

# Forbidden Sights

*by* Sam Kurd

I had been crouching in the bushes outside her house for at least two hours when the show started. Some people might call it obsession. Me, I like to call it dedication. When I fall for a woman, I fall fast and I fall hard. Too hard for some, sure, but you know chicks, am I right? Sure I am, you sly dog. A woman just needs to be shown some dedication, she'll come around eventually. That or call the cops on you, but that's usually a sign of a crazy bitch, you need to learn to stay the fuck away from those ones.

So anyway, like I was saying. I had been crouching in the bushes outside her house for at least two hours when the show started. And boy what a show! Brother, I tell you, you ain't seen nothing till you've seen a woman in her prime all- but wait, I'm getting ahead of myself. Gimme another cigarette, will you? Aw, come on, you know I'm good for it. 'Sides, I need as many as I can get after what I've seen. Thanks, man.

After I'd just started getting cramp in my legs and was thinking about trying for a different bush, she finally appeared in her bedroom window. Man, what a woman. She was a real classy lady, you know, the type you can't just bang and run out on. You got to at least stay for seconds, you know what I mean? Hair like ... and skin, dude, her skin was ... man, words can't ... tell you what, let's just stick with beautiful shall we? Not just smoking hot, but something else. Yeah. Beautiful.

I didn't have to wait long. It was like she knew I was there, wanted to give me a show. In fact, for a second there I could have sworn she was looking right at me. I held my breath, kept myself perfectly still, but it was only for a second and I wasn't sure I'd even seen it. That's when she started undressing. Slowly. Painfully slowly, almost. It was ... what's that word, it's like 'sexy'

but, you know, all classy and stuff? Sensuous, yeah. It was sensuous. I couldn't believe my luck. Normally I'm lucky if I get to see a tit or two, but this lady she stood right in front of her window, curtains open and all. Just staring out into the night as she slipped out of her dress. I remember it floated to the floor, like it was made out of feathers or something. Funny, at the time I don't think I even noticed it at all. I was hypnotized.

And then her fucking boyfriend walked in.

Man, what a mood-killer.

I mean, it ain't like he was one of those pretty boys who almost look like women from certain angles, you know? That would probably have been ok, I guess. He was a fucking Neanderthal. He had more muscle in his neck than I've got anywhere on me. He had eyebrows on his eyebrows. I'm telling you, if I was her I'd have made that guy wear a plastic bag over his head. Fuck paper. I know it's a cheap shot, but Jesus, talk about Beauty and the Beast.

For such a big guy he was quiet, though. He crept up from behind, slipped his arms around her. She smiled and sort of half-turned — and there it was again, just a second where I thought she was looking straight at me, sorta with one eye. Like we were sharing a private moment, like this was all part of a show for me. Then they kissed and she turned away to face him. I was all kinds of disappointed. I'd waited hours, and yeah I'd just had an awesome show, but I was hoping for more of her. Man, I could have eaten her up ... uh, dude, can I get another cigarette? Come on. Last one, I swear. Thanks. God, I need a drink.

So yeah. They started talking. Now at this point I should have just called it quits and gone back home. Cashed in my chips, so to speak. I know I should have done that. It would have been the smart thing to do. But God knows I've never been one for smarts. I

tend to do my thinking with my fists. Or, you know, something else. Heheh. No, I know I should have gone home and left it there and then. But those maybe-imagined looks from her ... her skin, all soft-looking and olive-coloured ... Something stopped me from going. It was like I was trapped there. All I could do was sit and watch.

They talked a little. Then they stopped talking and started making with the sexy stuff. Well, this made me feel pretty uncomfortable. I mean, I'm not a perv, you know? I don't want to see two people getting it on, that's just weird. Unless they're two chicks, of course. But again, I didn't go. I was glued there, just watching as they kissed and, er, and then some. Things were getting pretty heated, but it didn't take long for things to go all kinds of wrong.

He started slipping his hands down where she obviously didn't want them to go. I could just about hear her tutting as she pushed his hands playfully away. This happened a couple of times before he got this real ugly look on his face. He got more forceful, started pulling her around. She scratched him, pushed him away from her and moved away from the window. That was nearly it for me. I felt a sudden rush like a flood, a pure need to get the hell out of there. Nearly did it, too. I think I shifted my weight a little, but then she was back at the window and somehow I just wasn't going anywhere. I froze. It was like some kind of ... well it sounds dumb but I guess it was like some kind of magic. Yeah. Yeah, you go ahead and laugh, man. Go ahead and laugh. You ain't seen what I seen.

They started arguing. I couldn't hear what they were saying from where I was, but whenever I caught glimpses of her face as they stalked round each other, I could tell it was serious. She wasn't just pouting and tossing her hair the way women do when they're mad you ain't bought them a necklace or a ring or taken them out to eat in a while. There was fire in those eyes. Their

voices were real low, I couldn't make out more than a murmur or two, but I figured it was probably pretty serious. I don't know what made me do it, but I found myself edging closer to the window, straining to listen.

I wasn't disappointed. They started pacing round the room, raising their voices. I could hear it, alright, only trouble is I couldn't understand it. It was like they were talking in some foreign language. Only it can't have been, cos I could make out plenty of words, and not the kind of words those foreign guys slip into English for, like 'cash' or 'benefits' or 'crack'. There were words like 'foolish'. 'Addiction.' 'Humans.'

The shit really hit the fan when she started laughing at him. From the look on his face, she'd just said something really cutting, really insulting. Probably saying his dick's on inside out or something. Then he hits her. And I don't mean like a love tap, I mean he backhands her across the face, man. Sends her across the room almost. Now here's the thing; he's a big guy, right? Big brutey guy. After he's sent her flying, she *gets straight back up*. No crying. No whimpering. She didn't even make a sound as she went down, and she's up in a flash. She had a hand pressed to her cheek, and man I'm not exaggerating when I say she was *pissed*. You know I said there was fire in her eyes just before? Well now it was fucking *Pompeii*. Rome was *burning* in there, man.

And then as quickly as she'd gotten up, she was smiling again. It was so weird. She just ran a finger down her cheek, which was already going red where he hit her, and then she just started beaming. She had the most beautiful smile I've ever seen, and I kinda get the feeling I'll never see one like it again. I found myself almost pressed up against the window, watching; I don't know what I was thinking, if I was thinking, I didn't even care if they saw me. Moth to a flame, man. Moth to a flame.

Her man, he eased up a little as she strutted across the room to him, all slinky and sexy. I could hear her purring, murmuring sweet nothings to him, could see her stroking his chest. Holding him in her arms. It took him a second to put his around her, I guess he was being cautious. Should have been more cautious.

She started to sway, moving him in time, starting a little dance. I guess he was relieved she didn't seem to be so pissed at him anymore, cos he got pretty into it. She danced him towards the window ... she danced him towards me ... and then ...

Now this is where it starts to get crazy, but I swear to God, this is what happened. I know you're not going to believe me, but I can't just sit here and not tell you my side of what came next. And you're my lawyer, so you've got to let me say it, right? I mean, that's how it works, right? Yeah? Yeah.

Ok. Ok. So. They were dancing by the window, slowly, going round in circles. He had his back to the window, I was about to make like a tree and get the hell outta there when her face peered round him and *my God she was definitely looking straight at me that time*. And she saw me. She looked right into my eyes, and the fire was back in hers but it had changed somehow, it was different, it was really weird. Her eyes looked almost purple now, and she was still smiling but it was wrong, that smile was wrong, it was wrong, too many teeth and her mouth, it was too big and it just got bigger and bigger as she smiled more and more teeth kept appearing *and then her fucking face cracked open, her head cracked right the fuck open and it was full of teeth!*

She bit into his side, and he screamed... my God, man, that scream. That was no human scream, it was the scream of an animal caught in a trap. He tried to push her off him, but she was latched on tight, and her arms, man, her arms! She didn't have any fucking hands any more, they were gone, what she had was claws, claws and

these things like fucking tentacles. And she was digging into him, slashing him up, eating him a-fucking-live, man! The screaming! And the blood! Yellow blood! *It wasn't human blood!*

I was at the window, I got covered in this stuff, and chunks, chunks in my hair ... I ran, ran for miles, I don't know where I went ... the cops picked me up in that park and ... and ... well, and the rest you know.

I know how it sounds, Jesus I know I sound like a real crazy bastard, but I swear it's true. It's all true. It's what happened. It happened, and she's seen me. She knows what I saw. And she'll be coming after me. It doesn't matter if I go to jail or not. My number's up.

Help me? No. No you can't help me.

No one can help me.

