

**My Neighbor was a Peeping Tom**



**Candy Caine**

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by  
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*Warning: This e-book contains sexually explicit content, which is only suitable for mature readers*

## MY NEIGHBOR WAS A PEEPING TOM

Stripped down to my bra and panties, I was stretching on my den floor doing my yoga exercises. As a novelist, I believed limbering one's body also exercised their mind making them a better writer. Suddenly, I got the awful sensation that I was being watched. I could almost feel their eyes slowly slipping down my body as a feeling of violation rose within me.

Scrambling to my feet, I peered out the glass sliding doors, but no one was out there. I quickly slipped into my robe and stepped outside to look around more thoroughly. A lone crow standing on the picnic table cawed at me in disgust for disturbing him as he picked at a crumb. He seemed to be the only thing around. My house was a small ranch, in a cul-de-sac, surrounded on two sides by woods. And if that wasn't private enough, a solid six-foot fence ran the entire perimeter of the backyard. Could it have been my imagination?

Then I recalled I'd gotten the same eerie feeling last week while I was vacuuming the living room rug in shorts and a halter top. At first I thought I might be going crazy, perhaps losing the last remaining parts of a once sane mind – the obvious result of too many deadlines. However, this was the second time I felt violated in such a manner. But then, why would anyone want to watch me vacuum a rug or do yoga exercises? It wasn't as if I was doing it in the nude.

Strange, I thought, really strange. Even so, with this second incident, dare I write it off as the result of an overworked, feverish mind?

By the time my husband, Jay, came home, I'd forgotten all about the episode. It was our fourth anniversary and we were going out to dinner to celebrate. Jay had made reservations at the new restaurant on Johnson Avenue. He'd heard it served great seafood, which we both loved.

Our anniversary celebration couldn't have come at a better time. Jay and I desperately needed some quality time together. He'd been working long hours and I was trying to forge ahead with my writing career. Along with that, we'd reached an impasse in our relationship and boredom had settled in. We seriously needed something to spice up our sex life. Therefore, we were both looking forward to this romantic dinner and then, a well-deserved and sorely missed, good time in bed.

It's almost comical now, but nearly a month ago, I attempted to seduce Jay. Not willing to sit back and watch my marriage trickle down the drain, I decided to do something about it. I'd read, from cover-to-cover, a book on how to seduce your man and embark on an exciting sex-life. Following one of the suggestions I'd just gotten Jay into bed and disappeared into the bathroom for a minute. When I emerged dressed in my provocative peignoir, my red hair cascading down my shoulders, I intended to rock his socks off. Unfortunately, during the short time I was gone, Jay had fallen sound asleep. I was so frustrated that I didn't care if he was awake or not.

I stroked his balls with one hand while I took his flaccid cock into my mouth and

sucked life into it. When it became hard, which didn't take long, I lowered myself down onto it and slowly began to pump up and down as I planted silken kisses along his chest. A huge smile appeared on Jay's face, but he remained asleep. Men are such remarkable creatures, sometimes.

Still in control, I continued humping his pole until I'd had an orgasm. Hey, it would have been nice if he helped a little, but who's complaining. At least I fell asleep satisfied.

For our special anniversary dinner, I'd gone shopping and purchased a seductive backless, black dress with a plunging neckline. It fit me like a glove and I'd hoped it would help whip Jay's juices into a lather. Perhaps Jay liked the dress a little too much, because when we were handed the menus, he tried to tell the waiter to skip the main course and bring us dessert.

Every aspect of the dinner was working out so well. The restaurant had lived up to its hype. The food was delicious and the portions large. We both had calamari appetizers and lobster dinners. Of course, the prices were just as grand, but this was a special night for us. We intended to enjoy ourselves and not worry about a thing. The waiter was quite attentive and kept refilling our wine glasses, compliments of the management in honor of our anniversary.

The wine had begun to have an effect on me. A warm glow was spreading slowly throughout my body and I simply loved how good it felt. Wantonly, I slid my shoe off and ran my toes along the inside of Jay's thigh.

"The alcohol has made somebody horny," he whispered, but the lopsided grin plastered on his face, I could tell he was enjoying its benefits, as well. Because I didn't want to wait until dessert was over and we could leave, I did something extremely impulsive. Since we were sitting in a booth side-by-side, I reached down and unzipped Jay's slacks. Reaching inside, I took Jay's cock out and began to stroke it. His eyeballs nearly popped from their sockets.

"What the hell are you doing, Jill?" he whispered.

"If you don't know by now —"

"You know what I mean."

"Nobody can see."

"That's not the point — oh, yeah," he groaned.

"Give me your napkin."

A moment later, it was over and Jay was sitting there with a huge smile on his face.

"Let's get out of here," I said.

Wanting to really make this a night to remember, we booked a room at a nearby motel. According to the self-help book, a change of scenery often spiced up the sex by making it more exciting. We figured the motel room would be perfect. Well, I certainly made it a night to remember.

Instead of awakening the next morning in the motel room with Jay by my side, I

found myself alone in my own bed. Somehow I couldn't help but feel that whatever had gone wrong had been my fault. Unfortunately, though, I seemed to have no recollection of what happened after we left the restaurant. I remembered getting into the car, but virtually nothing else beyond that. I felt awful. Aside from a slight hangover, I felt guilty about ruining the evening.

The more I tried to remember, the more my memory tape played back blank. Being a fairly decent fiction writer, I came up with a working scenario. It starred me drinking way too much wine and conking out cold in the car. A disappointed Jay had decided to take me home. If anything like that had happened, I wondered if he'd come home from work upset, or worse – angry.

As a conciliatory gesture, I made Jay one of his favorite meals. I felt bad and truly hoped I'd be able to make the ruined night up to him. Being a terrible coward, I didn't dare call him at work to find out how he really felt. I could wait until he got home to find out.

After working myself up all day about Jay's feelings, he both surprised and relieved me by coming home in a good mood. When he discovered that I'd prepared shrimp scampi for dinner, he was thrilled.

Wanting to apologize for last night, I finally brought the subject up. "I fell asleep from all the wine I drank, didn't I?"

"The minute you sat down in the car and your head hit the backrest you were out like a light."

"I'm so sorry, Jay, for spoiling the evening."

"You didn't, Jill."

"I didn't?"

"Nah. I ravished you anyway, even though your snoring nearly drove me crazy."

"You're kidding, right?"

"Yup."

I shook my head. He really had me believing him for the moment.

"It's all right, babe. How many times have I conked out on you recently?"

"But last night was supposed to be a special one..."

"There will be others. So don't beat yourself up over it."

"As long as you're not upset."

"Shit happens. Forget it."

I certainly felt a hundred percent better after that conversation. Even so, I promised to try and make it up to him somehow.

It turned out to be a quiet evening. Jay had brought home some work from the office to finish and I completed another chapter in my novel. I soon became bored and went in search of my husband.

I found Jay, sitting at his desk, and slipped my arms around his chest as I nuzzled his neck. He looked up at me and smiled. I loved that boyish smile of his and no matter how many times he combed his black hair; it always had a ruffled sexy look, as if someone had just run their fingers through it. He pulled me down into his lap. His lips slipped down my throat, planting tiny, baby kisses along the way. I parted my lips and he thrust his tongue inside as his hands found their way under my top, unclasping my bra. Running one hand up and down my back, he took one of my nipples between his thumb and forefinger and kneaded it into submission. I heard my breath grow short as I felt a familiar pulling at my core.

Our kisses became passionate as our breaths became one. I unzipped his slacks and encircled the head of his cock. He pulled off my top and bra and fastened his mouth to my breast. We continued like this for a short time longer before he rose from his chair and carried me into the bedroom.

He laid me down on the bed and stepped out of his slacks. Just watching him take off his clothes took my breath away and I could feel my simmering love juices heat to a boil. He had a perfect cock, straight and thick. I removed the rest of my things and reached for him.

He dropped into my outstretched arms and kissed me as he began to slowly pay homage to my naked body with his hands and lips, lingering in every conceivable and inconceivable nook and cranny.

I was steaming, my passion well into the red zone, and wanted to feel him inside. "Now," I half-moaned.

He slipped inside, filling my pussy completely. Thrusting in and out slowly, he rubbed against my clit, allowing me to savor every long stroke of his magnificent cock. As if he were listening to my rapidly increasing heartbeat, Jay moved faster and began to pump into me until I screamed out in pleasure. He continued a few moments longer before he reached his climax. We collapsed in a heap, his head resting on my chest. I stroked his back and ran my fingers through his hair as our vitals slowed to normal.

Now that the urgency of the moment was over, Jay and I began to make love once more. Only this time we took it slowly. His lips sought mine and his tongue slipped into my mouth. My hand dropped to his cock and I stroked it back to life.

I slid down and took his growing erection into my mouth and began to suck as I tugged on his balls just the way he liked it. I heard him groan softly in pleasure. A moment later, he motioned for me to turn around on my side so he could service me as well. As I licked and sucked at his shaft, his tongue probed and licked inside me. Only moans and groans could be heard at our suck fest as we pushed each other over the edge. Sated this time, we both drifted off to sleep.

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The following evening Jay had a surprise for me. On the way home from work he'd

stopped at Great Videos and picked up a skin flick to get us in the mood. What a marvelous idea. After last night, why not make tonight just as exciting? The anticipation of having more great sex had me creaming in my pants. At this point, I was willing to try anything to keep the momentum going. Besides it being a win-win situation, I still felt a tinge of guilt about ruining our anniversary celebration.

Jay helped me do the dishes after dinner so we could get to the movie faster. I wondered if he feared I'd fall asleep. I couldn't blame him if he did. Sometimes, I'd be watching a movie on TV with him and conk out.

I'd seen porno movies before, but this one had a real plot and held our interest. We really got into it and before long; we were putting our own spin on the plot as we reenacted the script. We couldn't get out of our clothes quickly enough. Once the cotton barriers were removed, Jay began to feast upon my body, teasing one breast and then the other with his sensual lips and tongue doing what he did best. The exquisite torture nearly drove me to distraction. He parted my thighs and slipped two fingers into my wet pussy. Slowly he moved them in and out. My tight muscles closed in around them.

I sought his mouth and he kissed me as our tongues did an impromptu dance for dominance. He slipped his cock into me and we rocked together this way for a short time before we slid to the floor.

I got to my knees doggy style as Jay moved behind me and slipped inside. Grabbing my ass, he pumped his cock into me, slowly at first. Within moments, he was hammering into me as I edged closer and closer to an orgasm.

It was hard to hear my moans of pleasure over his grunts. I could tell by his breathing that he was just as close to coming as I was. A beat later, I could feel the pleasure radiating out from within me. Then I felt Jay's body grow momentarily rigid knowing he'd come, as well.

"Baby, that was beautiful," he said, as we cuddled together on the rug in the den. The moonlight streamed into the room bathing us in a blue-white light.

As we lie there, Jay drew lazy circles around my breast. After a few minutes, I warned him, "You better stop that."

"Why? What's going to happen?" he asked.

"I'm going to get horny again?"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," I said, as I pulled him over me.

As Jay straddled me, I could feel his cock hardening. He slipped inside me easily, filling me slowly and then pulling out just as slow, teasing me. This excited me. He continued to do this until I begged him to go faster. I threw my legs over his shoulders so he could penetrate me more deeply. He began to knead my nipples. That took me over the edge and my entire body convulsed in one long orgasm, followed by short aftershocks.

I have to hand it to Jay. He was right. Watching the movie did add something extra

to our lovemaking — something explosive — like dynamite. It had been like our first time together all over again, but better.

The next day I was still hot, just thinking about the great sex Jay and I'd had the night before. It was hard to believe that I had gotten so turned on by an x-rated movie. I couldn't remain focused on my writing for more than ten minutes at a time. Instead my mind would wander and I'd get horny recalling Jay's hands touching me. I felt like a live wire ready to spark. There was no way I could wait until he got home so I grabbed my vibrator and got off. It slaked my appetite for a short time, but I soon found myself staring at the clock again counting the hours until he'd be home. This was definitely unlike me, but I found that I welcomed the change. It would be a very long time before I tired of the kind of sex we'd had last night.

By the time Jay finally arrived home I was more than ready to jump his bones. As he walked through the door I totally lost control. I was all over him, grabbing at his crotch and giving him a deep, longing kiss. He dropped his attaché case and asked, "Does my baby need some of my good loving?" as he nuzzled my neck driving me crazier.

"Mmm," was all I could manage at that point because I was too busy pulling at his clothing and biting his earlobe. He grinned and swept me off my feet. I was grabbing at anything I could reach and didn't care where we were heading. We actually made it as far as the den rug. The bedroom was too far away.

We practically ripped the clothes off each other's backs again. I couldn't believe how aggressive and wanton I was behaving. It was as if my body had been possessed by another woman. And Jay seemed to like it, too, because he was so hard.

"Baby, what have you been doing all day? I've never seen you this hot," Jay said, his voice labored and thick with passion.

"Thinking about us last night," I barely managed to say.

"We've got to do that more often," he said, as his mouth sought mine.

"Now would be just fine."

I was lost in a spiraling of sensation. Time and the outside world were all but forgotten as Jay had begun to run his tongue up the inside of my thigh. I knew where he was heading and my body seemed to do everything it could to get him there quickly. My moaning seemed to spur him on. Jay slipped a finger inside me and moved it in and out slowly, leaving a trail of my own juices which he began to lap up with his tongue. He then proceeded to make love to my pussy, alternately sucking and nipping at my clit. Slipping a finger into my ass brought me closer to the edge. I bumped and ground my pussy into his face as he continued to torment me with such sweet pleasure. Finally, my body was wracked with one wave of ecstasy after another.

After Jay finished pleasuring me, I pushed him down on his back and lowered myself onto his waiting rod. He reached for me and our mouths met as I began to move up and down, savoring every stroke my clit made against him. He cupped my breasts and closed his eyes. Our bodies, in total sync, moved to our choreographed rhythm. Pleasure began to build within me again. I could feel it pulsing from one end of my body to the other. I closed my hands on top of his wanting him to squeeze my nipples.

That was all I needed to take me over and I exploded into a world of vivid colors. He joined me in paradise. The aftershocks continued for what seemed to be a delightfully long time.

The sex we had just experienced was just as incredible as the night before. As we lay spent, cuddled on the rug in the afterglow, I gazed out through the glass sliding doors. Suddenly a momentary reflection of light caught my eye. I bolted upright to a sitting position.

"What's the matter, honey?" Jay asked.

"I thought I saw something...There look! There's someone out there by the fence."

"Yes, you're right! I see the reflection of light hitting his glasses."

Jay went closer to the sliding glass doors and peered out a minute before the guy realized he'd been seen and moved out of sight. "I think it's that weird guy from across the street, with all the cats."

I wondered if he'd been watching me the other times. It probably was. "Jay, I think he's been watching our house."

"Yeah, I can see that."

"No. I don't mean just tonight."

"You mean he's watched us have sex before."

"I don't know about that, but there were a couple of times when I felt someone was spying on me."

"Doing what? You haven't been giving your business to anyone else have you?" Jay asked raising an eyebrow.

"Of course not, silly. I was vacuuming."

"Now that's a turn-on if ever there was one."

"Is he pathetic, or what?" I asked. Then as an afterthought, "Do you think he's still there?"

"I just saw him duck."

"Yuck! Let's close the blinds."

Jay smiled mischievously. "Let's not. If he's still there, let's give him something to see that really knocks his socks off."

"Are you out of your mind?" I asked, blushing and embarrassed by the thought of having someone watch Jay and me make love. I was far from being a prude, but I was hardly an exhibitionist.

But when Jay started to kiss me, my desire took hold and I soon forgot all about the crazy guy outside.

After we had finished making love for the second incredible time that night, Jay said, "Perhaps we should leave the blinds open all the time. That was the greatest."

“Only if you promise it will always be this fantastic. Too bad we can't share the wonderful way I feel now with everyone.”

“Why, not?” Jay said.

“Why, not, what?”

“Share with everyone.”

“Okay, that's it. This is where I draw the line,” I said and we both broke into laughter.

“Is that guy still there?” I asked, peering out through the glass. “I can't see him.”

“Nah, he's gone. Maybe we bored him to death.”

“I doubt it. Don't you dare suggest a re-run just in case, though.”

“Baby, that would be impossible. I'm worn out, but maybe...”

“Forget the maybe,” I said, kissing him. “Tomorrow will be soon enough.”

“That's exactly what I was going to say.”

“I'll bet.”

“I guess he hit the jackpot tonight.”

“Who?”

“Our neighbor, the peeping Tom.”

“So did I, Jay,” I said, sliding my arms around his neck and pulling him close.

Now that Jay and I had discovered the way to reenergize our sex life, we were also able to find more quality time to be together again. It was almost as if we had turned the clock back to when we were newlyweds. And I loved every fantastic moment. I intended to do everything in my power to make sure we didn't fall into the marriage doldrums again.

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Several months later, I scanned the cable program guide to see what was on. I couldn't believe it. With so many different TV channels listed, there wasn't one decent thing to watch. We had already seen all the movies and programs worth watching. I began to wonder if I'd seen reruns of the reruns.

Jay came into the kitchen and asked one of his two favorite questions of the evening, “What's on the tube tonight, Jill?”

“Nothing. *Absolutely* nothing. We've seen everything worthwhile.”

“That's great. What else is new?”

“Maybe we should rent a movie,” I suggested.

“Why? Is my baby in the mood?” Jay asked with a wicked little smile.

“I was referring to a regular movie, sweetheart.”

“Too bad,” he said, teasingly, as he nuzzled my neck. “I would rather be bad to the bone tonight.”

I chuckled at his clowning. “I’ll get my coat.”

We rented two movies. I picked up a copy of *Casablanca*, which I was in the mood to see again. I could never get enough of that romantic movie. Jay picked up a porno flick, just in case, of course. Whatever it was, it had taken him close to twenty minutes to choose it.

We watched *Casablanca* first. Surprisingly, I wasn't at all tired when it ended and was more than willing to watch some of the movie that Jay had selected. It was the least I could do since he had agreed to let me watch mine in its entirety.

“Why don't we watch it upstairs in our bedroom? That way if I fall asleep I'm already in bed,” I said, laughing at my own cleverness.

“With such stimulating company, there's no way you're going to fall asleep,” Jay asserted.

I put a serious expression on my face and said, “In that case I'll make every effort to stay awake.”

“Just make sure that you do,” he said, propelling me up the steps into our bedroom.

He popped the DVD into the player. We both leaned back on the bed and got comfortable. The title flashed across the screen. I laughed when I saw it. It was called: *I Was a Peeping Tom*. Now I realized why Jay had selected it.

“Interesting title,” I said.

“I'm glad that you approve,” Jay answered with that crooked little smile of his that I loved. “After our encounter with our nutty neighbor, I'd thought it would be a real goof.”

I kissed him on the tip of his nose.

The screen went black a moment. When the picture came back on, we saw a house which looked familiar. Before I had a second thought about it, the camera zoomed into the house. I now knew why the house looked so familiar.

“Oh, my God! Jay! That's us!”

“How the hell...Our weird neighbor! He must have filmed us that night months ago. I was only kidding about what I'd said. I never really meant that we should become exhibitionists.”

“I know,” I whispered, still in shock and hoping this was all just a bad dream. “Jay, what if someone we know rents this movie?”

“Perhaps they'll learn something? Did you catch some of that great technique?” he said, patting himself on the shoulder.

“Jay!”

“Only kidding— but not about the great technique.”

“What’ll we do?”

“Pray that this is the only copy.”

“And if it isn’t?”

“Maybe we can embark on new careers.”

“You’re crazy.”

“You’ve got that right. Crazy in love with you, and if that flick doesn’t prove that, nothing ever will,” he said, taking me in his arms.

“I love you, too.”

“So what about the new career? I think I’ll change my name to Slick Eddy with the big dick.

I began to laugh.

“What part of that did you find funny? It better not be the last half.”

I couldn’t stop laughing and he soon joined me. We laughed until the tears came. The whole situation was so outrageous. Besides, looking on the bright side, it would make a great story, which was the last thing on my mind before Jay began to make love to me.

The End

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

With nearly 200 short stories in print and her fifth novel soon to be released, sweet and spicy Candy Caine keeps her husband, Robert, on his toes in their Long Island, NY, home. Supportive of her writing career, Robert is always willing to help her make certain the scenes in her stories are authentic. After all, technique is very important for good writing. Visit Candy's website at [www.candycaine.com](http://www.candycaine.com).

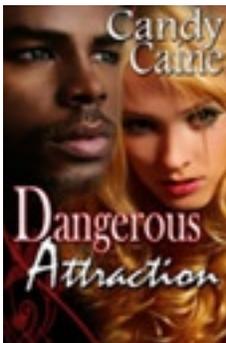
Candy Caine likes to hear from her readers. You can reach her at [candy@candycaine.com](mailto:candy@candycaine.com)

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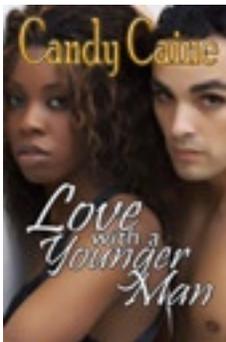
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