



Branche Olive

book two

Baby's Breath

SATISH

by Tracy Leung

# *Branche Olive – Baby’s Breath - Satish*

*by Tracy Leung*

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## Satish

“Do you have the interrogatories for the Mayberg case?” Peter suddenly appeared in the doorway making Satish jump.

“Er, yes,” Satish frowned as he shuffled papers on his desk. He carefully covered the file he was reading. “I can bring it over in... 2 minutes?” He looked up with a smile at his boss. Peter hesitated for a second then nodded and thumped his hand on the door frame as he walked away.

Satish sighed in relief. He glanced back down at the lease in the file he was reviewing. Real estate wasn't his strong point and he was struggling to get through it. The lease was remarkably different than last years and he wondered if all the effort was worth it for a summer rental. He wasn't looking forward to the hours of confinement on the Jitney again.

It started as a couple of weekends last year with his occasional racquetball partner Greg. Greg's personality lived up to his name. He was gregarious. He was loud and funny. The life of the party. He was also usually broke, having spent more than his 6 figure salary on excesses. He liked hanging out with Satish. Satish was quieter, and more refined with his exotic good looks and British accent. It made him a good wingman and helped that he was generous with his healthier bank account.

“She's so hot,” Greg leaned towards Satish into the narrow bus aisle. “Tall, thin, blonde. Real blonde, I checked.” he laughed, smacking Satish in the shoulder. Satish managed an embarrassed wince and smile. “Seriously,” Greg continued. “She has these fabulous tits.” He cupped his hands in front of him. “She's got a big mouth though. It does come in handy,” Greg paused for effect. “If you know what I mean.”

Yes, Satish thought to himself, EVERYONE on the bus knows what you mean. Greg grinned, oblivious to Satish's discomfort, pleased with the attention. A few men shared a fraternal nod while a couple of women scowled and rolled their eyes. By association they shot dirty looks at Satish too.

Satish sat back in the seat and half listened to Greg regale the bus with his exploits. He leaned his head against the window and watched the landscape change from a bustling highway to narrow tree-lined roads. Every now and then he could spot a fleeting glimpse of the ocean through the buildings. When the bus stopped to let people off Satish nudged Greg.

“Next stop, mate.” Satish tried to get Greg's attention. Greg was busy talking to two women in the row behind them. Satish half stood in the confines of the window seat and pushed his way passed Greg to retrieve his bag from the overhead railing. Greg was getting nowhere with his flirting.

“I'm getting off here, Greg.” Satish managed to interrupt him. “Catch up with me later.”

Greg stopped suddenly. “No, wait. I have to go with you. You have keys,” He pulled his bag down and quickly followed Satish off the bus.

“Keys?” Satish squinted at the setting sun. He turned to Greg. “Where are your keys?”

Greg’s face broke out in an impish grin.

“Oh for fucks sake, Greg!” Satish exclaimed. He turned on his heel to walk away from the bus stop. “I’m not going lose the security deposit because of the ‘guests’ you eagerly surrender your keys to!” He suddenly realized that he didn’t know Greg very well.

Greg trotted after Satish. “Hang on Satish. You’ll like Lindsey. She’s really nice.”

“I, you know. It’s... Oh, forget it,” Satish was too tired to argue. He had been in court all day and then had to go back to the office for a meeting. He barely made it in time for the bus. All he wanted to do was have a drink and try to relax.

Satish ignored Greg as they waited for the receptionist at the car rental counter. He barely acknowledged him as they signed the rental agreement. When Greg offered to drive, Satish just grumbled at him.

Greg launched in to a nervous babble as they drove the short distance to their summer cottage. He tried valiantly to cheer up Satish.

“Bloody hell,” Satish grumbled as they pulled in to the driveway. Every light was on in the cottage and they could hear music playing. “You’ve got to be kidding me,” he jolted the car to an abrupt stop. Greg raced up the porch steps ahead of Satish. He let out an embarrassed chuckle as the door opened before he touched it.

“Greggy!” A buxom blonde shrieked in the doorway. She threw her arms around Greg and pulled him close for a kiss. Satish grunted and walked passed them in to the house. He marched up the stairs without looking back.

A moment later Satish let out a bellow, “GREG! Get up here now!”

Greg frowned and looked at the woman in his arms. She blinked at him and shrugged.

“What the fuck is this?” Satish shouted when Greg found him in the master bedroom. Greg looked around the room at the explosion of dresses, shoes and make up. “I pay extra rent for this room. I’m not just going to surrender it to you and your bimbo!”

Greg held his hands up nervously. “Hey, it’s a misunderstanding. I was in this room last week when you weren’t here. I forgot to tell her to switch.” He hurried Satish out of the room. “I’ll take care of it.”

Satish went in to the kitchen and found a second woman stirring something at the stove. Before he could say anything Greg walked in with the blonde in tow. “Ah, well,” Greg smiled in spite of himself. “This is Monica and you met Lindsey.”

Lindsey cackled “Satish? Anybody call you Sat?”

Satish tried to hide his annoyance. “Eh, no.”

Monica wiped her hand on a kitchen towel and offered it to Satish. “Nice to meet you.” She was smaller than Lindsey with short black hair. She had a pleasant smile with bright blue eyes. “I take it you didn’t know we were coming?”

Satish smiled and shook his head. “Typical Greg.”

Monica grinned back, “Typical Lindsey.” She studied Satish’s face for a moment. “Well, one advantage to us getting here early...” Monica opened the fridge. “Drink?”

Satish took a long sip from a bottle of beer. “Ah, that’s good.” The blissful moment was interrupted by a shriek and a giggle from upstairs.

Monica kept a straight face as she sipped her drink. “Where do you know Greg from?”

“Just from the gym. We play racquetball sometimes.” They were interrupted again by grunting in increasing volume and frequency. Satish watched Monica’s reaction as she blushed slightly. “Maybe we should take these outside?”

Satish held the back door open for Monica. They stood on the deck and smiled at each other as the door closed behind them, muffling the sounds from within. It made Monica giggle.

Satish had to grin. “Where did you and Lindsey meet Greg?” He was glad to have the company. Greg’s conquests usually left Satish on his own.

“Um. I work with Greg. Last week he asked me if I wanted to come out to the Hamptons with him. I said yes and brought Lindsey along.” She shrugged. For a moment she looked sad. “Lindsey lives in my building. We met when she locked herself out of her apartment one night. She was sitting on the hallway floor, crying. I let her in to my place so she could use the phone. We had to wait for an ex-boyfriend to come over with her spare key.”

Monica grinned. “It’s been two years. I’m still waiting for her to get her act together.”

Suddenly Lindsey and Greg appeared in the kitchen.

“That was quick,” Monica muttered.

Satish sprayed his beer out in laughter.

Greg smiled to see that Satish's mood had improved. Lindsey managed to look smug and disappointed at the same time.

They sat on the back deck to eat dinner. The girls made a spicy seafood stew. They drank the last of the beer. "We'll have to do some shopping tomorrow," Satish said as he evaluated the supplies. "There won't be enough for all four of us."

"Ha," Lindsey snorted. "I'll be on the beach. I bought a new bathing suit." She ran her hands over her breasts. "I expect to get some sun."

Greg leered at her. "I expect you'll get more than sun." He reached over and tweaked Lindsey's nipple. The two of them started groping and pawing at each other.

Satish cleared his throat loudly. Greg pulled Lindsey's hand from his pants and led her out of the room.

"G'night Mon and Sat!" Lindsey cackled. "Have fun you two!"

Surprise registered across Satish's face.

Monica smiled at him. "Don't worry. I had the sense to pick the spare room."

"Ok," he stood up. "I'll see you in the morning." He opened the backdoor to the sounds of grunting. He looked back at Monica and closed the door.

"I think I should give them a minute." Satish let out a dramatic sigh then opened the door again. The grunting had stopped.

Monica let out an uproarious laugh.

Satish grinned. "'Night."

Satish and Monica spent the rest of the weekend dodging the momentary bouts of grunting from Greg and Lindsey. The four of them sat out on the beach together and had dinners on the deck. On Sunday night they closed up the house for the week and took the bus back to the City. Greg and Lindsey sat together making plans for the next weekend.

Satish looked across the aisle at Monica. "Will you come out too?"

"Sure," Monica smiled back.

Over the next couple of weekends they all fell in to a routine. Greg and Lindsey continued their rapid and loud couplings. Satish and Monica retreated to the deck or the beach to avoid them. One evening it rained heavily. The four of them ate dinner in the small dining room and watched the horizontal rain hit the back windows.

When Greg coaxed Lindsey upstairs Monica shot Satish a look. He grinned at her. “Music maybe?” Satish put on the stereo. “Jesus,” He went over to the backdoor. “Look at the sky.”

Monica stood next to Satish watching the wind whip around. The music on the stereo wasn’t loud enough to drown out the noises from upstairs. Satish found himself getting warmer. He suddenly realized how closely Monica was standing next to him. He turned to her just as she looked up at him. He couldn’t tell if the pounding in his ears was the storm, the noises from upstairs or his own pulse in his head. He was about to put his hand on Monica’s cheek when there was a brilliant burst of light and then a shuddering boom.

“Oh my god!” Monica yelled as they both jumped in shock. “Holy fuck!” She burst out laughing. “That scared the shit out of me!”

“Mon!?” Lindsey raced halfway down the stairs. “What the fuck was that!?” She was completely naked.

“Lindsey!” Monica shrieked at the sight of her friend’s immodesty. “It was just lightening.” She looked at Satish for his reaction.

“God dammit,” Lindsey exclaimed. “The noise frightened the hell out of Greg. I was about to... well, you know, but the noise shot him right off the bed. I’m going to see if I can get him up again to finish me off.” With that declaration she marched back upstairs.

Monica looked at Satish again. He watched with wide eyes as Lindsey bobbed away. He glanced back at Monica and burst out laughing with her. Their laughter escalated when grunting and banging noises resumed upstairs.

“Oh my god,” Monica gasped for air.

Satish quickly opened the back door and pulled her out on to the deck with him. “There,” he shouted through the pouring rain. “We can’t hear them!”

Monica squealed and swatted at Satish. He grabbed her wrists and held them against his chest. They stood there, pressed together, soaking wet. Satish tilted his head down to kiss Monica. She met his kiss, gently at first, then hungrily.

“Oh,” Monica said suddenly, stepping away from him. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t.” She looked at Satish’s surprised face briefly before racing back inside.

Satish let himself in through the back door after an early morning run on the beach. He found Greg in the kitchen buttering a bagel.

“Hey,” Greg nodded.

“Morning,” Satish noticed freshly made coffee in the pot. “You’re up early.”

“Mthrp,” Greg swallowed a mouthful. “Yeah, took Monica to the bus stop. Picked up bagels,” he motioned with his elbow at the bag on the counter. “Help yourself.”

Satish looked at his watch. It was 10am. “Monica left?” He frowned slightly. “Why did she leave so early?”

“Dunno. She woke up Lindsey this morning to say she needed to get back to the City.” Greg smirked and looked up at Satish. “What did you do to her?”

Satish shrugged. “I didn’t do anything.” He thought to himself, it was just a kiss.

“Maybe that’s the problem, dude.” Greg wiped the back of his hand across his mouth. “Gotta give the women what they want.” Greg stood up and dusted the crumbs from his shirt. “Like that Lindsey.” he gestured to the ceiling. “That woman is insatiable. We’re at it like bunnies.”

Satish muttered, “Quick like a jack rabbit.”

“Hrmm?” Greg raised an eyebrow.

“I said, ‘Good on ya mate’,” Satish clapped him on the shoulder. “It must be my accent.”

Satish took the bus back to the City on his own, leaving Greg and Lindsey to their cacophony.

During the week Satish had a date with an occasional lover. They had dinner together as a matter of formality and naturally made their way to her place for a quickie.

Satish kissed Eva’s neck as her hands clutched his shoulders. Her hips rose off the bed to meet his thrusts. She had her eyes closed and her mouth slightly open.

“Is it good?” Satish whispered.

Eva panted, “Mmm.”

Satish slowed down and shifted his hips back to make a different movement. “And this, is it good?”

“Yes, yes.” Eva kept her eyes closed.

“And now?” he sped up. Eva put her hands on Satish’s hips.

He stopped suddenly. “Does it really feel good?”

“Hrm, wha?” Eva squinted at him. “Don’t stop.”

“No really, Eva. Am I any good?” Satish stared down at her.

“You idiot,” Eva put her foot on Satish’s thigh and pushed him off of her. “What the fuck is wrong with you?”

Satish hissed as Eva climbed on top and abruptly sat down. She planted her hands on his shoulders and raised herself slightly.

“If you weren’t any good you wouldn’t be here.” she made gyrations with her hips and watched Satish’s eyes roll back in his head. “If you’re going to say stupid things at least have the common sense to be a good fuck.”

Satish checked his watch again. He wasn’t going to make the usual bus. He sent Greg a text message telling him to get the rented car without him. He would hopefully get on a later bus. It was almost 9 by the time Satish got to the bus stop on Lexington Avenue. It was much more expensive than the earlier fares, but far more luxurious. The driver asked him where he was getting off as he boarded. Satish texted Greg and asked him to meet the bus at the other end around 11.

Satish sank in to the deep leather seat in the nearly deserted bus, and promptly fell asleep. He woke with a start as the bus driver gently shook him. He looked around for a few seconds, not sure where he was. Out of the window he could see Greg standing against the car kissing a woman with a black and white beehive hairdo.

“There he is,” Greg smiled and reached out to shake Satish’s hand. “This is Molly.” Greg put his arm around her waist.

“How you doing, sugah?” Molly had a southern drawl. She was very pale except for a colorful tattoo that covered her whole left arm, over her shoulder and to the top of her cleavage. To complete the ensemble she wore a very short dress and dramatic make-up that framed grey-blue eyes.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Satish,” he offered his hand. Molly’s fingers were small and cold.

“Oh, what an accent!” She turned to Greg. “Sugah, you didn’t tell me he had an accent.”

Satish rode the short distance to the cottage in the back of the car while Molly enthused about the ‘biggest houses she ever did see’. Greg smiled at Satish in the rear view mirror.

When they got to the cottage Molly excused herself and went upstairs with a “G’night y’all!”

Satish stared at Greg. “So, no Lindsey?” And no Monica, he thought to himself.

Greg shrugged with a smile. “They said they couldn’t make it.” He patted Satish on the shoulder. “Hey, I think Molly has a friend.”

“Don’t you fucking dare!” Satish called out to him as Greg disappeared up the stairs. He sat at the kitchen table and took a sip of the beer he really didn’t want. Suddenly he heard thumping from upstairs.

After a few choruses of “Oh gawd” and “lordy!” he stepped out on to the back deck. In the warm air of a late summer evening he felt lonely.

Satish overslept. It was almost noon by the time the smells of baking from the kitchen woke him. He went down to find a remarkably different Molly. The beehive hairdo was apparently a wig. She was sporting a white bob cut instead. She was also less shocking in Greg’s t-shirt, and only his t-shirt Satish noted. She turned around when Satish came in the room.

“Hi sugah. D’ya want some coffee?” Molly poured him a mugful. Satish was suddenly reminded of an old diner waitress. She had a pretty face without all the make-up. “There wasn’t much in the kitchen, but I did rustle up some good ole fashioned Southern biscuits.” She put a plate full on the table with a tub of butter. “I made them with the milk that was going sour, so ya’ll got to take your coffee black.”

All Satish could do was smile.

Molly put a few biscuits on another plate. “I got to go take these upstairs to wake up, um ...” she hesitated.

“Greg?” Satish grinned.

“Greg! Yes. Thank you sugah,” she grinned back at Satish. “He said he was going to take me to, wassit called, Anagasnet?”

Satish laughed “Amagansett. That’s further east.”

Molly smiled and nodded “Ama –gan-sett.” She smoothed down the front of the t-shirt. “I hope my dress has dried, or else I’m going to have to borrow pants too from ... Greg!” she made a finger pistol at Satish.

He chuckled with her. “Where did you meet Greg?”

“Oh, last night. I was on the bus from the City with him and I got off at the wrong stop.” She shrugged her shoulders. “I was meant to be going to Ama-gan-sett to surprise my husband.” Molly poured another cup of black coffee. “I reckon I best be getting out there to see him then.” She nodded and winked at Satish.

Moments later Greg could be heard grunting. Satish got up from the table and went out to the deck. He took out his phone and send off a text message to Eva. They rarely saw each other during the weekends. Their casual relationship was better suited to weeknight dinner and sex

with no stay overs. For some reason he asked her if she wanted to come out that evening to spend the night. Her reply was quick and short. 'No thanks. Some other time.'

Molly stepped out on to the deck to say goodbye to Satish. She looked out of place in the short dress now. Much older and smaller at the same time. "It was nice to meet you, sugah." She gave Satish a peck on the cheek.

Satish shot Greg a look.

It was hours later when they met each other in one of the bars. Satish noticed Greg's bloody knuckles first and then his developing black eye. Greg shrugged. "She didn't tell me she had a husband."

Greg tried in vain to get female sympathy for his black eye. Satish was luckier. He took a woman named Shelly back to the cottage. It wasn't long before they were naked in bed and Satish was sinking on to her. Shelly purred in his ear, warm words of encouragement. Satish closed his eyes and thought of the other women he slept with. Shelly started moaning. He moved his hips the way Eva liked it. He wondered what Monica would like. Shelly gripped him by the shoulders. Satish pushed the thoughts out of his head and slammed in to the sensations taking over.

Satish was melancholy on the bus back to the City. He always felt empty after a one night stand. Sometimes he even felt empty after being with Eva. He needed to do something.

He made plans for Eva to meet at his place. She had only been to his apartment once. She preferred to be at home and not have to get dressed and leave after sex.

Satish rushed home to make sure everything was in place for the evening. He hired a private caterer to prepare and serve dinner for them. He had the table set up in front of the wall-to-ceiling windows in the living room. They could look out over Central Park during dinner.

Eva was still in a business suit when she got to Satish's apartment. He was wearing a tuxedo. It didn't occur to Eva that she should change. She blinked in surprise at the arrangement in the living room. They had a very elegant dinner. Eva regarded Satish with a watchful eye. There was something different about him. Satish nodded slightly and a waiter appeared to clear the table. He dimmed the lights and put on some music. Eva took his hand and danced slowly with him for a few minutes.

Satish carefully waltzed Eva in to his bedroom. She glanced at the bed and automatically started removing her clothes.

Satish frowned. "Wait." He reached for her hand.

Eva stripped down to her panties. "Don't you want me?" She stepped forward and cupped the front of Satish's pants.

Moments later they separated, breathing heavily on the bed. Eva ran her fingers under her eyes to wipe away the sweat and makeup. She rolled towards Satish to kiss his cheek and then she got out of bed.

“Where are you going?” Satish sat up. He had a scratch on his neck where Eva enthusiastically grazed him. Eva didn’t look back as she picked up her clothes from the floor. “Stay, please.”

She looked over her shoulder at Satish. “Stay? We never stay.”

Satish ran his hands through his hair. “Well why not? Why don’t you stay?” He patted the bed next to him. “Come back. Let’s fuck some more and fall asleep. We’ll have breakfast ...”

Eva cut him off. “Breakfast? Satish, that is not who we are. I fuck you, you fuck me. That’s it.” Her face softened when she saw the look on his face. “Satish, I’m sorry. I can’t give you more than that.” Eva gave him a soft kiss on the mouth. “I’ll call you.”

There it was. Those words, when uttered, mean the exact opposite. Satish sighed and smiled. Eva let herself out. Satish curled up in bed with that familiar empty feeling.

“**W**hat do you think, Sat?” Lindsey looked over at Satish. “Sat? Sat?” She pouted at Greg. “He’s ignoring me.”

Greg smiled. “Satish?”

Satish snapped out of his daydream. “Oh, sorry. I was miles away.” He smiled sheepishly at Lindsey. “Were you talking to me?”

Lindsey glared at him. Greg chuckled. “Want to hit some clubs tonight? We should do that at least once while we’re out here.”

“Um, sure.” Satish was distracted again. In the distance he could see Monica on the beach, coming out of the sea. “I, um. Yeah, sounds good,” he said quickly as he sprinted down the steps to the sand.

Monica saw Satish jogging over and covered her head in a towel to dry her hair.

“Hey,” Satish called out. “Monica?”

Monica moved the towel from her head. Her short hair was tousled and flattened on one side. She couldn’t help but smile at the earnest look on Satish’s face.

“You ok?” Satish used his hand to block the sun from his eyes. “I didn’t see you at breakfast.”

“Yep.” Monica turned to kneel on the blanket in front of them. “I like coming out for a swim in the morning before the crowds descend.”

Satish hesitated then crouched down on the sand. Monica patted the spot beside her and he sat gingerly at the edge.

They were quiet for a few minutes, watching the waves foam and then glisten. Seagulls circled them briefly then positioned themselves close by for potential food scraps.

“You ok?” Satish asked again.

Monica sighed. “Yeah. Sorry about that last time. I am... It’s just that,” she stammered slightly. “I was just surprised.”

Satish watched Monica’s expression. She was frowning and didn’t make eye contact.

“Fucking things.” Monica exclaimed as she kicked sand at a seagull.

Satish’s gaze travelled from Monica’s foot up her body. She had a petite, athletic frame with a late summer tan. Her skin was prickled with goosebumps. Her small breasts puckered dramatically under her bathing suit. Monica sat up and pulled another towel out of her bag to wrap around her shoulders. She noticed the bulge in Satish’s shorts and protectively pulled her legs in closer.

“Greg and Lindsey want to go out to some clubs tonight.” Satish broke the silence.

“Mmm,” Monica nodded. “We went to some great parties last year.”

“Oh, you and Lindsey were here last year?” Satish spent the last summer in London and France with Rajesh, his wife Ayati and Simon, Rajesh’s lover. Satish kept Ayati company.

Monica shrugged the towel off her shoulders. “No, last year I was here with Greg.” With that declaration she stood up and made a few steps towards the water. “Want to come in for a dip?”

Satish blinked in surprise. He nodded and took his shirt off. He unclipped his watch and tucked it in to his shoes. He hesitated for a moment to watch Monica walk away from him. With a shake of his head he ran off in to the water with her.

They swam parallel to the shore for a few minutes. Monica made a sudden turn and splashed Satish.

“Hey!” he called out in mock distress and splashed her back. The two of them frolicked like children until they were breathless from laughter. Monica had her hand on Satish’s bicep to steady herself against the waves. In one smooth gesture he pulled her close to his chest. The motion of the water made Monica lean in to Satish. Her brow furrowed as Satish’s obvious interest rubbed against her.

“Monica?” Satish said softly. He had his fingers on her chin, trying to tilt her head up to his, trying to make eye contact.

The noise of some nearby children broke the mood. Monica moved away from Satish quickly and stared at him for a few seconds. She looked away and then walked out of the water.

Satish let out a big sigh. He turned slowly to face the horizon and let the waves break against his shorts. When the cold water dulled his passion he joined Monica back on the blanket.

“I’m...” Monica whispered. She looked at Satish anxiously.

Satish smiled. “Now then,” he stood up. “Shall we go have lunch?”

Monica grinned back and nodded. They walked back to the cottage discussing fast food options.

“I’m in the mood for hotdogs.” Monica half skipped in the sand.

“Oh, I could murder a pork pie.” Satish rubbed his hands together.

Monica laughed. “A what? A pork pie? A pie, with pork?”

“Oh, come on. You’ve never heard of a pork pie?! They’re gorgeous. With a nice pint, mmm.” He laughed at Monica’s bewildered expression. “Oh, don’t worry. I’ll get you one someday.”

Monica’s face dropped. She looked away quickly to try to hide her reaction. Satish raised an eyebrow but didn’t say anything.

They stepped in to the silence of the cottage and quickly realized that Greg and Lindsey were out. Monica looked around nervously.

“Let’s go get you those hotdogs.” Satish tried to stabilize Monica’s mood. He decided not to pursue anything as it clearly made her uncomfortable.

They went for a short ride in the rented car to a nearby collection of street vendors. Satish pulled in to the parking lot and Monica pointed excitedly at a hot dog truck. She ordered for both of them, insisting on “the works.” They both laughed at the messy attempts to take whole bites.

Monica looked over at Satish as he obsessively tried to get the mustard and ketchup off his hands.

He spotted her watching him. “It’s growing back every time I wipe it off!” He let out an exasperated sigh. “Well now I’m going to need a good hosing off.”

“Yes,” Monica smiled. “Let’s go back before the seagulls get you.”

Satish drove the wrong direction out of the parking lot and had to travel a few minutes down a narrow street before he could turn around. It took him several attempts at a U turn before they were heading the right way.

“You don’t get to drive much in the City?” Monica teased gently.

“Well, I don’t drive in the City at all,” Satish was slowing down to read street signs at some of the intersections. “And in London we had a driver but I usually took the Underground.”

“You have a driver?” Monica raised an eyebrow.

Satish glanced at Monica quickly. “My father has drivers. My brother inherited all that. I got an apartment in the City.” He made a turn down a familiar street. “Ah, there we are.”

Monica looked up at the cottage. It was still and quiet. She looked over at Satish and he smiled back.

They let themselves in the front door. Monica fretted in the silence.

“I think I’ll go shower,” Satish said softly. “Do you know what time we’re likely to head to the clubs?”

“Not too late.” Monica checked her watch. “Around 10.”

Satish nodded and headed up the stairs to the master bedroom. He made it to the edge of the bed and managed to pull his t-shirt off when there was a gentle knock at the door.

He blinked in surprise at Monica as she strode over to stand close to him.

“I don’t know if I can...” She blinked slowly and reached up to touch Satish’s cheek. “But I think I’d like to try.” She tiptoed slightly to kiss Satish.

Satish hesitated. Monica stepped back and stared at him. While holding his gaze she removed her t-shirt, then her shorts. She reached back and undid her bathing suit top and let that fall to the floor. Monica took a step towards Satish and he grabbed her by the waist to pull her close. They broke from a deep kiss, panting. Satish kissed Monica’s neck and shoulder. They were still salty from the sea. Monica fumbled with the cord on Satish’s shorts. With a determined yank they sank to his feet.

Satish ran his hands down Monica’s back to the waistband of her bikini. It was the only thing she still had on. He slipped his fingers inside the fabric to cup her bottom.

“Mmm,” Monica mumbled and pushed Satish away firmly. He sat on the bed with a thump and looked up at her.

“You ok?” Satish reminded himself to slow down.

Monica answered him by pushing her breast at his mouth. She let out a gasp and then a sigh as his tongue made gentle rotations around her nipple.

Satish switched to the other breast and lavished it with the same gentle coaxing. When he flicked the nipple Monica let out a moan. He gradually changed the soft licking to firm sucking. He flicked her nipple once more and Monica gasped loudly. She stood back to look at him. His lips were dark and full from kissing. His eyelids blinked slowly. She touched his face gently and took a step back.

Satish raised an eyebrow as Monica pulled her bikini off. She was completely smooth and remarkably without a tan line. Monica surprised him with a smile. "Tanning bed."

She stepped close enough for Satish to grab her by the waist and lower her on to the bed. "Ok?" he whispered."

Monica nodded and put her hands in his hair.

Satish gave her a gentle kiss on the mouth and then her chin. He licked one of her breasts and then blew a puff of air to make the nipple pucker. He grinned at Monica and covered her small breast with his mouth again. After a few minutes of alternating licks and sucks he could sense Monica's hesitation waning. He made a deliberate flick of his tongue before moving to kiss her stomach. With deliberate haste he made a beeline for the smooth area between her legs.

He nuzzled one of her thighs with his nose. "Ok?" he looked up at her face.

Monica didn't answer. She opened her legs slightly and put her hands behind her head.

Satish nuzzled the other thigh with his nose and carefully kissed his way to the center. He made one cautious sweep of his tongue over the soft crease. Monica moaned and let her legs fall apart. Satish repeated the gesture, firmer and deeper. Monica shifted slightly on the bed. Satish smiled to himself. He was comfortable here. He knew what to do here.

He slowly inched one hand under Monica's bottom. With the other hand he used a finger to explore. He licked her yielding skin and then copied the motion with his finger. He traced the soft inner folds with his mouth making them wet. Monica responded to each gesture. When he slowly extended a wet finger she gasped.

"Oh," Monica wriggled on the bed.

Satish looked up and firmly planted his mouth on the sensitive groove above his finger.

"Shit," Monica gasped as Satish licked and sucked. "Oh god," she grunted as he moved his finger slowly.

Satish listened to Monica's breathing, to her raspy exclamations. He could feel her body tensing under his touch. He sped up the rhythmic movements slightly and Monica growled.

He made a quick rotating flick with his tongue and then swept over one spot back and forth until Monica started to writhe on the bed.

"Oh," she grunted. "No. Stop."

Satish hesitated.

"Stop, please." Monica panted and moved away from him. Her body was heaving with the excitement.

Monica covered her face with her hands and let out a sob.

"Hey, hey," Satish rushed to comfort her. "Come on," he gently moved her hands to look at her. "It's alright."

Monica scurried off the bed, staggering to her feet. She looked at Satish's confused expression and burst in to tears.

"Monica!" Satish called out as she grabbed her clothes and ran naked out of the room. He sat up in the bed and wondered what the hell just happened.

Greg gestured at Satish from across the dance floor. The music was too loud to have a conversation through yet Lindsey and Monica were huddled in a corner whispering together.

"What's that about?" Greg shouted over the din pointing his beer bottle towards the woman.

Satish shrugged.

They danced together as couples a few times. Monica wouldn't make eye contact. Satish looked over at a commotion to see Greg in the middle of it. He was shoving a man away from Lindsey. In a flash he was surrounded by a group of men. One of them held Greg back by the arms and another punched him in the stomach. By the time Satish made it to his side Greg was on the floor and the guys were walking away.

Lindsey knelt next to Greg, crying. "I'm sorry Greg." She looked up at Satish. "I have to go. I'm sorry."

She met Monica at the edge of the bar and said something to her quickly, just before one of the men escorted her out.

Monica rushed over to help Satish with Greg. They drove back to the cottage in silence. In two weeks Greg managed to get in to two fights over women. They tucked Greg in to bed and stood awkwardly in the hallway.

“That was her brother and one of her exes,” Monica whispered. “Lindsey said she thought she saw one of their friends the last time we were out here.” She shook her head. “Everybody knows everything about you when you come out here. They were apparently watching Greg and he was with someone else last week.” Monica stared at Satish for a moment. “I guess they feel she deserves better.”

Monica lingered for a few seconds. She looked up at Satish sadly. “Goodnight Satish.” She turned and went to bed.

It was late afternoon when Greg thumped into a kitchen chair. He groaned. “God, I feel awful.” He looked around the room at Monica and Satish. “What the fuck happened last night?”

Satish filled Greg in on his incredible misfortune. He was luckily too drunk to have put up too much of a fight, so he got away with a single punch. He was luckily too drunk to remember. Monica just sat and listened to the whole recount.

“Well, the season has to have some drama in it, huh?” Greg smiled. He turned to Monica. “At least we’ll have something to talk about at the office.”

Satish was surprised to see Monica’s face light up and explode into a grin.

They cleaned and packed up the cottage for the last time. Greg gave Satish his set of keys and joked about getting the security deposit back. They were all quiet on the bus ride back to the City.

As they took their bags off the bus they promised to call each other. Greg said they should grab another racquetball game soon. Monica was about to say something to Satish when Greg called her name. She hesitated then smiled at Satish before turning away.

Monica ran in to Satish downtown, by the courthouse. They stopped to have a few drinks. They spent hours talking and laughing. When they parted they made plans to meet again for dinner.

Satish grinned when he saw Monica. She was in a smart pantsuit and light jacket. The season was starting to change. The air was crisp and cool.

They had a long dinner, telling each other their life stories. Monica raised an eyebrow at Satish’s privileged upbringing. Satish smiled at Monica’s modest one.

Monica tiptoed to kiss Satish goodnight before heading down to the subway. He wasn't sure if he was getting the right signal so he didn't pursue anything. A few days later Monica called to see if Satish wanted to attend an art gallery opening with her. It was a corporate function and she was hoping to have his company.

Satish made it just in time after a long day at the office. He spotted Monica in a corner chatting to a few women. When he got to her side she pulled him close for a passionate kiss. The women with her shared knowing glances.

Monica looped her arm through Satish's and dragged him through the crowd. She introduced him to several people and laughed too loudly at his jokes. Satish noticed that Greg wasn't at the event. He had not heard from him since the summer cottage. He made a mental note to ask Monica about him later.

Satish dutifully said his goodbyes to Monica's coworkers as they left together. He understood now why she wanted him to come along. He turned to say something about it in the taxi when she kissed him full on the mouth. Moments later they were both panting. Satish pulled away from the kiss to make Monica look at him.

Monica simply smiled "Can we go to your place?"

The doorman watched Satish fumble with money and keys when the taxi pulled up in front of the building. Monica was pulling Satish's shirt up before they got to the elevator. By the time Satish got the key in the door she was on her knees with his pants open.

"Oh god," Satish hissed "come with me," he struggled to gather his pants and lead Monica by the arm to his bedroom. With little hesitation they both stripped all their clothes off.

Satish forgot any indignation he felt at being used earlier that evening. His body had been set afire by a passion that started months ago. Monica paused briefly before pressing herself in to Satish. They fell on to the bed, arms and legs reaching and grasping.

Satish held himself over Monica, about to slide against her when he noticed something in her eyes. "Are you ok?"

Monica forced a smile and nodded. She locked her leg around Satish's backside and pulled him on to her. Satish wanted to take his time and care with Monica. Monica had other plans and set out to finish quickly. She led Satish to a violently quick shudder. As he gasped for air he wondered if he had gotten there alone.

Satish and Monica met each other once or twice a week for a few months. When Christmas rolled around she invited Satish to a Christmas Party. He was oblivious to her motives and happily played the doting boyfriend. He met again some of Monica's coworkers. Many of them greeted him with a surprised handshake. He began to have the feeling that he was missing out on something.

Monica didn't return Satish's calls until after the New Year. She told him that she had to go out of town and didn't have phone service. He was upset and demanded to see her. He argued that they were in a relationship together. He told her she couldn't just disappear without telling him. Monica tried to calm him down and promised to come to his place later that evening.

Satish argued again that they never stayed at her place. Monica explained that her roommate had a new boyfriend over so she was staying at a friend's place. Satish would not be deterred. Monica gave in and texted the address to Satish.

It was a long, cold walk from the train station to the address Monica sent him. She greeted him outside the building and suggested that they go for dinner. Satish frowned.

"I don't want to go for dinner." he noticed that Monica seemed to be blocking the door. "Let's go inside, it's freezing out here."

Monica quickly glanced at her watch and smiled. "Ok, come on in."

The apartment was warm and clearly decorated by a man. There were athletic trophies on a mantelpiece and sports paraphernalia in the living room.

"Who's place is this?" Satish tried to look around but Monica grabbed him by the hand. "Why don't you just come and stay with me?"

"I think we should go to my room." Monica whispered in the empty apartment. She led Satish by the hand to a small bedroom. She giggled slightly and stepped close to him.

"You know," she whispered as she kissed him. "I don't think anyone has ever fucked in this bed."

Satish looked down at the twin bed. "I'm not surprised. It doesn't look big enough."

Monica sat on it and pulled Satish towards her by the waistband. She opened his pants and covered him with long wet kisses.

"Ok, ok," Satish panted. He was close enough that he needed to stop.

Monica stood and pushed him to sit on the bed. She prompted him to lay back and swing his legs around. Satish quickly removed his pants as Monica took off hers.

Satish held Monica by the hips as she threw one leg over him. She reached between them to gently guide herself. They had never been in this position. Usually Satish was on top. Usually Monica rushed him and he was almost positive she was faking it.

This time Monica sat down slowly. She leaned forward to kiss him briefly then moved to raise and lower her hips. Her movements were so slow and deliberate Satish struggled to hold himself

back. He watched as Monica grinded herself on to him, making noises she never made with him before. She gradually started moving faster with a determined look on her face.

“Come on,” Satish growled. “Let it go.” He was almost at the point of no return.

“Tell me you want me.” Monica panted. “Tell me this is what you want.”

“Oh god.” Satish moaned. “Yes.”

Monica shouted, “Tell me it’s my pussy you want. It’s me that you want.”

“Yes.” Satish grunted. “It’s you.”

“Say my name.” Monica shrieked. Her legs started to shake. “Say it!”

“Fuck. Monica!” Satish couldn’t hold back. Monica’s release sent shock waves through him.

They never heard the door open.

Monica looked over her shoulder at the light from the hallway. Satish was still panting at the experience and didn’t notice the man standing in the doorway.

“Oh shit.” was all Monica said. The door slammed shut.

Monica got off of Satish and ran out of the room.

Satish got dressed quickly to follow her. He found Monica crying on a couch in the living room and Greg pacing in front of her.

Fuck. “Mate,” Satish tried to talk to him. “I didn’t know.”

Greg just held up his hand to stop him. Satish turned and walked out of the apartment.

Satish’s secretary handed him a phone message. He went back to her desk to grill her about the person that called. The secretary said plainly that he should make the call himself to find out.

Monica waved at Satish from across the street. It had been months since the last time he saw her. She had let her hair grow in and had gained some weight.

“Hi,” she said breathlessly as she kissed him on the cheek. “Thanks for meeting me.”

They sat at a table near the window. Satish smiled. “I was surprised to get your call.”

“I felt I owed you an explanation.” Monica was interrupted by a waitress. She sipped her water and ordered a salad.

Satish watched her closely. “You don’t owe me anything.”

Monica shook her head. “Let me get this out.” She wrung the napkin in her lap.

“You’re a really nice guy, Satish.” Monica put her hand up when Satish groaned in protest. “No, I mean it. You’re very sweet. You’re the kind of guy a woman should fall in love with. The kind a woman would love to love.”

Satish frowned slightly. He wasn’t sure where she was going with this.

“I don’t why I wasn’t lucky enough to meet you first.” Monica sat back in her seat.

Satish noticed that she kept putting her hands on her stomach.

“Why did you really come to see me Monica?” Satish raised an eyebrow.

“Back when we were at the cottage with Greg... I’m very sorry about the mixed signals. We had such a great time and I really wanted to be with you.” Monica dropped her gaze to stare at the table. “And when I saw you again I realized that I didn’t want to miss my chance again.

“The last time I saw you... when we...,” Monica blushed again. “I wasn’t trying to hurt you. I didn’t really know what I was doing.”

She looked up at him with tear-filled eyes. “And I knew it wasn’t being fair to you. Or fair to him.” she sniffed loudly and shook her head.

She looked at Satish. “I wanted to hurt Greg. I wanted him to feel what it felt like. To be the laughing stock of a summer beach town or pathetic gossip fodder for a whole office.” She paused. “I really didn’t mean to get you that involved.”

“I’m sorry that I used you.” Monica said sincerely. “You deserve better Satish. You need to find someone to love that will love you back.”

“I’m in love with Greg. I have always been in love with him.” Monica tilted her head slightly. “I know it’s not easy loving him. We’re working on it. He’s getting better.”

Satish said softly. “Does he know?”

“Yes, I finally worked up the courage to tell him,” Monica chuckled. “We’re in couples counseling.”

“That’s not what I mean,” Satish gestured at Monica’s midriff. “Does he know?”

Monica blushed furiously. “No he doesn’t. And I might not tell him,” she frowned. “I might not have to tell him.”

Satish nodded at Monica. They finished their meal with a few more pleasantries. Monica gave him a kiss on the cheek when she left. Satish sat there for a while, lost in his thoughts.

Satish managed to find the Mayberg case in the piles on his desk. He took the lease for the summer rental and dropped it in the garbage can.

He contemplated several options. If he really felt like it he could call Eva. They saw each other less often these days, but she was still reliable for an evening. He wasn't sure he was prepared for the empty feeling that followed. He decided to grab a taxi and head home.