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Martha Brown

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He couldn't help but notice his new neighbour since she moved in next door, there were weird visitors at all hours of the night. Barry caught her harvesting herbs in her garden naked under the moonlight. He almost woke up his wife but thought it was better if he kept a close eye on the situation himself. His wife worked long hours and needed her beauty sleep, or it was impossible to live with her.

Martha Brown was a twenty-eight-year-old, single consultant, but consultant of what? He never ever did find out. Whenever he caught her at social gathers and the topic came up, Miss Brown would smile. 'Trust me, you don't need my help and if you did, I would know about it before you do,' she'd say. Then she would change the subject, once she dismissed the subject and it was never brought up again. He had tried but his attempts all failed, and he ended up looking like an ass for harassing the poor young woman. Barry knew there was something odd about her, but he appeared obsessive and annoying. His lovely wife would tease him thinking he had a crush on their new neighbour. His protests fell upon deaf ears. All he wanted was some answers.

Watching her from behind the curtains she was out harvesting in her garden in the moonlight again. He watched her with her long dark raven hair and creamy white skin in the moonlight licking his lips, momentarily he wondered what her skin tasted like.

She turned and looked up at him! Hiding behind the curtain. He knew it was impossible for her to see him. It was too dark. Peeking out at her, she had returned to her gardening.

"Honey?" his wife called to him.

Like a kid he ran over and crawled into bed hiding under the covers. His wife snuggled up against him. He laid there wondering if she really did see him watching her. Could she hear his thoughts? A small part of him wanted to kiss her, taste her in his mouth. His guilt began to mount. He reminded himself that she wasn't to be trusted.

It was warm Saturday morning; his wife went out to do some shopping. He was home alone and decided to spend it outside in his hammock reading the weekend paper. The sun was playing hide and seek lazily in the clouds the light breeze felt heavenly.

Closing his eyes, he couldn't decide if he wanted to continue reading the trouble going on overseas or take a nap. The nap won out.

"Barry," a woman called to him.

"Yes?"

"Barry someone has been a very naughty boy," the voice sounded familiar.

"No, not me." He felt a little alarm.

"Are you sure?"

Blinking his eyes open he found Martha Brown staring at him. She looked gorgeous but she wasn't wearing her usual inviting smile. Her lips were pressed together, and her eyes were fixed on him and she didn't look impressed. In fact, he had never seen her look like that, but she looked pissed.

"Martha!" he nearly fell out of his hammock as he got up.

"Barry," she grinned but the smile didn't reach her eyes.

"Hey neighbour, how can I help you?"

"Usually it's the ladies Barry."

"I'm sorry," he wondered what she was talking about.

"Nosy neighbours, usually it's the ladies I've noticed you've been keeping an eye on me. It seems day and night."

"No, no," he laughed nervously. "Carrie will be back any minute. Maybe it's Carrie you want to talk to?"

"Does she know you watch me at night when I'm doing my gardening?"

His eyes went wide, "um, ah, I don't know what you're talking about," he stammered.

"Really Barry?"

Martha stood between him and the quiet sanctuary of his house. Side stepping, she matched his steps blocking him each time.

"What do you want? I won't watch you again, I promise."

"Hmm, interesting. Are you admitting that you are a dog?"

"I'm sorry I was spying on you."

She stepped close to him and whispered in his ear some words he had never heard before then kissed him on his cheek.

He watched with wide eyes as she got bigger in front of him and then realized it wasn't her! He shrunk! Shrunk, right down to the ground!

He heard an oink and grunting! Where did that come from? Alarmed as he heard it again and he realized the sounds had escaped from him. Looking down he had hooves!

Quickly he raced to the back door. Looking at his reflection in the window he was a little pink pig! Looking over his shoulder, he saw Martha walking away laughing.

Closing his eyes tightly he prayed he was only dreaming as he whimpered. In the pit of his tummy, he knew that he wasn't.