**Zidi**

by rtyuuioyuih1

*Our 19-year-old house sitter puts on a private show.*

**\*\*\* DAY ZERO \*\*\***

I'm not sure how she got the dates wrong. We had texted back and forth a few times when I asked her to house sit for us. I'm sure I had told her we weren't leaving until Monday morning. Zidi could be scatterbrained, but it's not like housesitting is a real complicated job.

All I know is that my wife and I were getting one last good fucking in before going to visit her parents for a week, when I heard a gasp from behind me. I just about jumped out of my skin and quickly turned to look over my shoulder. There was Zidi, frozen in place, both hands covering her mouth. She was wearing tiny little denim shorts, a midriff-baring tank top, and earbuds. Her giant eyes darted from mine to surveying the scene before her: my completely naked backside kneeling on the bed; my wife laying on her back, wearing a blindfold and nothing else, with each limb tied to a different corner of our bed; both of us flushed red and dripping with sweat. From behind Zidi's hands, I thought I saw the corners of her mouth begin to curl into a smirk. Then she turned and walked hurriedly out of our apartment. My wife asked why I had stopped, so I turned back to the task at hand, but I couldn't stop thinking about Zidi and what she had walked into.

**\*\*\* DAY ONE \*\*\***

Zidi was a nice girl who lived just a few minutes away from our apartment. In the summer before she started college, she had interned at my wife's office. In the summer between her freshman and sophomore years, she was back home with her parents, so we asked her to house sit for a week.

Zidi ("Z-D") was short for Zdislava. She was tall, slender, and blonde. She looked like Anya Taylor-Joy, but a little more Eastern European. She developed a great sense of humor, starting with her classmates growing up calling her "Ziti" because "she had a body like fettuccine" (which is an entirely different type of pasta, but kids are dumb). By the time she reached college, Zidi was still taller than her peers at 6'1" but she wasn't quite as flat anymore, having developed 34C breasts.

The assignment was simple: come by once a day, water the plants, change which lights were left on in a half-hearted attempt to keep away burglars, and help yourself to any snacks you want. We were only going to be gone a week and our studio apartment wasn't that big. As you entered, the wall on the right was all the appliances and kitchen counters. The left proceeded from bathroom to bed area to living area (there weren't defined rooms or interior walls). I had a Google Nest Hub sitting on the kitchen counter, which would notify me of any motion detected in my apartment. It was situated such that the camera would capture the door to the bathroom, the entire bedroom, and the first half of the sofa.

As we drove to my in-laws' place on Monday night, my phone chimed. I was driving, so my wife picked it up and checked the notification from Google.

"Oh, it looks like Zidi is at our place," my wife informed me. She clicked on the notification and the camera started to stream its limited view of our apartment. My wife narrated to me, "She's watering the plants. She turned on the lamp by the sofa. Oh, she's noticed the Hub. She's waving to us. She's so cute! I'm gonna say hi." My wife turned on the audio. "Hi Zidi! Thanks so much for coming by! I left some fresh-baked cookies out for you!"

"Thanks, Olivia!" I heard Zidi call through the Hub.

My wife and Zidi exchanged a few more pleasantries before disconnecting the call. We were almost at her parents' place anyway.

**\*\*\* DAY TWO \*\*\***

The next evening, I was laying in bed while my wife was in the shower. The first day with the inlaws is always the easiest - it's all warm hellos and there's plenty to get caught up about. I was doing a crossword puzzle on my phone, when my phone chimed with a notification from the Google Hub. I clicked on it, and the stream started.

Zidi was sitting on our bed, eating some chips. I couldn't help but think of what she had seen happen in that bed just 48 hours ago. She waved at the camera, and I turned on the audio. "Hi Zidi!"

"Hi Kevin!" Zidi answered. "Is Olivia there?"

"No, she's in the shower."

"Ah, and you didn't wanna shower with her?" Zidi asked with a grin.

My mouth opened a fraction as I considered how to answer that. Zidi giggled and turned away from the camera. I didn't respond at all. Zidi said, "I'm almost done here tonight, Kevin. I've already done all the chores you left me. I'm just gonna finish this bag of chips and then snoop through your drawers."

I laughed, "Okay, sounds good, Zidi. Thanks again." I disabled the audio, but I didn't close the stream. Zidi strolled in and out of view of the camera a few times. I admired her nubile teen body. She was wearing those extra-short cloth shorts that let the bottom of each butt cheek hang out. Her toned midriff was exposed by the sports bra she wore in lieu of a shirt. I wondered what she was doing out of frame in our living room, but I had no reason to not trust her. When she re-entered the frame, she walked over to my wife's nightstand and opened the drawer. She actually was snooping! I thought she was trying to be sneaky about it and that she must've thought I disconnected the video. I realized I was mistaken, when Zidi pulled a vibrator out of the nightstand and turned to wave it in front of the camera. I was about to turn the audio back on and question Zidi, when I heard the shower adjoining our room shut off. I didn't want to alert my wife because she can overreact at times, so I didn't say anything to Zidi. I watched as she put the vibrator back in the nightstand anyway, blew a kiss to the camera, and then exited our apartment. I disconnected the stream just as my wife exited the bathroom in a towel.

"Whatcha doin' in here?" my wife asked.

"Oh, just checking on the apartment. Zidi just left."

"She's so sweet. I'm glad she's actually coming by every night while we're gone. It makes me feel a little safer." my wife explained.

"Yeah... me too." I agreed.

I returned to my crossword puzzle. The worst part about staying with the inlaws is how paperthin their walls are. There's never a good opportunity to have any fun after dark.

**\*\*\* DAY THREE \*\*\***

The next night, I resolved to ask Zidi about the snooping, but not in front of my wife. So, when my phone chimed with the notification, I excused myself to go upstairs. My wife stayed in the living room watching tv with her parents.

When I got to our room and opened the app, my jaw dropped. Zidi was walking around our apartment completely naked! She had her back to the camera and only the first inch of her buttcrack was in frame, so I couldn't see much. I was about to turn on the audio, when Zidi looked over her shoulder and waved to the camera. I stopped just short of turning on the audio and instead, I watched as Zidi took a few steps away from the camera so that more and more of her ass came into view. It was small, but tight and perky. She wiggled it a little as she continued to look over her shoulder.

Zidi side-stepped her way out of frame. When she walked back into frame a moment later, she was facing the camera with her entire naked torso in frame. She was holding two of the cookies my wife had left for Zidi up like pasties that just barely covered her areolae. She shimmied in front of the camera briefly. Then, as I watched, she moved one of the cookies up to her mouth to take a bite, exposing her nipple to me. She dropped that hand to her side, leaving that breast fully exposed, then repeated with the other cookie. Her glorious, 19 year old tits were front and center on my phone screen. They were so round and creamy, with two small little eraser-head nipples pointing at me. I found myself gently stroking my cock as I gazed.

Zidi squatted down so her tits were replaced by her face. She winked at me through the camera, then turned and went about her business. She watered the plants and did the other couple things we'd asked her to do. All while completely naked. She seemed to innately know exactly where the boundaries of the video frame were, as I got plenty of views of her ass and tits, but not one single glimpse of her pussy. When she was done, she waved once more to the camera and walked out of frame toward the front door of our apartment. She must've undressed and redressed just out of frame because I never even saw a pile of her clothes.

When I was sure the show was over, I closed the app and closed my still agape mouth. I was hard as a rock when my wife walked into our bedroom.

"Hey honey- wait, are you hard? Did you leave the living room so you could come up here and watch porn?" My wife chuckled. "You're such a creep. Good luck with that! You know we can't have sex in this house, and we've still got four more nights here."

She was right. Zidi was coming back to our apartment 4 more times.

**\*\*\* DAY FOUR \*\*\***

By the next night, I had decided Zidi's fun was harmless. I was no longer concerned about her snooping around our apartment. I just wanted to make sure I caught her next performance.

So, when my wife said she was gonna go out with her high school friends, I opted to stay behind with her parents. We had dinner together, during which we exhausted our remaining topics of conversation. I was not looking forward to the next few days here. When we finished eating, I volunteered to wash the dishes, so they could go settle in the living room for their nightly tv rituals (and so I wouldn't have to think of anything else to talk about).

When my phone chimed, I quickly dried my hands and rushed upstairs without saying good night. Zidi was naked in our apartment again. She was sitting on our bed, looking at the Hub, as if she was waiting for the little green light to indicate I was logged in. When I started the stream, Zidi perked up and smiled. She motioned excitedly at the camera, as if she had some news for me. I enabled the audio and said an awkward, "Hi Zidi..." What do you say to your wife's former intern, turned personal exhibitionist?

"Hi Kevin!" she acted like it was totally normal that she was standing in my apartment naked. "I hope you think I've been doing a good job here!"

"Well... of course-"

Zidi interrupted me, "Do you mind if I take a bath here? My house only has the one bathroom my family all has to share, and I can never luxuriate as long as I'd like to."

"Well...sure, that's fine I guess."

"Great! Thanks, Kevin! Feel free to keep the audio connected too, if you want to." Zaida walked naked into our bathroom. She left the door open, but the tub was still out of frame.

I wondered why she wanted me to keep the audio on. Maybe in case she slipped on our tile floor, then she could call out for help? I put my earbuds in and kept the video running, even though it seemed like the show was over already. I was a little disappointed to be watching a live stream of my empty bedroom, listening to a tub fill with water, knowing that a naked girl was just out of frame.

When the tub was full enough, I heard the water shut off and some splashing as Zidi lowered herself in. I sat there watching this stream (that could just as easily be a still frame) for ten minutes. "This is as boring as watching Wheel of Fortune with Olivia's parents," I thought to myself.

Then, I started to hear it. It began with just some water softly splashing around. Then a tiny grunt. Then heavy breathing. Zidi was masturbating in my bathtub! My cock went immediately from half chub to fully hard. I heard Zidi's strained "eeeehhhHHHH" followed by more heavy breathing. The splashing got louder and faster. Zidi's voice carried across the apartment and into the microphone, "Eh! Eh! Eh! EhhhhhhhhHH!" She gasped loudly, then I heard a big splash like water had pushed over the side of the tub and hit the floor, and Zidi exclaim with relief, "AHHHHHH!" Her breathing, while still deep, slowed down. I was still hard and lightly stroking myself, but I didn't want to make a mess in my wife's childhood bed that I'd have to explain.

I kept watching the feed and every now and then I'd see a bit of ankle or a shoulder appear in frame. It looked like Zidi was using all our towels to clean up the water from the bathroom. She finally drained the tub and walked back out to the living room.

"Thanks Kevin!" she said. "I feel a million times better. That's just what I needed."

I continued to stroke my cock as I looked at her boobs on my phone. It only just occurred to me that I could take a screenshot of the stream, so I quickly did. I felt a natural instinct to point my phone toward my face, so Zidi couldn't see me stroking myself, but the truth was the Hub was currently only connected as a one-way security camera and not a two-way video call, so Zidi couldn't see me at all.

"Sorry, but I made a bit of a mess in the bathroom. I cleaned it up though! I'll throw the towels in the wash right now, and when I'm back tomorrow night, I can throw them in the dryer."

I didn't say anything, but Zidi didn't seem to be waiting for a response. She gathered up her things and left me with my erection.

My wife got home shortly after. She found me stroking my dick in the bed, watching porn on my phone. "You really are a creep," she greeted me with a smile. "Lucky for you, my friends got me a little tipsy... why don't you follow me into the shower, and I can help you finish off with a little head? The sound of the water should drown out our noises well enough."

She didn't have to ask me twice.

**\*\*\* DAY FIVE \*\*\***

The whole next day, Olivia had a hangover. It cleared up by the evening of course, but she was still exhausted and wanted to go to bed early. I joined her, nervous for what would happen when my phone chimed.

Olivia and I were lying side by side in the bed, me working on a crossword puzzle and her reading a book, when the chime came. Full of dread, I clicked on the notification as Olivia looked over at me. "Oh, is Zidi there?" she asked.

I nervously turned the phone screen so that we could both see.

I was pleasantly surprised to find Zidi fully dressed - or, as fully dressed as she ever was. There was still plenty of leg, midriff, and cleavage on display. What surprised me more was to see there was a second girl with her.

"Who's that!?" my wife exclaimed with mild alarm. "She's bringing someone else into our apartment!?"

"It's probably just some friend. They're probably going out tonight and they just stopped here to take care of the chores on their way. It is Friday night afterall." I tried to reason.

"Well, okay. I'm glad we have this Hub though. Now I wish I'd let you convince me to put one in the living area and one in the bathroom too though!" she said.

"Me too..." I thought with a grumble. Of course, Olivia didn't know what else I might have seen the last few days if we'd had more cameras. I prayed there wouldn't be any show tonight, as Olivia watched the screen like a hawk for any nefariousness out of Zidi's friend.

Zidi's friend was also quite pretty. She was a redhead who looked to be about Zidi's same age. A little shorter, but just as slender.

Zidi hadn't acknowledged the camera yet. I wondered if she hadn't warned her friend about it. Zidi watered the plants, while the friend moved the towels to the drier. I explained to my wife that Zidi had offered to do a load of laundry for us while we were gone, so when we returned we'd just have to fold it. Olivia relaxed a bit as she remembered how kind and considerate Zidi was. Surely the company she kept would be similar.

Nothing explicit happened during Zidi's visit tonight. My wife did point out some behavior I might not have noticed on my own though. Little glances the girls were making at each other, a lingering hand, excessive giggling... "Kevin, I think those girls are flirting with each other."

"Oh, really?" I asked. "I wouldn't have guessed Zidi was a lesbian."

"Oh, Kevin. Girls aren't straight or lesbian these days. That's not what I was suggesting at all. They're just flirting. Zidi could be bi, or just generally fluid."

"I know! I was just saying I didn't realize Zidi was...fluid...or anything." I finished lamely.

"Well, I think you were right. I think Zidi and this girl are going out on Friday night. Cute! I'll have to remember to ask her how it went when we get back."

The girls finished up and left after a particularly short visit to our apartment. I shut off the video and went back to my crossword.

**\*\*\* DAY SIX \*\*\***

The next night is when I got in trouble. Olivia had gone out with a different set of high school friends, so I settled into the bedroom to watch my show. Now that I was watching alone, I was hoping it'd be more interesting than last night's episode. Maybe Zidi would bring back her friend, but they'd both be naked this time...

I was already on my phone when the chime came in. I opened the app in time to see Zidi enter the frame from the front of our apartment. She walked in, glanced briefly at the Hub to confirm the green light was on, dropped her purse on the kitchen counter, and entered the living area. The Hub could only capture the first half of the sofa, but Zidi's purse had been placed where it blocked the view of that half. Zidi turned to the camera, smiled, waved, crossed her arms, and pulled off her top, exposing her wonderful tits to me. She then turned around and bent at the waist to remove her yoga pants. The resolution wasn't sharp enough for me to get a good look at her pussy, but I appreciated her ass. She stood back upright, looked over her shoulder, and took one deliberate step to her right, hiding most of her body behind the purse. She then walked forward and spun as she plopped herself on the sofa. I could see her face, and her right arm, but the rest of her body was blocked by the bag. I swear, she's so finely attuned to keeping herself out of frame, I'm surprised she doesn't rob convenience stores.

As I watched, Zidi pulled up a video on her phone, propped it up on the coffee table, and then leaned back into the sofa. Her right arm joined the rest of her body behind the bag. I could hear moaning come from her phone, and I could tell from my limited view of Zidi's body that she was masturbating again.

I took my cock out and began to stroke it as I watched Zidi get more and more into it. Sometimes, her big beautiful eyes would be enraptured by the video on her phone. Other times, they'd be squished shut as she laid her head back to succumb to the feelings.

Zidi's moans had joined the moans on the video, when the door to the bedroom opened. I looked up in fear and found myself eye to eye with my wife. I wasn't expecting her home for a couple more hours.

"Well, well, well. I knew I'd find you watching something dirty on your phone. Jenn's kid had a thing, so she had to go home. The rest of us broke up and went our separate ways too. So, what are you watching?"

"Uhhh, umm..." Why didn't I close the app and pull up some random porn video?

Olivia walked over and laid on the bed next to me. We've watched porn together before, so she leaned in to see what was on my screen tonight. "Is that- Kevin what the fuck? Is that our apartment? Is that Zidi?"

".........Yes." What else could I say? "But! Ummmm"

"Kevin, what the fuck!?"

"I- look, listen, I didn't know she was gonna do this! I heard the chime, I opened the app..."

"Did she tell you she wanted to put on a show for you? Did you tell her to stop?" My wife asked.

"....no and also no." I admitted.

"You little creep..." my wife said. I looked up, surprised to find her smiling. "I gotta admit, Zidi is very cute. I didn't know she was such a slut. How long has she been at it?"

"Oh, uhm, I've only been watching for a minute..." I tested the waters.

"Well, hold on, let me get caught up. You know I haven't cum since we got here." My wife started taking off her pants.

"Wait- you're not- you're okay- you wanna- what about the noise?" I could barely get a question out.

"My parents are getting older and they're losing their hearing. Have you heard how loud the tv is? We just gotta be quiet about it and I think it'll be okay."

I looked back at the screen. I still couldn't see much, but it looked like Zidi had both feet on the coffee table and her head thrown back.

"Do you think she knows you're watching?" My wife asked.

"Umm, hard to say... She is so carefully positioned behind that purse though."

"She must know you COULD be watching..." my wife speculated out loud. "Anyway, help me out here."

Olivia took my hand and placed it on her pussy, which had quickly started dripping with arousal. Once I was in position to start playing with her clit, she reached over and started jacking my cock for me.

On the screen, Zidi repositioned again. She laid down on our couch with her head on the visible arm rest. Her torso was obscured by the purse and the rest of her body was out of frame.

"She looks like she's really enjoying it," my wife commented. "Mmm, it looks like you're really enjoying it," she added.

Zidi's moans got louder and louder. Her head was thrown back and whipping from side to side. Her torso heaved upward behind the purse. She let out one long whimpering moan, and then she screamed.

"Mmm, yumm," my wife purred.

I was getting close, and I could tell Olivia was too. We watched as Zidi got up from the couch, grabbed her phone, and walked toward the camera. For the first time, I got to see her pussy on screen. As she got close, the details came more and more into view. Her lips were all tucked in, there was girlcum all over her upper thighs, and the blonde curly triangle of hair on her mound was matted too. Zidi looked directly into the camera as she licked her fingers.

"Ohhhh, she definitely knew we were watching," my wife moaned.

Zidi picked up her clothes off the floor, got dressed, grabbed her bag, waved at the camera, and left our apartment.

"I don't think she watered the plants," I noticed.

"Who cares?" my wife responded. "Put your dick in me."

Again, she didn't have to ask me twice.

**\*\*\* DAY SEVEN \*\*\***

The next morning could've been awkward. Luckily, my wife didn't seem any more upset about my voyeurism than she did last night. She's actually pretty sexually liberal when you give her the chance. I'd found her willing to experiment with a lot of things in the bedroom.

Hence, our purchase of the restraints that Zidi had found us in that night before our trip. They're designed so you can tie yourself in, but you'll need someone else to get you out. They're actually arbor knots that you can slip each of your limbs into, and then when you pull, the knots get tighter. The only way to get out is to have a friend untie you (when they're done with you).

I took a chance, and I told Olivia everything: about Zidi finding her tied up in the bed and about each of the shows she had put on since. Olivia was a little jealous that I was watching this teenage girl get naked each night, turned on by the taboo, and frustrated I hadn't told her sooner so we could watch together. We agreed to watch together tonight, the last night of our trip.

We excused ourselves early to go upstairs and pack our bags. We'd say our goodbyes in the morning. When the phone chimed, we both dropped what we were doing and climbed into the bed, naked.

When Zidi entered the frame, she was already naked. She must have undressed right by the door again (unless she's been getting naked before reaching our apartment...). She sat on our bed and waved to the camera. Her perfect teen tits seemed so full and luscious tonight. Her nipples were standing on end and turned slightly upward. Zidi got up and casually went about the chores she was doing for us. My wife and I idly stroked each other.

Zidi sat back on the bed and looked at the camera with a smile. She stretched her arms toward the ceiling and thrust her breasts out. When she finished her stretch, instead of lowering her arms, she fell back onto our bed. After a moment, she rolled over, got on all fours, and crawled over toward Olivia's nightstand. She wagged her butt back and forth teasingly as she dug through the drawers.

When she had decided on a toy, she sat back against the headboard. She licked up and down the toy and sucked it into her mouth. She held the toy to her clit and turned on the vibrations.

"Look at that tight little body!" my wife said, as she reached under the covers to begin stroking me.

She was right. I couldn't get enough of Zidi's body. So petite, except for her perfect, perky tits. I watched as she pressed Olivia's vibrator to her clit.

Just as the show began, Olivia interrupted, shoving her own phone in my face. "I don't wanna miss a moment of this. Use my phone to film your phone's screen. Then I can watch the video later."

"What?" I was a little annoyed because I wanted to enjoy the show, not become a cameraman myself. "Why can't you watch it now? And how am I supposed to stroke myself if I've gotta hold my phone in my right hand and your phone in my left hand?"

Olivia didn't answer me. Instead, she twisted herself around and crawled under the blankets. As I felt her lips close around my cock head, I hurriedly unlocked her phone, opened the camera app, and positioned the two phones as instructed.

I couldn't decide which I enjoyed more. The sight I'd waited so long to see of this 19-year-old blonde beauty masturbating for me; or the feeling of my wife's expert mouth on my dick. Sometimes Zidi would remove the vibrator from her pussy and shove it in and out of her mouth instead, and I'd imagine it was her mouth on my cock instead of Olivia's. I tried to soak in every moment of this fantasy come to life: the warmth and softness, the three sets of moans, the erotic images.

This time, Zidi didn't have her phone out and wasn't watching any porn. I wondered what she thought about when she masturbated. I wondered what she was thinking about right now. Maybe some guy from school? Maybe her little redheaded friend? Could I be so conceited as to hope she was thinking about me? Her eyes alternated between squinting shut toward the ceiling, and sparkling toward the camera.

As Zidi's mewling swelled to a crescendo, I swelled in Olivia's mouth. My wife gagged but kept working her mouth on me. I'm sure she could hear Zidi's moaning, "Heemmm, AH, Ah, hhhhhhhhh," a sharp intake of breath, then a whimpering, "imph, imph, IMPH," and finally a shriek as she came. Her body trembled as her orgasm flowed through her. Her chest heaved as she caught her breath.

Having heard the finale, my wife redoubled her efforts until I quickly flooded her mouth. With a satisfied gulp, Olivia swallowed everything I gave her, again not wanting to explain the mess to her conservative parents.

Meanwhile, Zidi used my wife's pillowcase to clean the vibrator of her juices. Then, she put the toy back in the nightstand drawer. She stretched languidly, shivered in aftershock, and sat up to smile and wave at the camera.

Olivia exited the blankets, and cuddled up against my arm. We watched together as Zidi took a selfie in our bed. A notification appeared at the top of my phone screen a moment later, a photo message from Zidi. Her work here complete, Zidi then disappeared out of frame, toward the exit of our apartment.

**\*\*\* DAY EIGHT \*\*\***

The drive home seemed so much longer than the drive to the inlaws' place. Olivia and I held hands for parts of the trip. We'd look over at each other and smile. It had been good to see her family. It was going to be good to get home. I was a little disappointed the show was over. Olivia had already said Zidi would be our new house sitter for life, whenever Zidi was available and interested.

At one point, I glanced over to find Olivia watching last night's video on her phone. The moans coming from the tiny speakers turned me on, as I remembered everything that happened last night and throughout this whole trip. Olivia slipped a hand into her sweatpants and gently played with herself. She didn't make herself cum, but just idly stimulated herself while watching our favorite college slut.

When we finally got home, we parked in the garage. I grabbed our suitcases and we lumbered up the stairs together. I unlocked our door. I was surprised to see a candle burning on our kitchen counter. Pretty irresponsible of Zidi to leave that burning, unattended in our apartment. Olivia and I walked the five steps past the bathroom to reach the bed area, and then we stopped dead.

Zidi was in our bed, completely naked except for a blindfold, arms and legs tied to the four corners of the bed, tight teen pussy glistening wet and pointed right at us. My wife looked at me, smiled, and crossed her arms to take off her shirt.