

## DESIGNS

My new neighbor just moved next door with her daughter. I really had no interest in the woman, but her daughter seemed exquisite. As the movers unloaded the furniture, Eva was sunning herself. I came out to check the mail, and she gave me a seductive look. She did seem rather young. But she was full of curiosity. She smiled at me. And I waved back.

There was little likelihood that our contact would ever progress to anything more than that although I wouldn't have minded giving her a tour of my place.

What would I have to do to get the girl to give me a chance? I understood that if I made the first move, I could get in trouble. But I couldn't stop her from snooping around my place. I needed to find some excuse so that she herself would make the effort for me. I was quite a charming guy. And I also thought that I would be a suitable guide to teach Eva about the ways of the world.

Eva appeared to need a father figure. Her mother had enough on her plate. I would love to supplement in those areas where her mother seemed lax. You never could tell how a girl might benefit from male encouragement. Evidently, Eva did not lack for attention. But an older man might be able to better advise her how to fight off the more aggressive types.

I could probably start off by recommend some good literature for the poor thing. That was the area of her life where she seemed to be the most disadvantaged. Momma was a fan of tabloids. She knew the ailment of every celebrity. And she could recite the dating history of every well known star. This was hardly the strong foundation for a career.

Even though Momma would constantly chide her daughter, both women were driven by their appetites. It was difficult for them to restrain their desires. The mother wished that her daughter would not fall victim to a life of pleasure, but the mother offered little in the way of example.

"I like to think of Eva as my little sister."

The mother had difficulty drawing boundaries for her daughter. If the lines were blurred, I wouldn't mind slanting them in my direction. But first off, Eva could use a lesson in some good old-fashioned common sense. When I would observe her sitting out back in a lawn chair, I took it as my duty that make sure no one was harassing the lovely creature. After all, I couldn't really trust my other neighbors.

From the moment that they moved in, I thought that my life was blessed. All that Eva would have to do was glance over at my house, and I would feel grateful for the rest of the day. There was something special between us. That kind of connection needed to remain unspoken. If our paths ever crossed, I would try to be as courteous as possible. Eva came to value my presence.

I knew that one day everything would make sense. I would have the opportunity to express to Eva my true feelings. For the time being, this was our little secret. I kept my lips sealed. And Eva did the same. I didn't want to jeopardize our future together.

When I was alone, I would think about her. If I closed my eyes, she would be looking back at me. That was how it was meant to be. I wondered if I was doing enough to guarantee our eventual bliss. I wasn't sure if I could explain this feeling to anyone else. But I knew in my heart that it was right. One look at Eva would confirm what I had been thinking. I told myself

that I didn't want to destroy the possibility of greater happiness. So I spent much of my time suffering in silence.

I noticed something unusual about the girl. She didn't have much difficulty making friends. But she loved to spend time by herself. Eva seemed as if she was damaged. I couldn't confirm my suspicions. But this made a lot of sense. That would also explain why the mother was so protective of her. The father may have been a bad influence. He was sent into exile because he had been such a terrible role model for his daughter.

The more that I observed her, the more that I was convinced that something much more severe had precipitated the father's departure. There was part of her psyche that was now buried so deeply that no one could ever make contact with the girl. Instead, everyone remained at a distance. She was condemned to permanently inhabit a world of solitude. She would never find true happiness. All her admirers could only worship her from afar, but each would be cast off when they could not offer her enough attention. No one would ever be able to take my Eva from me.

I felt that I understood things about Eva that even remained hidden to the girl herself. I did what I could to offer her the necessary support. But it would be impossible to explain these mysteries to her. No one else had that special understanding that I had. I felt as if she gestured it that way. Over time, I would do what was necessary to aid in her development. One day, she would appreciate what I had done for her. Until then, I could cherish the notion that I was doing the best for her.

I had little training in psychology. But I had a great deal of knowledge about people. I was always learning by observing. So Eva provided me the ideal case to apply my knowledge. I could explore all the complexities of her personality. This made me feel even more deeply that we shared an understanding.

I wanted to tell Eva everything that I knew. But I was afraid of frightening her. It would have been remarkable to simply share a few ideas with her. I kept to myself. I didn't want to interfere with her growth. She didn't need another adult trying to dominate her life.

She was a flower that was growing more beautiful by the day. I wanted to reach out and pluck the loveliness from the stem. But that would only limit its power. So I left her alone. And each day, her splendor became more magnificent.

I wished that she would demonstrate her affection to me. But I knew that if I asked something from her, I would ruin what we shared. So I held my tongue. And I waited for the right moment. Sometimes, I would arrange my chair so that I could catch a better glimpse of her. But that was all that I would do. I didn't want to bother her.

I wished that there was some kind of telepathy that would allow me to share our connection. I concentrated long and hard in the effort to unlock that power. But I was frustrated trying to make contact. She must have realize how hard I tried.

I wanted our connection to remain pure. She was an extraordinary girl. Sometimes, I even doubted that we inhabited the same planet. But I knew that we were meant to deepen our friendship. One day she would tell me what she felt.

What did she think about me? She saw me all the time. She must have been wondering about me. I wanted to over to her house and share my thoughts. What did she do when she went in the house.? I thought about asking Eva and her mother over for dinner. That would be a

friendly gesture from a neighbor. Whatever I did, I would have to find a way to get Eva more interested in what I was doing. I couldn't do anything to arouse the suspicions of the neighbors. And I wanted the mother to think about me favorably way. I did everything that I could to get Eva to like me.

It was a little after dusk. Generally, I would close my curtains and turn on the lights. I didn't want people peering into my room. This evening, I hit the light switch first. As I walked over to the window, I saw that Eva was looking inside. She had often taken an interest in what I was doing. If I was mowing the lawn, she would watch me the entire time. I also caught her looking at me at other times. She was my little thief. Only this time her interest seemed more pronounced. It was almost shocking on her part. I never thought that she had the daring. This time was very different. I made it obvious that I saw her. But she didn't run away. She kept looking inside.

I was waiting for her mother to pull her inside. That didn't happen. Instead her gaze became more concentrated. I tried going about my business. But she was freaking me out. What did she want me to do? There was something very exciting about the fact that she was watching me. She was mesmerized, and I felt in complete control.

I didn't want to ruin the moment. If I did something to scare her away, that would really be terrible. But she would leave me no peace. What did she need from me?

I had no idea what had precipitated her actions. I hadn't invited her to do this. I hadn't even left my curtains open for that long. That was time enough for her. And she refused to stop. I couldn't take away that pleasure.

She had her reasons for doing what she was doing. Maybe she suspected me of being some kind of weirdo. She was testing out her suspicions by looking into my window. What was she seeing. I didn't want to give her more reason to feel bad about me. The longer that I left the curtains open, the more that I seemed to be advancing that sick fantasy. I couldn't help myself. I wanted her to look in. I never thought of myself as an exhibitionist. I couldn't do anything to encourage. I just left things as they were.

She remained fascinated. She was creating her own story. If I tried to egg her on, she would become convinced that I truly was a pervert. The ambiguity made her more curious. I wanted her to make the first move. Only now I was frozen. I didn't know what I should do. How long would it be before she became bored?

I pulled a book from the shelf, and I began to read. She was still there. Maybe she was waiting for her mother to come out. She was simply bored and filling up the time. But she could have changed her focus. She could have turned to look at the traffic go by. She kept staring at me.

I had dreamt of a moment like this. But I had no idea what to do next. Everything that Eva did was of her own volition. In no way did I try to lead her on.

I closed my book and walked over to the window. This was getting way out of hand. Any minute now and her mother would be out there. The mother would take one look at my window and call the police. She would believe that I had made her daughter do this. Something strange was going on in my house.

I walked over to the curtains and started to pull them shut. Eva was looking straight into

my eyes. I kept my curtains opened a little longer. I hoped that no one saw what was going on. She waved back at me. Then I closed the curtains for good. I shut off the light. And I left the room. I felt a little guilty about what had happened.

When I saw Eva the next day, I was afraid to look her way. But she gave me the same stare as she had from the night before. I had no idea what was going on. I didn't want to destroy our friendship. I didn't want to get caught doing anything nasty. I went inside and closed the door. I sat in my living room and thought about her.

That night she gave me a show of her own. I felt that it would be wrong for me to stare into her window. But she had pretty well given me permission by looking into mine. I couldn't help it if she was willing to reveal so much more to me than I had done for her. I admitted that it made me excited. And that only made me want to keep looking. Even after my actions seemed to have violated the bounds of decency, I could not stop myself.

Her curtains were open wide. Her lights were on. From outside her house, it was easy to see into her window. But only I had the vantage point to actually see the full picture. I couldn't help but believe that she knew this too. That was why she was putting on a show for me. She wore a short kimono-style bathrobe. She also had heels on as if she was getting dressed to go somewhere. The bathrobe had a belt that she had loosely tied. All the while it was coming undone. I could see her bra and panties underneath the robe. She was well-developed for a girl her age. Her hips already had the seductive curves that would incite any man's desires. I followed a line up her smooth legs until I arrived at the line of her panties. They were black. She had worn them for a reason. I wanted to think that I was her lover. And she was doing all this for me.

She played with her bathrobe as if she had noticed me watching her. She pulled it closed, then it opened up even more. I loved the tease. She was getting ready to toss it on the bed. But she kept doing her dance with it. She now had her back with me as she twirled around. The robe sailed up in the air. By the time that she turned to face me, the robe had opened up completely. But she would not yet give me the satisfaction of taking it off.

She sat on the bed and bent down as she reached over to touch her ankles. While she sat up, she ran her hands along her legs. A look of pleasure overcame her. She pursed her lips. Then she shook her head and stood up again.

I was sizzling with excitement. She knew this. She held her pose for a couple of minutes just so that I could take it all in. Then she pulled the bathrobe off and tossed it in the air. It floated above her. I was in heaven.

I stared at the full image of her figure. I could sense my hand upon her hips as I pulled her closer. Her facial expression seemed to stop me in my tracks. Again she was toying with me.

The robe had missed the bed and fallen on the floor. She reached down to pick it up. For the first time she showed me her perfect little ass. I couldn't take it. I could barely catch my breath. I wanted to reach out and grab her. I wanted to sculpt her body with my hands.

Her breath was hot. Her body steamy. I was getting aroused by looking at her.

She played with the strap of her bra. I wanted to bury myself in her perky breasts. She held her hands out as if to stop me. Then she motioned me towards her.

She started to dance around the room. I strained to hear the music. But she made sense of it all by the way that she shook her body around. She closed her eyes and completely gave herself over to the experience.

I could tell that she wanted to strip entirely for me. She did everything that she could to convey that feeling. But as her dance seemed to reach its climax, she eased the curtains closed. While I could still see inside, she flashed me a big smile. Then she let the curtains fall in the same way as the robe.

The next thing that I knew, the lights had been turned off. The show was over, but it had left an indelible impression on me. It wasn't going to be enough just to watch her night after night. I wanted more.

I thought that the mother had been watching my every move. This made me extra-cautious. Even a furtive glance could convict me. So I didn't do a thing to let on how I really felt. I almost relied on Eva to figure it out. She knew her mother much better than I did. After a while it dawned on me. The mother was actually turning a blind eye to what was going on. I tried to analyze why. But it was so clear. This is what happened when Eva lived with her father. The mother had been oblivious to what was going on. She was more concerned about her husband's love. After a point, she didn't even care about that. She only did what she needed to survive. She almost sacrificed her daughter so that she could remain whole.

It scandalized me. I felt that I could get away with anything. I wasn't sure where I would stop. I wanted to see myself as a father figure. But I didn't want to assume the role of the abusive father. The mother was almost begging me to act in this fashion.

There was another side to the mother's diffidence. She wanted to catch her daughter in the act. She blamed Eva for the disintegration of her marriage. Now, she had another opportunity to punish the girl. She would get blamed for leading me on. She had already performed a sexually explicit dance for me.

What would have happened if Eva had not closed the curtains? I replayed the dance from the point that I left off. As she turned her back to me, I could see her fooling with the bra strap. She teased me for a good five minutes before she undid the clasp. When she turned around her naked breasts would be exposed. Sure Eva was committed to this game, but did I want to encourage. This would no longer be a matter of accidentally seeing the girl walk around her room. Now her intent was much more explicit.

If I went along with this first stage of the undress, I would be welcoming what followed. That was when things got really dicey. It wouldn't simply be a matter of staring at her breasts. She would almost be inciting me to touch myself. And if she went further, then she would want me to participate in her striptease. It would only be a short step before I was rolling on top of the girl.

I knew the stakes. I was glad that Eva had closed the curtains. Even though I was staring over a dark window, I wanted the performance to carry on. What would I have to do to get her on stage? I wished that I could call her. It was obvious that if I contacted her in any way that I would be initiating the act. Therefore, I could no longer blame the girl's behavior on her exhibitionism. It would be all my doing. As an adult, I was supposed to ignore her enticements. More importantly, I should be reporting the girl to her mother.

If I said something to the mother, Momma would have no choice but to punish Eva severely. This would only give the mother satisfaction. It was better that she remained frustrated. I didn't want to be responsible for any of her emotions. I didn't want her needy self bothering me with her problems.

I put my face to the window in the hopes that I might better understand what was going on. Maybe some of Eva's secret energy was stored in the glass. I could almost feel the heat that remained.

I lay back on my bed. In my imagination, I could summon Eva to my side. That would not be enough. I constructed a scenario that included Eva and me. She had stopped by on an errand from the mother. She needed jumper cables or a cup of sugar. And Eva had to reach up on the top of the shelf to get what she needed. Her legs were elongated right in front of my face. I couldn't help reaching out my hand.

"I'm sorry!"

I was still not sorry enough. But Eva let nothing bother her. She wanted to demonstrate her affection to me. We both knew what we were doing was wrong. That only made her want it more. It gave her a power over her mother. And it made her feel better than the rest of the world. But what could I offer Eva? I had a job. A nice home. A serviceable car. However, I wasn't rich by any means. That didn't matter. I wanted Eva. And she wanted me. That was enough.

When we were together, the world seemed all right.. She ignored the difference in our ages. And the more time that we spent together, the better that it felt. It seemed natural. So I no longer felt any shame. This was what we were meant to do. We fit so well with each other. We found a place where we could both be ourselves.

I had never felt like this before. Even though this was so new to her, it just seemed how things were always supposed to be.

It had all started so randomly. And it had progressed to a point when she could have reported me. I had seen too much. I had incriminated myself. If I was willing to play along, then I was game for her further mischief. So it wouldn't be a big deal for her to arrive unannounced at my house. She was a grown up. That was all that it took.

I was so good at constructing these scenarios that I could no longer tell when reality ended and my dreams began. It no longer mattered to me. I just wanted to act out these bizarre fantasies.

Despite my commitment to my own pleasure, I knew I was doing something wrong. No one could understand the evil in my heart. I felt that I could never erase the black mark in my soul. All my regret should have been enough for me to stop these fantasies.

I was sitting in my room with the lights off waiting for her to come back. I had learned nothing. If this was all in my head, I had nothing to worry about. She had already tired of the silliness. I hadn't seen her dance in day. I really had no expectation that Eva wanted to continue taunting me.

I closed my curtains and went to bed.

When I woke up, I was still restless. I was irritable. Eva had opened a secret power in me. And now she had shut the door. I wanted to do anything that I could to get her back in my life. I was becoming erratic. I was afraid that I was going to reveal my hand.

The next time that I saw her come in, she seemed to ignore me. At the last moment, she gave a little skip to her step. She wanted me to react. She looked back to see if I had caught her signal. That evening, I was waiting by my window. She knew I was there. She briefly danced around her room. Then she pulled the curtains and turned off her light.

She couldn't totally stifle my imagination. But I needed more inspiration. I tried to concentrate on what she had shown me. It was still not enough. I wanted to pay my money for the show.

There were other girls. They were older and more willing. But it would never be the same. Eva had shown me too much already. She had disrupted my composure. All my life I would be reminded of what I had seen due to her intent. If I dreamt about her, I wanted her to know how intensely she had affected me.

I couldn't let her know that she was making me miserable. I had to put on a happy face. Maybe she would have mercy on me. I only needed some sign. I wanted her to tell me to believe. I closed my curtains and sat on the bed reading a book. This was not me. I was in total denial.

I had trained my body to provide me with the maximum of pleasurable stimulation. This was an example of total control by the mind over the body. I would simply have to focus my attention on the said stimulus for the effect to start to take effect. By dwelling on an image, I could concentrate my complete attention on the experience. As the feeling became more prevalent in my consciousness, my body was seized by an enjoyable sensation. I was totally absorbed by the feeling. It would create a rhythm that successively enhanced the levels of excitement. I could feel my whole body transported by the feeling. At its most intense, I would be in the grips of a frenzy that would shake me to my very core. What had started as a physical experience would now transport me into another world. I was hurtling through an inner space. I simply gave in to movement. I surrendered my consciousness to a state of being that seemed all-encompassing. I had been transformed.

My ability allowed me to overcome any physical limitation. Successive applications of my skill permitted me even quicker access to higher states of arousal. I was constantly living on the edge of transcendence. The world started to appear different to me. It shone in its brilliance. It beckoned me to unleash its marvels.

Once I had discovered this new way of seeing, I craved sensual pleasure. Beyond that, I was in touch with the hidden structure of the world. And this vision enveloped me completely. I had attained a higher state of being. The world seemed literally to reflect my awareness. I had engaged a unity of the cosmos.

I realize how difficult that it might seem to explain my transformation to other people. I had bypassed the will to create a connection between the world and myself. I felt just as enlightened with respect to people. I could feel them vibrate at a perceptible frequency. This event set off an associated response inside me. I could almost peer inside their psyche. It was freaky. I naturally assumed that my view was totally accurate. But what if I was only imposing my view on their world. Would they resent my intrusion? And the success of my method would pose a graver dilemma. I would sense this deep affinity to them. But would they welcome my visit to their inner world.

I did what I could to moderate my ability. I didn't want to feel as if I was taking

something that didn't belong to me. But I couldn't help my desire to explore further. It wouldn't take much to set me off. I'd be floating in the ether just getting carried along by all the excitement. Then I'd realize what was going on. I would have to pull back from the precipice.

My fascination with this sensation was overwhelming. I didn't feel like doing anything else. It was my habit. As much as I would try to shake off its effects, I could feel it again taking me over. Once the process had begun, I could not stand in its way. The feeling again rushed towards me. I was in the grips of the experience.

My blood flowed with more intensity My heart rate increased. I felt flush. My skin tingled. I could feel the earth shake underneath my feet. I let go. I rode the wave.

At its most intense, I overcame the body. I left behind the physical world. I was floating in heaven. I had bypassed my initial reference point. This was all about a transcendent realm. I was creating my own objects of stimulation. At the same time, I could transform all the traces of my former experience into something more permanent. I was able to sustain myself by this relationship.

I didn't even hesitate to include my insights about people into my new vision. It wasn't so much that they were directly involved. I simply indulged my fantasies about them. I believed that I had attained a deeper level of communication.

I wished that I could share my discoveries. But I existed in a world beyond words. And I could not gesture clearly enough to make my realization known. I had to be content with the understanding itself. That was a burden for me. I wanted to open up other people to my experience. I knew that they may have had a similar awakening. But no one had the skill that I had developed. I could tell by looking them in the eyes. When they reached the point of illumination, they became afraid and turned away.

If they would not participate willingly, I felt obligated to involve them in any fashion that I was able. I spent my time observing their actions. A wiggle of the hips or a twitching of the nose was enough to drive me joyously insane. This allowed me to know them better. I could unlock all the mysteries of their being by a few simple actions.

I wanted to learn what made each individual distinctive. I became turned on by these little appeals. I could construct a whole picture from these slices of data. That was all that it took. I could turn away and again become entangled in my meditation. And if I turned back to look, everything that I would see would confirm my initial impression. I never let it stop there. I just went with my feeling. I let my eyes travel all over their bodies until I had captured the essence of their being.

My fantasies knew no limit. I was triumphant. There was nothing that anyone could hide from me. I had attained an omniscience without equal. I wondered if I reflected my knowledge for others. It really didn't matter. I didn't want to get weighed down by their petty concerns. I was already way beyond those initial stage of introduction. There was no small talk in my world. I had already passed over to the other side.

I would do what I could to pull others along. My crushes turned into obsessions. But I never let that hold me down. I wouldn't do anything unusual to alert anyone to what I was feeling. I simply gratified my desires. And that was that.

There were no dirty pictures on my computer. I never doodled in a depraved fashion. I did not allow my moral character to become corrupted by my feeling. I simply gave in to the



natural pleasure that was available to me.

If I couldn't share the full character of what I had found, I could at least radiate my excitement. I truly wished that the objects of my affection could register the same kind of enlightenment. But it didn't matter in the end. I basked within their glowing light. And that was sufficient for me. Just knowing was enough to make me crazy.

I believed that I was fated to be like this. I had been aware of this talent early in my development. But I had to subject myself to an intense discipline to reach a heightened state of awareness. For a long time, I was convinced that there was something wrong with me. And I was afraid that I was going to do something to compromise my ability. I became more isolated. And it was almost impossible to explain what was happening. I looked at the successes of others and compared them to my own life. My feelings were holding me back. But my despair resulted from my failure to take my skills to their logical conclusion.

When I committed myself completely to my journey, then everything began to fit into place. This mystical quest took all my spare moments. And I even used my time at work to enhance my research. I was constantly calculating how I could pull together all these separate experiences into one astounding occurrence that would speak for them all. As I approached this understanding, the anticipation drove me wild. I knew that I was on to something. But I needed to contain my emotions so that I could truly apply myself to the desired end. When I finally put everything together, I could barely pull myself together.

I concentrated my all attention on the lovely object of my desire. I knew that my intent would be rewarded. She was performing for me. All the things that I had seen her doing through her window, she was now doing in my living room. I promised her that I wouldn't touch her. But she made me excited just watching her.. I imagined that I was running my hands up and down her body. But I didn't dare do anything to scare her away.

I felt that I was only starting to live my life. Nothing had been like this before. I had spent my days in darkness just hoping that she would come to my rescue. And here she was. As she touched herself, I knew that she was feeling pleasure. I wanted to join in. But that was forbidden. Her dance became more enticing. She had realized how to liberate herself through pleasure

I did not feel that I had enough to sustain her ecstasy. So I had to be content with imagining how intense were her transports. It was as if the whole house quaked with this sensation. I reached out my hands so I could engage all the feeling that floated around me.

She couldn't restrain herself. She repeated the same motion again and again. And the rhythm allowed her to sail into the stratosphere. I did what I could to keep up. Her body was drenched in sweat. It dripped from every pore. It was cleansing. It only convinced her to push further with the feeling.

It was more than the body. The muscles became so supple. The skin tingled. She ached for complete satisfaction. She was hit by shock of the experience. She had knocked against the barrier of the material world. And she moved beyond it.

There were no limits to her enjoyment. Fits of pleasure exploded from within. But that was only a hint of what was to come. She shook her head back and forth in sympathy to the sensations that flowed from within. She was in a trance. And she rolled along with that force.

More and more and more and more! She couldn't stop. She didn't want to stop. She attained higher levels of contentment. This allowed her to sustain the intensity of her arousal. She would not allow herself to resolve this dynamic. She pushed it to the maximum effect. Then she seemed to come out of the body. She was everywhere.

As she seemed to lose control, she communicated that excitement to me. We still remained apart, but I could feel her inside of me. She knew how she was affecting me. That only encouraged her to do more. She was opening me up. I felt almost broken apart trying to keep up.

I thought that I had prepared myself for something like this. But she was way ahead of me. It was scary how much she could command with her gestures. She was teaching me about my own limitations. I couldn't contain everything that she sent my way. I was losing my composure. I didn't know what to do.

She smiled. She closed her eyes. She was going into herself. But that did not diminish the rapture that she conveyed. She seemed to have nothing left, but she pressed on with even more concentration. This was familiar territory to her. She had known this world all along. I should have realized how she was chosen.

She licked her lips. She let the taste of her pleasure move throughout her body. She ran her hands along her arms. Then she caressed her thighs. I wanted to touch her. I had not moved any closer, but I felt as if she was on top of me. I pulled her closer for that kiss of the spirits.

I couldn't look. She was all of me. I had been overcome at my own game. I had trained myself for a moment like this. But she offered something way more intense than my dreams. Eva frightened me.

I wanted this to last forever. Eva was my beloved. I was ready for her to lead me to my demise. I wanted her to destroy me. I wanted to beg forgiveness from her. I was not meant to be with someone so lovely.

It shocked me how she seemed to share my damned nature. What had she done to deserve such condemnation. But she was a child completely given over to her desires. She just wanted to get off. From an early age, she had learned the power of her body. Now she wanted to maximize it in every experience. She was ready to obliterate consciousness. She wanted to escape the confines of time forever.

She realized that if she surrendered herself to the world that she would be weighed down by guilt. She would become like her mother. She wanted to avoid this resolution at all cost. Flirting gave her a chance to test the waters. She wanted every man around to be pining over her. That way, none could ever get close enough to read her game, she was rotten through and through.

I saw my reprehensibility as the source of my eventual forgiveness. We had shamelessly indulged our thirst for pleasure. But now we would have to pay for our offenses. She would have none of this. She had no need for mercy. It only dulled her excitement. She wasn't looking for a conscience.

"It only gives you an excuse to be a monster."

"You seem to like me like that."

"That's only more of your fantasy talking. You like putting words in my mouth."

She was trying to beat me back to a draw.

“When all is said and none, I will still be pure, and you’ll just be a dirty old man.”

“But you let me do all these things to you.”

“In your dreams. I’ve spent all my time sunning myself in my chair. You go back to our place and stare at my ass with your binoculars.”

“No way.”

“I can see the sunlight glistening off the glass.”

“What about your game in he window?”

“I keep my curtains closed.”

I knew her body too well for her to start contradicting me.

“I could show you my naked body, and you still couldn’t touch me.”

“How close do I have to get before I can taste paradise?”

“It’s always going to be imagination. More imagination piled on imagination. You should stick to magazines.”

“Magazines don’t move.”

“Then get a hold of some movies.”

“I dig the real thing,” I told her.

“But the real thing still isn’t real enough. You can’t stimulate touch.”

She was close enough to touch.

“I think that I see my mother.”

“That never stopped us before.”

“She’s on to us. I should say that she’s on to you.”

“She’s never going to catch me.”

“I tell her everything.”

“What about the curtains?”

“She told me to close the curtains. She said it would be easier to get you to pay up if you thought that you had gotten away with it.”

“Did I get away with it?”

“I’m not sure what you saw.”

She was making me more confused.