**The Watching Game**

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I first noticed somebody watching me when I was dancing alone in my room.  
  
After university, I went back home to live with my parents so that I could save for my own apartment.  
  
My bedroom was on the top floor, at the back of the house. It was a decent size and I had a single bed, a bedside table and a fitted closet in the room. I deliberately kept the room uncluttered, to give me enough space to move and dance across the floor.  
  
I am passionate about dancing, but we didn't have the money to pay for any dance lessons when I was younger. Instead, I had to teach myself everything about dance. My style was not classical. It was freestyle, raw and full of energy. I danced every night by myself, for myself with the beat of the music pulsating around me.  
  
I liked to leave the bedroom curtains open, especially during the summer when it stayed light until 9 p.m. My large double windows faced our back garden, which was separated from the opposite neighbour's garden by a dark brown, wooden fence.  
  
Our garden was about thirty meters long so you could see the comings and goings of our neighbour, if you were so inclined. Most of the time, the place looked quite empty and I had no idea who lived there.  
  
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Summer had ended and the days were getting shorter. Most nights, it was already dark by 6 p.m.  
  
One evening, during my dance session, I pretended that I was on stage and the audience sat outside in the shadows. I was lit up in lights and I was the main star of my own private dance show.  
  
I ended my routine by taking a dramatic bow in front of the window and as I leaned forward, my eyes briefly glanced up towards the neighbour's house and I was surprised to see the silhouette of a person in one of the rooms downstairs.  
  
The room was dimly lit and he was facing out into the night so I couldn't see his features. I sensed it was a man by his shape; the wide shoulders, the short hair outlined by the light.  
  
I instinctively dropped down onto my bedroom floor, heart beating wildly. Had he been watching me the whole evening? The thought made me shiver and I started getting goose bumps all across my arms.  
  
I crawled crab-like towards the door of my bedroom and as soon as I rounded the corner of the wall, I got up and switched off the lights. I waited for my eyes to adjust to the dark and then crept back towards the edge of the window.  
  
I pulled the curtains to one side and looked across at the house. The figure was no longer there, but I stayed still and kept watching. Nothing. No movement in any of the rooms. My breathing was shallow and my heart rate eventually slowed. I gently pulled the curtains shut and left the room.  
  
The idea that my neighbour had been watching me was very disturbing. I had been dancing with my curtains open for many months now and as it got darker and darker at night, my room would have been illuminated. He could have seen me do anything, including undressing.  
  
I spent the rest of the evening downstairs with my parents. At bedtime, I didn't peek across at my neighbour's house and went to sleep wondering how to deal with the unsettling feeling in the pit of my stomach.  
  
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I avoided dancing for the next few nights. When I had to change my clothes for bed, I walked into my dark room and pulled the curtains closed first, before switching on the light. I felt constantly on edge, wondering if he was out there waiting and watching me.  
  
After a week of acting jittery and having no motivation to dance, I started to feel angry with my neighbour and myself for being such a coward.  
  
My anger gave me the confidence to keep dancing. That night, in defiance, I kept my curtains open and left the lights blazing in my bedroom. I danced with furious intensity and passion. I was so lost in the moment that I forgot about the peeping Tom.  
  
When I completed my dance sequence, I walked to the window and started to pull the curtains shut. I looked across at the house and my heart picked up it's pace when I noticed half the silhouette of a person in the upstairs bedroom. The hallway lamp cast a glow across the room and I could make out the shape of him standing by the side of his window, partially hidden.  
  
He didn't move a muscle and even as I drew the curtains together, he stood there watching me. I didn't want him to know that I had spotted him so I shut the curtains quickly and moved away.  
  
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I woke up the next morning realising that two could play this watching game. I needed to find out who he was.  
  
During my lunchtime at work, I went out and bought a small pair of binoculars. I couldn't wait for it to get dark so that I could finally see him.  
  
I carried on my evening routine as if nothing had happened and danced with abandon. Afterwards, I switched off the lights and crawled to my bedside table and grabbed the binoculars. Still crawling, I moved to the edge of the window and pushed the curtains slowly to one side and then raised the binoculars to my eyes.  
  
All the rooms were dark in my neighbour's house, except downstairs, where I had first seen him. He was standing in front of the same window again and his movements suggested he was washing dishes. He was in the kitchen. His face lay in the shadows so I couldn't tell what he looked like or how old he was.  
  
Washing up was boring enough when I had to do it myself, but watching someone else was hardly exhilarating viewing. I felt quite deflated, especially as I couldn't see his face. However when he finished with the dishes, he turned and walked out of the room and I saw the back of him in the light. He had short black hair, broad shoulders and narrow hips. He was wearing a grey t-shirt and blue jeans that hugged firm buttocks.  
  
I felt a nervous fluttery sensation in my stomach as I stared at his toned ass, as he left the room.  
  
I peered furtively through my binoculars at the other dark rooms, waiting for a light to turn on. Nothing. There didn't seem to be any movement in them.  
  
After twenty minutes of further watching and seeing no action, I got bored and my hands were cramping from holding the binoculars in the same position.  
  
I left my bedroom, disappointed, but vowed to check on my neighbour again, before I went to bed.  
  
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At exactly 9 p.m., I peeked through the gap in my curtains again with my binoculars and was rewarded when I saw that one of the upstairs lights had come on. I knew he was in the bathroom as it had frosted glass windows.  
  
I almost dropped my binoculars when I saw his pale, naked form outlined by the light. I could tell by the way his hands were moving over himself that he was having a shower. The frosted glass offered just enough protection that I couldn't see his body too clearly and I felt strangely disappointed.  
  
His bathroom appeared to be similar in layout to ours, with a bathtub tucked right underneath the window along the external wall and a shower head fitted above the bathtub.  
  
I sucked in my breath when two hands suddenly pressed up against the glass of the window. He was full frontal with his forehead resting on the glass. The position reminded me of someone poised to be strip-searched. I could just see the faint smudge of dark hair around his groin area and I felt light headed and slightly aroused.  
  
After a few minutes, he pushed off from the window and disappeared from view. I kept a close eye on the bedroom, hoping to see him appear naked, but disappointingly he didn't show up.  
  
I was like an addict, desperate for a fix of him as I sat there staring at his house. The bathroom light went off and I saw a shadow pass by, but didn't see him near the windows again all evening.  
  
My night of spying had balanced the scales between us and I no longer felt threatened. I was pretty sure my neighbour had no idea I was watching him and my secret gave me the feeling of power.  
  
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The next evening, I left my curtains open while I danced. I knew my neighbour was already home as his lights were on.  
  
I wanted to perform for him tonight and if I was being honest with myself, I enjoyed having a silent audience.  
  
My body felt alive as I danced for an hour without slowing down. Every time I faced the window, I tried to see if my neighbour was watching, but he kept evading me.  
  
When I finished my set; sweaty, hot and high on adrenaline, he finally made an appearance. He was in his kitchen again, near the window. One hand was resting on the edge of the sink and his other hand was down the waistband of his pants.  
  
My breath caught in my throat as I realised he was touching himself while watching me dance. I felt warmth between my legs, knowing that I had made him hard.  
  
I was so tempted to stand there and watch him, but I deliberately closed the curtains, before I could see if he had finished pleasuring himself.  
  
I left my room to take a cold shower and planned to check up on my neighbour again later that night.  
  
At 9:30 p.m., I was back beside my bedroom curtains like the sneaky spy that I had become. I had the foresight to pull up a chair so that I could get comfortable and sit, while watching my neighbour for a longer period of time.  
  
My patience was rewarded when I saw him in his bedroom. The main overhead light was on and I could finally see everything clearly and my heart pounded in excitement.  
  
The room had white walls, a white wardrobe on the right hand side and a white chest of drawers next to it. Clearly he was a man who liked the sterile look.  
  
He was organising some clothes that were lying on the bed. He was standing sideways on and he was taking each piece of clothing from the bed, turning with his back to me and meticulously hanging them up in the wardrobe behind him.  
  
I was willing him to face me and when he finally did look in my direction, the lamp above his head lit him up like an angel and I sucked in my breath.  
  
God almighty, he was stunning. He had such an exotic look about him: Mediterranean, maybe Italian or Spanish.  
  
He was wearing a fitted blue t-shirt and as he moved, I admired the muscles rippling underneath. His black jeans fit snugly around his waist and long legs. My eyes were particularly drawn to the bulge between them. Even in their resting state, his package was impressive. Under normal circumstances, he was definitely the type of guy I would have eyed up in a bar.  
  
After he had finished sorting his clothes, he stopped and walked purposely to his window and leaned forward slightly, looking directly towards me. I jumped back in my chair instinctively, almost knocking it over and dropped the edge of the curtains. My heart was beating wildly. Did he sense that I was here watching him?  
  
After my heart rate had slowed down, I shifted the chair forward again and then lifted a trembling hand to push aside the curtains. I peered through the binoculars and saw my neighbour was still at his window, looking at our house.  
  
He then quite deliberately reached down to the edge of his t-shirt and pulled it over his head and threw it on the floor. My face started to burn and my breasts were tingling. I couldn't stop staring at the man's perfect torso. He had a beautiful stomach, flat with well-defined muscles. His chest hair was dark and a line of hair trailed tantalisingly down to the waist of his jeans.  
  
He turned suddenly and walked away. I stared at his tanned back and his rock hard ass and I desperately wanted him to come back and take his jeans off in front of me.  
  
It was totally illogical, but I was starting to feel strong desire for my neighbour. His beauty had me obsessing over him.  
  
My grandmother had once remarked, "You have to be careful with the handsome ones. They are the devil wrapped in a beautiful package."  
  
Maybe she was right and I should be worried, but all I could think was, "If he is the devil, then I was tempted to sin."  
  
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Before I went to work the next morning, I wanted to have a peek at my neighbour's house, but it was too risky. If he looked up, he would have seen me, as there was no place to hide in broad daylight. I had to wait until nightfall.  
  
That evening, I wanted to take my dance show up a notch. Instead of my usual outfit which consisted of a singlet and yoga pants, I was wearing a tight black crop top and a short black skirt that swung out when I turned so that you could see my lace black panties underneath.  
  
I was out to get a reaction from my neighbour and my body was throbbing as I performed my dance just for him.  
  
I did a pirouette near the window and took a quick look at his house. His kitchen light was on, but I didn't see him. I continued to dance, casting repeated glances at his house, but he still didn't make an appearance.  
  
Halfway through my dance, my neighbour suddenly appeared in the doorway of his bedroom and he was stark naked. My jaw dropped and I stumbled on my next step, but I quickly regained my balance and didn't stop moving. I didn't want him to know that I had seen him.  
  
As I continued to dance, I stole another glance at his bedroom. My neighbour had turned sideways to lean against the doorway of his room and I could see the proud protrusion of his erection. When he grabbed his cock, I didn't think and ran out of my bedroom.  
  
My face was aflame and my body was burning up. I was panting and stood outside my room in the dark, trying to gain control of my emotions. Without even realising, I had moved one of my hands between my legs and my panties were soaking wet with my own juices.  
  
I wanted to go back and watch him jerk himself off, but then he would know I had seen him. I reached around my door and switched off the bedroom light, then slithered down the wall and sat in the dark, my fingers rubbing furiously against my clit until I came.  
  
Later that night, when I went to bed, I was hoping to see my neighbour again, but his house sat in darkness.  
  
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After the sizzling drama of the previous night, the next few evenings passed by uneventfully. I continued to dance and put on a show for my neighbour, but his house remained dark as though he had packed up and gone away.  
  
I felt deflated to say the least and my spark had gone. Since discovering that I had a beautiful spectator, it made me dance better and I wanted him back. I felt so much more alive and my body thrummed with energy when I knew he was watching me.  
  
On the fifth night of dancing alone, I went over to the windows and pushed them open. I leaned out and closed my eyes. The music continued to pulse around me and I swayed gently. I lifted my hair from my nape and let the wind cool me down. I stayed there for a few minutes breathing in the crisp air and catching my breath.  
  
When I opened my eyes, I gasped as all the lights were blazing in my neighbour's house. I sought him out and found him standing outside his back garden, which was also floodlit by the security lights. He had his hands in his jean pockets and was looking up at me.  
  
My heart stopped, pleasure flooded through me and before I could think twice, I raised my hand and waved to him. He paused and then took out one hand from his pocket and waved back.  
  
We had finally acknowledged each other's existence and this was going to change everything between us.  
  
The End.