

Colin Taylor



*Punishment
for a
Peeping Tom*

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Punishment of a Peeping Tom

by

Colin Taylor

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Chapter One

Felix crept slowly across the dark lawn. The night was warm, and a thin layer of cloud hid the moon and stars. It was a perfect night for this.

He paused for a moment, holding his breath and listening. He lay on his belly about halfway between the shrubbery and the house. He'd spent more than an hour sitting in that shrubbery, observing the place. He'd even tossed some small stones toward a few different spots to see whether there were any of those sentry lights that come on when they detect motion. Nothing.

Although he felt reasonably safe, he was practiced enough to know that it was always worthwhile to stop every now and then, just to look around and listen one more time. Now, as he lay still in the short grass, he reviewed in his mind the layout of the neighborhood. The house toward which he crept was about 100 feet back from the street, at the end of a long driveway. Since he was approaching from the back of the house, there was no chance of his being caught in the headlights of normal street traffic. There was no house directly opposite this one, and the houses to either side all had large yards, so he had a comfortable cover of darkness in which to lurk unseen. The excitement made him giddy.

Felix liked to watch. He was an old-fashioned voyeur, sneaking peeks here and there, catching glimpses where he could. He loved the sensation of peering at people in the nakedness they believed to be secret; safe and hidden, he could enter the most intimate moments of people's lives, join them in their total lustful abandon, experience people showing parts of themselves in a way that would never happen with anyone who knew that he was there. His love life, when it came to partners who were actually conscious of his presence, had been mediocre. It was in these secret stealings of images and sounds that he truly became aroused, every ounce of him filled with a raging lust that got

him hard within minutes after orgasm, allowing him to come a dozen times or more in a single night. He could never perform so well with an actual lover.

Tonight was about as perfect as it got. He had inside information. The Internet Age had greatly aided his special pursuits in various ways, and tonight it had come through again. Pretending to be a woman, he had joined multitudes of online groups, fishing for events and locations that would allow him to view some juicy action. And tonight, it would be juicy. At least ten women would be in this house, having come to take part in an all-female orgy that involved a lot of toys, bondage, and S&M. He knew from chatting as his false persona that most of the women were actually bi, several even married to men, but that this event was strictly “ladies only.” His erection pulsed against his black pants just thinking about it. This could be his biggest score ever. He’d made sure to bring a high-end digital camera along—the kind that could make short videos as well as take pictures. One of his pockets held close to twenty extra memory cards for the camera. He was going to enjoy this opportunity not just tonight, but for countless nights yet to come.

Rising slowly and quietly from the grass, but remaining low, he crawled the rest of the way toward one of the back windows, crouching against the wall just beneath it. Experience told him that this would be one of the windows in the living room. As he’d expected, the curtains had been pulled, but there remained a small triangle of space to one side. Rising very slowly, he eventually brought his eyes level with the windowsill, then slightly higher.

Unbelievable. He had an opening at least two inches wide and four or five inches high, and through this he could see a number of women in the living room. His cock oozed as he noted that the action had already begun. In the center of the room, he could just make out the top portion of a naked woman who was bent at the waist, her ass taking a flogging from another woman, this one topless, wielding a

large leather strap. On a couch nearby, a woman sat naked except for a blindfold, her hands behind her back and ropes criss-crossing her torso. Her legs were spread, knees held apart by two women who sat on either side of her, and one of these women was holding a vibrator between the forcibly opened legs. Felix could hear the vibrator, could hear even more loudly the squeals of combined delight and protest leaping from the bound woman's mouth.

This was too much. He was nearly ready to come as he sat there, watching through the window from his comfortable distance, enveloped in shadow. He snapped a few pictures right away (with the camera's flash set to "off," of course), then, unable to contain himself, he unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants, and pulled out his cock.