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Tuesday, June 7

Marcia walks from the living room to the bathroom and I panic for a minute as I lose sight of her, but then she comes back in view and I peer intently through my telescope (a Celestron C90, two hundred and thirty-nine dollars retail and worth every penny of it).

She lets her robe drop to the floor and a little moan escapes my lips. Then she is in the shower and the bathroom fills with steam, and it seems that even through the steam I can see her rubbing soap over her naked breasts, sliding her hands down her body, stroking that delicious area between her legs with just the hint of a smile on her face.

After an eternity she emerges, clean and pink and glowing with health, her skin still slick with water, and for a moment I can imagine myself in the bathroom with her, rubbing the water away from secret areas that only she and I share, licking her dry and then licking her moist again.

The thought fascinates me, and I find, to my surprise, that I have been rubbing my own body in the very same way, and producing, not surprisingly, the very same results.

I think I'm in love.

* * * *

Wednesday, June 8

My lunch break is almost over and I wait by a tobacco stand in Marcia's office building. The smell of the cigars, even though they're all wrapped in cellophane and stacked in boxes, irritates my nostrils, and I find myself wondering why Royal Jamaicans cost twice as much as Royal Caribbeans when they both look so much alike. Finally she emerges from the elevator, her tight little ass fighting against her tight little skirt, her heels click-click-clicking in an almost sexual rhythm on the dirty tile floor.

She walks right by me without noticing, which is not unexpected—after all, I am the watcher and she is the watched—and I fall into step behind her, mesmerized by the twin globes of her buttocks as they race ahead of me like some sexual incarnation of Affirmed and Alydar locked in an eternal neck-and-neck struggle. I think of a horrible pun about no quarter being asked and emit a falsetto cackle which draws a few strange stares, but Marcia, everything moving in sync, shaking, bobbing, twitching, does not turn around.

She walks into the bookstore (I know her habits and could have been waiting for her there, but then I wouldn't have been able to watch her walk) and goes right to the romance section while I punch in and walk to my station at the cash register. She bends over to look at a title at the bottom of one of the racks, and her skirt climbs up her thighs and it is all I can do not to scream as inch after inch of that smooth white flesh which I know so well is revealed to me. I wonder if she is wearing panties (I woke up late this morning and didn't get a chance to check) and hope that she is; that soft, slippery little mound of ecstasy is for my eyes only. I start thinking of all the things I want to do to it with my lips, my tongue, my teeth, my fingers—and suddenly I realize that I have been staring blankly at the place where Marcia had been but that now she is standing in front of me with a pile of paperbacks and I am so nervous that I have to count her change three times before I get it right.

She smiles at me, an amused kind of smile, and I mumble and apologize and have to dig my fingers into my palms to keep from ripping her blouse open and covering her tits with love-bites right there in front of everyone. She takes her books and her change and walks out, Alydar and Affirmed jostling each other furiously for position. I wipe the sweat from my face and feel very stupid.

Which, by the way, is all wrong. Would a stupid person have had enough sense to demand that Marcia write down her phone number the first time she paid for her books with a Visa card? Without her name and number I'd never have been able to confirm her address in the directory, and without her address I wouldn't have been able to rent the apartment across the street, or set up my Celestron C90 three-and-one-half-inch refractive scope with its off-axis guiding system, or learned about the tiny mole on the inside of her left thigh. So there.

In point of fact, I am possessed of enormous animal cunning (which is a very nice word and reminds me of all kinds of things I'd like to do with Marcia). When I started writing notes and slipping them under her door, I knew better than to do it in my own handwriting or even on my own typewriter. Do you know how much work it was to cut out the letters from newspaper headlines to spell I WANT TO EAT YOU? (I did it all in 48-point Tempo Bold, but I couldn't find a capital *Y* for *YOU*. I hope she doesn't think she's dealing with an illiterate.)

And I drove all the way to Greenwich, Connecticut, to mail her the vibrator and the K-Y Jelly. I mean, not just to the Bronx or even Scarsdale, but to *Connecticut* for God's sake!

So I guess that shows you who's stupid and who's not.

* * * *

Thursday, June 9

Marcia and I wake up together, or maybe I should say that we wake up at the same time. I place my eye to the Celestron and zero in and can almost see her clit pulsating. Then I look at her breasts and utter a howl of anguish because her nipples are not erect and she should know—damn it, she *must* know!—that she looks like only half a woman when they're like that. I want to suck and bite them erect, but I just stare and stare and get madder and madder at her.

She yawns, and hangs up her robe, and starts to get dressed. She puts her bra on first and then her panties, and I am beside myself with rage. *Everyone* knows that you're supposed to do it the other way around. It's just out-and-out *wrong*, and if I were there I'd take that goddamned vibrator and shove it so far up her ass that it would break her teeth.

I'm so upset that I don't even follow her to work like I always do. Ordinarily I like to watch her raise her hand and jiggle her breasts when she signals the bus, and try to get a peek up her skirt as she takes an aisle seat, but she has ruined everything today.

If she doesn't start showing a little consideration, I'll do something bad to her.

Yes I will.

* * * *

Friday, June 10

I'm so mad I could almost kill her!

She didn't wear a bra today, and just walked up to the bus stop, bouncing and flopping for everyone to see. I mean, you could see *everything!* The bus was a couple of minutes late, and some tall, gray-haired guy carrying a briefcase stopped to talk to her while we were waiting, and her nipples almost stuck right through her sweater. They didn't have any goddamned trouble standing up for *him!*

And the bus driver, who never notices anything, not even dogs crossing the street in front of him, gave her a great big smile when she shook her boobs in his face. If she'd have paused in front of him one more second I'd have cut his cock off and fed it to those dogs that he's always trying to hit.

Those tits and that cunt and that ass are *mine* to look at—nobody else's! No woman I love can flaunt herself like some five-buck-a-shot hooker, that's all I've got to say.

It had just better never happen again.

Or else.

* * * *

Saturday, June 11

She goes to the beach today, and I sit a few hundred yards away on a park bench, binoculars in hand, and watch her.

She finds a nice secluded spot and removes her wraparound, and she is wearing a skimpy little

royal-blue bikini, and it seems like the second she takes a deep breath her tits will pop right out of it. I tremble a little as I study her through the binoculars (Power Optics 30 x 80, one hundred and sixty-nine dollars without the tripod, lens cap free), and I decide that I don't want anyone else to see her like this. Bikinis may be all very well for unattached girls, but Marcia is mine, and you can even see that mole right next to her pussy, for Christ's sake! I make a mental note to tell her to dress more modestly in the future, wipe away a little stream of spittle that has somehow rolled down to my chin, and go back to looking at her.

A young blond man, all tanned and hairy and with his cock almost bursting out of his tight swimming trunks, stops by to talk to her. *To my Marcia!*

I reach into my purse and fondle the .22-caliber Beretta, letting my fingers slide over it and seek out all its crevices, much as they would like to do with Marcia, and decide to count to twenty. But on fourteen he shrugs and walks away, and Marcia turns onto her belly, golden buttocks reflecting the sun, begging, *begging* to be violated, and never knows that she saved his life by only six seconds.

* * * *

Sunday, June 12

I get up at seven-thirty, turn off my alarm (a General Electric clock-radio, AM/FM, twenty-two-ninety-five at the local discount house, but it doesn't have a Snooze-Alarm, which was a terrible mistake but one with which I must live), and train my Celestron on her, but Marcia is becoming slovenly and she just lays there, eyes shut, the succulent mounds of her breasts rising and falling regularly, sound asleep.

Nine comes, then ten, and she's still asleep, and I don't dare take my eyes off her for fear that when I'm not looking she'll wake up and I'll miss the daily unveiling of her treasures, and suddenly I am overcome by a sense of having been misused. Has she no consideration for me? Doesn't she know how long I have been sitting motionless, my eye glued to the telescope? It's unfair, no two ways about it, and I make up my mind to alleviate the situation, so without taking my eyes from her body I reach blindly behind me and finally manage to locate the telephone.

I call her, and a moment later she sits up in the bed, the covers falling to her thighs, and I see that her nipples are erect, but it doesn't please me because I know she has been dreaming of *him*, of shoving her tits into his blond face and sticking his blond cock in her mouth and having his corrupt blond hands exploring every inch of her, and when she picks up the phone a moment later I am so mad that I don't trust myself to speak and all I can do is breath heavily into the receiver.

I wait until my head stops throbbing and the screeching noise in my ears goes away, and then I dial her number again.

"Hello?" she says.

I stare at her and forget the receiver is in my hand, and she hangs up again. But now she is up for the day, and after I watch her go into the shower and come out and dry herself off and powder her body, I call a third time. This time I am in perfect control of myself. This time I will lay down the law to her.

"Hello?" she says again.

"Hello, Marcia," I say softly.

“Who is this?” she says.

“Marcia, I don't like the way things have been going between us,” I say. “You've got to stop.”

“Is this some kind of joke?” she asks, but I am looking at her through the scope and I know she doesn't think it's funny.

“If we're going to remain lovers,” I say, “if you're going to open your ripe juicy body to me, then we've got to come to an understanding.”

“Marlene, is this you?” she snaps. “I don't think much of your sense of humor, Marlene!”

“Who's Marlene?” I demand. “Are you seeing someone named Marlene?”

“Who *is* this?” she yells.

“You keep away from Marlene,” I warn her. “I don't want to hear about her again.” Then I realize that I am getting away from the point and that I am yelling too, so I take a deep breath and lower my voice and say, very casually and conversationally, “If you say one word to the blond guy, just one word, I'll kill him.”

She hangs up the phone and starts pacing around her apartment.

She looks worried.

I smile. I have made my point. Things will improve between us now.

* * * *

Monday, June 13

Marcia wears a bra today, and very unrevealing pants. She scrutinizes everyone at the bus stop, scanning each face ever so carefully, but I am too smart for her and I stay in my room, watching her from the window. I don't wait for her at the cigar stand either. When she walks into the bookstore I nod to her and smile pleasantly and she looks right through me. She browses for a few minutes but doesn't buy anything, and I can tell she is still thinking about our little chat.

Good. Even though it was our very first conversation and we haven't even been properly introduced, I am glad to see that she is a serious girl and considers what I have said very carefully.

I think this is the beginning of a very long and beautiful and trusting relationship.

* * * *

Tuesday, June 14

I leave work early and race home to watch Marcia's face when she opens the package. I wait an hour for her, but finally she arrived, and puts the package down next to her mail on the kitchen table and looks at it like it might be a bomb. Finally she opens it and pulls out the black bra with the little holes cut out so that her nipples can peek through, and the black lace panties with the crotch removed, and then she sees the message: I ACHE FOR YOUR HOT LITTLE BODY. (I have given up on Tempo Bold and switched to 96-point Erber, which is much more impressive and really gets my message across.)

She begins to cry, and a warm glow suffuses me as I realize that I have brought tears of happiness to the woman I love.

* * * *

Wednesday, June 15

Today begins like all other days, with the unveiling, and proceeds like all the others, but somewhere along the way something goes wrong, because when I get on the bus to go home Marcia is not on it. Panic-stricken, I get off at the next block and begin back-tracking. I bump into people without noticing, and twist my ankle painfully on a curb, but I continue and finally I find her.

She is sitting at a bar, and as I look in the window I see that she has a drink in her hand, but because of my inexperience in such matters I cannot tell from the shape of the glass what kind of drink it is. The place is not doing much business at this hour. There is a couple seated at a table, and three businessmen are positioned at various spots along the bar, but that is enough.

I go into a drugstore across the street and look up the bar's number in the directory and dial it and ask for Marcia. The bartender sounds surprised, but he calls her name and then I see him bring the phone over to her.

"Marcia," I say harshly, "this can't go on."

"Who is this?" she says, her voice shaking.

"You can't keep exhibiting yourself like this," I continue, "flaunting your ass in front of those three men like some kind of trollop. I won't stand for it."

"Why can't you leave me alone?" she shrieks.

"Get out of there at once or I'm going to be very cross with you," I warn her and hang up the phone.

I watch her scream something into the receiver before she realizes the line is dead. Everyone turns and stares at her and suddenly she throws a handful of money on the bar and walks out and summons a cab.

I must remember to tell her not to overtip bartenders in the future.

* * * *

Thursday, June 16

Marcia doesn't get out of bed to take her shower this morning. I know she's not having her period and I start to worry that she might be feeling under the weather, but then she jumps like she's had an electric shock and stares at the phone, and I can tell by her attitude that it must be ringing and she is probably afraid that I am still mad at her.

Once she gets to know me better she'll discover that I'm really a very warm and caring person who almost never carries a grudge. I decide to call her and tell her that she is forgiven, but when the phone rings she buries her head under a pillow and there is nothing more to watch except for a few trembling lumps under the blanket. I decide to go to work without her.

All day long I wonder who would have been calling her at eight in the morning, and it puts me in a very foul mood by the time I return home. I watch Marcia for a few hours before going to bed and I feel

better.

* * * *

Friday, June 17

The unveiling is glorious today, as always, and I become so engrossed that I almost miss the bus. Still, there is a certain sameness to it, it lacks a certain spark, and I find myself wishing that she would do something a little different, so I call her at her office just after lunchtime.

“Hello?” she says in a brisk, businesslike voice. “May I help you?”

“You certainly may,” I answer. “I sent you a present three days ago and you haven't even tried it on yet.” I think I hear something at the other end of the line, perhaps a gasp or a sob, but she doesn't say anything, so I continue: “I think you should wear it to bed tonight, Marcia. After all, I spent a lot of time selecting it, and it seems very ungracious of you not to wear it at least once.”

She hangs up the phone, or perhaps we are cut off. I spend the rest of the afternoon putting new mystery and science-fiction titles in the racks and setting aside the old ones for the distributor to take away. Someone comes in right at closing and I miss my regular bus, but somehow it doesn't bother me at all because I have already seen Marcia in the dress she is wearing today and I am looking forward with almost frenzied eagerness to seeing her wear my present tonight.

I walk up the stairs to my apartment and unlock the door. I haven't eaten all day and suddenly I realize that I am ravenously hungry, but I decide to take a quick look at Marcia first. I race to the Celestron, hoping against hope that she has decided against waiting until bedtime to put on the bra and panties. I press my eye to the sight, and I stare, and suddenly I emit a howl of rage.

She has pulled all her shades down!

Horrified, I turn the scope from her bedroom to the other rooms. In each of them the flimsy curtains have been pulled together and the shades have been drawn. I dial her on the phone to demand an explanation, and the operator tells me she has just changed to an unlisted number.

This is intolerable! All ties are broken, all vows unmade, and I race down the stairs and across the street. I know that the ungrateful, spiteful, back-stabbing bitch will never answer the doorbell, so I climb up the creaky wooden stairs to her back door. It is locked, but I break the window and reach my hand through and let myself in.

She is running from the bedroom when I get there but I grab her by the arm (it doesn't feel anywhere near as soft as I had thought it would) and hurl her onto the bed.

“Who are you?” she blubbers, tears streaming down her face and mingling with her mascara. “I know you from somewhere! What do you want with me?”

“You can't treat me like this!” I scream. “Not after all we've meant to each other!”

“My God!” she says, her eyes suddenly going wide with horror. “You're that strange woman from the bookstore!”

I pull the knife from my purse.

“Slut!” I scream, and plunge it into her belly.

She howls in pain and spits blood.

“Cunt!” I rage, and stab her in the throat.

She tried to scream again, but it comes out as a wet gurgle.

“I loved you!” I say, burying the knife in her again and again. “We could have been so happy! Why did you have to spoil it? Why do all of you always have to spoil it?”

She doesn't say anything, of course. She is past saying anything ever again, and before I can mourn my lost love in private there is the body to be disposed of. I leave her apartment, return to my own, pick up a pair of plastic leaf bags and some masking tape, and pull my Volkswagen (a Beetle, twenty-three hundred dollars new, and *still* a great car) into the alley behind her building.

Then I go upstairs, slip one of the bags over her head and torso and the other over her legs, tape them together, hoist her over my shoulder, hobble back down to the alley, and place her in the trunk.

I drive to the local supermarket and pull around to the back, where they keep their huge metal dumpster, and I deposit her with all the other refuse and rubbish that will be picked up tomorrow morning.

I was worried the first time I did it, but human hands never touch the dumpster. The truck reaches out with its long mechanical arms and lifts the dumpster high in the air and turns it upside down, and since they never found Phyllis or Joan or Martha I know that they won't find Marcia either. The selfish, unfeeling slut will be crushed into a tiny compact cube along with the tin cans and broken crates and will be deposited in some foul-smelling hole in the ground and that will be that and no one will ever know what happened to her. (Though if she ever treated other lovers in the same high-handed, uncaring fashion, there will be some who at least can hazard a guess, who might even congratulate me if they knew.)

And if the police come by (though of course they never do) I will just look shocked and say yes, I had seen her on occasion. She seemed like kind of a cold fish, if you ask me.

Lovers?

I'll smile and shake my head and say no, not her, she just wasn't the type.

Besides, what would a gray-haired little old neighbor lady know about that?

* * * *

Wednesday, July 6

I think I'm in love.

Her name is Sharon, and she's much more sensitive than Marcia. No trashy romance novels for her, oh no; she comes in at two on the dot every afternoon and goes right to the poetry section. She's polite and refined, and she has the longest, most beautiful legs I ever saw. (And I'll bet she doesn't have a gross ugly mole like Marcia did.)

Her breasts are high and firm and I just know that her nipples stand out proudly. I dreamed about her

the last four nights in a row, and I thought I would go crazy when July 4 came on a weekday and we had to close the store. I spent most of the day standing across the street, hoping Sharon would pass by to look at our new window display. We can't be kept apart like this any longer. It just isn't fair.

I wonder if she has a Visa card?

—The End—

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