by the second. The strumming on her nipple was adding fuel to the fire. Thoughts of where she was and the thought that someone might see her carried her orgasm even higher.   
  
Two things happened at once or more precisely, the lawnmower started causing her orgasm crashed down on her. She was coming like crazy on one level and fighting her body to get up and run for the kitchen door on another. With the pleasure coursing through her body, the latter was next to impossible. The best she could do was to lean forward and fumble with the skirt trying to pull it down.  
  
The lawnmower was getting louder she realized suddenly. Her knees slammed shut and her feet dropped down off her toes. The hand on her breast finally got down to her dress, the one between her thighs didn't want to move. Somehow she got it out and had the dress smoothed out over her thighs by the time her eyes popped open.

Paul was twenty feet away. He was watching the grass in front of the mower. Cherrie moved her feet forward off the second step, her knees and ankles tightly together. Her feet didn't reach the third step so she crossed her ankles and tried to relax. She was as presentable as she could possible get but that wasn't slowing the beating of her heart or damping the excitement she was feeling.  
  
The mower was even with her when Paul glanced her way. His slow steady pace faulted and then stopped. His eyes were wide and his mouth hung open slightly. Cherrie grinned in spite of herself. His hands opened and the mower died suddenly as the safety switch opened. Other than that, he seemed frozen.  
  
"Afternoon, Paul," Cherrie said softly.  
  
This seemed to unfreeze him. "Uh... afternoon to you." He replied as his gaze darted to her breasts and then down to her legs. They returned to her breasts and then to her face. "It is a hot afternoon." His English had a Spanish accent.  
  
"No hotter than normal for this time of year but hot enough to make people sweat," Cherrie said, making conversation.  
  
Paul's look dropped to her breasts and then her legs again. "So I see," he whispered more to himself than to her.  
  
Cherrie had to bit her lower lip to keep from giggling. With the giggle under control, she said, "Sweating is good for a person. It cleans the pores."  
  
Paul's eyes jumped to her face. He opened his mouth and then closed. He seemed to be looking for something to say. Finally he whispered, "Light clothes are good this time of year."  
  
"Yes they are." Cherrie replied and then asked, "Are you married?"  
  
"Uh, no. I had a girlfriend a few years back but she moved to the city. She got a job offer there."  
  
"Why didn't you go with her?"  
  
Paul shook his head. "I'm a country boy. Big cities scare me. They move too fast and there are too many people."  
  
"I came from a medium sized city and there is a lot to be said for small towns. I've enjoyed this one."  
  
"You work at the library?"  
  
Cherrie nodded. "Yes, I do." A shiver ran up and down her spine as he mentioned her job.  
  
"I speak fairly good English but I'm having a problem with the reading," Paul confessed.  
  
"Come by sometime. I have some books that will help you and I could give you a hand if you want," Cherrie said with a smile as she thought of helping herself at the same time.  
  
"Thank you, I would like that."  
  
Paul turned back to the lawnmower and then paused to look back. "I... uh... like that dress."  
  
Cherrie grinned. "I like it also. I wear it all the time when I'm home."  
  
Paul grinned back at her. "I'll keep that in mind." A moment later, he started the mower and pushed it forward, his eyes on the grass.聽  
  
Cherrie sat where she was and watched him. He would look her way and smile each time he passed by. Cherrie smiled back at him. Each time he was past her going toward the far end of the yard, she would spread her legs wide and lift the skirt up to her waist. She kept teasing herself with the idea of leaving her legs and skirt that way on his return.  
  
She kept chickening out.  
  
Paul finished the last pass and ended up at the far end of the yard. Cherrie had her legs spread and her skirt up. He shut the mower off and turned it toward the work shed. He paused to wave. Cherrie waved back and stood up. He smiled broadly and started pushing the mower, his eyes still on her. She went up the steps as he moved and ended up on the top step as he went out of sight.  
  
With a whimpering shiver, she crossed to the back door and went inside. She shut the door and then leaned against it. Her legs were shaky and her heart pounded. She took a half step to the side and raised her skirt up to her waist with one hand as her other hand found her clit. She rubbed her clit furiously until she exploded in orgasm.  
  
Her mind had been on the possible future and it had been positively glowing.