

Meeting the Need

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He watched covertly as he walked away from the train, his eyes using every reflective surface he could find, scanning to see if anyone seemed to be watching him.

There were a half-dozen passengers who'd gotten off the train with him: a young mom with two small children, an elderly man in a priest's outfit, and two businessmen who looked much like himself. He dismissed the mom right away, figuring the kids would be too much of a burden and made her too noticeable. The priest and the businessmen, though ... they were possibilities. How much business was there, really, in Poughkeepsie, NY?

So he lingered a little amidst the ancient oak benches inside the station. He retied his shoelaces, casually checked the contents of his computer bag, pulled a few nondescript-looking papers out of the front pocket and put them back. While he did this, he saw the mom run up to a picture-perfect dad, who hugged them all and led them outside. The priest and the businessmen got into taxis and left as well, leaving him alone in the lobby.

It means nothing, he reminded himself as he shouldered his computer bag and headed for the taxi post. *They could just as easily be watching the office or the hotel.*

The cab driver, a young Pakistani man with a stubble of beard on his chin and an engaging smile, popped the trunk for him. "Where to?"

"Dutchess County Airport," he answered succinctly.

The driver kept up a steady stream of friendly patter as he drove the six miles from Poughkeepsie to Wappingers Falls. The man answered politely, thankful for the opportunity to relax — it didn't matter whether the driver remembered him or not, he had a legitimate business reason to be in this cab. Still, he kept an eye on the mirrors.

At the airport, he went directly to the Hertz counter and rented an emerald green Mazda 626. The suitcase went into the trunk, and the computer bag onto the front passenger seat. He pulled a small spiral notebook from the pocket, turned it to the page where he'd written his directions, and headed back toward Poughkeepsie.

His first stop was the Courtyard on South Road. He presented his ID to the desk clerk. "It'll be pretty late when I get back in tonight," he told the clerk. "If you don't mind, I'd prefer a room in a less crowded part of the hotel so I don't disturb too many people."

She smiled her professional smile. "I think we can do that. How about room 448? It's at the end of the hall, and the next three rooms are unoccupied. I can't guarantee they'll stay that way, of course."

"That would be great, thanks."

He lugged his things up to the room, paying attention to see if anyone followed him down the hall. Nobody did. Once inside the room, he checked the connecting door to the next room: locked. He pulled out his laptop, quickly plugged it into the Internet service box, and brought up the browser. He typed in the URL of her wireless provider and clicked the tab for text messaging:

Hi, it's me again. Can you call me? We need to talk about Joanne.

He left the sender ID and subject blank. She'd know what to do with it.

Her phone beeped a few moments later: *Text Message Received*. Keeping most of her attention on the road, she held up the phone and read the message. Then she cleared the display and dialed another number.

"Audrey? It's me. ... No, I'm still about an hour and a half out, on 84. I just got the message: the room number to ask for is 446. ... You're sure you don't mind doing this? ... I can't thank you enough. ... Okay, I'll wait to hear from you. Thanks."

She smiled thinly and checked the mirrors again for signs of anyone following. She was going fast enough that anyone keeping pace with her would be conspicuous, but slow enough to minimize the risk of getting a ticket. So far everything looked clear.

It was a three-hour drive from her home east of Hartford, CT, across Interstate 84 into New York and then north to Poughkeepsie. She'd told her husband she was going to visit overnight with Audrey, her old college friend; she'd done it before at least once every month or two, so all he did was grunt and nod. No reason to be suspicious.

That didn't necessarily mean that Donnie wouldn't be suspicious, she knew. In the five years since they'd married she'd watched her husband grow increasingly morose, withdrawn, and apparently resigned to a life of misery. His career was in the toilet, and he showed no interest whatsoever in trying to do anything about it. His sex drive was also non-existent; hers, on the other hand, was strong and the trivial cyber-relationships she'd been using to satisfy it were becoming less and less fulfilling with time.

Her lover was a kindred spirit: a successful man in a high-tech job, weighed down by a controlling, codependent wife. They'd met online about four months before and hit it off immediately. Friendly public chats led to intimate private chats, which ultimately served only to sharpen the desire for a face-to-face meeting. Opportunity was the only thing lacking — he lived in northern Virginia, she in Connecticut — but, with the advent of system upgrades to his company's clients in the New England region, that barrier would be lifted for a few brief periods.

Her stomach fluttered. Was it the danger, or the anticipation? Both, she decided.

He dumped another load of ice from the plastic bucket into the gray thermal bag he'd brought with him from home. Buried in the ice was a magnum of champagne he'd picked up a few days before and secreted in his suitcase. There was no telling for sure how long the wine would have to chill, but the thermal bag would ensure that the ice wouldn't melt too quickly.

He checked his watch: 20 minutes since he'd checked in. Time to go to work. He picked up the computer bag, turned out the lights, and hung the Do Not Disturb sign on his way out.

"You need to relax, dear."

Audrey's words took her by surprise. "I am relaxed," she protested.

They had a corner booth at a nondescript seafood restaurant a few blocks from the Courtyard.

"Are you kidding me? You practically have a neon sign hanging over you that says, 'I'm Sneaking Around On My Husband'. Half the trick to getting away with these things is looking as though you have a perfect right to be where you are."

"Easy for you to say," she came back, blushing a little bit. "I'm pretty new at this."

"You'll do fine, sweetie. Trust me." Audrey's smile became a little bit grimmer as she added, "It gets easier with practice."

"I won't be getting that much practice. Once, maybe twice. Just to take the edge off."

Her friend nodded. "That's what I told myself, too, the first time. Take it from me: the edge always comes back."

"We'll see," she replied noncommittally. "How did it go at the hotel?"

Audrey winked. "Fine. I asked the clerk if they had a room 446 because that's my lucky number, and she gave it to me just like that." Taking a plastic key card from her purse, she slid it across the table to her friend.

"Thanks, Audrey. I really owe you for this."

"Eighty-nine dollars plus tax," Audrey replied, winking. "It's okay. I know you're good for it. Just have an extra orgasm for me, okay?"

She blushed again and felt that fluttering pick up in her stomach.

They finished dinner and lingered over coffee until all of the diners around them had left, then sauntered out to the parking lot. They each got into their own cars for the ride to Audrey's house. Audrey lived on a cul-de-sac in one of the quieter suburbs, so it was easy to tell if anyone followed.

No one did.

She waited a few minutes in her car to see if any strange vehicles came up the street after them. When none did, she waved at Audrey and drove back to the Courtyard. She parked in the back lot, near the rear entrance. Audrey's key card opened the back door and allowed her to slip up the stairway, overnight bag on her shoulder, to the fourth floor.

He would be in 448, she deduced from the placement of the doorways. There was no light under that door; it was still early, though. She fed the card into the slot on the door marked 446 and pushed it open.

The room was tastefully decorated in beige and olive green. The furniture was an elegant light cherry with graceful lines — not too ornate, but classy nonetheless. Aside from the king-sized bed there was a love seat, an armoire housing the television and empty drawers for clothing, a simple desk and office chair.

Her reflection looked back at her as she slid open the mirrored closet door and set her overnight bag on the suitcase stand inside. Working deliberately, she hung up the skirt and blouse that would be her outfit the next day and the outfit she'd chosen for the evening: a long, sheer gown, dusty rose in color, with spaghetti straps and just enough lace to hint at, rather than reveal, the delights inside. A matching G-string panty hung inside it. She smiled as she fingered the sheer, translucent fabric; how long would she really be wearing it?

With her mind on the evening ahead, she stripped down and started running water for a bath. There were enough mirrors in the vicinity that she kept catching unexpected glances of a naked woman moving about the room. It was an unusual sight for her — there weren't many mirrors at home, especially not full length ones. She posed for a few minutes, examining herself, evaluating. The weight she'd lost definitely made a difference, she judged. Not that Donnie had ever remarked on it. She'd gone down two dress sizes in three months, but the only comment from Donnie had been a complaint about her spending money on new clothes when the old ones "look fine."

She shook off the well-worn memory and lost herself in the luxurious warmth of the expansive tub. Every muscle in her body relaxed, letting the water take and cradle her, and she sighed a contented sigh. She imagined him beside her, lovingly washing her back, kissing her on the neck as he ran his soft hand down her spine. Soon she was feeling a different kind of warmth, in a very specific region — one that Donnie had been woefully neglecting for far too long. She imagined her lover with her, his skillful touch taking her to new heights of pleasure, until her body tingled and ached for it. His hands were not there yet, but a few quick movements of her own completed the fantasy for her.

She felt pleasantly flushed as she dried off and treated her skin to a generous splash of moisturizing lotion. She removed the gown and its matching G-string from the closet and put them on. Just a touch of perfume, applied with pinpoint accuracy to the places she wanted his nose to linger, completed the ensemble. Feeling wonderfully relaxed and sexy, she curled up on the love seat and settled in to wait.

It was a little after 11:30 at night when he pulled into the parking lot at the Courtyard, feeling spent from the day's travel and work. The sight of her white Kia in the lot did wonders for his spirits. Taking care not to look at it a second time, he shouldered his computer bag and headed into the hotel. Noting the line of light under the door of 446, he allowed himself a brief smile before opening his own door.

Inside, he set to work quickly. The TV went on first, the volume perhaps a bit louder than necessary. He looked out the window at the parking lot below as he stripped off his shirt, checking the parked cars for signs of a figure sitting inside or the gleam of a parabolic mic. Then he laughed at himself. *There's careful*, he chided himself as he pulled the heavy curtains, *and there's paranoid*.

He allowed himself a quick shower, a shave, and a splash of cologne to freshen up. Slipping on a bathrobe, he quickly set up the laptop and booted it up, the screen facing away from the window. He removed a pair of small speakers from his suitcase and plugged them in, using the cord's full length to place the speakers on the bed near the pillows. He turned off the lights, starting with the one by the door and finishing with the one by the bed, just as one might do when going to bed. Only instead, he sat by the laptop and counted off twelve minutes, the average time by his own estimates that it normally took him to go to sleep.

When the time expired, he turned to the laptop and inserted a pocket CDRW. The CD drive churned. WinAmp came up, loaded the default play list from the CDRW, and began to play. From the speakers came the sounds of digitally-recorded snoring — his own, recorded surreptitiously several nights before and divided into varying-length MP3 files, which WinAmp would play in random order until he came back to stop it.

Moving quietly, he retrieved the cold champagne from the bathroom and tiptoed to the connecting door. He reached for the doorknob, felt it turn smoothly, and froze. *Are you sure you want to do this?*

The old arguments ran in circles through his mind once again. Would she look the way her pictures looked? Was she the same person in real life that she was on instant messenger? And even if she was, was it worth the risk?

Only one way to find out, he told himself. And he thought of his wife, sitting at home, no doubt amusing herself by making lists of new things to complain about when he got home — all of which would, of course, be his fault. Just as her perpetual nighttime headaches, which defied all medical explanation, were his fault. *He that is down fears no fall.*

The door opened with no resistance. He crept into 446, easing the door closed behind him. He stood there for a few moments, drinking in the sight of her. Her body, relaxed in sleep, looked even more lovely than he had imagined from the photos they'd shared. The gown seemed to give an extra bit of glow to her skin. The straps hung loosely on her, one having slipped off the shoulder completely. He admired the rise and fall of her breasts, nipples hinted at but not visible, and longed to touch them, to kiss them.

He set the bottle down on the nearest end table and approached her silently. He hovered over her for a second, letting her scent fill his lungs and send a tingle down into his groin. Where to plant the first kiss, he considered ... the shoulder? The lips? That bit of upper thigh peeking out from the gown's high slit?

Brushing a few stray hairs out of her face, he went for the lips. He started by teasing, just barely touching his lips to hers; soon she awoke for him and her lips responded, reaching up to find his, opening to taste him for herself. Soft hands reached up for him, pulling him closer. He let them, putting his hands out on the love seat to support his weight.

Finally, they were ready to come up for air. He rose up and sat on the other end of the love seat, his body turned toward hers, hands touching along the back. Now he could see, for the first time, the passion in her deep brown eyes.

They sighed together, staring into each other's eyes. "Alone at last," she quipped.

"So we are. And you're even more beautiful than I imagined you'd be."

She blushed, every nerve ending tingling in anticipation of what was to come. "And you're a much better kisser than my ..." *No!* her inner voice screamed. "... than I imagined you would be."

With a lover's intuition, he knew what she'd been about to say. Better to ignore those things. "I brought champagne," he said, reaching behind him to heft the still-cold bottle. "Shall we?"

Smiling, she rose and walked to the vanity, where the hotel had kindly left four tumblers and an empty ice bucket. She picked up two glasses and brought them back. He watched every movement of her body as she did it, memorizing her, appreciating the way the gown caressed her curves. "These will have to do," she said, "unless you snuck in some flutes as well."

"Too hard to explain," he told her, accepting the glasses. "These will be fine." He uncorked the bottle with expert hands, using a cloth napkin to both muffle the sound and capture the cork. He poured two glasses, handed her one, and held his aloft. "What shall we drink to?"

She held the glass near her face and let the fragrance of it waft up into her nose. Meeting his gaze over the rim, she came up with a suggestion. "To opportunity?"

He nodded, smiling. "To opportunity, then." They clinked glasses. He drained his in one smooth motion.

She took a long pull of hers, letting the taste play over her tongue, savoring it. Donnie didn't do champagne — beer was good enough for him, so it should be good enough for anybody, he always said. She felt that first little tingle in her mouth, the slight rush of giddiness. When he offered to top off her glass, she held it out for him.

They sat on the love seat, staring into each other's eyes, drinking and talking, holding hands, until the buzz started to take hold. "Why don't you turn the TV up a little?" he suggested.

Smiling, she rose and walked over to the television. Something in his smile, reflected in the vanity mirror, made her stop. "You're not worried about people overhearing, are you?"

"No," he confessed, grinning sheepishly. "I just love to watch you walk in that gown."

The champagne, and the thrill of being once again the focus of a man's desire, emboldened her. "Oh really?" she teased, easing the straps off her shoulders. The gown fell to the floor, leaving her standing in front of the TV in just the G-string. "Oops," she said. "Guess they don't make 'em like they used to."

He stared longingly at her back and bottom, then at the reflection of her front in the mirror. "I'm not complaining," he assured her.

A sly smile crept over her face as she saw the obvious lust in his. Covering her breasts with an arm, she turned up the TV and then took her time coming back to him. She toyed with the items on the dresser, turned down the bed, rearranged things on the night stand, all the while swaying her hips and tantalizing him with sensuous movements of her body. Finally she approached him again. She let the covering arm fall and picked up her champagne glass, draining it slowly while she let him take a long look at her erect nipples. "Enjoying the view?" she asked, putting the empty glass down.

"Absolutely." He refilled his glass and, with an index finger, motioned her to come hither. She leaned over him and their lips met for another kiss. As she tasted the champagne on his tongue and her own, she felt a cool, wet, tickly sensation all around her nipple. She rose up slightly.

He took the opportunity and filled his mouth with her nipple, lovingly licking it clean of the champagne he'd just dipped it into. The feel of his tongue circling her nipple made her knees go weak; when he brought up his champagne glass to the other nipple she made no attempt to avoid it. Instead, she let it soak in the champagne until he removed the glass and switched his attention to that side, again using his tongue in ways that dampened her G-string.

His fingers probed inside the G-string and found her slick center. "Somebody's enjoying this," he remarked. Setting the champagne glass aside, he peeled the G-string down below her knees and let it drop, then placed a finger in the center of her sweet spot and began to probe.

She felt his finger creep inside of her and had just enough time to think *oh, God!* before he found the button and pushed her that last little bit into orgasm. Her body collapsed onto his, trusting him to hold her, while she let the pleasure spasms coarse through her. Her arms went around his neck and she moaned into his ear, her body rubbing against his while he held her. Finally, she became still.

"Feeling more relaxed now?" he asked.

"MMMMmmmmmmmm," she purred. "I needed that." Her hand snaked down to find the long, hard lump just barely contained by his robe. "Now I think I need this." She flipped the robe open and grasped him firmly, listening to his involuntary moan.

Then she had an idea. Reaching for the champagne bottle, she took a long swig and held the liquid in her mouth. Dropping to her knees, she pressed her lips against the head of his cock and slid them tightly over it.

He felt the warmth of her lips, the tickling action of the champagne still in her mouth, and soon the motion of her tongue as she swished it along his shaft. Then an exquisite

pressure came as she swallowed the champagne, sucking hard around him at the same time. "Wow," he sighed.

"Ooooh," she teased. "Somebody's enjoying this." She took another mouthful of champagne and plunged her mouth over him again, this time just teasing the head by swishing champagne around it.

By the time she finished her third mouthful, he was delirious. "Stop," he begged weakly, "I'm going to come if you do that again."

"That's the idea," she told him, and did it again. This time she took him as deep as she could, using her tongue to full advantage, and she felt him pumping into her mouth. The champagne's taste became mixed with those of salt and sea water as she sucked him dry. Then she took one more swig from the bottle to wash it all down. "Oops," she said, looking down at her recovering lover. "I used it all up." She set the empty champagne bottle aside and snuggled against him.

He held her and stroked her until the feel of her skin, and the scent of her perfume and exertion, brought his soldier back to attention. She felt his rising cock brush the side of her thigh and moved against it. "Somebody's timer popped up," she giggled with a thick tongue. "Muss be done."

He chuckled softly. "Not a moment too soon, from the sound of you. You too sleepy for another round?"

She rose up and looked down at him, her eyes taking just a shade longer than normal to focus. "No way," she said emphatically, shaking her head from side to side. "I juss may need a little extra st ... shtimulation, is all."

With another hearty laugh, he swept the naked lady up in his arms and carried her to the bed, where he laid her gently down. "Just relax and let me do the work," he instructed.

Her head was swimming, and her body felt like it didn't want to move much anyway. "Okee-dokee." Inwardly, she made a mental note not to do that champagne trick quite so many times next time. Then she felt his tongue licking its way along her inner thigh, and she lost herself in the sensations.

He enjoyed himself for a good twenty minutes applying extra stimulation with his lips and tongue. Her juices flowed freely, and she came at least twice by his count (which was made easier by her tendency to groan, "Holy shit, I'm coming!"). His cock ached to be inside her, so he brought her to the brink one more time and then crept forward, kissing his way up her body to her breasts. She reached down to find his rigid cock and helped guide it inside of her, locking her legs around him and pulling him tighter. They rocked together in rhythm, easing him in and out. He knelt up and pulled her up with him, feeling the upper side of his shaft pressing against the raised spot on her inner wall. He just reached down to knead one breast when he felt her muscles contract against him and

her body shudder. "Holy shit, I'm coming," he moaned, and felt his cock burst inside of her.

"That's ... my ... line ..." she retorted, panting and moaning in between the words.

He laughed softly despite himself, then quietly slid down beside her, taking her into his arms for loving, peaceful sleep.

At 4:30am, the phone rang. He woke first, but found it hard to move with her body mostly on top of him. She stirred and murmured, "What the ..."

"It's our wake-up call," he reminded her. "Time for me to go back to my own room."

She picked up the phone and dropped the handset back down again. "What if I don't want to let you go?" she asked, rubbing her lower pelt against his.

He felt the erection rising and had no desire to object. "Then I guess I'm helpless," he replied.

"Just the way I want you," she said. She teased his cock into full attack mode, then rode him until they both climaxed. They held each other until almost 5:00, then she reluctantly allowed him to return to his room.

He slid between his own sheets and rolled over a few times. The best way to make it appear that something happened, he reminded himself, is to actually do it — so he'd spend the last hour of the night lying quietly in his own bed. His thoughts were still in room 446, though, picturing the naked form of his lover as she slept.

At 6:30, he slipped back into room 446 for a final kiss. Her eyes opened as he leaned over her and she pulled him to her, making the kiss a lasting one. "Time for me to go," he told her. "My train leaves at 7:45, and I still have to return the rental car."

She nodded. "I'll stay for a bit." That was the plan: he was to leave early, and she to stay later.

He placed two folded 50-dollar bills on the night stand. "These are for your friend," he said. "To cover the room. Tell her I owe her one."

"We both do."

They looked at each other silently. "I've got another upgrade to do on the 17th," he told her. "In Hartford."

Hartford! Her ears perked up. In a little under three weeks, he'd be within a twenty-minute drive of her. An opportunity not to be missed. From somewhere in the back of her mind, she heard Audrey's voice: *the edge always comes back*.

"I can get free," she told him.

They kissed. "Until then."

Two hours later he sat on the train, staring out the window at the passing scenery. They'd been careful, he told himself, so there was no reason to suspect anyone was the wiser. No reason not to go ahead and do it again. And again, and again, if need be.

Eventually, he knew, he was going to have to stand up to his wife. And she to her husband. Until then, though, they would do what was necessary to keep the edge off — just enough meet the immediate need.

-wg
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