

## High Bluffs Excerpt

The light from the moon cast an eerie shadow in front of him as he perched on the large, smooth rock in front of The Bluffs. The steady swish of the ocean behind him was familiar and welcome while he adjusted his binoculars. The light was on in the room three windows to the left. The white lace curtains softly blew in and out of the half-opened window. Neither of them ever closed the curtains for privacy. The Bluffs, while close to town, was somewhat isolated, and nobody would expect peeping toms around here. *That's not me, anyway.* He hated that term. It made his desire for Joanna sound cheap and tawdry, which it was not.

*I just need to see her. One day I won't have to stand outside to watch her. I'll be in that room with her.*

Until then he had to satisfy the need to see her coursing through him by other means. His requirement for her was a necessity, as basic as water and air. Not simply a desire or a want to see her, although those were true, but a hunger for her to be in his vision, as real as the need for the air he took into his lungs. Her silhouette now stood at the window. He lifted the binoculars, focusing on Joanna. Her back faced him. His gaze never wavered as the binoculars brought his object of desire seemingly within touching distance. She wore only a white bra and matching panties. Her hands unhooked the back of the lacy bra, and she tossed it onto the chair sitting in front of her. As she turned around, he caught a glimpse of her full, naked breasts. A low groan, almost a growl, escaped him upon seeing the vision of what he wanted and desired so desperately. A warm, pulsating feeling washed over him, and he continued to enjoy the sight of such perfection before Joanna moved out of his view. He stood, staring at the window, hoping to see her again. She stepped in front of the window one more time, now wearing a short pink nightgown. She took the clip out of her hair, letting the dark strands spill over her shoulders. *She's so beautiful.* Her mouth moved; she was surely talking to the husband who lay in the bed waiting for her. Jealously seeped through him, thinking about how that lucky man would likely be touching her tonight. *One day I'll be the one touching her. Nobody will ever love Joanna as much as I do.*