**Seeing Is Believing**

I barely even knew her to say hello to, let alone her name, but every weeknight she'd come home, turn on the light and I'd catch a brief glimpse of her before she pulled the curtains. I was invariably sat at my small dining table with my laptop open, my face illuminated by the glow from the screen. No matter what movie or box set I was watching I always found myself distracted by her movements across the street. Perhaps it was because I was a single twenty-five year old man and she was pretty. Okay, no "perhaps" – it was certainly because I was a single twenty-five year old man and she was pretty. And because I was soon to be a twenty-six year old man and beginning to worry about how close I was getting to my thirties without meeting anyone.

This evening began in exactly the same way. I can't remember what I was watching when the light in her sitting room came on but I was transfixed as she strode from one side of it to the other. I don't know what she does for a living, but she's usually wearing a grey skirt and white blouse when she comes home at the end of the day. Not that I'm watching in an unhealthy way, you understand.

She walked around the room and disappeared out of sight. Then the bedroom light came on and she crossed back and forth sorting out clothes. It was very rare for her to be in the bedroom with the curtains open and I tried to make it look as if I was staring at my computer in case she looked over. I wasn't sure how much she would see of my face from the reflected light of the screen, but eyes have this funny way of meeting and I didn't want to be caught staring straight at her.

She began to unbutton her blouse. Yup, you heard that right: she began to unbutton her blouse. Whatever was playing on my screen no longer mattered. Her actions were hurried and concentrated. I presumed her curtains would be closed when she realised what she was doing, which meant I had to imprint this moment on my memory while I had the chance.

She pulled the blouse off of her arms and tossed it onto the bed. I licked my lips as I stared across at her. Okay, from this distance she was only really a shape in a white bra and grey skirt, but my imagination was filling in plenty of detail.

She pushed her skirt down over her hips. I couldn’t believe this was happening, but she made such gorgeous shapes as she wriggled out of it. She had rather nice legs. They looked good from here anyway.

She reached behind her back and my heart was pounding as she began to fiddle with the clasp of her bra. As she fumbled she began to walk, and I let out a deep breath of disappointment as she disappeared into another room. Damn: show's over.

Or so I thought, as she reappeared in the sitting room with her bra in her hand. She dropped it onto a piece of furniture. I wished I had better eyesight, because if her breasts were anything like I imagined them to be then she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

As she pushed her underwear down her thighs I slowly folded down the screen of my laptop, not wanting to make a movement that would attract attention and not wanting her to look up and suddenly see me staring across at her naked body. Her. Naked. Body. It still sounds good to say it.

She glanced up as I closed the lid. I froze. Surely her curtains would be closed now.

Yet still they weren't, and as I watched her she stood, facing directly towards me, naked from head to toe. She raised her hands over her head and stretched upwards.

I realised I was craning my neck. I daren't get closer to the window but my eyeballs were trying to drag me there regardless. She lifted one leg off the ground and placed the sole of her foot against her knee, and it dawned on me that I was witnessing the most amazing yoga workout I was ever likely to see.

I had to fidget in my seat to relieve the pressure in my crotch as an erection pressed against my jeans.I couldn't take my eyes off of her. One slow, perfect pose after another she bent forwards, sideways, leant and stretched. I was torn between keeping all my attention on the naked show before me and wanting to unzip my jeans. But I was just too terrified for that. It was bad enough if she saw that I was watching and a whole other level of embarrassment if somehow she caught sight of me jacking off at the same time.

As she ran through her sequence and finally stood, arms loosely by her sides, breathing deeply enough that I could see her breasts rising and falling even, I thanked the day I had decided to move into this apartment and not the one two doors across or the one just down the stairs.

I almost wanted to wave as she disappeared out of the room at last, and I took a deep breath as the exhilarating ride ended. I could only hope that it would be repeated again one day, although I didn't realistically see it as a likely prospect.

I wondered about the etiquette of voyeurism. What if she did see me watching? Should I leave my light on so that she knew I was here? That would prompt her to close the curtains, as it seemed certain that since my lights were off she would assume that no-one was at home to see her.

Decency suggested that I do just that: leave my light on. But I knew I wouldn't. If she wanted to strip naked in her front room and I got a kick out of seeing her do it, then what harm was done? None at all, as long as she never found out.

As long as she never found out. That was the key.

I was about to lift my laptop lid and continue watching whatever it was when she reappeared in her bedroom wrapped in a towel. I guessed she was sorting out clothes for the next day, although I could have done that for her: white blouse, grey skirt, although sexy underwear would be appreciated if she was going to strip for me again.

I was instantly attentive again as she unwrapped the towel from around her body.  And let me clarify that this was her *naked* body. She curled the towel around her head and returned to sorting through her clothes. Moving naturally, she was even more beautiful than she had looked in the yoga session. The way her breasts fell away from her body when she opened a set of drawers and peered into them for tomorrow's underwear; the way her hips swayed as she walked across the room; the way her body arched as she reached for a blouse from the wardrobe.

She disappeared again, but this time there was no way I was going back to my laptop. I waited for nearly ten minutes trying to catch any glimpse of her, and was rewarded as she reappeared in her sitting room, still naked with a towel around her head, and eating from a bowl. She sat at a table and continued eating as she too stared at a digital screen. I would love to know what it was. In fact, I would love to know a whole lot more about her altogether. I'd never been brave enough to try to engage her in real conversation before and I certainly wasn't about to after tonight, but never had I had more of a desire to do so. I knew I was in danger falling in love with an idealised fantasy of a woman, that I knew nothing at all about her, but given how little else I had going on in my life I really didn't see that as a bad thing.

She finished eating and disappeared to the kitchen once more, and then returned to her bedroom, still naked, towelling her long blonde hair. She crossed to the window and reached up and pulled one curtain across. Her figure was amazing as her arm lifted above her, but I couldn't believe she was doing what she was doing. As close to the window as she was anyone in the street below would be able to see her. The second curtain was pulled across and my body slumped with disappointment.

I was lifted again as she reappeared in the sitting room, but again she crossed to the window and pulled at the curtain. She paused, appearing to glance down the street, then across at my window and I froze, terrified that she might see me. Do human eyes reflect light in this kind of darkness, or is that just nocturnal predators? Would she realise she was being studied like a cat waiting for a mouse? She showed no signs of seeing me as the final curtain closed.

Well, that had been quite a treat.