

THE SHOW

I had just moved into a new house. I particularly liked the plush carpet in the living room. I hadn't been told that the house came with an added attraction, my new neighbor.

My kitchen window looked over her backyard. Just after I moved I, I noticed her out there. She was in a tight bikini that confirmed her physical conditioning. She was going through the paces of some kind of exercise program. What made it weird was the fact that she was in heels. She had to be showing off.

When she bent down to touch the ground, she made sure that she had her back to me. That only made me stare. She shook her ass as if to signal me. I thought that I may have been taking advantage of her graciousness. But I certainly appreciated a little neighborly hospitality.

There was such a degree of self-consciousness in her movement that I had to assume that she was aware that she was being watched. This only made her more audacious. She would grind her body back and forth. Her face would react with a look of immense pleasure. She demonstrated an amazing flexibility in her muscles. She had incredible balance. She was practically flying in the air.

The sun was hot, and she was covered with sweat. The light glistened off of her skin. It only made her more concentrated in her effort. There was no end to her endurance. At times, he would hop back and forth. Then she would stretch out. She would follow this by a push or a twirl.

I wanted to go out there. But I had no idea what I could say. It only seemed like an imposition. Even if she had wanted me to watch, I couldn't very well admit what had been going on here. I would only get embarrassed.

"This is all natural, baby!"

I wasn't sure what I could say about what was going on. I didn't want her interrogating about my private life. What she did was her business as long as she entertained me now and then.

I wondered how long this would last. I caught myself gazing at her butt cheeks. But there was no one else to punish my excesses. I didn't have a wife or a parent who could possibly berate me. It was all she and I.

I only wish that I had the nerve. Some guys could just blurt out what they were thinking. They would leave the woman no doubt about their intentions. I didn't even know this girl. There could be something wrong with her. I didn't want to get involved in some psychotic entanglement. That didn't stop me from looking. I kept on with the craziness.

I caught myself panting in rhythm to her exercise. I felt really perverse. I needed to stop.

I went back to the hallway and surveyed the pile of boxes. I had a lot to do to get things in order. I played around with the lids, then I went back to the kitchen. I needed a drink to take the edge off. I pulled a beer from the fridge. When I went back to look at my hostess, she was gone.

I had trouble settling down. The beer only made me want to see more. I pulled up a chair and played sentry. I was hoping to see her again. I looked over at the house. I didn't see any signs of life.

I had a lot of work to do. But I could barely focus on the matter at hand. This was all so

new to me. When the sun finally set, I felt that I had lost my opportunity. I again surveyed her house. All the lights were out. She was probably gone for the evening. She had only given me a taste of paradise, then she had disappeared.

It didn't take long before she made her first move. She asked me to stop on by her place. I wondered why she had asked me over.

"You don't have some funny kind of thing from your past that you're going to tell me about."

"Why do you ask?"

"No reason," I said.

"I just wanted to get to know you. Would you like some lemonade?"

"Sure. Your place looks a lot like mine inside."

"They used the same plans for all these houses. A little scary."

"Yes!"

"You look as if there's something that you wanted to ask me.

I wanted to know why she did those dances in her bikini right in front of my window. But I didn't dare say a thing.

"I'm just admiring what you did. It's remarkable. Most of my furniture hasn't even arrived yet."

"I saw a moving truck."

"Those were just a few of my things. The rest hasn't even arrived. I got a promotion to move out here. So I thought that I'd splurge and get some new furniture. I got a dining room suite and a couch, some chairs, and a table for the living room."

"Wow, you have gone all out."

I had been staring at her. I looked away.

"I have to have you over for dinner some time."

"You're not married?"

"Heavens, no. I'm too much into fun to settle down."

"That sounds perfect with me."

I wished that she had something stronger to go with this lemonade. She was wearing jeans and a t shirt. But I kept imagining her in her bikini.

"Where do you work?"

"I'm a buyer for a department store. I have to travel a lot. I guess that you've seen me around the house quite a bit recently."

I smiled.

"I love clothes. Although I guess that you wouldn't know it seeing me like this now."

"You look great!" I wasn't sure if I sounded too enthusiastic. I didn't want to let on that I had been watching her.

"I should get back to the unpacking."

"Let me know if I can help."

"I sure will."

"I'll have to get you over here for dinner when you're all done. I'm a great cook."

"You've got me excited already."

She was being extra-friendly. And I was just gawking at her. She walked me to the door.

She smiled, and I just stood there.

“Nice meeting you.”

It was a good thirty seconds before I said something back.

“Likewise. We’ll get together soon.”

I was still waiting for a cue.

I had been living here less than a week when noticed that she never seemed to close her curtains. She’s walk around the house nonchalantly and paid no attention if somebody might be looking in. We were down at the end of the street, so hardly anyone would come by who didn’t already have business here. I started to speculate how she had got on with the former owners of my house.

I didn’t want to think of myself as a voyeur. But she made it too easy to spy on her. She wouldn’t give it a second thought just to traipse from one room to another naked. It took a while for my activities to coincide with such an event. But once I saw her, I discovered that I could time my schedule to match those times when she’d be running around in the buff.

This was all very accidental at first. I promised myself that I wouldn’t take advantage of the situation. But she was a child of the universe, and she didn’t mind sharing her gifts with the world. I thought that it would be wrong to station myself in front of the window. But it was perfectly all right to sneak a peak now and then.

If I saw her walking around in her underwear, I felt less guilty about leering a little. I’d sit there and watch her go about her routine. My observation would seldom last longer than fifteen minutes or so. And I tried not to make it a habit. If I saw her through the window, I’d take a little time out of my evening to enjoy the show.

I would try to isolate a gesture of hers that I could use as a pretext that she was going along with my actions. She had been so forthcoming in her exercise routine, that any movement on her part was enough to satisfy me. I kept telling myself if she actually started to remove her bra and panties that I would stop looking, but that agreement was hardly etched in stone. So I assumed a knowledge of her without any actual consent. If she had thought to things differently, she could have easily pulled the curtain. I wasn’t motivated by any sort of perversity. I was just trying to be myself.

If she had come over around now, she might have noticed my chair turned in her direction. She could hardly be angry at me. I would be paying her the highest complement possible. Each night I would pay her tribute before sailing off to sleep.

When I would see her in the driveway, I would smile and wave. But I was a little embarrassed to admit what I was actually doing.

The fact that she was home would tip me off with regards to the upcoming feature. I’d prepare myself some dinner and get ready for an entertaining night. She had more than hinted that she would like to go out with me. That still wasn’t enough. I derived more certainty from the fact that I could park myself in front of her window, than the vague promises of a night on the town. I didn’t have to say a thing, and she would be turning around the room seductively barely wearing a stitch of clothing.

A nod here and a grin there would indicate to me that she appreciated my watch. I was a rapt audience and she seemed eager to respond. I only wish that I could toss her some flowers in my appreciation. We developed an intimacy unknown to veteran couples. We never fought.

Our connection was ideal.

After a while, it became clear that she was tiring of my inaction. She started spending more time out at night. My entertainment became more infrequent. When she was there, it was only long enough to get ready to go out. I would live off those instants when she ran from the shower to the bedroom. But it would all be over too quickly. This was no longer something to plan an evening around. Sometimes, I would leave the room for a brief moment. When I returned all the fun was over.

She still treated me with her neighborly waves. But I wanted more in the way of acknowledgment. I hadn't started the game with the idea of being a second fiddle. And if she wasn't willing to let me play along, I would just have to find something more productive to fill up my time.

Just when I thought that I had lost her for good, she took the game up a notch. I had already seen her talents when I first arrived. And I had seen little snippets now and again. But now she was ready for the majors. I had been watching her all this time so I didn't realize that she had it in her. I caught her in her splendor twirling around her living room. It seemed as if she had been practicing for some kind of performance. She treated me to leaps and kicks in the air. I was astounded by her gymnastics. But that was just the beginning.

She balanced both her legs against the table. As she ran her hands up and down her thighs, her head turned around and around and she shook her hair in the air. It was breath-taking. I could feel her heat. She followed this by amazing thrusts from her hips. As she appeared to climax, she turned her back to me. She rested one leg on a chair and continued a series of more provocative movements.

It was all so controlled and rhythmic. But it gave the sense of complete freedom. She spun around and landed on the ground. Then she did the splits. She raised one leg high in the air, and she flipped around. She now rode a wave from the ground to the top of her head.

Once she recovered, she started to grind around the room. She came to rest on the wall. Both her arms were spread out. And she mounted the wall. After reaching a peak, she slid around with one leg bent. Her head shook again and again until she threw her hands in the air. Then her whole body quaked.

Her gestures became more gradual. She gyrated ever so slowly. She let the waves slide up and down. She expressively rose back and forth. This motion continued over and over again. It was almost as if she was beckoning to me. I could feel her pulling me in. The gentle atmosphere enveloped me. I felt myself suspended before her. Then I lost myself within.

She again was twirling around the room. She was gradually including these abdominal jabs. Her panties were not pulled tight, and I followed their outline. She started to grind more insistently. When she was completely exhausted, she fell back. She spread her legs out and started to push up and down until she was balancing only her legs and the edge of her back. Her head nodded up and down. She closed her eyes and reveled in the sensation.

She then fell back down on the ground. Her arms and legs were both spread out. She moved them back and forth until she was again standing on her feet. She took her right hand and covered her face. Then she brought her hand down along her body until she started to play with the elastic of her panties. She kept this going slowly while she was sliding her panties down. Her body rocked back and forth in unison. As she teased them, she again turned around. And she let

her whole body shake more intensely. Her arms again spread wide. I was staring at her ass.

I could barely keep up. It was like watching a bird in flight. At its most intense, I could hardly see it flap its wings. It had become one with the air.

I wanted more. There was something that was totally outrageous in her pose. She knew no equal. It was shocking. She was totally self-enclosed. At the same time, I had witnessed every gesture on her part. It wouldn't have made sense without an audience. She was performing for me. I wanted to go over there and knock on the door. I realized that this was all completely insane.

It seemed anti-climactic when she invited me for dinner.

"I wasn't sure if you were going to accept."

I was sure that she knew I had been watching.

"I couldn't resist your charming company."

I handed her a bottle of wine.

"Thanks so much. This will work perfectly.

We started out with cocktails in the living room.

"This has been a busy week."

I added, "Busy for both of us."

"I can't wait until Friday."

"I know how you must be swamped at work. What do you do to relieve all that stress?"

"I go to the gym."

"You look fit."

She smiled after my compliment.

"It's hard to make the time. Most nights, I just want to rush home and go to bed. You know how that gets."

"I sure do."

"Let me go check on dinner."

She left me alone for a few moments. I felt a little nervous. Then she came back.

"We're ready to go."

Neither of us had said much of anything. She was being very coy. I didn't know how to broach the subject. I almost felt as if I was dealing with two different people. There was the crazy woman who danced around her living room, and there was this mouse of a girl who was sitting with me now. I thought that the wine might open her up. But she just seemed to mellow out. Her calm almost frightened me. I wanted her to jump me and tear off my clothes.

I sat up and listened to her talk more about work. Was this all that excited her?

"That's a beautiful dress that you're wearing."

"It's actually one from our store. I discovered the designer myself."

"It looks fantastic on you."

"I wanted to design clothes. But I never had the talent. I tried so hard."

"You certainly have an artistic eye."

"I wish that was all that it took."

I had sat here all this time and not said a thing about her dance. I felt as if I was losing my opportunity. I had been so sheepish.

She caught me staring at her legs. I tried to deflect our attention.

“Did you have your place landscaped?”

“It was like this when we bought it. I’ve kept it up myself. I do have a gardener.”

“You said *we*.”

“I was married. I guess that I couldn’t satisfy the poor bastard. He ended up running away with his secretary.”

“His loss.”

She was making it so easy for me, and I was wasting every opportunity.

“Come sit on the couch. I can bring us coffee and dessert.”

I could sense that she was setting us up. I thought that I could make the best of things. If not tonight, I could score points for another time.

As she strode across the room, I recollected her dance from last night. I wanted to grab her and pull her down on the carpet.

“I never imagined that you were so polite. You seem so well-behaved.”

I had no idea what she was telling me. I needed to salvage the evening.

“You were a lovely hostess. I can’t wait to do this again.”

Why in the world would she ever invite me a second time? I had been a complete bore.

When I got back to my house, I felt completely lost. I was falling apart. I had built up this image in my mind. She had been so lovely. But there was no magic between us. Perhaps I had been overwhelmed. I had wanted her to tie me up and humiliate me. She only served me cake on dainty china. This had been disastrous.

I went over to my regular spot across from her window. The lights were all off. She must have been in her kitchen finishing the clean up. In a short while, the house was completely dark.

I didn’t see her at all for the next few days. She was gone on a business trip. When she arrived home, she seemed full of joy. She waved to me as she was taking her bags in.

“I had a great time the other night,” I told her

“We must do it again some time.”

She was just being nice. I never expected to see the inside of her house again.

She now kept her adventures to a minimum. Often at night, the curtains remained closed. I felt as if I was attending a funeral. Perhaps, I had seen something that I wasn’t supposed to. I wanted another dance.

I watched a movie in the hopes that it could capture my interest. I was waiting for a colorful moment that might completely engage my attention. There was nothing remotely like her dance. I turned it off before it was over.

I had had too much excitement. I was feeling a most profound sense of letdown. I would spend hours in the dark looking over at her house. Nothing was happening! What was I supposed to do?

My only option seemed to go over there. I was waiting to be completely embarrassed.

“I felt a little reluctant to stop on by. I know that you’ve been away. I just wanted to make sure that everything was OK.”

“I couldn’t be better.”

“I hope that I didn’t make a fool of myself at dinner.”

“You were lovely. I’d enjoy having you back another time.”

“Any time would be fine with me.”

I was digging myself deeper into a hole. I needed to be rescued quickly.

“Great seeing you.”

“Likewise.”

She shut her door and went back to her business. I dragged myself back home.

I poured myself a strong drink and slumped on a chair. I couldn't even see her house from where I was sitting. I should have never gone over there another time. She had been so nice to me. And I had acted as if I was ungrateful.

Maybe this was better this way. I could always go over there to borrow a garden hose. But there would never be any resentment because I had done her wrong. I would never have to wake up to see my car keyed by my ex. Thank heavens for small favors.

My first drink didn't do it for me so I poured myself another. I passed out in the living room. When I woke up the next day, I had to rush to make it to work on time.

That weekend my plans fell through. I had already convinced myself that my disastrous outing with my neighbor was a thing of the past. I happened to pass by her window when I notice that the curtains were again open. I didn't want to disappoint myself so I made haste to the study. I read for a couple of hours. I couldn't restrain my curiosity so I thought that I'd take a peek to see what was going on.

She wasn't alone. There was a man with her. The whole drama took place before my eyes. I was even able to follow them to the bedroom.

She was wearing a revealing black dress. I could see him slide it up her legs. He was kissing her thighs. I almost saw her glance over in my direction. There was enough light in her place for me to see it all. But my window looked completely dark to her.

He had spread her long legs. They still rested on her extra-high heels. Her calf muscles were particularly shapely. I felt aroused.

The skirt of her dress fell over her companion. I could see the passion reflected in her face. Her eyes were closed, and she was biting her lip. I imagined that I could hear her sighs. I wanted to follow along every gesture of their love-making. It could have been me over there. But I had let the chance slip by. She was rubbing it in my face.

I watched her stimulate him. Her gentle hands were so enticing. What was I thinking? I needed a drink.

I excused myself and went to the living room. I took a glass from the liquor cabinet. There was still some ice from earlier in the evening. I didn't want to look anymore. I let my imagination fill in for what I wasn't seeing. I wanted to rush over there and stop it. I wanted to take his place. I didn't feel violent. I just felt scattered. The drink wasn't enough to calm me down.

I headed back to the window. He was inside her. She was on top. She slung her hair in the air. This seemed too familiar. She rode him with all the power that I associated with her dance.

I sat there taking it all in. At first, I felt turned on. Then I was disgusted. I wanted to hurl. Jealousy was not an emotion that I knew well, I was usually the one who ended things. This was new to me.

I couldn't watch any more. I had drunk too much already. I wanted to go for a walk, but

this hardly seemed like the ideal place to walk around at night. If he wasn't going to stay the night, I didn't want to run into him out there. I felt trapped. I couldn't look at them anymore. But she could have easily closed those damn curtains. She wanted me to see every bit of their encounter.

When I again peeked in on them, he was banging away. She was enjoying every second of it. This was her in all her splendor. I wanted to say something nasty. I wanted to call her a name.

She was rubbing in my face. I was being degraded for being such a nice guy. That monster was over there now. I wanted to break down the door. I sat there unable to move. I was supposed to enjoy this.

I did enjoy it. After I got over my initial anger, I realized what I had been seeing. I knew everything that she was thinking from the first moment that he had caressed her. She was like an open book for me. I didn't want this to be my role. But I took a special pleasure in watching her this time. I realized how much more revealing she had been than before. When she was finished, she closed the curtains. And she sent him home.

"Howdy, neighbor."

She was nothing but good cheer.

"You look extra-healthy today."

"Guess it's all this fresh air."

"Brings out the glow in your cheeks."

"You promised to come over for dinner another night."

"That I did."

She was again trying to embarrass me. I needed to play along.

I told myself that I would do everything that I could to avoid her. If I saw her in the yard, I'd wave back. But I wouldn't say anything to her. I definitely would never look in her window again.

I needed a hobby. I needed to find something to do to preoccupy my time. I was sick of watching life from a distance. I needed to learn how things worked. I needed to throw myself into the fray.

I pulled open the hood of my car and stared inside. This was like a foreign language to me. What was I supposed to say back?

"Fill her up. Take me to a party. Why are you making those strange noises?"

I stayed extra long at work. My boss was overjoyed with my performance.

"You really have come along."

I had no idea what was going on with my life. I was expecting some kind of bang to remind me what to do next.

I tried to limit myself to one drink a night. I didn't want to spend my life trying to drown my sorrows. I hadn't even know this woman very well. Now I was pining away. I needed more excitement.

I picked up a book on psychology. I thought that it might explain things. It only made me feel like more of a lunatic. I was pretending to be something that I wasn't. I was holding on to something that never existed.

Each time that I looked at my window, I felt cursed. She couldn't perform if she didn't

have an audience. I wondered if she was still engaged in her little games. If this house was empty, would she still be performing *Flashdance* in her living room.

There was no reason to feel angry. She had valued my presence. She was my loving neighbor. What more could she give me?

I hadn't been very good at finding things to do. I felt useless. I could hold a job, but I didn't have a life. Maybe I had picked the wrong house. I looked at the sales ads. I could get out of this place without losing too much money. If I found the right real estate agent, I could come out ahead.

For once, I was able to sleep well. My doctor had prescribed something to calm me down. It emptied me out. At least, I could relax. I no longer felt frenzied. I just lay on my bed. I didn't care about anything. I stopped hating my life. I had no opinion.

Each morning I would wake up well rested. I'd hit the gym before work. I was healthy. I quit drinking. I stopped the drugs. I felt better. I no longer had the bad habit of spying on my neighbor.

The flowers were blooming. It was a lovely day. I went out to get some sun. I was getting a little pale. I thought that I saw my neighbor.

"This Saturday," she yelled out to me.

"What?"

"Come over for dinner."

I wanted to tell her that I had plans. I had been rude enough to her.

For the next few days I could think about nothing but dinner. I thought that I had cured myself of my craving. All that I could think about was her hopping up and down in her bikini. Her body was my obsession. I thought that I would be a terrible dinner guest. Maybe I should drink a bottle of wine before I went over there.

This time I brought flowers. It was a pleasant bouquet that I got at the florist shop in the mall.

"I love flowers. They remind me of new beginnings."

"You seem so happy recently. You're not getting married, are you?"

"You don't see a ring. I've been by myself most of the time."

I wanted to quiz her about the guy that I had seen her with. Maybe it was only a matter of weakness.

"You really do look fantastic. Are you on some kind of health kick?"

She looked over at me. I wonder if she found me nervous. I took a drink before dinner. I hadn't had a drink in a couple of weeks.

"This feels good."

"Yes, it does," she replied.

I couldn't calm down. The drink was like jet fuel in my system. I held to the sides of my chair.

"You don't feel dizzy, do you?" she asked."

"I'm OK. Maybe, I'm a little hungry," I immediately caught myself. "Or I could have had too much sun."

"You look a little flushed. Let me get you a little lemonade. That should help."

She was right.. I felt great after the lemonade

“So were you ever a cheerleader in school?”

“Why did you ask?”

“You seem so trim. And the way that you move around the room, almost like a dancer.”

“I did take some dance lessons. I hope that I’m not making you nervous.”

“Not at all.” But I did seem a little jumpy. I sat back in my chair. I continued, “Does that seem better?”

Dinner was rather uneventful. I still wanted to open up to her. But I didn’t know where to start. I seemed to be rambling on about nothing.

“Let’s have some dessert.”

“Sounds great!”

What was she expecting of me?

“You just seem so serious about everything. It doesn’t hurt to let go now and then.”

What was she talking about?

“I try to take things as they come. Live for the moment. It doesn’t hurt to enjoy yourself.”

“I have hobbies.”

“I mean more exciting things. Like love. It doesn’t hurt to play around with love.”

“You’re not coming on to me, are you?”

“Not at all. But you shouldn’t be so uptight. I was like that once. But I learned to let go. Live a little. Live for pleasure.”

I was really wasting my chance. I needed to recover as quickly as possible.

“You can’t be possessive about your emotions. You have to share. Sit back. Relax.”

I was really getting scared. What did she have in mind?

“I know that you’ve been watching me. That’s perfectly OK. If you need help with your fantasies, I don’t mind obliging. Not every man can be with the woman that he wants.”

“I’m not like that.”

“You have no reason to be ashamed.”

“It’s not shame!”

I pretended that I wasn’t hearing this.

“What would you do if I reached over and kissed you. I’ve thought about it many times.”

She rebuffed me. “That isn’t what I want from you. If I did, I would make it a lot more obvious.”

“I thought that was why you invited me over.”

“You thought wrong. I just want to be friends.”

“That’s a weird way to be friends.”

“If you like what you see, that’s fine with me. I just can’t let you touch me.”

“Why? You let me do practically everything else.”

“We’re neighbors. I don’t want to complicate things. If we break up, then you’ll just hate me. You’ll hate seeing me around.”

“So it’s OK if I watch some guy fucking you.”

“That’s a little crass. If you want to watch me making love to someone, that is wonderful.”

“But you’re alone so much. Would it be so wrong if I stopped on by.”

“I’m like a muse for you. Don’t confuse your life with your art.”

“I want to make love to you. You have such a great body. I’ve thought about you all the time.”

“That’s not enough. We make great friends. But we wouldn’t make great lovers. You need to live with that.”

“How do you know?”

“Let’s say that I’m wise to the world. You’ve seen my dances.”

I hardly believed that I was hearing this. I was making it up to accommodate my shyness. I was again watching her from my window. I wanted to tell myself that she had given me permission. After all, I needed to make some excuse for the fact that I kept doing this. I tried to stop. She would perform for me constantly. But if she really caught me, I would get arrested.

I had tried to change my ways. Maybe I should have gone for help,. This was probably something that I couldn’t have done on my own,

“I didn’t catch your name.”

“I didn’t give you mine. I want to keep it that way.”

If I enjoyed watching her, could I stop. I wanted to know why she was like this. Did she enjoy having anonymous men look at her naked. Did she feel close to them in some kind of twisted way? What was her personal life like? What kind of person was I becoming?

I watched her remove her bra. That was not enough.

“Even if I was naked sitting next to you right here, I wouldn’t let you touch me.”

“I want you to get naked.”

“What are you going to give me?”

“My soul!”

“I want more than that!”