Misha and the old man Bob.

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MF MD

Misha had just made herself a grilled chicken salad topped off with on-the-vine cherry tomatoes. She had taken a break from her financial report she had started yesterday for the impending external audit that had given her so many worries recently.

Thinking that working from home when her husband Ken was at work would make for less distraction and she would be able to finish and recheck it in a couple of days as opposed to the week she had set herself at the company’s main office. Working at home was something she hadn’t done before.

Sitting at the small kitchen breakfast bar with her mineral water and lunch she flicked on her old radio and enjoyed some tunes while replenishing her strength.

She was half the way through when she saw bobby next door go into his old work shed. She hated the old crummy hut as it was impossible to miss from several of her own houses windows, the hut had caused a few arguments between her and her elderly neighbours which had festered and resulted in them not talking to one another for the last 2 years. Not even the death of Linda, Bob’s wife had eased any tension.

But somehow she felt sorry for old bob today; he was struggling up the small garden path with his weeding tools after reappearing from his hut.

Misha had noticed him yesterday at the same time while she had stopped for a quick bite and to listen to some soothing music, she had noticed how she had at first just caught a glimpse of him going into that hut then found herself watching him more and more as he pottered about his small vegetable patch.

Today she found it the same, the radio blended into the background and she noticed only silence as she watched her neighbour in his garden.

Misha opened the side door to her kitchen; she nervously looked over the fence.

"Fancy a coffee?"

Old Bob looked startled, her heart jumped as she worried she had scared the old man.

"Err, no thank you"

She felt she had to try harder

"Oh come on now Bob, I make a mean coffee"

She smiled as kindly as she could; bob seemed to fight with him as if asking if it was ok to make eye contact with her.

"If it’s not too much trouble Misha"

Misha slipped back into the house and clicked the kettle on. She continued to watch bob as he set about the gardening again while her hands busily prepared the cup and coffee.

Less than 5 mins later and Misha was stepping over her slabbed patio (Ken and her were far too busy to bother with gardening) towards the fence.

Bob had come over to meet her

"Thanks"

She made sure she made eye contact with him.

"Your welcome"

She waited for him to sip the black drink.

"Well"

She waited and watched his puzzled look

"Do I make a mean coffee?"

Bob glanced down to the cup

"Oh, yes yes, very nice my dear"

She didn’t know why but at the mention of "my dear" she had felt a little light headed.

Bob arched back and with his free hand pressed it to the lower of his back.

"You ok"

Misha found herself genuinely concerned about her neighbour.

"Just getting old my dear"

Again the same feeling with the same words

"You know I’m 66 this year?"

Misha was surprised

"I didn’t know that"

She somehow seemed to be unable to judge if he looked his age, sure she did know he was in his 60's but now so close he looked good, and not just good for his age, he looked good.

"I believe you just had a birthday, last month was it"

He started her from her deep thoughts.

"Oh yes, Ken took me away for my 30th"

Bob pursed his lips and nodded his head in approval. She found herself watching his face trying to gauge his reaction to her being 30. Most people would guess mid 20's, her petite blonde frame made her look younger.

"This gardening is becoming a chore; there was a time when I loved it but it’s a bit much on my old bones now my dear"

This time there was less light headedness and more of a tingle that ran from the nape of her neck down her back.

She looked him over again; he looked healthier than she could ever remember him looking. She also never remembered him being handsome before, even from old pictures when he was in his teens and early 20's.

"You need to take it easy"

She said it but that wasn’t what she was actually thinking, what she actually thought was

'Whatever you’re doing keep doing it because you’re looking great'

God this was her pensioner neighbour and she found herself having a liking for him.

"It won’t do itself"

He smiled at her

Misha looked back to the side door; she really needed to finish her report.

Bob puffed as he bent down and pulled a weed from between the path.

Misha looked back around to Bob

"Look sit down and that bench, just tell me if I’m doing it right"

She clambering over the fence all the while trying to regain her composure, she was annoyed she hadn’t managed it more elegantly than she had.

Over the next hour she followed the instructions of Bob as she continued to de-weed and tidies the small path. She wished she had chosen something other than shorts and a t-shirt.

"When’s Ken due home?"

She had forgotten all about Ken, and not just coming home, she had forgotten she was married and she was in this neighbours garden, a neighbour she hadn’t spoken to in years, What was she doing she had the most important report of her career to do and she was gardening, she didn’t do gardening. She hated it.

"My dear, are you ok"

Then her sudden worry was gone, she was ahead with the report and she was doing a neighbourly deed for hot bob.

'Oh my god, hot Bob, where did that come from' she thought, she giggled at the thought.

"I'm fine, you want anything else done"

She was actually offering to do more, she wanted to do more.

"No I think that’s enough, you better go home for Ken coming back, we don’t want him thinking something is going on between us"

He laughed and so did she, after all she was only being neighbourly.

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Misha had just passed yesterday off as being a good neighbour and possibly feeling guilty about being harsh on the old man next door. Still when Ken had asked her how the report was coming she said it had taken up her full day, she deliberately left out the gardening and the conversation with next door.

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Ken had left before 8 as usual and she had decided to get up and start early as well, after showering she changed into a silk nightie and sat in front of the laptop, she studied the near complete document but found it hard to concentrate.

She decided after 20 mins that maybe it was still too early and she would have a coffee to waken herself up.

Clicking on the kettle she flicked on the radio, she leaned forward on the counter waiting for the kettle to boil.

The figure of Bob coming down the tidy little path they had worked on yesterday caught her attention, he waved and she instinctively waved back worrying about how underdressed and inappropriate her nightie was.

Again he disappeared into the hut and she returned her attention to the kettle. The next couple of minutes melted away as the music faded into the background and her attention was on Bob kneeling by the hut.

She was caught off guard as he suddenly looked over and held one finger up before mouthing

'Do you have a minute?'

Suddenly bob was hot bob again; if he hadn’t told her his age she would have guessed there were only days between him and her. She panicked about her apparel but decided to open the side door.

"Everything all right"?

She called while as much behind the door as she could hide.

"Do you know anything about these?"

She stood on her tip toes to try and see

"I'll get dressed and come and have a look if you like"

He looked from her and back to what it was he had

"It’s ok my Dear, if you don’t have time its fine"

'dam' the tingle ran down her back, she wanted to take a look at what it was he had and with no time to dress she took a deep breath, straightened up which pushed her pert little breasts out against the silk of her nightie. She hoped he wouldn’t notice the shape of her nipples if she was too close.

"What you got?"

She walked over to the fence, she knew the other neighbours wouldn’t be able to see in because of the angle of the houses and a few large trees at the other side, that’s why she had chosen to climb the fence yesterday.

"A vacuum, can’t seem to work out how this bag less thing works"

Although she hated housework herself and hired a cleaner twice a week she tried to explain how the clips undone and the whole centre part half turned and pulled out. She found herself slightly agitated she was aware of the report and helping someone with house work was just not her thing.

"That’s ok my dear, I’m sure I will manage it"

The tingle was unbelievably relaxing.

"Hold on bob, a man like you shouldn’t need to do house work, that’s what women are here for"

She knew she had said it but she also didn’t believe it, did she, she was sure she didn’t feel that way yesterday.

"Oh really my dear, you don’t think men should clean houses"

Again the tingle

"Not at all, women should do all that, men are too busy to worry about that stuff, now let’s see if we can get this cleaned out and working again shall we"?

In silk nightie and nothing else she climbed the fence again and almost mechanically snapped the hover cover back in place before picking the hover up and following Bob into the house.

Over the next 5 hours she scrubbed/dusted/hoovered and tidied harder than she had ever done so in her own house. Bob had watched her go about the renovation in the short nightie and she could tell he had enjoyed the show.

She even made his dinner before going back home and showering, she knew she was now behind with the report and the rest of the night became a worry that she had left it till the last day before trying to rush it.

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Ken had left as usual, and she was alone, she knew it was a perfect time to pick up some kind of pace on the report.

She drained the last of her coffee and made to switch off the radio before she felt the tingle again.

She strangely found that she no longer had the same enthusiasm for finishing the report; the worry of it not being done was no longer there.

She found herself back looking transfixed on the neighbour’s house.

She was sure she now knew what was important now, the report, her job none of it mattered anymore. Women weren’t meant to be in that world, they didn’t have the brains or the required patience for it.

No what was important now was looking after your MAN. Finding the best male specimen you can attract and being the best female you can for him.

And Misha knew now the best specimen, the most perfect man wasn’t her husband it was Bob Kuzneski the man next door, the man of her dreams.

To be continued.....