

Saw Her

by Hazar Worth

'Oh fuck man.....'

Just like that. He heard her words clearly from the top floor of the five story apartment building. The unexpected change in weather made it mandatory for him to open his window.

'...Oh fuck man....'

The second time he heard her, he had to stand up from his computer and find her. Something about her voice that lodged inside of him like a dog choking on one of those large blue marbles that he and his brother would collect.

He kept his large blue marables in a large jar without a lid that he found in the forest one day...

Through his window that was clouded with the dust-grime of weeks without bothering to wash his windows with newspapers and vinegar, he saw her leaning against the hood side of a car, arms crossed over her large and beautiful breasts.

His memory was drifting towards a direction without distance or circumference, so he spent the next five minutes standing next to his dusty-grimy window-glass hoping that she would uncross her arms so that he could rub his erect cock through his dark dress pants.....

The phone behind him was ringing....ringing....
ringing.....ringing.....

'Hello...'

The voice captured on the other end of the phone sounded jaded despite an almost perfect reading of the sales script. Something to do with lowering his telephone bill by thirty, even forty percent if he made the switch today. His voice was perfunctory at best; glib at the very least. But his attention remained focused on the young woman who was still leaning at against the hood side of her car, her arms folded over her magnificent breasts.

Her face was a common occurrence, not outstanding in the mode and mood of being captured and Photo-Shopped to create that bland degree of perfection for the latest issue of Cosmopolitan or Maxim. And her body was a series of minor, noticeable contradictions like her very long arms and fingers in contrast to her somewhat soft, pliable torso. She maintained a short cut hair style that added perhaps a good five years to her face.

But his imagination had become the mea culpa flowing into his immediate senses. The more he paid attention to her, the more his hand squeezed hard and firm at the heavy bulge that filled the inseam of his dark dress pants.

'..No thank you not today thank you bye....'

His thumb jabbed quickly at the 'End' button on his cordless. His hand flung the phone to the waiting embrace of his living room's oversized couch. His mind had fallen spellbound to her charms.

He allowed the tip of his nose to lightly touch the cool surface of the glass. Across the hall, he listened to Mr. and Mrs. Hamn arguing once again. At least once a day, at the most three times a day....

'..ye are a fucking slut.....did you hear wha' i am telling you? yer a slut...'

'..fuck you. did you HEAR what i'm saying to you???'

His hand was keeping his attention complete. He was looking at her face and thinking about how she would kneel between his legs; his hands on her head measuring every moment that her hand would move up and down his hard cock.....

The phone's bleep-beep-bleep ringing caused him to jump. He turned his head to the oversized couch. The phone sounded like a wounded bird struck in mid-flight by the force of a young boy's sling-shot.

'Hello...'

There was breathing on the other end. The breathing felt almost lonely...desperate.

'Hello...'

His hand continued to massage his swollen meat-stock. His mind wondering whether the voiceless breath on the other end had taken pleasures watching her too. He wanted to say 'Hello' again but his attention wanted to return back to her.

An abrupt end kept the phone silent before the stunned signal codes throbbed and throbbed in his ear until he dropped the phone into the oversized couch and returned to his vigilant admiration of her.

To his virile surprise, she had dropped her arms from her breasts. The snug fitting yellow short sleeved top made her breasts seem fuller. He felt the blood in his head running faster. Just outside of his outstanding senses, he felt the brief touch of uncertainty that made him slightly dizzy if not light-headed. He moved his forehead to touch against the window. His hand was removing his cock from his

pants as she leaned backwards on her hands and arms placed on the hood of her car....

He was remembering the silence he felt when she left him. This eerie silence that didn't want to talk to him but wanted to occupy his time. He wasn't lonely but he wasn't complete. She had grown tired of his lack of attention to the things she felt should matter. He remembered playing the same disc over and over and over again on his stereo. Classical music. A small amount of ointment that made the silence sweeter but not necessarily nicer.

His eyes were closed when he heard the first crack of the gun. His hand was the agitator that carried his senses up, over, and across before the spasms of his orgasm wept like the bullet wound that pierced her heart, changing the sun-yellow of her top into an ugly and bitter small rose-red Moon.

