

Peeping Tawnie

Faye Valentine

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Not really feeling like staring at the stars, Tawnie lowered her telescope and adjusted the focus until she was scanning Sapphire City in unmatched clarity. Factories. Grocery stores. Office buildings. Fancy and fast food restaurants alike. Homes. Apartment buildings. People sitting on their back yards and walking the streets enjoying the warm summer evening. Passing over a beautiful ranch-style brick home, she stopped and gasped as she took in a beautiful, half-naked brunette woman removed her panties and then proceeded to push the bulbous end of a lengthy dildo into her – the look on her face one of pure pleasure. Adjusting the telescope down a bit further, Tawnie caught sight of a raised ass and arching back as the woman reached down and with one swift thrust penetrated her partner to the hilt.

Holy fucking hell that's hot! Tawnie thought as she continued watching. *This is so fucking wrong, but... fuck it, if they didn't want to be seen then they would've closed the curtains. Fuck! I don't know how she can take something so big but god damn that's hot!* Just then, she watched the woman lube her partner's ass and then her hands. Thinking there was about to be some anal fingering, Tawnie's eyes went wide as she watched the woman's entire right hand disappear. Then half of her forearm. *Jesus Christ! How is that even possible?* She thought as the woman finally stopped at the elbow before pulling back and slowly pushing in again. Out. In. Out. In. All the way out. Left hand punched in. Left hand out, right hand in. Faster. Deeper. Her own ass clenching tightly, Tawnie could not believe what she was seeing even if her clit was throbbing from the humiliating excitement of it.

Positioned atop Sycamore Rise – the tallest and remotest hill in the city, Tawnie looked around as if to make sure no one was going to pop out and catch her in the act. When all she heard were crickets, she bit into her lower lip and slid her left hand into her shorts and panties. Rubbing her hooded clit, soft moans added to the nightly chorus, she imagined it was her kneeling on that living room floor getting pounded hard by an enormous silicone cock while fists punched in and out of her ass. The thought embarrassing her, she nevertheless pushed two and then three fingers into herself. Her soft moans growing increasingly louder, she bit even harder into her lower lip as she attempted to add her pinky only to find her shorts and panties getting in the way.

Looking around once again, Tawnie tugged her shorts and panties down and tried again. The fit was tight, but in the excitement of peeping in on another's perverse love-making session she was well-lubricated allowing the extra digit to slide in with minimal discomfort. *Holy fucking hell! Am I really doing this? Am I... oh God! I think I want to fist myself!* She thought as she worked her fingers deeper while still trying to catch glimpses of the women through her telescope. Shoving them in as deeply as they would go without hurting, she held them there as she watched the brunette reach back and pick something up out of view. And when her hand came back it was holding the handle of a flogger which she then proceeded to use on her lover's back and ass. *Sweet fucking Jesus! Are they that sort of couple? God, why does that look so fucking hot!* She thought as her fingers slipped a little deeper.

In. Out. In. Out. In. Spreading her fingers, she pulled them out. Scrunching them together, she shoved them back in. Spread out. Scrunched in. Harder. In. Out. In. out. Faster. Panting, she lay back on the grassy hill and pounded her fingers in and out until her hips were bucking in orgasm. Fingers still buried when the juices squirt from her, she bore down. A sharp pinch was followed by the most intense orgasm of her life as her hand went in to the wrist. "Oh my fucking god!" she moaned – the pleasure-filled sound carrying into the night. Pulling out, she

pushed her hand back in. Out. In. Out. In. Spreading her fingers, she yanked her hand out. Making a fist, she punched it in eliciting another orgasm. Rolling onto her belly, Tawnie raised her ass while keeping her head down on the grass. Reaching back, she once again shoved her hand into her womanhood and instantly gushed in orgasm. Yanking out, she adjusted her position and attempted to push them into her ass, but only managed to make it to the thickest part of the knuckles before screeching in pain. Her groan echoing through the night, she suddenly came to her senses. Jerking her fingers from her ass, she quickly pulled her panties and shorts up, packed her telescope, and then got out of there before anyone came investigating.

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Once home, Tawnie put her telescope in the living room closet, and then went to the bathroom to take a cold shower, but no sooner were her clothes on the floor, then her hand was buried wrist deep in her womanhood. “Sweet motherfucking Jesus that feels good!” she purred. *I can't believe I can take a fist now!* She thought as she watched her hand pistoning in and out. *It just slides in and out like it's nothing! How is this even possible?* She thought as she increased the speed and power of her thrusts. “Uhn! Uhn! Oh god yes! Uuhhnnn!” Knees buckling, she dropped to the floor gushing in orgasm. Going head down and ass up, she once again pulled from her now gaping pussy and attempted to bust through her back door. In. Out. In. Out. In to the knuckles. Out. Harder. Pussy juices drying on her fingers, she pulled out, thought a moment, and then mindlessly rushed into the bedroom where she grabbed a bottle of lube from her closet toybox before returning to the bathroom intent on getting her hand in her ass if only to know what the woman she peeped in on felt.

Adjusting her position several times to get a better angle, Tawnie continued fucking her fingers in and out of her ass, but no matter how hard she pushed, the angle was off, or she simply would not open up enough to allow her hand to fully penetrate. Growing more frustrated by the second, she pulled her fingers out, and then took a shower where she pondered ways of stretching her self open. Concluding she needed more and larger toys, she sat at her laptop and shopped Amazon for whatever could be delivered the fastest. Finding numerous interestingly shaped dildos and butt plugs that could reach her door the next day, she added them to the cart along with three more bottles of lube. Ready to checkout, a flogger caught her eye and her clit throbbed with excitement. Reaching down, she rubbed her pleasure button as she added the flogger, four paddles, a cane, two sets of clamps, five varieties of gags, a wartenberg pinwheel, enema supplies, several sleek and pretty collars, and several latex and leather outfits. Pushing the limit of her credit card, she paused for five long minutes debating whether this was really the direction she wanted her sex life to go. Ultimately deciding that it was, she checked out and that was it. Order placed, she had less than 24 hours before things in the bedroom god that much more interesting.

Fucking hell! I can't believe I just did that! What the actual hell is wrong with me? Nothing. Nothing is wrong with me. God! Not like I'm the first woman in the world discovering a sudden love for being fisted, she thought as she reached down and began fisting herself for the fourth time – the third being in the shower. *Why the hell can I fist my pussy so god damn easily but can't even get past the knuckles in my ass?* Sliding out of her chair and onto her knees, she reached back and once again shoved her fingers into her bottom. “UHN! F-Fuck waiting! I'm getting my hand up my ass tonight or not at all!” she declared to an otherwise empty bedroom. Grabbing the bottle of lube, she coated her right hand, squirt copious amounts into her partially gaping backdoor, and then thrust her fingers in as hard and fast as possible. A stretching

sensation was quickly followed by an intense, indescribable pain and then the feeling of her sphincter snapping shut. But not all the way as her wrist prevented that from happening.

“Ooohhhhhh GOD! She wailed as the orgasm poured from her in torrents. “Uhn! Uhn! I... mmmm... I f-fucking did it! Oh god! I did it! I’m actually fisting my ass!” Twisting her body, she managed to punch her left hand into her pussy to immediate orgasm. “This is fucking insane!” she moaned – yanking her right hand from her ass and then quickly shoving it back in for fear of her asshole closing and making penetration that much harder. Pulling from her pussy, she punched it in and pulled from her ass. In her ass, out of her pussy. Into her pussy, out of her ass. Alternating back and forth, she occasionally added more lube as she worked herself to yet another intense orgasm.

Fisting herself until she simply could not take it anymore, Tawnie reluctantly pulled her hands from her now wrecked holes and then crawled into the bathroom for another, quicker shower before returning to the bedroom and her laptop. *If I can become addicted to fisting then what other fetishes might I love? What other fetishes are there? What even counts as a fetish these days?* No sooner was the thought formed, then she was doing a Google search. Finding a supposed comprehensive list, she went down it one sexual act at a time beginning with common paraphilias. Exhibitionism? *Check.* Voyeurism? *God yes!* Masochism? *Hmm... I mean, I did have multiple orgasms rapidly stretching my holes open so... to be determined.* Sadism? *Definitely not!* She thought with an involuntary shiver. Fisting? *Double check.* Interracial? *Don’t care about the color of the cock as long as the man knows how to use it.* Golden showers? *Fuck! I want to say no, but... I didn’t think I’d like fisting until I tried. I’ll get back to that one.* Spanking? *Hold please.*

Standing, Tawnie placed her left hand on the edge of her desk. Reaching back, she gave her ass a surprisingly hard slap causing her to let out a yelping moan. THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! Each swat making her clit tingle, she switched to the left hand. THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! THWAP! “Fuck that feels good!” she purred. Running to the closet, she fetched a leather belt. Folding it in half, she gave her right ass cheek another hard swat causing her nipples to grow hard as erasers. “Oh god!” THWACK! Bringing the belt down hard against her inner right thigh, Tawnie moaned.

THWACK! Another to the inner right thigh.

THWACK! A third to her inner right thigh.

Switching hands, she was just about to bring it down on her inner left thigh, but switched trajectories at the last moment striking across her breasts. “Holy fuck!” she moaned as the juices shot from her like a geyser.

THWACK! Giving her breasts a second swat, Tawnie was fairly certain she loved being spanked and masochism was also a definite yes.

THWACK! With a final swat, she brought the belt down hard against her vulva eliciting another orgasm even if it brought her to her knees wailing in agony.

Fucking hell that was amazing! What in the hell is wrong with me? Nothing! That’s what’s wrong with me. Absolutely nothing! Sitting back at her desk, she continued going down the list. Biting? About to sink her teeth into her left forearm, she thought better of it and instead bit into her right breast hard enough for it to not only hurt like hell, but leave a clear mark behind without breaking skin. Biting her left breast, she softly moaned. Right breast. Left. Right. Left nipple. Right nipple. Left... SPLOOSH! The orgasm was sudden and intense. *Yep! I love to be bitten.* Bondage? *Hmm... probably, but I’ll need a partner I can trust to know for sure.* Discipline? *Um, I think I’ve already proven that one,* she thought, eyes drifting to the red marks

across her breasts, vulva, and thighs. Branding? *Definitely not.* Caning? *Probably, but I'll let myself know tomorrow.* Chastity? *Being blocked from having sex? Hell no! Although... that would be really humiliating and I think might actually turn me on. But then I wouldn't be able to pleasure myself. Which would... Nope! Definitely not. At least not willingly.* Electro-play? *Probably not, but I've heard it can be pleasurable. Maybe I should order one of those machines to see for myself?* And with that thought, Tawnie found herself back on Amazon placing another order.

Enemas? *Even if I don't like them I'll take them every day if it means keeping myself clean for anal fisting.* Gang bangs? *Yep!* Feeling the need to pee, Tawnie got up, went to the kitchen, grabbed a tall glass from the cupboard, returned to her private bathroom, and then pissed into it. Not hesitating for fear of chickening out, or going slow and gagging on it, she brought the warm glass to her lips and chugged – draining three-quarters of its salty contents before needing to take another breath. “Oh god that's gross!” Nevertheless, she quickly drained the rest. *Gross but not entirely horrible. I'll try again next time I need to go,* she thought as she rinsed the glass out. Sitting it on the counter next to the sink, she returned to the list of fetishes more turned on and exhausted than she imagined possible, but determined to learn just what sort of woman she really was. Moving onto a list of uncommon paraphilias ranging from Agalmatophilia – a sexual attraction to statues or mannequins, to zoophilia, she answered them all as honestly as possible with the last being a hard no with absolutely no desire to try it first.

Deciding to take a different approach if only to work off some of the pent-up energy, Tawnie made a spreadsheet which she inserted the list of fetishes into. Then, once again going through them, she gave each a number from zero to five with zero being a hard limit, one being a soft limit, and five something she would do without a second thought. Finishing it, she went through it again. Then a third time adjusting her answers the more she had time to think about it. Content that she had something concrete to work with, she saved the file, closed everything up, and then crawled into bed for some much-needed rest.