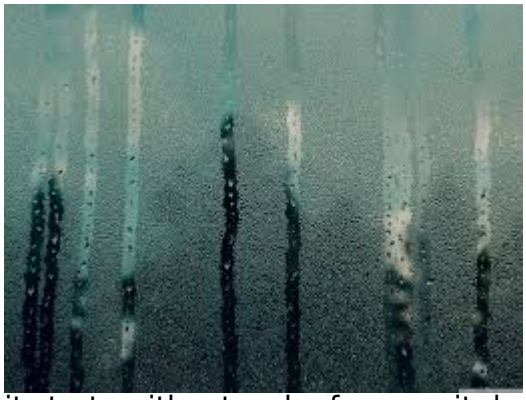

it starts with a touch of course it does it starts with a touch and it spreads from there
a man walks up behind a woman his woman he reaches his arms around her torso and up below her breasts and hugs her and sways side to side imparting upon her the momentum he has had building in him since he saw her from the hallway and had the urge to join with her and in their duosity move as one and sway like this and it is so
the windows are thrown wide to the outside world and there is nothing between them him and her and whatever or whomever is out there
the neighbor lady is sitting by her window crouched over her desk sewing typing computing or whatever
the hot couple are middle age all heat comes in middle age the warmth which comes earlier is but a flash in the pan compared to this this heat comes from the years of combination of those volatile reagents of proximity trust love and regard
you dont believe me right now who is he to write such things he doesnt know he gave this up and left such regard behind who does he think he is
he is sitting in an aerie across the courtyard from these stories and he is gripped by them he reads into each what he may what he must and he feels loss and he feels absence but he is not bowed by this
I am not bowed by this I am watching this couple across the courtyard they had their windows open for most of the evening but closed them about twenty minutes ago as soon as they did the windows started to steam up
josh hartnet and kate beckensdale are stinking it up on screen while the couple across the way are steaming up the windows
the man watches the woman over the stove and lifts his shirt up and dances an odd little dance they both laugh she twirls around and together they have a moment
the woman down the way is still crouching over her table is it work or play
the woman the wife the lover the object she is stirring a pot or two she is in a private place where she feels him from a distance and is in perfect sync with him he approaches and she knows she feels it and she reacts before he even enters the room
he does enter the room and is only barely visible through the now thickening haze over the windows they are so steamy they are thick with steam and thick with masked intent the windows are the best ally a voracious lover could want
he approaches her again she knows this and moves to the side just in time to miss his kiss he reels and comes in again this time he catches her and lands a kiss which turns into a swoon turns into a dip turns into an embrace
the woman down the way has suddenly stood up and drawn the curtains she is no longer a player in this story
she is back pedaling she hadnt figured on this but she is enrapt by him and his ardor his ardor has cloaked her and buried her lust in his own
she turns nonchalant-like back to the stove and puts the final touch on the risotto the paella

the casserole we dont know and it doesnt really matter she has finished her dish and she is ready to both halt his advance with the triumph of her cookery and to complete her seduction he has no hope he has been caught and he has no chance but to succumb

the windows are a complete sheen of translucent steam now but it matters not dinner is served and the kitchen lights are dowsed all is dark now even the shadows are finally cast into shadow