

Voyeurs on Vacation

by Joe Nobel

Danica peered through the window and watched as the woman put it in her mouth. Danica lowered her head so her eyes were on par with the sill, the lowest she could crouch and yet still see the events unfold on the bed in the vacation cabin. She clung to the outside of the sill to steady her balance for her knees were starting to numb. She hoped she wouldn't shake the juniper bushes she was squeezed between and give herself away. Danica knew she should just back away and run home, but something stronger urged her to stay and watch.

The man had longish hair, long in comparison to many of the other young vacationing men who wore their hair buzzed short; it was not quite blond, not quite gray, not quite salt-n-pepper. It curled down to his shoulders. He must be a rock star, Danica thought. She'd seen him at Curly's buying beer and cigarettes more than once, but never associated him with this secluded cabin at the end of a sandy driveway. It was the *No Trespassing* sign at the road that drew her in; otherwise she wouldn't have even noticed the nondescript outlet from the main drag.

As for the woman: she was young, slender, and petite, with a beautiful pixie face and severe brown eyes bordering on coal black and silken hair cascading beyond her shoulders. She was on her knees, on the bed with the tip of his thing in her mouth. The mysterious woman held the rest in her right hand, firm and strong, making a fist of it. She stroked it up and down, at times furiously, other times slowing down. Her other hand rested on his belly, perhaps, Danica thought, to keep him from intruding himself all the way in. What would it feel like, Danica wondered, to have one of those all the way in, down her throat?

The man was standing on the bed. Both hands held the back of her head. He grabbed a fistful of hair in each knuckle as his body tensed. Then he pushed her forward, making her take more of him in. Danica could hear every sound through the single pane glass. His heavy breathing, her moaning oohs and ahhs, the springs on the bed.

“Don't use your hands,” he must have said, for the woman let out a sigh and reluctantly clasped her wrists behind her back.

The woman looked up at him. Kneeling like that in front of him, mouth engulfing his object, she looked like a slave girl Danica had seen on one of those weird science fiction movies. Of course, they never showed this part in any of those movies. At least not the ones she'd ever watched.

The woman rocked her head back and forth, taking him in deeper each time. The woman picked up her pace, bobbing with a fury, lips firmly encompassing; cheeks drawn in, sucking.

Danica wondered about the phrase *this thing sucks*, which guys bandy about so derogatively. Sucking didn't seem so bad from this guy's point of view.

“Oh, yeah,” he cried softly. Hands still on her head, guiding her in and out. Danica didn't think she needed guiding. She seemed to know exactly what she was doing.

Danica's fingers slipped, knees weak from crouching, she fell back on her rump and landed on the gravel under the eaves of the cabin. She was sure she shook the juniper bushes behind her. There wasn't much room. She regained her crouching position as fast as her quivering legs would let her but dared not look back in the window lest the couple had heard the noise. She flattened herself against the cabin wall. Danica grew aware of her own breathing. Feel her heart pound. She realized she was hot and moist between her own legs.

As steady as she could, Danica inched away from the window, then ran between the man's black pickup truck and the woman's fancy-dancy convertible with the top down. She hurried down the sandy drive and retrieved her bike from where she hid it in the scrub a hundred feet up. She rode to her friend, Julia's, as fast as she could. Heart pounding all the way. She kept looking back to see if the man's shiny new pickup with oversized wheels was following her, chasing her down. If he caught her, would he make her his slave, too?

* * *

Julia and Danica were shopping in Curly's two days later, about noon, when *he* walked in.

“OMG! That's him,” Danica squealed. “That's the guy I was telling you about!”

“No way,” Julia whispered back as she peered from the candy aisle.

“Way!”

“He's hot.”

“What did I tell you? You believe me now?”

He was on his phone with one hand and carrying a twelve-pack in the other.

“Yeah, I just arrived in town. I'll be up at the cabin in fifteen minutes. Anything you need?”

After listening to the voice on the other end, he grabbed a bottle of white wine and held it under his beer-carrying arm.

“Okay, got that for you,” he said. “No I'm not getting burgers for the grill. I'll take you all out for dinner after the scene. Gotta go. See you soon.”

“Wanna watch?” Danica said, eyes lighting up.

“I'm going to go on one of those nature hikes with my family,” Julia said.

“Really?” Danica said, staring at her friend. “You'll miss this for a nature walk?”

“Dad wants to use this time to bond, and all that garbage.”

“Call him, tell him you're with me. Make up some excuse.”

“Okay, but he's not gonna like it.”

While Julia was on the phone hemming and hawing with her father, Danica's mind wandered. She imagined what it would be like to be that woman, with his thing in her mouth, deep in her mouth. She pressed her lips open in a huge “O”. She then made a fist of her right hand and stroked something visible only to her imagination.

She moaned in delight, just like that woman she'd watched through the window. She bobbed her head back and forth, forgetting where she was; bobbing back and forth in unison with her tight grip. She gyrated her hips, lost in her self-hypnotic trance. She took it deep in her mouth, rubbing it against the back of her throat. What would it be like, she wondered if he'd force himself —

“Danica!”

— all the way down her throat. Make her gag on it! Would he?

“Danica!”

She played her fisted hand back and forth in front of her open mouth all the more furiously, until —

“Oh, My, God, Danica, what are you doing?”

She opened her eyes. Julia was staring at her. As was everyone else in Curley's. There was plump Mrs. Weaver, pale skin burned lobster red, and her mother's friend Mrs. Potts, with a shopping basket full of carrots and zucchini. Then there was another older woman in horn-rimmed glasses, she didn't know her by name, eyes awide in shock, hands covering mouth.

“Oops,” Danica thought. Or maybe she actually said it.

She felt her face turn very, very red. Fortunately, the only person not watching was their guy. His attention was taken by the cashier as he was paying.

“What are you all looking at?” she said aloud. “I'm a tuba player in my school band. I'm practicing like this cuz I couldn't bring my tuba with me.” She straightened her back, turned ninety degrees to the end of the aisle and started marching. “Oompha oompha, oompha pa!” Hand still up to her mouth, but now instead of pantomiming an unspeakable act, she was playing her air tuba.

“Oompha oompha, oom, pa pa!” Danica marched out of Curley's. Julia followed marching behind, banging invisible cymbals.

Once out the door, they turned right on the sidewalk and kept marching. When they marched past the storefront window, they broke into a run.

“You wadsucker!” Julia said, gasping for breath when they finally stopped running.

“Don't you ever call me that!” Danica protested, shaking her finger at her friend, but too red-faced to be angry.

“Wadsucker!”

“Shush!”

“Okay, but now I've got to see them do it!”

“No way!” Danica protested, face still red. “I changed my mind. I just wanna crawl under a rock.”

“You overheard him just as well as me,” Julia said. “He's meeting his girlfriend up at his place. Now, you take me there, or I'll tell the whole world you suck the biggest —”

“Okay, I'll take you. But, like, you've got to shut up!”

* * *

Danica and Julia ditched their bikes in the scrub along the man's sandy driveway when they heard the engine rumbling behind them. They ducked out of sight just in time to hide from the helmeted figure riding by on the biggest hog of a motorcycle they'd ever seen in this vacation town.

“That was close,” Danica said, heart pounding, once the bike passed by.

“Who is he?” Julia asked. “I thought your guy was going to do his girlfriend.”

“Let's go see what's going on.”

The two left their bikes halfway up the drive. They threw them in the bushes and walked the rest of the way to the cabin. As they turned the last curve, they saw through the pines that indeed the man's pickup was parked at the end of the drive, next to the woman's Aston Martin. The biker had

parked his bike and was heading for the door.

The two girls waited until he got inside, then ran to the window, crouched down, and watched. And they saw that the biker was a woman as she took off her helmet. A woman with long cascading blond hair. She unzipped her biker garb and slipped out of them, revealing a long, slender body. The other woman, his girlfriend from last week, took her riding leathers and threw them over a chair.

“OMG,” Julia said. “What's he gonna do with two of them?”

“Let's wait and see,” Danica answered.

They didn't have to wait long. After the trio had a glass of wine, they started undressing. To be specific, the brunette undressed the blonde, pulling off her tank top, then pulling down her jeans. The blonde stepped out of her clothes gracefully, kissing the other woman on the neck when she graced by.

“Eew,” Julia said.

“Quiet,” Danica whispered.

Then it was the blonde biker girl's turn to undress her brunette friend. She pulled her print sun dress up over her head, then had her turn around and unclasped her bra. Her petite breasts now freed, the blonde cupped them from behind and gave them a jiggle.

The man smacked them both on the rump and said, “You know the drill.”

With that, the two women jumped on the bed and knelt in a line. They each clasped their hands behind their backs.

The man undressed slowly, throwing his shirt, then trousers, to a corner. He then slid out of his white underpants. He then climbed up onto the bed and stood in front of his two subjects.

“I can't see!” Danica said in hushed frustration.

The man was facing away from the window. Otherwise, this would be dream image for Danica, looking upon this naked man's posterior, with sinewy muscles rippling down his back; his well formed

butt. Now, all she wanted to see was his other side, and his women take him in.

The two kissed his belly and loins. They giggled and whispered between themselves. Hands still clasped behind their backs. The man turned to the blonde, and held her head with both hands. Even from behind there was no mistaking the way he guided her head back and forth. Even through the window, they heard the muffled sound of the woman moaning in delight.

Danica and Julia couldn't see any of it.

The girls watched as he turned to the brunette and repeated the movements: hands on the back of her head, guiding her back and forth.

“I wish they'd turn a little sideways so we can see it all,” Julia said. “But, still. This is awesome.”

The man went back to the blonde and then alternated between the two. Neither dared release the clasp of their hands behind their backs. Danica wondered if he'd punish them if they did. But how? A spanking, maybe?

Speaking of punishment, she wondered what would become of them if they were caught. Would he make them line up one the bed naked for him? Would they feel it in the back of their throats, too? Part of her wanted to get caught, wanted to be forced to do it. Yet she was afraid at the same time — of the same prospects.

“I wonder how long he can do it, before he, you know?” Danica wondered aloud.

“Before he what?” Julia asked.

“You know, explodes.”

“Oh, right. Eew!”

“OMG!” A thought crossed Danica's mind. “What if he 'you know' in one of their mouths.”

“Wow,” Julia said. It was her turn to be mesmerized with an open mouth in the shape of an “O”.

Taking in a fantasy object of pleasure.

The man picked up his pace. He was now furiously plowing into the blonde after switching over from the brunette.

“I’ve got to get a better view,” Julia said in a hushed whisper. She got up from her crouch under the window and slid along the wall between the bushes.

“Where are you going?” Danica cried under her breath. She followed her friend.

By the time Danica caught up, Julia was knocking on the front door.

They heard scuffling from inside. Whispers. The mattress squeaked. Then they heard footsteps.

The man, now wearing a light cotton robe opened the door. It was the first time the girls stood eye to eye with him. He had a two day's growth on his face, very sexy. Tousled hair, black, peppered with white. Chest hairs, lots of chest hairs by.

“What do you want?” he said curtly.

“I, um, I, we, were just wondering...” Julia sputtered.

“If you need housekeeping services,” Danica broke in. “You know, sheets changed, that sort of stuff.”

“No, I’m good. I’ve got a management company doing that,” the man said and was about to close the door. “Wait, you’re not locals. What’s the matter, your daddies didn’t leave you enough spending money to score weed on vacation?”

“No, no!” Danica protested. “We don’t —”

“Beat it! And I don’t ever want to see you here again. Now scam!”

“Sir, yes, sir!” Danica said.

They ran off, down the sand driveway. Looking back, the man watched until they were out of sight.

“Brilliant! Just brilliant you dimwit!” Danica screamed as they retrieved their bicycles. “You didn't even have a story down when you knocked on his door. What were you going to say, 'Hey mista, wanna couple of more girls to make it a foursome?’”

“I was just thinking that when they get back to it, they might shift their position so we can get a better view! Want to go back?”

“Not on your life! I betcha he's on the lookout for us!”

They rode back to Danica's house, pretty much in silence.

Julia did say, “You notice he didn't — you know — play with the girls' — you know whats.”

“Yeah,” Danica said. “Seems kinda unfair as far as pleasure goes. Now we'll never find out how it ends, will we?”

“Sorry!”

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Danica and Julia sat on a rock. It was not a very high rock, but it was massively broad, about fifty feet from end to end. It lay on granite ledge that spread all around them on a rise. Nothing grew here except lichen. The forest dark surrounded them, but was at least half a mile off in all directions. Like the eye of a storm of oak trees.

The sky was the cleanest blue there could be, the very definition of August. A row of cumulonimbus clouds dotted the sky in regular succession, in a stately march of giants. It was hot, but not oppressively so, and a meandering breeze made the day all the more pleasant. Tomorrow would be the last day for each of them. Then it would be off to back-to-school shopping with hysterical moms.

“You're so lucky you can shop for your own back-to-schoolzies,” Danica said.

“Yeah, but Mom checks everything when I get home, like a nazi-nun on steroids,” Julia replied. “She'll drag me back and make me return anything she thinks is un-okay for school. By then, she's got

me stuck with her and she takes me to the bargain basement and I'm bored to tears by the time she's done rummaging. Shopping can, like, go on for hours and hours and she makes me try on the stupidest stuff from last year's leftovers.”

“My mom skips the first part and we go directly the discount stores,” Danica said. “I seriously consider suicide after about the hundredth hour of shopping. We can't shop at the okay stores because she put her hands on her hips and goes, 'We spent too much on vacation!'.”

“What do they do, compare notes?” Julia said, scoffing. “My mom says about the same thing. Like, this vacation was a total bust. Neither of us got to use the family car. I think our dads compare notes, too. Making us both bring our stupid mountain bikes. We're not kids any more.”

“I wanted to follow Mom and Dad in my own car,” Danica said. “Dad wouldn't hear of it. He got me that bike for my eighteenth. He should have gotten me a decent set of wheels like any cool dad would for his cool kid. Instead, I've got my same old beat up Honda, a brand new mountain bike, and have to rummage for back-to-school.”

“A big fat bust,” Julia repeated. She turned away from her friend and paused, thought hard before continuing. “I had plans of hooking up.”

“Oh, yeah, who with?” Danica said, curiosity perked.

“Dunno. Just a stranger up here on vacation. Someone I'll never see again, ever.”

“Wow.”

“And don't tell anyone. Especially Jason.” Julia said. “Cuz it never got to happen, anyway.”

“I might have gone all the way if some cute guy hit on me, too.” Danica said. “No, not cute: bad ass. I wanted a dangerous guy. But I wasn't out trolling. If it would have happened, it would have happened. As it turns out, it didn't. Hey, at least we got front-row seats watching our badass pervert.”

“OMG,” Julia said. “What he did to those two. That was sick.”

“You think so?” Danica said. “I think it was way cool. I can't stop imagining myself being one of those girls, especially the brunette, his main girl.”

“You're a sick puppy,” Julia said.

“You're not telling anyone I told you that, right?”

“Yeah, yeah. Okay.”

“I only wish we saw how it ended,” Danica said. “The whole affair was incredibly one-sided. Then, and the time I saw them before, too. My god, he rammed it down her throat! Can't stop imagining what it must have felt like. I just wanted to change places with that woman.”

“Yo! Girl!” Julia said. “It's supposed to go in the other end. You don't get off that way.”

“I wonder,” Danica said.

“Huh?”

“She's a rich girl. I googled that car. A hundred grand at least. Bet she could have any guy she wants but she went with a bad boy. With that shiny new pickup truck with pipes and oversized wheels, he's probably doing okay, but she's still way out of his league.”

“She's slumming?”

“Yeah, big time. With a guy who acts like he owns her.”

“Gross,” Julia shot back, quickly.

“Cool,” Danica said, trying to be casual about it.

“Maybe after we left, they changed places. You never know.”

“Could be. They could go for a three-way thing.”

“Hmm,” Julia commented, “how do you suppose he could, you know, reciprocate, on both of them at once?”

“Dunno,” Danica said. “Roaming fingers, roaming tongue. Or maybe one at a time while the

other watches.”

“You'd watch your guy go down on someone else?”

“We watched!”

“That's different. He's not 'our' guy. I think the three would just have a free-for-all.”

“Girls last longer than guys,” Danica said, not knowing why she spewed out that factoid. “Once he, 'you know's', he's out of the game. Where does that leave his two girlfriends?”

“Dunno. The two on each other, I suppose? Eew.”

“Why not?” Danica asked. Without thinking, she put a hand on Julia's crossed thigh as she sat on the rock ledge.

Julia brushed her away, casually. It took a few moments for her to register. Then her eyes shot wide open and her body tensed like a coil. “Wait a sec! You weren't thinking...”

“Huh?” Danica said. “No, no, of course not!”

“You were, too!”

“Well, okay, maybe I was. You said yourself, neither of us hooked up and —”

Julia jumped to her feet. “Listen, I'm going.”

“Wait. We're still cool, right?” Danica asked.

“Yeah, we're still cool. Just got stuff to do.”

“Like what?”

“Dunno.”

“Don't leave,” Danica pleaded. “Please.”

“Why?”

Danica wondered what she could say. She hoped their friendship wasn't in the process of slipping away just because of one miscalculated urge. “Let's go see what our bad-ass guy is up to today,

okay?" she offered.

Julia thought for a moment. "Okay, let's."

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They stowed their bikes in the bushes, like they did before, halfway along his sandy driveway. When they walked the last turn, they saw two cars, the black pickup truck and the Aston Martin. No biker chick this time.

The guy and his brunette girlfriend sat on the bed holding hands. He wore a tee with cutoff sleeves and faded denim shorts. She had on an elegant but simple sundress with a blue and yellow print. It looked like it came from a high-end boutique, like everything else about her; like her delicate open toe sandals and her perfectly coiffed hair cascading down past her shoulders.

They talked quietly between themselves in serious contemplation. He'd say something, and she'd nod, mostly looking down at her lap, not making eye contact. Other times, she'd break into a beautiful grin and hug him in response to what he'd told her. Their conversation kept going on and on. And much to Danica and Julia's consternation, there was not one hint of anything sexual.

"C'mon, do something already," Julia said. It came out more than a whisper.

"Hush!" Danica whispered back with an urgency. Then added, "Be patient."

Still, not much of anything happened. The two continued talking quietly, holding hands. Often looking down while speaking. Often answering in almost indiscernible nods.

"Boring," Julia said, finally.

"Give 'em a chance. They have all day."

"But, I don't."

"Fifteen minutes," Danica said. "Give them fifteen minutes to start something, okay?"

"Okay, fifteen minutes," Julia checked the clock on her phone. "Then, I'm out'a here."

“Just wait and see,” Danica said, still optimistic, but getting frightened that this afternoon would end up another bust topping off a bust of a vacation. She tried not to let her fear show.

The two on the bed kept talking. Fifteen minutes tuned into twenty.

“Coming?” Julia said, finally. She stretched her legs, for the two of them had been crouching under the window the whole time.

“Just give it a few more,” Danica pleaded.

“Stay if you want. I'm off, kiddo.” Julia snuck away from the window along the side of the house, and Danica watched her slink down the driveway until she was out of sight behind the trees.

That's when her badass dude reached down into his duffel bag by his feet and produced several coils of rope. He placed the bundles, four of them, on the bed between them.

The woman looked at them shyly. Or was it a mock shyness?

“What is this, boy scout hour?” Danica fumed to herself and was ready to catch up with her friend. But curiosity got the best of her again, and she just had to see what plan he had up his sleeve with that rope.

The man bade his woman to undress. She pulled off her print sun dress and laid it over a chair in the corner, then unclasped her bra and let it fall to the floor. Then let her all-but-non-existent thong fall to the floor around her ankles as well. She returned to sit on the edge of the bed.

The man asked for her wrist, and the woman presented it to him. He proceeded to wrap a section of the rope around it, making a coil about two inches wide. Then tied it off, pulled it — testing it for integrity. He took her other wrist and repeated the process. He pushed her gently down onto the bed. Grabbed an ankle then repeated the process. When done, he positioned her on the center of the bed, made sure a pillow was under her head and one under her bottom, then tied the rope off to the corners of the bed. Arms above her head. Legs spread open.

The woman was in full view of Danica: naked, spread eagle, in all her delicate beauty. But the guy still had on his faded denim shorts and sleeveless tee. “Get undressed all ready, will ya!” Danica fumed to herself.

He began by caressing the woman: face first, then moving down to her shoulders, massaging them gently. Then time came when his hands moved south to tease her breasts. Pulled tight with arms above her head they appeared no more than gently rolling hills on the landscape of her body. He was not so gentle with those sentinels that lay on those hills. He pulled on them, made her squirm.

The woman gasped. Danica first thought it was from pain, but quickly realized they were sounds of pleasure. She watched, transfixed. Julia shouldn't have left, Danica thought.

Danica pulled out her phone and called her friend. “Get back here,” she said. “You won't believe what they're doing. He's got her tied up!”

“Tied up!” Julia cried. “Quick, call the police. No wait, they'll hear. I'll call the police!”

“You'll do no such thing,” Danica said. “It's cool between them. Just get your twat back here and what you'll see will salvage this vacation, promise.”

“Coming.” They both hung up. Danica returned her attention to the couple inside.

When Danica looked up again, the guy's hands had wandered further south, to her delta. The girlfriend raised her hips in response to his ministrations. Gyration. Undulating. She gasped, took long drawn breaths, clutched the rope binding her arms. Soon the woman shook violently, thrashing all over the bed, within the limits of what her bondage allowed. She screamed her “Yes, yes, yes”-es.

When she reached her heights and was sated, he bent down and kissed her on the navel. But he was not finished with her. He worked her back to a frenzy in short order.

“This is how he evens it out,” Danica thought to herself. “I've gotta get me all tied one day.” Trouble was, the boys she knew didn't have the imagination to pull this off. She'd have to find a guy like this for herself. Then it occurred to her, that this was a rich girl. Maybe this is a game only rich girls can afford.

He moved up to a flogger. It was not particularly large — about a foot long including the handle. But, it had many multi-colored thongs. Each, bright and wide. Danica held her hand over her mouth as he whacked the woman on her sweet spot, right between the legs. The bound lady squirmed and writhed and would have flown off the bed like a bead of water dropped onto a cast iron skillet had she not been tied so securely.

Her yowling came through distinct and clear through the window glass. But, then came another smack of the flogger, again right on her delta. The woman gritted her teeth this time, and turned her head away. She squirmed her hips, as if doing so would lessen the impact.

He was merciless as yet another flick of his instrument landed on her flesh.

“T'sup?” Danica heard from behind. Her heart jumped up her throat, she aged a year, she nearly peed in her pants. She went through every possible cliché and then some.

“Goddamn it, Julia! You scared the shit out of me.” Okay, one more cliché.

“Oh shit, what is he doing to her!” Julia said, peering into the bedroom for the first time.

“She already circled the moon once,” Danica said. “Look, it's about to happen again.”

The badass dude kept flogging; his woman squirmed, she wriggled, she writhed. All the while, her breathe grew heavier and heavier; her pleas to stop turned into, “Oh, god, yes, yes, yes”-es. And Julia couldn't believe, although Danica did, that the woman hit another home run just from the flogging by itself.

He brought her to the mountain top more times than either Julia or Danica could count. Ten, maybe twelve. Each time with something more diabolical and creative than the last. For a while she sported clothes pins for him to tease her with. Later on, the two girls swore he had most of his hand in her. Pleasing her rough until her gasps of pleasure were mixed with those of pain.

Then he took his pleasure in the end. He untied her and swung her around so her head was hanging off the foot of the bed. Her mouth open and receptive. There, he gave it to her, pulling off his denims, finally. He was long, hard, and potent.

Danica was amazed at his staying power. Her own experience, limited as it was, told her that boys are in and out really quick, leaving her high and dry and having to take care of herself later in the night. Wow, that stamina, she thought, watching with mouth agape. Julia was frozen, mind in overload, shut down: never imagining anything like this was possible in the realm of human existence or that it was even enjoyable for the woman.

“Wow,” the woman said. They could see her mouth the words clearly, no mistaking what she said, “Wow.”

Her loverboy bent down and kissed her. Just like he did before they started the scene. He then massaged her shoulders.

The woman turned her head to nuzzle against his hand. That's when her eyes caught Danica's

peering in the window.

Danica saw the woman mouth the word, "Look!" as their eyes locked.

The badass guy turned and saw them, too.

Danica backed away from the window and crunched into Julia as they both tried to squeeze between the juniper bushes in a panicked get-away. Julia's clawing was fiercer; she got through first. Following right behind, Danica's legs felt like Jello. Not only was she paralyzed with fright, but crouching below the window had numbed her legs and she hadn't even realized how useless they'd gotten.

Danica fell flat on her face. Looking up, she saw Julia already ten steps ahead, running off disappearing where the sandy driveway curved away. Somewhere in the distant recesses of her mind, beyond the sound of her own throbbing heartbeat, she heard the door open and footprints marching toward her. Danica climbed to her knees and then started to stand, but a hand grabbed the back of her collar and pulled her to her feet.

Oh, my God, he's got me!

The badass guy, the pervert, the sex deviant, the doer-of-the-unspeakable-acts-to-defenseless-women dragged her into his cabin, his lair, his chamber of horrors. Danica thought she screamed for Julia. She thought she kicked. She thought she clawed at him. But she wasn't sure if she really did any of those things. Her mind was in a spin. Now it would be her turn. Him, doing the same to her, while her brunette friend watches. Or maybe that rich girlfriend will take part. Oh, no! That woman would whip her while the guy takes his pleasure using her mouth. And Danica knew she deserved every degradation and humiliation they'd dish upon her.

Danica was plopped in the center of the room. The woman had freed herself from the restraints and sat on the corner of the bed covering herself with a sheet. Free? Danica realized that woman had

never really been restrained if she could release herself any time she wanted. So, why didn't she?

Especially while he was whipping her —

“Words escape me,” the man said. “I don't even begin to know what to say, finding you invading our most personal moments.”

“I'm sorry,” Danica squeaked. She wanted to say something starting with, “I didn't mean to, but...” But what? What could she possibly say. Yes she did mean to, and she had done it more than once.

“What were you thinking, spying on us like that? Were you getting your thrills?”

“No. I wasn't thinking.” Danica was crying.

“How do you think the lady feels, finding you watching her through the window?”

“I'm sorry, ma'am. Embarrassed?”

“Damn right, embarrassed,” the guy said. “Violated. This whole thing you witnessed is personal and intimate. It's a beautiful and special thing between two loving people. And to find two weasels with nothing better to do gawking at us. That's too much.”

“I know this was wrong,” Danica said. “I'm prepared to be punished and let you do to me whatever you will.” She dropped to her knees and clasped her wrists behind her back. She held her mouth open, but squeezed her eyes closed. Yes, she wanted what was coming, looking forward to it, in fact. But she knew it was going to hurt.

“Get up, you little brat,” the badass guy pulled her to her feet again by the collar. “You still don't understand, do you? Don't think for a moment I'm going to be a part of your schoolgirl fantasies.” He thought for what seemed like forever. Danica's heart thumped, thumped, thumped in the meantime. “I really don't know what to do with you.”

He looked at the woman.

She just rolled her eyes. Danica couldn't look to this lady for sympathy. She knew it wouldn't work.

"I don't know if I should call the police, call your father, or just kick you out," he said.

"Send her on her way," the woman said, quietly.

The man thought for a while. Again, too long for Danica. Danica wondered if maybe he'd call the police or her father after all. Or maybe, just maybe, he'll change his mind and make her do it to him — and receive the sting from the flogger, just like his woman had.

"Get out of here!" He finally said.

"You mean you're not gonna make me —"

"No, I'm not going to *call* anyone on you," he said, voice raised this time. "Now, go home. And phone your friend and tell her you're on her way before she makes a stink of things. If I ever see you again, under any circumstances, you will regret it. Understand?"

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Vacation over, Danica's family packed that night and left the timeshare the following morning. She was disappointed in Julia that her friend ran off, leaving her to fend for herself at the cabin. Danica quickly got over the ill feelings as the next week was preoccupied with back-to-school shopping. She texted Julia, slowly letting out what happened after she got caught and chastising her friend for being such a chicken. Julia didn't believe her; surely he must have done something perverted to her, but having called later and telling her she was alright Julia stopped worrying. ("So we're okay, right?" — "Yeah, we're okay.") The two didn't actually meet in person until the first day of school in September, by then all animosities were behind them.

They drove in together in Danica's beat up Honda. She parked in the student parking lot. Unfair, she thought, it was so far from the building she could almost walk from home. They had to pass

through the teacher's parking lot, recognizing most of the cars along the way. Naming the teachers they belonged to. There were a few new cars, that meant new teachers.

“Look at that pickup,” Julia said.

“Hot,” Danica said, commenting on the black pickup truck. It looked a lot like the one that belonged to the badass sex pervert from the cabin.

She didn't put it all together until her second period math class. She was walking into the classroom as Julia was walking out. Her friend's face was white as a sheet. Julia just walked past Danica, barely glancing at her. What's up with her, Danica wondered.

Danica took her seat, third row. She pulled out her math book, notebook, and pencil, then looked up. That's when the new teacher, Mr. Jones, turned around and they caught each other in the eye.

His words came back ringing loud and clear, “If I ever see you again, under any circumstances, you will regret it.”

The End

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Be well, Joe

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