

beepbeepbeep

by Katie Moore

Sheila watched herself as she pulled the duvet up to cover her breasts and curled it around her body. She watched herself, but only from her peripheral vision, pretending like she wasn't looking. Sheila stole the sight of her dark black hair, grown out long because she liked the way it made a sharp contrast against her Irish-pale skin. She slid her legs out from under the covers and flexed her muscles, tracing the outline of her calf muscles with her eyes.

She loved this game, trying to catch a glimpse of herself as someone else would see her, in the strangest moments, wondering what she really looked like from the outside.

Howard had been paged away in the middle of things, again. Usually they drank the wine first, made small talk, and then he fucked her. His pager unfailingly started beeping around the halfway mark, just as Howard developed a rhythm and she settled back with her legs over his shoulders or sank her face into the bed as he pumped her from behind. Every time, just as she relaxed into it, banished thoughts of his frigid wife and kids, stopped saying the pieces of prayers she could remember from brief Catholic schooling in a vain attempt to stop herself from... *beepbeepbeep*.

Sheila thought she was hot when frustrated. Her hand in her hair and her lips in a particular bow made her look impatient for him, needy and wanton...or bratty and spankable. She couldn't decide, but she enjoyed the look.

This time they skipped the small talk, rushing at each other like much younger lovers.

"Baby, I need you."

“I need you too, hurry up.”

“Let's drink after.”

“Just fuck me.”

“I brought the camera.”

“Just hurry!”

They had talked about recording their encounters since the affair began. With so few chances to see each other and most of the stolen moments ending with that *beepbeepbeep*, they both wanted something to remind them on lonelier nights when spouses were safely asleep.

It didn't take Howard long to hook it up, setting the camera on the hotel room dresser and training its sights on the bed, flipping on the television so they could see themselves.

Sheila was naked first, watching Howard rush to catch up, playing with her nipples and testing between her spread legs, first with two fingers then three, staring at her own sex on the screen. She couldn't wait to watch the tape later, see herself lose control and shudder under the weight of Howard's thrusts with her eyes squeezed tight and her mouth round with the sounds of satisfaction.

“I'm so wet.”

Howard's ankles tangled in the legs of his pants as he stared at her busy fingers and he fell into Sheila's lap, just missing a perfect facefull of pink pussy. They laughed.

“This time you really did trip and fall in it.”

Howard climbed her for a kiss, pausing to pinch and pull her nipples until she made the 'too hard' sound. He slid inside her, not pausing to savor the sensation, gripping her slim hips and thrusting hard, fast the way she liked it.

"Oh baby, I missed you."

They rushed toward climax, forgetting to perform for the camera. Sheila wrapped her hips around Howard's body, angling her hips upward to feel him deeper inside her.

Howard needed to finish this time. As his marriage slid further down the sinkhole toward divorce, it was important to him that his affair be successful.

He slapped Sheila's ass, a signal that he was getting close. She slipped her hand down, between their bodies, to hurry her orgasm. She wanted them to come together.

"Mmmm, yeah, take that cock."

"It's so big. It's so big. Fuck me with your big hard cock."

Sheila had never met a man who didn't get off on hearing their balls-deep equipment called big. Howard was no exception. The muscles rose tense in the backs of his thighs. He held his breath.

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Someone was always dying or dead and Howard was beginning to hate his job.

All he wanted to do was fuck his mistress until they both got off on video tape in a hotel room with some booze and light

conversation. It seemed to him that his cock must be jinxed. He wondered if maybe his frigid wife was really a witch, some sort of reverse succubus.

Sheila shook her head, eyes closed, and sighed, deflating into the hotel mattress.

Howard pulled out, roughly, grabbed for his pager and checked to make sure it was the Hospital. It was always the Hospital. As soon as he was certain he flung the beeping mood killer, with the force of his missed ejaculation, across the hotel room. It knocked the cheap hotel art into a slant, but it didn't fall, and the pager didn't break.

Sheila wondered how her face looked when he did that. Was she big-eyed and circle mouthed in shock, or eye rolling and too disappointed to appreciate his frustration? Was she angry with a furrowed brow and tight-set jaw, or pouting like a sad, spoiled, schoolgirl?

As soon as Howard stormed out the door she rewound the recording to find out.

