

Chapter 1

Deep Breath. Find your happy place. There, breathe. Brooke ran through all her tricks as she tried to unwind after a particularly rough Friday. From the moment she arrived at the boutique law office where she worked, her tyrant of a boss was on her ass about a typo in a brief. It made no difference that Kate made the typo during an edit, the fact that Brooke missed it among the 50 other typos she caught was somehow, her fault.

“Brooke, I have told you a thousand times not to give me documents with errors. It’s careless!”

“But it was one mistake, and you were the one who typed it!”

“I’m a busy woman and a horrible typist! I pay you to catch those errors.” She didn’t. Not enough anyway. “I made more changes. Make sure there are no errors in the document when you return it.”

The day went downhill from there. Four rewrites and three shouting matches later, the clock mercifully struck 5:00 p.m. allowing Brooke the opportunity to escape the day from hell.

The drive home couldn’t go fast enough. Brooke seemed to hit every light. By the time she arrived at her house, she needed something to help her relax.

Luckily, a bottle of Folie à Deux Menage a Trois wine awaited in the wine rack. One of her go-to reds. She always had a bottle for days like these. Three glasses and a few YouTube videos later, her mood had improved. After she poured the last glass, she made her way to the spacious bedroom upstairs. It was a large master suite with a half-octagon cutout overlooking the backyard. The cushioned bench she had installed when she bought the place a few years ago was her refuge. It had a built-in bookcase and LED mood lighting. The house was Brooke’s childhood home. After high school graduation, her parents passed away forcing her to relocate to her Aunt’s in upstate New York. The house was sold at auction and the money was placed in trust for Brooke’s college. She cried the day the house was sold and vowed to return as soon as she earned enough money to buy it back. As luck would have it, the housing market recently took a downturn and she got it at a very favorable price. Already her equity had increased thanks to a turn in the market.

As the third glass emptied, Brooke finally felt the stress leaving her body. Her skin was warm, and her face flushed. *MMM, that feels good.* Brooke’s hand caressed the bare skin at the edge of her skirt. Why she was suddenly feeling frisky, Brooke couldn’t pinpoint, but she kept sliding farther towards her growing need. *It’s been too long.* The last time Brooke had been touched by a lover was over a year ago. Meeting people in the small town where she lived was difficult. Most of them were coupled up or single for a reason. She also avoided dating anyone from work for obvious reasons.

Closing her eyes, Brooke allowed herself to focus on the sensations beneath her fingertips. It was getting late and darkness had filled the streets. The wind had gone to her head and she felt; daring; but it wasn’t enough. She spent most of her days burying her desires. No one could hurt her that way. Days like these left her vulnerable and the wine took her to the next level. She needed to feel something. To feel attractive. She needed more than just a slight tingling. Ultimately, she decided that a bath in her heart-shaped jacuzzi tub would make her feel like a woman again. She might even be bold enough to let her fingers wander a bit farther.

Brooke rose, intending to disrobe. It didn't matter that the shades remained open. Disrobing in front of her window was the extent of her sex life these days. She was aware that anyone in the three houses across her yard would have an unobstructed view of her body from the waist upward which is why she developed a routine to mitigate the risk. One click of the small rectangular remote changed the room lighting from a bright white to a soft red hue. There was just enough light for someone watching to make out a shadowy figure, but dark enough to leave much to the imagination. She was sure no one was watching but a secret thrill knowing that somebody might be. With another click of the remote, Prisoner by The Weekend began to play through her Bluetooth speakers built into the wall.

Brooke allowed her eyes to flutter closed, letting the music to wash over her body like a gentle lover. Her hips began swaying to the soft sounds. Like a dancer, she gyrated in front of an unseen audience allowing her hands to roam from her hips to her lips. She let her hair down. In her imagination, it was a strong man's fingers that ran through her hair. Deftly, her fantasy stranger passed over her breasts, allowing his palms to graze her nipples through the thin cotton blouse.

She moaned. His touch was soft but confident as he easily undid the top button, then another. Each one allowed his fingers access to more of her flesh. Each tiny circle popped free, taking a small part of her inhibitions with it. Each clasp freed increased the sensations in my core. I was wet now, but touching myself would wait. She enjoyed the cool air against her warm skin. When the last button was free, the blouse hung loosely, exposing her black demi-cup bra and the slight cleavage between. Brooke squeezed her right nipple through the lace bra. It wasn't hard yet, but it was sensitive, sending little electric surges with each tug.

What if someone WAS watching? As she swayed her hips she leaned her elbows on the window sill. Maybe Sarah and Dave in the blue house on her left were standing by the window, Sarah in her nightgown, Dave behind her, wrapping her in his arms as they watched intently. Maybe Sarah is bent over her cutout the way I am. Dave probably pulled down her panties and slid inside her slit while they both watch me, transfixed by my gyrations.

Brooke's hips shuddered as if David was behind me instead of watching with his wife.

Brooke considered to the pale-yellow colonial residence directly across my yard. She couldn't help but giggle at the thought. *What if snooty church lady Elaine saw me? Her false sense of morality wouldn't like it one bit. Or maybe she would. She would, of course, be in turmoil. Her Puritan mind scolding her while her hands, longingly mimicked mine, sliding over her body with lust-filled strokes as she watched me unsnap the clasp between my cups, letting them fall away, giving her a view of my breasts, swaying freely, my thick nipples begging for attention. She would, of course, tell herself to look away, but she would keep watching because she longed for the freedom to dance naked in front of a window.*

Finally, Brooke searched the brown home on her right. Of all the possible scenarios, the romantic in her hoped this was the house that held a voyeur. Long ago her childhood friend Jay Evans would sit in his window. As kids, they would communicate via walkie-talkie. As they reached their teens she began to tease him by dancing suggestively. It was the beginning of her kink. By their senior year, she dared to touch herself while Jay stared through binoculars. He witnessed her first orgasm, and she heard Jay's through the walkie.

It never made it past the teasing stage though Brooke wished it had. Just before the end of the fall semester, Jay's mother passed away and he left the neighborhood before he or Brooke got up the nerve to make things physical.

She pictured him now, sitting in his window, his right hand wrapped around his long, slender penis, stroking, spreading the trickle of precum over his shaft while he held his binoculars tightly to his face with his left hand, watching Brooke's fingers slide through her folds. She didn't know who lived there now, maybe no one. The house had been empty for many years when Brooke returned to the neighborhood.

A surge of pleasure jolted Brooke from her fantasy. Two fingers had dipped beneath the waist of her skirt and were firmly rubbing her clit through cotton panties. For a moment she considered finishing herself off so all could see, but she wasn't ready for that. Instead, with an exaggerated motion, Brooke brought a slick finger to her lips and sucked it clean. Then she pulled the shades down and went to fill the tub.

As she closed the blinds, she thought she saw a brief flicker of light from Jay's old room, but when she looked again, she saw it was only a reflection of the moon.

CHAPTER 2

If the echoes of her climax were any indication, the whole neighborhood could have heard her bath-induced orgasm. She had been so worked up from the dance it only took a few minutes to finish the job. *Dang, it has been way too long since someone has touched me down there. Is it too much to ask for*

Pull yourself together Brooke! One orgasm tonight was enough for Brooke. She needed sleep to prepare for the day tomorrow. It was Jillian's bachelorette party. As her maid of honor, Brooke promised to take Jillian shopping in the early afternoon while we both pretended the night's festivities were a surprise. Shopping with Jillian was a challenge. *I love that girl but she cannot decide by herself* Brooke thought. They had been best friends since high school, and Jillian was the only one who kept in touch after graduation so Brooke could not tell her "no".

"Thank you so much for taking me to the mall, I've been so busy tasting cakes and looking at dresses, I nearly forgot something "new". Come on, I know just the perfect store to go to first. As she grabbed her hand to drag me to the first of a dozen "perfect stores" Brooke rolled her eyes.

It wasn't until the third store and 14th story about how wonderful her fiancé Brian was that Jillian realized she wasn't the only one there.

"Oh god Brooke, I've been a horrible friend. Tell me about you, are you dating anyone? I guess not, you aren't bringing anyone to the wedding. You're not, are you? I put you down as a single on the seating chart. I was going to put you next to my second cousin Tim so you had another single to talk to, but he got picked up on drug trafficking charges last week and will be watching the Zoom feed from jail."

"Easy, Jillian," Brooke interrupted her as soon as she was able to get a word in. "No, I am not dating anyone significant. I haven't in over a year and I am perfectly fine with that. No, I am not bringing anyone. The last thing I want is a total stranger meeting my friends and second family. I am totally ok sitting alone at the bridal party table and honestly, you and I both know jail is

probably the best place for cousin Tim. Remember when he blew up those frogs with firecrackers as a Freshman? If I didn't know you were kidding, I would be offended. You are kidding, right?"

After he was kicked out of Central Junior High, Tim spent his freshman year living with Jillian and her family while she and I were seniors in high school. He was always a troublemaker and the frog incident only served as the final straw. He spent three months in Juvie before moving back in with his parents the following year where he was home-schooled. Jillian was optimistic he would reform as he grew older, but that did not seem to be the case. Brooke knew she was teasing about the proposed seating arrangement. At least she hoped so.

"You're just too picky Brooke."

Although Brooke responded good-naturedly, Jillian's ribbing got under her skin. It had been too long since Brooke had a lover.

"This is it!" Jillian's shout caused several heads to turn. The women had entered so many stores that Jillian swore were the "one", that Brooke hadn't realized we were standing in the center of a high-end designer lingerie store until Jillian held up a blue Fleur Du Mal cupped body suit for Brooke to drool over.

"This satisfies my something new and something blue!" Jillian was so pleased with her find that Brooke couldn't find it within her heart to protest about the nearly \$300 price tag. She would just have to watch her expenses till payday. Hopefully, Jillian will only get married once.

"It may satisfy something else on the honeymoon" Brooke joked, trying to sound excited for her friend. Truth was, Jillian's husband-to-be was not well-liked among her friends. When they were together, he was all smiles and compliments. When they were apart, he was overly flirty with us, often overstepping his boundaries with a hand on a thigh or shoulder. To Brooke's knowledge, he hadn't cheated on Jillian, but she wouldn't have been surprised if he had. On several occasions, Brooke tried to talk to Jillian about Brian, but she always dismissed her offhandedly. "Oh, he would never do anything, he's just always been flirty. That's how we met. Just tell him to stop if you don't like it and if he keeps it up, let me know. Nothing a week of no sex won't cure"

Brian was also very controlling. It took way too much convincing to get him to allow Jillian to attend her bachelorette party even though he told Jillian he was going to Mexico with his buddies, not asked. He tried to get Brooke to promise there would be no male dancers until I reminded him, that his buddies had bragged about the multiple strippers they hired for the party van transporting them across the border. Brian's glare when he realized she had trapped him in a corner was not lost on Brooke. Nor was the dark anger in his eyes.

Jillian dragged Brooke into the nearest open dressing room. While Jillian unabashedly changed her clothes, Brooke sat on the small bench. The booth was small and Brooke was uncomfortable being this close to Jillian as she stripped. It wasn't a sexy striptease like Brooke did in front of the window last night. It didn't help that Brooke always had an unrequited crush on Jillian. Brooke was admittedly bi-sexual and since they were roommates in college she had quite a few fantasies about Jillian. Jillian once confessed having them too, but so far, neither had acted on their desires. No acting on, is different from not being turned on and with Jillian's soft skin just inches from Brooke's face, in beautiful, almost see-through lingerie was like dangling a carrot in front of a

starving horse. By the time she turned her back toward Brooke for help tightening the three straps, the arousal had crept over Brooke's face.

"Thanks, Brooke!" Jillian turned to face me. "How do I look? Do you think Brian will go wild for it? Maybe he will tear it off me, or perhaps I'll have to do a little convincing."

An involuntary groan escaped Brooke's lips as Jillian placed both hands on my shoulders and began swaying her body like she was giving a lap dance. It wasn't fair. Her ample bosom shook slowly before Brooke's eyes while Jillian's legs were practically straddling hers. Jillian knew about Brooke's crush. She had confessed long ago that Brooke was number one on her list of women she would fuck if she ever was with a woman. They might have taken things further one night then had Brian not texted for Jillian to come to his fraternity for the party. It was early in their relationship but even then, she jumped at his commands. Brooke stayed in the dorm and furiously masturbated after Jillian left, fantasizing about how the evening should have ended.

Based on the naughty look in her eyes, Jillian was well aware of her effect on Brooke but somehow, Brooke kept her composure.

"Fantastic. Brian won't be able to keep his hands off you." It was the truth. Jillian looked incredibly sexy. It took most of Brooke's willpower not to pull Jillian closer and press her lips to Jillian's exposed flesh.

Jillian leaned in, her breasts pressing just below my chin, and whispered, "It's perfect! Thank you!"

Just like that, Jillian rose and removed the lingerie. Maybe it was my imagination, but Brooke was certain the scent that filled the air as she stepped out of the skimpy garment was arousal, not Jillian's perfume.

"I feel so sexy in this outfit. I hope Brian sees how hard my nipples are through the sheer fabric." She tugged her tiny pebbled nips. Brooke stifled a groan. She was starting to feel the dampness spreading between her thighs.

"Look how it clings!. You can see my lips!" She tugged the material aside, giving Brooke a glistening glimpse. "Maybe he will pull the crotch to the side like this and lick me before he has his way with me!"

Brooke fought back the desire to taste how sweet Jillian must be. To extricate herself, she rose, awkwardly pressed her back against the wall of the tiny changing space, and scooted past Jillian as she said. "Looks great. I'll get in line. Don't be long." Jillian looked disappointed, but Brooke was glad to be free of temptation. The last thing she wanted to do was cause Jillian any doubts before her wedding.

CHAPTER 3

Brooke and Jillian arrived at the bachelorette party and were greeted to a rousing, if somewhat drunken surprise cheer. Jillian was immediately swarmed by her friends which gave Brooke a chance to cool down at the bar where she was able to observe the festivities. She nibbled at some of the appetizers being passed around while Jillian mingled with her friends. Most of them were unknown to Brooke though she remembered a few from college.

At midnight, a policeman entered the room. Though his outfit was very convincing, and his acting on point, Brooke knew he was the stripper she had hired. Several of the partygoers appeared tricked by his portrayal.

“I’m sorry ladies, but I am here to make an arrest. He convincingly appeared, as if he was here to bust up her last night of drunken fun. Brooke hadn’t told Jillian about the stripper. She had given me rules, but none of them specifically prohibited the show that was to come.

“Jillian Smith, you are under arrest for drunken conduct”. As he deftly cuffed her hands behind her back, he revealed his true nature. “And for stealing Brian’s heart.”

A sigh of relief from the handful of girls who had fallen for his act filled the air. Our stripper introduced himself as Officer Paul and began a lively dance to Closer by Nine Inch Nails. The cuffs served to keep Jillian out of trouble though her arousal was evident when Paul gyrated his bulging thong pouch millimeters from her face.

When the song ended, he tossed Brooke the cuff keys and began circling the room dancing with the other guests to “Save a horse ride a cowboy.” Jillian was weak in the knees from being unable to do anything about the muscular stud that she fell into Brooke’s arms as she tried to rise. The alcohol had gone to her head causing her to babble about how aroused she was and if she hadn’t been bound she would have cheated on Brian. Brooke smiled and helped her sit down. Jillian talked a wild game but Brooke knew she was not the cheating type. Not to mention she would have intervened if anything had gone too far.

Brooke guided Jillian to a seat at a nearby table and watched as Paul entertained the other girls.

Kathy, a petite redhead who everyone thought was the most conservative of Jillian’s friends, began feeding Paul with cash until eventually, she had garnered all of his attention. By then the rest of the girls were saying their goodbyes. When the restaurant advised us they were closing, Kathy was making out with Paul in the hallway. I gathered Jillian and led her to the front. Jillian was staying at Brooke’s house tonight as she didn’t want to be alone waiting for Brian to return from his bachelor trip.

Before their rideshare even pulled out of the parking lot, Jillian passed out mid-sentence, her head fell into Brooke’s lap and she was snoring by the time they arrived at Brooke’s place.

Once Jillian was safely tucked into the guest bed, Brooke bounded up the stairs to her room where she hoped to finally do something about the dampness between her legs.

Brooke’s intentions were to quickly take care of her need on the bed due to the late hour, but as she passed the nook a flicker of light caught her attention. When she looked again, she made out the dim light of what must have been a phone shone from her childhood friend’s upstairs room. A shadowy silhouette seemed to form in the window for just a moment before the lite quickly faded. *Did I just catch someone watching?*

Was it my imagination or was someone now living in that house waiting for me to return?

The thought overcharged Brooke's burning need and she pictured her secret admirer, his eyes glued to her shadow, his dick hardening as the object of his lust finally arrived. *Had he been waiting all night?* Whether he had or not, Brooke felt an urge to give him a show.

Sensually, her hands roamed her body as she began to sway. With a quick flick of the remote, she lowered the light so he would only see the outline of Brooke's curves and started the speaker. Crash by Dave Mathews Band began to fill the air as she closed my eyes to feel the music and swayed gently. *Maybe he was stroking himself as I slipped the straps of my party dress over my shoulder, catching it just above my breasts with crossed arms. Was he long and thin? Short and thick? Maybe he was older, using me to fuel his age-gap fantasy. If he was, I bet he could teach me a trick or two.*

Brooke let her mind lead her into a fantasy and released her arms, allowing the dress to fall to her waist. Slowly, she caressed her stomach and captured her breasts in her palms. *Could he see how stiff my nipples were? Maybe if I tugged them for a minute. I couldn't help but moan as I did. My breasts were not large but they were still firm. Could he see how much they needed to be held? Did he want to take one into his mouth?*

She wondered who was watching. *It would be too much of a coincidence to be Jay, right?. My long-lost friend had relocated long ago. What are the odds we both returned to our childhood homes? I remember when he used to watch me. Does he? Does he still fantasize about me?*

Emboldened, Brooke let her fingers work their way to my waist. *Was there enough light for him to see the flush of my arousal? To share in each rise and fall of my lust-driven breaths.*

Brooke shuddered as her fingers slid between my dress and my hips. She hoped the wriggles as the rest of the dress fell to the ground were sensual enough. She liked dancing, but erotic dancing was never her strength. After a few teasing touches through the cotton, Brooke repeated the motion with her panties. Being naked in front of a possible voyeur had her dripping with anticipation.

Perhaps his cock was out, pointing like a compass in my direction, twitching as he slowly stroked his erection, not craving urgent release, but rather, more of an absent-minded response to my naked dance.

Brooke rotated, hoping her side-shadow gave him an idea of my curves.

In her mind, as the man watched Brooke's fingers dip into her pussy then rise to her lips for a taste, he moved too close to his window, bumping his throbbing tool against the wall. He winced but didn't take his eyes off her as he began spreading the delicious drop of precum around his shaft.

Oh fuh, Just one small touch through her wet and Brooke's body was on fire. She wouldn't last long, but she didn't need to. *I hope he knows my orgasm is for him as much as for me. I don't even know he's there, but I can't stop thinking about him taking me right here.* Brooke leaned forward, letting her breasts sway as her fingers penetrated her core. This time she allowed them

to remain. Two inside, her palm pressing on her bud. No turning back now. *Can he see the way my stiff nipples strain toward him? The way my mouth opens as the pleasure builds?* Faster and faster she rubbed until she bit my lip to keep from waking Jillian as Brooke came in a body-shaking orgasm. The violent ripples shaking through her left her trembling when they stopped. If Brooke wasn't exhausted from the long day she might have continued the show, but already her mind was shutting down, craving rest. She wished she had someone to wrap her arms around as she drifted off, but tonight, her body pillow would have to do. Without thinking, Brooke blew her imaginary friend a kiss and went to sleep.

CHAPTER 4

Sunday was chore day and while her drunk friend had the luxury of sleeping in, Brooke's day was filled with mundane errands. As she walked past the window toward her closet, she blushed. *Was my shy friend still there, waiting for me to wake?* The sun shone too brightly, casting a glare over Jay's windows and Brooke could see nothing. The surge of disappointment took her by surprise. *Why am I looking so hard for someone who may never have been there anyway? Even if someone was there, he probably just got lost in his fantasy and doesn't even care who I am. After all, I got off on knowing a stranger was watching.*

For a moment, Brooke considered giving a quick daytime show even though he probably wasn't even awake yet, but when she checked the clock it was already 8:00 am. She would have to hurry to beat the crowd to the gym. Luckily, Brooke got there in time to grab the last treadmill and an hour later any remnants of her late-night shenanigans had burned away. A haircut, bridesmaid dress fitting, and grocery shopping took most of the rest of the day and she returned home at 4:00 p.m. to an empty house save for a note from Jillian.

Thanks for keeping me on the straight and narrow! See you Friday.

Brooke smiled, remembering Jillian would be staying with me the night before the wedding. Some superstition about the groom seeing the bride. The two would drive to the lake Saturday morning for a day of onsite beauty styling before the sunset ceremony. The other bridesmaids would meet them there.

It was still early enough to get in a quick swim at the development pool. Not the biggest pool but it was large enough that Brooke could swim decent-length laps before taking a dip into the jacuzzi. She decided on a blue one-piece suit, one that covered her body respectably. After all, it was a community pool, and still, early enough there might be children about.

Sure enough, as she approached the gate, she heard children laughing. Children made Brooke smile. While she hoped to have some of her own one day, She enjoyed her work despite her boss and her single lifestyle. She just wished she had more dating prospects.

Is it too much to ask for a guy who was a demon in the sheets and a gentleman on the streets? I can't say having a high libido was a curse but it seemed the guys who managed to get me off were either total jerks or bored me to tears.

I need someone daring and adventurous but also someone who could curl up with a good book and then engage me in a discussion of the character development. Someone who liked to party, but had just as much fun at a board game café. It seemed those types of men were impossible to find in a world where dates were decided on a 10-second glance at photos taken at flattering angles and the swipe of a finger.

Luckily, the children were nearly done for the day and limited themselves to the shallow section. This allowed Brooke to swim a few laps in the so-called deep end. It was only 5 feet, but that was fine for Brooke's needs. The water came to her chin when she stood. Thankfully, none of the usual busybody neighbors were out. After the weekend festivities, Brooke had no stomach for mundane neighborhood gossip today.

The sun burned crimson over the horizon by the time Brooke decided to leave the pool. Her shoulders were sore and the jacuzzi would be a perfect end to the day. She reached to pull herself out of the water, but the metal ladder grips were scorching hot to the touch and she pulled my hand back with a muffled curse.

"Need some help?" The baritone voice trembled slightly, implying an undertone of vulnerability as he extended an open palm toward me. Low in the sky, the sun shone directly behind him making it difficult to see more than his muscular legs. His touch was steadying, but he did not attempt to hurry Brooke out of the pool, steadying her so she could use his strength only as needed.

"Thanks. We can put a man on the moon but we can't make a silicone covering for pool ladders?"

The stranger laughed at her awkward joke. Brooke was a bit unnerved as the sunspots in my eyes cleared. Her savior was a tall man, at least five inches taller. His eyes were hazel, though in this light they were a translucent reflection of the blue sky. A head of light brown wavy hair gave her Adam Brody vibes. His chest and shoulders were broad and strong but not overly defined. His small love handles aroused Brooke more than the muscular cut of his obliques.

Hmm, just as I like it. I can't stand the guys who spend all of their time just to get six-pack abs. I could easily dig my fingers into those love handles. Come on Brooke. You haven't even introduced yourself and you are already picturing him rocking your world. Get it together.

Brooke's inner monologue wasn't wrong. She warned herself,

This is how all my mistakes begin. A throb in my chest usually leads to other parts taking over and the next thing you know I am ass up getting railed by someone who will cheat on me next week.

"I was just walking by and saw your fight with the ladder. I couldn't let a damsel in distress go without rescue." Once she was safely on solid ground, Brooke expected him to release her hand, but he didn't, using his thumb to lightly massage the red mark still stinging her hand. A different type of heat spread through her body.

Brooke had no trouble sliding her hand out of his, though it felt good and she was reluctant to do so. The real issue was trying to form words without revealing her sudden infatuation.

"I was just heading to the jacuzzi, I mean. I guess there's room for both of us."

Embarrassment crept across her cheeks. *Really Brooke? That's not playing it cool. You just asked a stranger to join you, in the most awkward way possible.*

Brooke suddenly wanted to crawl under a rock.

“Tempting offer!” The stranger took it in stride. *Maybe I wasn't as awkward as I thought.*

“Sadly, I have an appointment I need to get to, but I recently moved into the community and if you want to join me in the spa, I'll be here to claim a raincheck!”

He walked off while Brooke's eyes followed his backside. It wasn't until he was out of sight and she could sink low into the bubbles of the spa that Brooke realized she hadn't gotten his name.

The short walk back to Brooke's apartment was spent with Brooke cursing herself for her social ineptness. *The stranger would most likely skip the jacuzzi tomorrow.* Brooke's earlier optimism darkened, and she was prepared for an evening of self-deprecation though fate had other things in mind. As she walked the cobbled path to her porch, she nearly tripped over the small square box which lay on the welcome mat.

What the F? I'm not expecting anything. What's this?”

Cautiously, she inspected it for signs of the sender, but it was too non-descript. It also had no postmark so she determined someone had hand-delivered it. Her heart began pounding, though it was a mix of fear and excitement. *Could it be the stranger from the pool? No, he didn't know where she lived. Maybe Jillian dropped off something she didn't want Brian to see or perhaps it was an addition to the bridesmaid dress ensemble.*

Shaking it lightly gave Brooke no clues as it made no noise. *Well, it isn't going to open itself and I think Ms. Pilek across the way is being a bit nosy.* Sure enough, she stood on her porch with her usual disapproving stare. She was not happy when Brooke outbid her for the house. Ms. Pilek had wanted to buy it for her children, but Brooke bid \$10,000 over the market.

Brooke fumbled with her keys before opening the door. As soon as the door locked behind her, Brooke placed the package on the table. It was wrapped in plain brown paper, the kind you buy at the store, not a repurposed bag. She confirmed it was hand-delivered as there were no markings on the wrap. *Maybe they got the wrong house. The only way to know is to open it.*

Brooke carefully broke the seal of the tape at the corners. If it was meant for a neighbor, she would be able to reseal it again without making it look obvious that she snuck a peek.

The paper was easily moved exposing a black box held closed by a delicate gold ribbon. A small typewritten note card was taped to the ribbon with only three words. “Enjoying the show!”

Brooke's jaw dropped. The note could only mean one thing. Her hunch had been correct, someone was watching her nightly exhibitions. Excited, she gingerly removed the gorgeous ribbon and peeked inside.

“Gasp” Brooke was stunned once she saw the silken fabric. She held it up, admiring the soft material and the sleek design of a corset. The label read Kiki De Montparnasse a brand she had never heard of but clearly one of quality. It looked nicer than the blue lingerie Brooke purchased

for Jillian yesterday. Along with the corset were a matching garter set and a thong. The sexy collection identified itself on the tag as the Temptress line. *Fitting given my nightly shows.* A quick Google search revealed the ensemble retailed for nearly \$400. Not that the price mattered to Brooke, but she did feel a slight pang of guilt that the generosity of her admirer might be unrequited.

For a few moments, she stared at the material wondering if maybe she had taken things too far. Could the light across the way be dangerous? She hadn't thought about that. Yet she found herself drawn to the idea that someone enjoyed watching her silhouette to the point they wanted to see her in such quality undergarments. Her thighs pressed together as she felt her arousal stirring.

If it is a show they want...

Brooke considered her options, before making her plan. Instead of preparing the outfit, she decided she would allow her voyeur to see her remove the mundane, unmatched bra and panties she wore, then see her reclathe herself in the luxurious outfit of his desire.

Darkness was in full force when she knelt on the soft cushion by the window. For the first time since she began changing where people could see, she felt nervous. Tonight was personal. Someone had revealed their presence, if only through action, but she still did not know whom. Across her yard, some stranger with impeccable taste was waiting anxiously to see if she would accept their gift.

Brooke wondered once again who was watching, though now it held greater weight. Although she hoped it was the person in Jay's old residence, there was no guarantee they were the source of the gift. The three residences across the yard all had direct views. Beyond that, several other homes had partial views. She hadn't told anyone about her late-night activities so it couldn't be Jillian or some other friend.

Her concerns were forgotten as soon as she gripped the fringe of her cami and pulled it over her head. The familiar wave of freedom took over and she ran her hand sensually over the right cup of her blue Victoria's Secret bra. She was aware of her arousal, but she wasn't prepared for the sensations such a brief pass of her hand brought. It was as if she lit a fire under her skin.

Brooke was ready to dance, but first, she searched vainly in the darkness, disappointed that she saw no sign of a watcher. If someone was keeping their eye out for her, they did so without any light. Should she wait until there was a sign of attention? No, her gut told Brooke that the mystery man was by a window, his eyes glued to her second floor pane, just hoping she would model his gift. She could feel it. With a quick click of her remote, soft lighting surrounded her. She chose a pale pink this time. She moved one of the light strips closer so the front of her body caught some of the light. Not enough for a clear view, but tonight someone would see more than a mere shadow.

Deep breath Brooke, now close your eyes. Tonight, her sound system chose Wicked Game. Brooke liked the classic selection. She unclasped her bra, her hips slowly gyrating. It was a front

clasp and she caught her breasts in her palm as soon as they were freed. They felt warm and heavy beneath her palms. Brooke wanted to tug at her pebbled nipples, but she was afraid that would be too arousing and she would need to take care of things too quickly. This show was for her hidden friend's entertainmen, not for her pleasure. Not yet anyway. She had to let him see her in the new outfit.

She danced, using the sensual rhythm of the song to turn her back to the window. Let him watch the bra slide off her shoulders and fall to the floor. As it did, she contemplated how to remove her panties. *From the side!* She thought, allowing anyone watching to see the outline of her nakedness as she slid her thumb under the hips of the red panties. She hadn't planned on anybody seeing what was beneath her clothes, so she hadn't bothered to match her undergarments.

In a moment, she was naked. *How much can he see? Or she?* She caught herself. In her mind, her voyeur was a man, but she supposed it could it be a woman? For some reason, the thought only increased the heat between her thighs. Brooke sighed as she ran her fingertips over her now bare bottom. It took all her willpower not to touch herself, but she wanted to model the corset ensemble, to feel the silk on her flesh.

The thong went on easily. How he knew her size from wherever he hid was beyond her ken, but it fit perfectly. She wriggled her backside toward the window as she snapped the garter around her waist, letting the straps dangle. *I should have grabbed some stockings* she lamented as she bent forward, knowing that her bottom was fully on display save for the thin string now buried between her cheeks. She struggled a bit to get the corset on. The latches were in the front but it was a tight fit around the back and the straps required a few adjustments before it hung just right. *My admirer isn't infallible. But that is even more perfect. He is bold enough to trust I won't be offended.*

She stared at herself in the mirror, the gold hook and eye gleamed in the soft light blazing a trail from her now pushed-up cleavage to the center of her aching need. *Fuck, I look incredible in this.*

Confident, she twirled as Good For You by Selena Gomez began to play.

Mmm, for tonight, I am yours, my voyeur! Brooke thought, echoing the lyrics of the song, finally turning toward the window to present the frontal view that her stranger had waited so patiently for. She placed her hands on the shelf behind the nook seat and let her breasts sway. The silk was stimulating her arousal causing her to run her hands over her body. She pressed the silken thong against her tingling bud. She wasn't surprised to find the thong, and her sex, soaked.

She would have done more had Jillian's ring tone not cut the music short.

"I'm sorry to call so late. I'm on my way over. Brian and I got into a fight and he said he might not want to get married anymore. Can we talk?" It was obvious Jillian was crying and took the threat seriously, Brooke could hear it in her voice.

"Of course!" Brooke answered, turning off the lights and music. I was just going to bed, but I'll throw on a robe and pour some wine and you can tell me all about it.

CHAPTER 5

As she covered her new outfit with a chaste robe, she looked across the way in time to see a shadowy figure in her friend's old home, clearly watching her. She couldn't make out the features,

but it was definitely a man. She smiled. Without thinking, she waggled her fingers in his direction only to feel a surge of disappointment when he panicked and drew his blinds shut.

...

“Calm down Jill.” Brooke awkwardly patted her friend’s back as she sobbed uncontrollably against her shoulder. The terry robe was already covered with black smudges of mascara and had slipped enough that Jillian’s tears were falling onto Brooke’s exposed skin.

“It’s..just..that.. he..was so mean” she choked out between sobs.

“Tell me what happened. Here, have some water.”

Brooke was glad Jillian accepted the plastic bottle, disengaging herself from the overly long hug.

“I got home and Brian was waiting waving his phone in the air and yelling about my spending. When I reminded him he told me not to worry about the costs, and he got madder. Then he told me his bonus was less than he expected and somehow that was my fault because of all the time he spent sampling cakes and looking at venues. Brooke, he never once complained and often suggested we go.”

I looked away so I could roll my eyes. This wasn’t the first time Jillian and Brian argued about finances. Though it usually wasn’t a few days before their wedding.

Jillian continued. “He said he was so mad he didn’t want to see me right now and he wasn’t even sure we should get married.”

Jillian’s breathing quickened as if she was about to start hyperventilating but Brooke quickly intervened.” it’s ok. You know how Brian gets. By tomorrow he will be over it. In the meantime, you can stay with me.” She leaned in, placing one palm gingerly on Jillian’s shoulder, and with her free hand patted the tears off her cheek, cleaning up the mascara streaks in the process. The action caused her robe to fall open across the chest revealing her corset.

Suddenly Brooke’s demeanor changed. In between gasps, her sad voice brightened as she fixated on the new lingerie!

“OMG, what are you wearing? Do you have someone over? Oh gosh, I didn’t mean to impose. I’m such a horrible friend.

Her apology nearly started Jillian’s tears flowing again. Brooke took action, deciding to use her recent boldness as a distraction for Jillian from the tiff with Brian.

“Oh, no, you didn’t. Well not really. I mean I was just finishing up anyway.” Jillian raised an eyebrow, but Brooke clarified.

“Oh no, not that, just dancing.” *Sigh*

Brooke proceeded to spill to Jillian details about the window shows she put on the last few nights and explained the corset was a gift from her voyeur and how much it turned her on knowing a stranger was watching. She thought Jillian would be happy that Brooke was being flirtatious and open about her sexuality but instead, she got angry.

“BROOKE Elizabeth! This guy could be an axe murderer or worse a serial killer!

Despite the serious message in Jillian’s scream, Brooke was unable to help herself and broke into laughter. “How is a serial killer worse than an axe murderer?” She asked.

For the first time that evening, Jillian smiled, then let out a half laugh before continuing in a slightly less worried tone. “Well, I don’t know but it just is! He could be a rapist too! Or do you have a plan for that as well “.

Brooke chose not to mention the dark corners of her fantasies. Rape was no joke and she would never want it to happen even if she had some hot reactions to the concept.

“No, not at all MOTHER.”. Brooke met Jillian’s gaze with the best apologetic look she could muster. It wasn’t long until Jillian’s concern faded. Her tears had ceased and for the next hour, they talked about the mystery man and the other stranger she met at the pool.

Brooke was running out of details that she was willing to share when Brian called with his expected apology.

“Thank you Brooke! I am so glad we are friends. You always know how to calm me down. I have the best idea! I’m moving your seat from the bridal table to one by the window!”.

Brooke feigned anger and playfully punched Jillian on the arm.

“Hey, I’m JUST JOKING! But seriously, be careful B. There are some scary people out there.”

As Jillian returned home, Brooke considered. Maybe Jillian was right. Perhaps she should return the corset and stop the shows. At any rate, it was late and she had to work in the morning so she put on more practical sleeping attire, drew her shades, and drifted to sleep in darkness

CHAPTER 6

Monday was a whirlwind of confusion for Brooke. She hadn’t fully considered the dangers of feeding her Voyeur’s interest but what if Jillian was right? She could be putting herself in danger. He already knew where she lived and must have surmised that she lived alone.

On top of that, her boss’ Friday mood carried over and she began the day by yelling at Brooke because of an accidental double staple. It was so crazy she forgot about her promise to meet the other stranger at the jacuzzi. At least until she entered her development and drove by the pool. “Oh crap!”. She looked at the dashboard clock. “Whew. I still have enough time to get to the jacuzzi.

A large part of her wanted to skip the meet-up. He could be just as dangerous as the voyeur. Oddly, she felt a bit guilty as if she was cheating on her mysterious friend. For all she knew, the pool guy might not even show up. Still, Brooke avoided breaking promises whenever possible. She spent too much time on the receiving end of disappointments growing up.

When she arrived at the pool gate, the sun had already set. She wore a black one-piece, this one a bit more daring with only one wide right shoulder strap holding it up and a cutout on the left exposing half of her stomach. Her new friend was nowhere to be seen and the jacuzzi was empty so she took advantage, leaned back as far as she could without sliding into the center, and let the warm jets soothe her body while she did her best meditation to try to soothe her frazzled mind. It was probably best that the stranger wasn't there given her mood.

“Ahem.”

Brooke jolted to a sitting posture, scraping her back in the process.

“I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you, but I was afraid you were sleeping.”

Brooke now saw yesterday's handsome savior sitting across from her. From the amount of water beaded on his face and chest, he had been in the jacuzzi for a few minutes before rousing her. She blushed, embarrassed that she let her guard down.

“Sorry, been a long day. A long weekend.”

“Feel free to talk about it, I am a good listener and it might take my mind off my problems if you do.”

Without thinking, Brooke began telling the stranger about her issues. She started with work and the wedding but did not share any details about her voyeuristic admirer. As he was handsome and seemingly sweet, she didn't want to scare him off by telling him about another man.

Instead, she told him about a friend of hers. “So, my friend is blindly accepting gifts from a guy she knows nothing about and who could be dangerous and I don't know what to tell her without sounding like a jealous hag.”

The man laughed. “Sometimes, a gift is nothing more than what it seems. Your friend has to trust her judgment before she can trust other people's motives and as a friend, you should trust her instincts. Even if she gets hurt, she must learn to trust herself.”

“Aren't you the wise one?” Brooke quipped though she was already processing his words, applying them to her situation.

A beep came from the man's wrist. “Oh, I need to get going. But I am glad you joined me tonight. I was afraid you wouldn't after the way I left yesterday.”

Brooke watched as he rose, the water cascading off his torso. He was attractive for sure. Easy to talk to. She felt something stirring for him but was torn because part of her lusted for her voyeur. How could a stranger without a face or a voice be an attraction? Not to mention, Brooke wasn't sure she would be interacting with him anymore. For safety reasons.

He hesitated, then turned to her. “How about dinner Wednesday.”

Brooke surprised herself by accepting too quickly.

“Great, I’ll pick you up in front of the gate at 7. Business casual is fine.”

As he pivoted to walk away, Brooke realized she didn’t know his name.

“Unless you want me to call you handsome all night, you might want to tell me your name.”

He smiled as if being asked to reveal a dark secret. He hesitated only a second though, before responding, “Daniel.”

Brooke waited until Daniel disappeared before heading home. She poured herself a glass of wine and sat on the lanai, sipping. Her body felt alive. The thought of heading upstairs to dance by the window aroused her, but every time she thought about it, she heard Jillian’s voice, “*He could be an axe murderer...*” Ultimately, she chose to close her blinds before undressing, showering, and getting into bed wearing pajama pants and an old t-shirt. The voyeur was nothing more than a fantasy, she told herself and Daniel was real. As she drifted to sleep, she thought *But why do I feel like I am disappointing my voyeur?*

CHAPTER 6

To her surprise, her boss was in good spirits and only yelled at her once on Tuesday. She even bought the staff sandwiches from the cafeteria on the 3rd floor. Brooke and her cubicle mates joked that she must have gotten laid to be in such a good mood. *I wonder if that’s why I’m so bitchy lately.* By 5, Brooke was in good spirits and excited to return home to a night of relaxation. *Maybe I’ll read some of that spicy Hardison Parker novel I downloaded* she thought as she pulled into the neighborhood.

Suddenly her heart pounded, though she wasn’t sure whether it was in excitement or fear. Hanging from her door handle was a small gift bag. Brooke looked around but saw no one. She carefully removed it from its resting place and carried it inside as if she were holding a radioactive space rock. In the movies, this might contain a severed finger or something if her voyeur was upset about the interrupted show.

“Open it!” Jillian yelled at her after Brooke called to catch her up on the events since Jillian returned to Brian. They of course had wild make-up sex, something Jillian felt the need to describe in intimate detail.

“I barely shut the door when he spun me around and pinned my body between his hips and the wall. Then he parted my thighs and fingered me to an orgasm without even removing my panties!”

What followed was a real estate tour fantasy where they got down and dirty on the stairs, in the laundry room, and in the kitchen.

“Remember when we were in college and we did that thing with our panties?”

Brooke knew exactly what she meant.

“You mean where you take them off and use them to hold your ponytail?”

“Exactly!”

It was something they had seen in a video once but they tried it on their boyfriends and it seemed hot at the time. After her orgasm, Jillian faced Brian, put her hair up and devoured him, drinking every job. Before she could give details about the handcuffs, Brooke interrupted. She was ready to see what was inside her bag.

Brooke took a breath. “OK, stay on the phone with me so if I blow up, you can call 911.”

Brooke extracted a box the size of a Tiffany box, but purple instead of blue. Inside, there was a note—longer this time, but only slightly.

I understand

But if you change your mind...

“Cryptic,” Jillian said. Brooke was glad she couldn’t see the two small objects contained inside. One of them appeared to be a Bluetooth speaker but it was the other one that made Brooke blush as a familiar ripple of arousal stirred. A pink silicone object large and egg-like on one side and a thin stem on the other. It was clear what it was to be used for. Brooke’s pussy flooded. She couldn’t tell Jillian about this.

“I know, right?” Brooke’s mind was running wild. She wanted to end the conversation so she could consider the possibilities of the latest gifts. “Look, I’m going to head to bed. I’ll call you in the morning.” She couldn’t tell Jillian that the small toy had already started her juices flowing.

“Well, you just called me now, but if you want to keep secrets, whatever. Remember, lunch tomorrow! You can tell me about the box then.”

As soon as Jillian hung up, Brooke bounded up the stairs to get ready for a show she hadn’t planned. For a while she sat in the nook, still dressed in the plain black skirt and white blouse she wore to the office. The blinds were drawn tightly. She stared at the plastic casing surrounding the toy. It was oddly shaped, but the thought of using it got her going. She had a few toys of her own, but so far, she only utilized them when she was extremely needy, and then only for her pleasure. If she used this, it would be for a stranger’s pleasure. Nothing different from her fingering herself the other night, except it was entirely different. She would be doing this at his request. It would become more than just a show, but an interaction. Personal. Was she ready to risk the connection? She wasn’t sure.

Turning her attention to the small speaker she noticed a Post-It with the words “Turn Me On” and an arrow pointing to a switch. She smiled at the innuendo. Her hands trembled as she cradled the speaker, turning it like a fidget cube. A part of her wanted to activate it and find out what her voyeur had to say. Put a voice to the figure. She would feel safer then, wouldn’t she? Another part of her wanted nothing more to do with the stranger. She had a date with a handsome man tomorrow. A real person. Not that the stranger wasn’t real, but to Brooke, he was more of a fantasy. Without an image or name, she could imagine he was a tall blonde bodybuilder or a short, dad-bod, older man. Maybe that was what got her juices flowing. If she met the guy, all illusions would be gone. What if she wasn’t attracted to him?

A few days ago, the wine and arousal would have combined to drop her inhibitions and allow her to turn on the speaker. Tonight, she wasn’t so sure it was safe to do so. Gently, she placed it next to the toy on the ledge behind the window seat and went to bed for a fitful night of sleep.

CHAPTER 7

Wednesday went swimmingly if only because she was so busy there was no time to think. A draft of an important motion was waiting on her desk when she arrived and it took all morning to edit. At lunch, she met Jillian at the bakery café across the street.

“I can’t thank you enough for your help the other night. You kept me sane. Brian has been wonderful ever since.” By the flush on her face and the embarrassed giggle, I could tell she was referring to some more naughtiness.

“You better save something for the honeymoon!”

“Oh, I have something devious planned. He might never leave our bungalow. Now what about you? What was your mystery gift? Certainly more than just a note. Did you do another show? And what did you say about a date tonight?”

So many questions and Brooke had few answers for any of them, only speculation and secrets. She chose to only mention the speaker. No harm in that. Her stranger wanted to communicate. Jillian pretended to be proud of Brooke for not using it, though her tone hinted that she would have preferred if Brooke if only to live vicariously through a juicy story about making the stranger climax. Not only would that have given her the chance to scold Brooke for placing herself in the path of danger, but it would have sparked Jillian’s private fantasies for later consideration. There was no doubt in Brooke’s mind that Jillian missed her pre-fiance days and coveted the freedom to dance in front of an open window or do more than tease someone in a dressing room. Not that Brooke believed she would cheat on Brian, but she knew it was extremely difficult to have vanilla ice cream every night after sampling all 31 flavors for years. Jillian was somewhat of a slut before she decided it was time to settle down.

Despite the vague answers, Jillian continued to pepper Brooke with questions while she devoured her French Chicken Club salad.

“Don’t forget, I want all the details about tonight’s dinner. Hey, I have an idea! Maybe I can get Brian to take me out tonight. I’ve been dying to try a new place. Where did you say you and Dan are going?”

Brooke got defensive. “Oh, you better not! I will not have you making my date a double. Also, I didn’t say where we are going because I don’t know. He is picking me up at the gate.”

“Well, text me when you know, so someone knows where you are when you disappear.”

“I’m not going to disappear, Jillian. Seriously, stop reading those psychological thrillers! But I will text you. Just promise you won’t show up.”

“You take all the fun out of it, Brooke!”

I couldn’t help but smirk at her exaggerated expression of mock disappointment. But it wasn’t lost on me that she hadn’t said she wouldn’t go.

“I will call you when I get home. I promise!”

“You better! And this time, have something interesting to tell me. At least kiss the guy!”

Brooke’s cheeks warmed as she blushed. She had only vaguely considered getting romantic with Dan. Yet after Jillian brought up a kiss, Brooke spent the afternoon thinking of nothing else. By the time she arrived home, her mind had already planned a passionate response if Dan made a move after dinner.

A new pair of panties and a cold shower were in order before heading to the gate. Daniel told her the the restaurant was business casual, but Brooke had been dying for an occasion to wear one of her new dresses and show off her legs, what she considered her best feature.

Black? No, too formal for business casual. Red? No, too slutty for a first date. Ah perfect. Brooke selected a cerulean v-neck dress showing off a hint of cleavage. The bottom of the dress flared loosely at mid-thigh. It was sexy and flirty, but also versatile enough to count as casual. Brooke considered going without underwear but decided to wear a blue thong. She chose not to wear a bra as there was no way to hide the straps. There wasn’t enough time to properly blow out her hair but she managed to make it presentable. Her shoulder-length hair was easy to work with.

When she arrived at the gate, Dan was waiting to greet her. He opened the door to his grey Lexus ES and held her hand as she entered the passenger side. *A gentleman, I like that.* Dan wore a royal blue checkered button-down shirt with two buttons open and dark khaki slacks. *Hot. He cleans up well.* His well-trimmed facial hair was somewhere between a beard and a 5 o’clock shadow but it worked well with the cut of his jaw. Thanks to Jillian, Brooke immediately imagined kissing his lips.

“Brooke, are you ok? Do you need help with your seatbelt?”

“Oh, no, sorry. Was just making sure I locked the door and turned off the stove.” It was a lame cover but Brooke couldn’t tell him she was picturing whether his beard would tickle her neck when he kissed her cheek.

Dan was a very serious driver, he remained focused on the road and Brooke never caught him stealing a glance at the extended portion of thigh Brooke exposed. If he looked, he didn’t mention anything. Instead, they made meaningless small talk until he pulled into the valet at a cute little seafood restaurant that opened only a few weeks ago.

Dan dashed around the car to open her door. She smiled. Opening the door when he greeted her was one thing, but dashing around the car to make sure he could open her door first was impressive. *Old fashioned and sexy. If he shows even a sign of intelligence and connection, that beard may tickle more than my neck.*

“You look fantastic,” he said as he helped her from the car. “Honestly, I didn’t think you would accept my invitation after our two pool meetings. I can be a little awkward.”

“You seemed nice, and I was available.”

Brooke winced internally. Her defenses had kicked in and in an attempt to be offhanded and charming, she came off as either a spoiled bitch or a desperate spinster.

“I didn’t mean that the way it sounded, I meant it was nice to be asked by a handsome stranger.”

Daniel quickly saved the conversation, “Oh no, don’t worry, nice and available are good traits! Just relax, I don’t bite until the second date!”

Brooke nearly spit out her water at his joke. “Darn, there goes my dream of being turned into a vampire tonight.”

After the awkwardness faded, Daniel turned out to be a very good conversationalist. He moved around a lot as a child. With a BS degree in game development from USC and a master's in psychology, he started a small video game company that grew quickly into a mid-size firm thanks to a viral game Brooke had never heard of. Unfortunately, his studies and new company monopolized his time and he hadn’t dated much. When his parents passed last year, it was their last wish that he take some time off to enjoy life before it flew by. To honor that, he began working from home. Interspersed between his life tale, Daniel slipped in some jokes and asked Brooke some thought-provoking questions about her life. It was refreshing from the dating apps where people seemed bored if the topic wasn’t heading toward sex.

The night flew by and by the time they finished dessert, Brooke was hoping she would get a good night kiss and maybe more. Daniel grabbed the check when it came, though he politely asked, “Do you mind?” Brooke shook her head in the negative, glad Daniel checked the box of awareness of modern-day dating rules. He slid his credit card into the black leather presenter and excused himself to the restroom. While he was gone, curiosity got the best of her and Brooke opened the folded book to see the price of the meal. She was just closing the book when the waiter arrived to collect the bill. As she handed it to him, Daniel’s card fell onto the table. Returning it to the waiter, she couldn’t help but notice the name on the card: Jay Daniel Evans. Recognition flashed in Brooke’s eyes. *He introduced himself as Daniel but his first name was Jay.* Jay Evans, her high school friend. It all made sense. He had to be the guy watching her.

Questions raced in her head. *Does he know I was the one dancing?* It was overwhelming to think of the possibilities. Except for two nights ago, she only showed a silhouette, and the other night, there was barely enough light to see her body. It was entirely plausible that Dan did not know his date tonight was the girl he had fantasized about.

What should I do? Should I say anything? I can’t just ask him if he is the one watching me. If he doesn’t know I am the one, he will be embarrassed, or angry. Also, if he is dangerous, it might set him off. I need to get home and figure out what to do.

“Are you ok, Brooke?” he asked.

“Oh fine, the wine went a bit to my head. I’ll be fine once I get home.”

Instead of the passionate ride home, Brooke had hoped for, the conversation lagged despite Daniel's attempt to reengage the conversation. Brooke was nervous and trying not to panic. It took all her concentration not to blurt out that she was the dancer in the window. For his part, Daniel did not seem put off, and his words showed both interest and respect for whatever Brooke was thinking. When he put his hand on her knee, she placed hers on top, hoping it gave him the signal that whatever was running through her head was not a rejection.

He pulled up just past the gate where he parked and opened her door. "I'd drop you off at your house but I don't know where you live. Besides, you seem a little out of sorts. I do hope I didn't say anything wrong, I enjoyed the night."

Oh no, he's getting the wrong idea. Fuck Brooke, don't screw things up.

Brooke did the only thing she could think of that didn't involve speaking, she stood on her tiptoes and kissed him.

Happily, Dan leaned in instead of pulling away. Dan's mouth parted slightly and after a tentative lip kiss, their tongues met. Brooke's body began responding to the kiss.

When the kiss broke, Dan's hands rested on her waist. She wished they were in private so he could lift her off the ground and take things to the next level but that wouldn't be good so close to the pool. Her growing need below her waist certainly wanted more. She was confused and needy. If he had asked, she would have gone home with him.

Instead, he simply said, "That was a pleasant surprise"

"I'm sorry I got quiet," Brooke said, not wanting him to release his touch, "I'll explain, next time."

"That's good. I was hoping there would be a next time." He took out his phone and made a contact for her, then held the phone so Brooke could type her number.

"Text me after so I have yours!" she said, then kissed him again and walked the long way toward her home, even more cautious about revealing her location now that she knew he was her stalker. If he didn't know she was the dancer, she wasn't ready to reveal it now

Chapter 8

As soon as the door closed behind her she pressed her back against it, letting her body slide down the surface until she was sitting on the floor.

What is happening? Is he playing me? Pretending he doesn't know I am the one putting on a show? Is it true he doesn't know? How could he not, we were so close in High School. Of course that was 10 years ago. Maybe he wasn't as into me then as I thought.

Brooke scooted herself across the floor to the nearby cabinet where she kept her yearbooks and quickly thumbed to Jay's photo. *Oh god, I forgot about his hats.* Jay always had a penchant for wearing what he called his thinking caps. In the class photo, he wore a top hat. *Each hat had its personality* he always said. Except for the hat and some acne, he looked like a younger version of Dan. Why hadn't she seen the resemblance before? Maybe it was possible that if Brooke didn't recognize Jay, he hadn't recognized her.

She quickly paged to her photo and immediately knew why. She looked so different, that she nearly missed her photo. It was as if she was looking at a stranger. Braces and long blonde hair down to the middle of her back. Not to mention it was a grunge phase. Black lipstick and too much eye shadow. She looked like that so people would notice her. By people, she meant the baseball captain. It worked, but not in the way she hoped. It wasn't a good look for her and people had no problem telling her. The captain ended up dating a shy bookworm who used to be Brooke's friend. Brooke returned to her natural brown hair color just before graduation and hadn't dyed it since. Of course, Jay was gone by then so he wouldn't have known.

Convinced that Dan didn't recognize her, Brooke relaxed and began to plan her next move. First, she called Jillian and spilled the tea, letting her know what she had in mind. Once she had Jillian's hesitant approval, she made her way upstairs to get ready. She didn't want to reveal herself to Dan just yet, so she took off the dress and replaced it with the corset. Then she fitted herself with the toy. She flicked the on switch expecting something to happen but it remained quiet. Still, it felt good nestled between her folds. Maybe that was all it was supposed to do. She had never used a toy like this before.

Finally, she was ready and opened her blinds, looking out into the night. At first, she saw nothing. Then, after a moment, she saw the soft light of a phone light up in the room across the way. Excitedly, she turned on the speaker. Once the initial static settled, she heard breathing. "Is that you?" a mechanically altered voice asked.

It was a one-way speaker so she couldn't answer. Instead, she moved toward the window and waggled her fingers in greeting.

"Good. I was worried you were offended by my gift. You look fantastic in the corset. I wish I could see more of you, but it is so dark. I respect it though. Are you wearing my other gift?"

Maybe he was using a pitch changer, but that couldn't hide the parts of Dan's tone she recognized. Before she could answer, the toy whirred to life between her legs making her jump in surprise.

"Good girl. That feels nice, doesn't it? I prepared a song for you. Would you dance for me tonight?"

The opening riff to Kiss by Prince wafted through the speaker. The pulses of the toy between her legs seemed synced to the song and Brooke couldn't tell if Jay was controlling it by hand or if there was a prepared program. Whatever the source, it was doing things to her that Brooke hadn't felt in a long time. Every time Prince said Kiss, the toy gave an extra burst that hit erogenous zones Brooke didn't know she had. By the time the song ended, Brooke was on the edge.

"Such a hot performance. Now sit on a chair. Get comfortable. Put your legs up on the ledge. Oh, I wish I could see your face right now, but I can tell you are turned on." The toy whirred faster, seemingly expanding and contracting inside her. "You like that, don't you. Knowing a stranger is in control? You've given me quite the show and I'm going to make you orgasm now."

He continued speaking in low tones, telling Brooke how much he enjoyed watching her but Brooke barely understood his words, her mind was focused on the incredibly arousing

sensations below her waist. The pleasure spread quickly throughout her body. She couldn't think of anything other than how turned on his toy was making her.

The other night, she thought her excitement came solely from not knowing the identity of her voyeur. Now, knowing Dan, handsome, sweet, and funny, had this very kinky side and was in full control of her pleasure took her over the top. The silk panties were soaked with her dripping passion, clinging tightly. She moaned as the toy's pulses slowed to almost a stop. She mouthed please but of course, he couldn't see or hear her.

Suddenly, the toy's speed increased and her world exploded in climax Brooke nearly fell off the chair. When she finished shaking she could hear Dan's breathing quick and urgent. *Was he going to make himself come?* Although it would be hot to hear, she did not want him to waste his passion on his hand. She couldn't have that, not yet. She quickly snapped a photo of herself, not caring that her hair was wild, her face sweaty and the pink toy sticking out from beneath the thong. She wanted it to express the pleasure she had felt. She sent it with a message.

Don't you dare come, Dan, not until you get your ass over here!

She heard the ding of Dan's phone through the speaker. Then, "Oh my god, Brooke?" A loud bang reverberated followed by a yelp of pain. Brooke chuckled picturing Dan hitting his knee on a desk or tripping over a chair trying to pull up his pants. She had intentionally left the downstairs door unlocked, thinking she would invite him over after her dance, but she hadn't expected the toy to bring her this much pleasure. In his haste, he left it running at a low speed. By the time he arrived, she could barely yell, "Come in, the door's open. Hurry!" Dan ran into the room clad only in sweatpants, a large bulge in the center outlined by a small wet spot at the tip. He started to speak but Brooke interrupted him by dropping to her knees, her hair tied up with her panties.

"Later. Now get those off and take me properly!"

EPILOGUE

The wedding was perfect. The candles lit the room flickering lightly over the guests' faces. The three-tiered blue fondant-covered cake looked beautiful. There were no objections during the ceremony. Flowers lined the reception hall and each table had three candles flickering softly over glass bowls filled with polished jade stones.

The bridal table was filled and Brooke was glad Jillian was by her side. Jillian looked so beautiful in her maid of honor gown and her new fiancé, Joe was handsome as the best man. Even Brooke's boss had accepted her invitation smiling, telling everyone how Brooke was like a daughter to her.

Although they never tell people the full story of how they met, the pool ladder tale makes a nice meet-cute.

After their first night together, Brooke and Dan were inseparable, moving into Brooke's house a year later and letting Jillian move into Dan's home after she caught Brian with their wedding coordinator. It was for the best though as Brooke adored Jillian's new love and now her friend was just across the yard where sometimes, Brooke and Dan indulge their voyeuristic kinks or put on a show.

But that, is another story.

End.