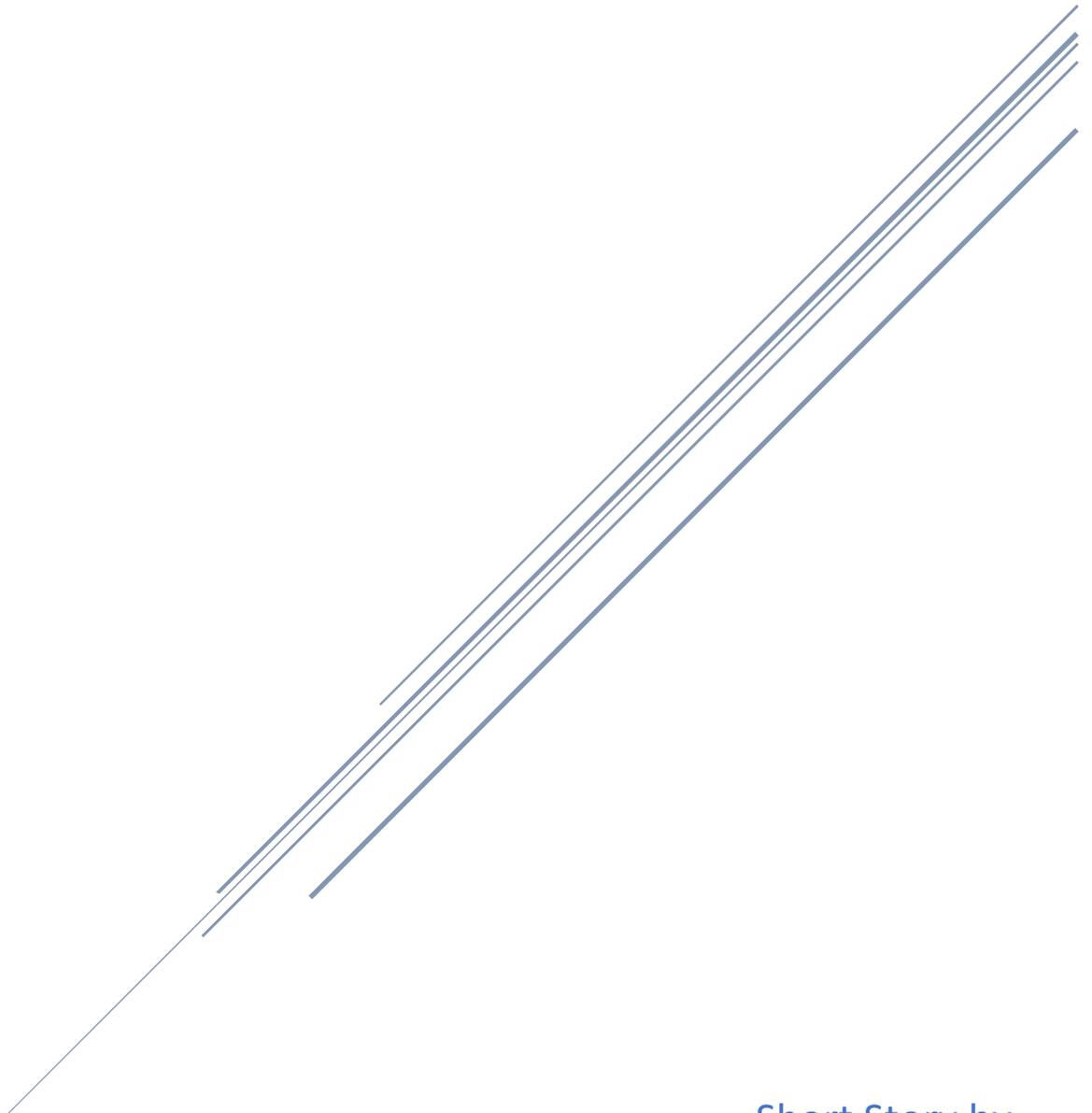


# I SEE YOU MY LOVELY

R. J. Davies



Short Story by



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## **I See You My Lovely**

**R. J. Davies**

Holding his breath, he wondered what she was thinking. Christie Hart had no idea how sexy she was. It drove him to the brink of madness, whenever he thought about her. She wasn't tall, thin or looked like a super model, but she was a goddess. He knew she was ... there was just something about her. It was a sickness; he knew it on some level, but she was his medicine. Whenever he got close to her or watched her ... he was taking his medicine.

He promised himself that some day he would work up the courage to talk to her ... someday ... it had been six years since he first met her. He was a passenger in a vehicle that was a victim of a hit and run. Since he didn't see anything, she didn't really pay any attention to him. But he noticed her. The way she walked in that uniform the way she took control of the scene and interrogate everyone around. A male officer had started to give her a hard time, but she put him in his place with a look and a couple brief whispered words. He had always wondered what she had told him.

He spotted her one evening leaving the local gym, thinking she was headed into work he followed her. Officer Hart was headed home. He had followed her home.

It was just innocently driving by her home once in a while. Then his drive-by became more frequent about two years ago. Now he knew everything about her. He followed her, as she went through relationship after relationship. He joined her gym and began working out. The last six months he went from soft and flabby to a washboard stomach. April another woman, who also went to the same gym asked him out a couple

of times. They went out the movies once, but he felt like he was cheating on Officer Hart. He had even worked out on the treadmill beside Christie a few times. She always smiled and nodded. A lump always caught in his throat. He's heart would race, and his palms would sweat. Once he thought he was having mild heart attack but once he got to the men's room, he calmed himself down. It was the only time he tried to talk to her.

He stuck to just watching. Anyone who knew him, wouldn't guess that he did this. God, if anyone found out he would die of embarrassment. Swallowing hard he reminded himself of her garbage bags that he had back at home in his garage. He had started going through her garbage when his sister had popped by last night.

No ... no ... he wasn't ready for anyone to find out about his girlfriend. He like the privacy of their relationship.

She stood up in her living room and stretched. He watched as she turned off the lights and TV.

He waited. She didn't disappoint him. She never did. He held his breath until she turned on the bedroom light pulling out his camera, he watched her cross the room. He was so grateful that she lived on such a lonely stretch, no one ever bothered him here and she always left her curtains open only for him.

"I see you my lovely," he whispered and blew her a kiss.