

In Case Life Gets In The Way

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Sadie falls for a married man.

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Sadie was a little too eager and had already started cooking dinner even though Mickey wasn't going to be home for a couple of hours. She felt like she couldn't sit upstairs in her apartment anymore, she was too anxious to have some time alone with Mickey. She'd been waiting two weeks for her to leave. It was unbearable to see him with her, to see him touch her. She had been able to appreciate the small moments they had had together; the touches in the kitchen where she couldn't see them. Every time Sadie felt his fingers caress her thigh she wanted to grab onto him, and hold onto every touch. The hidden moments they were able to sneak at work made her realise how much she wanted Mickey. It was the only thing that kept her waiting patiently until his wife returned to the United Kingdom. Nine thousand miles didn't seem far enough away. She appreciated the effort he went to to work close to her. It took some effort to make sure they were placed in hotels near each other so they could sneak away. It's not like they would have been getting much business anyways. That's the only thing that had stopped his wife from moving to Mexico. Unhappy with their life in the UK, Mickey had decided to move to Mexico and try to set up a life for them. The plan was that after a couple of months, or when they could afford for his wife to quit her well paid job, she would join him in Mexico. However nine months later, they were still living thousands of miles apart. While she was visiting Sadie would meet Mickey on the beach joining the hotels they were usually working at, trying to promote the scuba business they both worked for; the business they both hated. He would hold her out of sight from the other employees, those moments when he pulled her tightly against his chest, she never wanted him to let her go, and she thought he never would. It wasn't until his wife had visited, that Sadie really understood what their situation was. Up until then, it was so easy to ignore her existence. Except for the daily phone calls, he rarely mentioned her, and when he did, she didn't really seem like a real person to Sadie. Now Sadie had met her, and to make matters worse, she actually liked her. Sadie just hoped with the distance between them, she would actually have a chance with Mickey. Sometimes she thought about how absurd the situation really was, she hadn't known him all that long. What had it been at that point, six weeks? Eight at the most. She tried to think of the whole thing as a simple affair, but when she had taken the apartment above his, and started spending every night in his bed, it had ceased to be that. Sadie tried to keep her attention on the cooking she was doing. She had tried to make a special meal, but of course it wasn't turning out

that well. Not that Mickey would have minded, he would eat just about anything, especially if she made it for him. Still though, she was disappointed in how it was turning out. The kitchen was beginning to look like a mess, so she placed some of the dirtied dishes in the sink. It was days like that one when she missed her nice kitchen back home in London with fancy appliances, and a dishwasher. It had been so long since she had used one of those. She dropped a dollop of sour cream on the floor and grabbed a sponge to wipe it, but the pug was instantly at her feet gobbling the mess up, before the other two dogs could see it. She glanced down at the pug, and noticed it had gotten most of the sour cream on her snout. "Come here Missy, how much of that did you actually get in your mouth?" she asked, grabbing the dog by her collar and using the sponge to clean it's face. She definitely wasn't a dog person, she had grown up with two cats, but out of Mickey's three dogs, she had only taken a shine to the pug. She never really thought of it by it's name. To Sadie, it was always "the pug," as though it's species completely defined her. There wasn't much more Sadie could do for dinner. The sauces and desserts were both chilling in the fridge, the only thing left to do was to cook the chicken, and that was already in the frying pan. She still had plenty of time until Mickey returned from the airport, but she could always keep things warm in the oven. The oil started to spit and she could feel it against her hands. She tried to jerk back, but droplets still managed to land on her bare flesh. She sliced away a piece of a chicken and could see the dark pink begin to blend into the white fleshy meat. She placed it in the oven at a low temperature where it could keep warm, and finish cooking. There wasn't much else for her to do. For once, the house was clean; Mickey's wife was stuck at home most of the day and probably didn't have much else to do. Sadie felt a little bit jealous, that should have been her job. She should be the one keeping the house clean for Mickey. On the way to work once, Mickey had called Sadie his temporary wife. She had gotten angry, as though she was just a replacement while his wife was away. She expected to be cast aside one day. He had apologised, saying that's not what he had meant, but afterwards Sadie felt like she had something to live up to, like she had a role to play. She was just sitting down on the sofa, the pug sitting on her lap, when she heard a car pull into the driveway. It was only six, and Mickey still wasn't expected home for a while. She was beginning to get hungry, and was pleased to see that it was Mickey's car outside of their house. She tried to sit as casually as possible on the couch, when all she really wanted to was jump off the couch, run outside and have him wrap his arms around her. She walked over to the oven, where she could still see the front door, and pretended to check on the chicken, even though she already knew it was done. The walk from the car to the front door seemed to take for ever, but Sadie was so happy when he finally walked into the house. "Things smell good," Mickey said walking over to Sadie and giving her a quick kiss on the lips. As he pulled away, she grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him into her. She thrust her tongue into his mouth, and nibbled on his lip. "I've needed one of those," she said smiling. "I take it she's headed off already?" "I took her to the airport earlier this afternoon, since she needed to be there a couple of hours before the flight took off. I decided to try and go surfing on my way back." Mickey had tried to teach himself how to surf, but they were always working and rarely found the time to head to the beach. Sadie would usually go with him, and sit on the beach with one or more of the dogs. It was another thing she had

thought of as being one of their things, even though they had only done it a couple of times, he had probably done it just as many times with his wife while she was visiting. "How was it?" "The waves were as big as usual, and I didn't get up. Mostly sat on my board and watched everyone else." "I cooked some dinner for us, are you hungry yet? It's ready." She turned back to the meal. "Yeah, but I need to go out in ten minutes or so." Sadie was a little taken aback. He didn't really have many friends except for her, so she couldn't really imagine where he was going. "Where are you going?" "I need to go pick up some gear. I am feeling a little fucked up tonight and think I need it." It took her a few moments to realise what he meant, cocaine. "Oh," she said quietly, not even sure if Mickey had heard her. "Well we can have dinner afterwards, you won't be very long will you?" "No, should only be a couple of minutes." "Okay, I'll set the table while you go do that then," Sadie said, unsure if she wanted Mickey to notice the disappointment in her voice. He came up behind her and put his arms around her waist. She turned her head to meet his, and kissed him once again. When she was doing that, it was almost easy to forget that she was mad at him. "Okay, I will be back in a few minutes." As soon as she heard the door close, she picked the rubber spatula off the counter and threw it into the sink. She picked up a plate, and wanted to hurl it across the room, she didn't though. Instead, Sadie carefully placed it in the sink and ran some water over it. Sadie had only ever seen Mickey do coke once. It was the night after they first slept together. Well they didn't really have sex, neither of them had a condom, and she wasn't on any other form of contraception. They were both naked and in bed, and it had taken so much self restraint for her not to let him plunge himself deep inside her. She had awkwardly asked if he had a condom, and he said he hadn't thought of that. They hadn't planned do anything like that, it had just happened. The other day, Sadie had told Mickey that from the moment she saw him, she knew she wanted him, and had been so disappointed to see the wedding ring tattooed to his finger. She couldn't believe anything so mushy every left her lips, she was not a romantic person. When she learned of his marriage, she thought she had to settle with just being friends with him. She could do that, she had been fucking another guy, Roberto. As she started spending more time with Mickey, she began seeing less of Roberto. They would meet for a couple of hours, someplace where they could have deliciously kinky sex. Sadie never really felt the desire to spend the night with him. He wasn't much more than a fantastic fuck to her. She gradually began to spend every evening with Mickey, and her attraction to him grew, but she never let herself overstep that boundary. He had to be the one do it, and he did. One night after dinner they were watching a movie on his couch. Sadie tried to keep a good distance between them, but at some point he inched closer to her, and put his arm around her. Sadie thought it was odd, they had never really touched each other, except the night before when he had awkwardly hugged her goodnight. Mickey pulled Sadie into him, as though he wanted to cuddle. He nestled his head in between her neck and shoulder whilst rubbing her arms. Sadie felt frozen in place, she wasn't sure if it was a friendly hug or something more, she hoped it was much more. And it was. At some point he leaned down and kissed her. It felt so good. They eventually ended up together in his bed, naked and aroused. She couldn't bring herself to have sex without protection, so instead Sadie moved herself under the covers and ran her tongue along his shaft before taking the head of his cock between her lips. She flicked her tongue

along the underside of his prick whilst moving it in and out of her mouth. She had been surprised when she felt his sperm in her mouth. She left her mouth around his cock until it finished spasming. A little cum dribbled onto her lips and she wiped it away with her hand. She laid back down next to him, her head on his chest. They separated from each other and once Sadie thought Mickey was asleep, she had slipped her hand between her legs. It was still moist and she quietly rubbed herself, wishing she had just let him inside her. The next day she had bought condoms, and had placed one in her sweater pocket before heading to Mickey's for dinner. A few days earlier he had bought cocaine from some guy a co-worker theirs knew, but hadn't done it yet. It was the first time she had seen him do it. At the time she hadn't realised that it was because of how conflicted he must have felt. To be fair she had probably been equally as fucked up. She was involved with a married man. The day after she had phoned Roberto, and amongst some tears told him she couldn't see him anymore. There were tears, not because of ending things with Roberto, but because she felt guilty about what had happened with Mickey the night before and was worried about the mess she had gotten herself into. That night, Mickey did a large amount of coke, and Sadie stayed up all night with him. He offered some to her, but she told him that she didn't like it. She wasn't ready to tell him about her past with drugs. Mickey was uncharacteristically chatty, and almost gave Sadie his entire life's story. He oozed passion with everything that he spoke about, it was one of the things Sadie most admired about him. Until she had found scuba diving, she had never felt passionate about anything. When he had asked her to say more about herself, she just said she wasn't ready, and that was okay. They stayed up till six am listening to Michael Jackson, and Guns 'N Roses, but they never got to use that condom. She had forgotten what effect cocaine has on a man's erectile abilities. That was one of the reasons she had been so angry at Mickey. They had hardly touched each other in two weeks, and he was going to be doing coke all night. She had been thinking about that night for two weeks, and knew that it wouldn't be the night of love making she had envisioned. That was another word she had never though would leave her lips, but that's what it was with him, making love. It was never a good hard fucking like she had had with every other man she had been with. There weren't any whips involved, she was never tied into uncomfortable positions. He knew of her fetishes, but he was never a very sexual person. They just made love and she never felt like she could ask him for more. Mickey took a lot longer than ten minutes, when he walked back into the house, Sadie had set the table. Mickey gave her a kiss before sitting down next to her. "Thanks for making dinner it looks really nice what is it?" "Chicken, with a sort of ranch dressing and salad. Thought I would try something new since we always seem to have the same thing." "Are you saying you're bored of my burritos?" Sadie laughed, in truth, she wasn't even though they ate it a couple times a week. "This looks delicious. What did you do today?" They ate while Sadie told him about how bad work had been. It was probably their mutual dislike of their boss that had caused them to form such a strong friendship in the first place. Mickey didn't mention his wife, and Sadie began to feel like things were going to be back to normal. Dinner was eaten quickly and she put the dishes in the sink. She had thought about beginning to wash them, but after eyeing the mound decided she would leave them for Mickey to do in the morning, she had made dinner after all. "Ready for dessert?" She asked him. "You made dessert as well?" He seemed

genuinely surprised. "Of course. I made a peanut butter and chocolate mousse pudding," She said. "Since you're always eating Reese's peanut butter cups," she added making sure he understood the extra sentiment. "Thank you, sweetie." Up until then, Sadie had almost forgotten about being angry with Mickey for buying the drugs. The feeling immediately came back when he placed his half finished dessert back into the fridge and walked into the bedroom. She could hear him rummaging in the closet where they kept the scale. Sadie finished cleaning up the kitchen and went to sit on the couch. She put a Michael Jackson concert disc into the Dvd player and flicked it on. She had never really liked Jackson's music, but Mickey was constantly playing him, and she had begun to love him, purely because Mickey did. She was trying hard to be mad at him, but now it was pointless. She just wanted to spend time with him, regardless of what they were doing. She walked into their bedroom, and sat with her back against the wall. She drew her knees up to her chest, the short black dress she was wearing bunched around her thighs. She parted her legs slightly, hoping he would notice her underwear, but he didn't even glance at her. Mickey had taken off his shirt and shorts. All he was wearing were his boxers which clung tightly to his skin. It was the end of May, and the nights were no longer very cool. They were both sweaty, and the light breeze did nothing to cool them down. Sadie watched Mickey as he hunched over the glass scale on top of the bed. She took note of the sheets. They didn't look like they had been changed. Before his wife had come, they had spend two nights in her apartment so that Mickey would have clean sheets when she came. Sadie didn't remember any sheets in their communal washing machine, or hanging outside. Surely, they had fucked after not seeing each other after three months, not that she wanted to think about that. Mickey had said that he tried not to touch his wife when she was around them, and said something about not even touching her much when she wasn't around, not that Sadie really believed that. Mickey's muscles looked more defined as he hunched over the scale, his body looked more amazing if that were even possible. Sadie spread her legs a little further, and reached between them pretending to adjust her thong, not that her lover noticed. He continued playing around with the coke. Sadie began to dislike the silence and began babbling incessantly about anything she could think of. Partially, because she was worried that Mickey would bring something up about his wife. Mickey rolled a fifty peso note and snorted a line. He stood up and walked around the tiny bedroom. There was silence again, and this time Sadie didn't feel like she had anything to say to break the silence. She would leave that to Mickey. She was happy sitting still and watching him. "Do you want to make love tonight?" He asked, out of the blue. "Of course," Was this some sort of trick question? "Don't you?" "Yes, but..." He left the sentence hanging, and glanced at the white lines on the scale. "I thought you might want to as well. I was thinking we could maybe go buy some Viagra." "Okay." "If you're ready we can walk into town." Sadie pulled herself up and grabbed a sweater before leaving the house, forgetting that the nights had already begun to warm up. They walked silently into town and were hit with a multitude of pharmacies which were placed everywhere to provide drugs for foreigners. She never thought she would be buying Viagra from one of the seedy pharmacies at an exorbitant price. Locals tended to obtain their prescriptions elsewhere. Whenever they went anywhere, Sadie usually did the talking, as Mickey's Spanish was mediocre at best, but this time she decided it would be more amusing to watch her lover

try to muddle through the transaction. After being told he was being charged twenty dollars for two pills, Mickey turned to Sadie and said, "I'll get this." "Like hell you are," she thought. "There is no way I am spending my days wages on this. If you can afford to spend a hundred dollars on coke, then you are more than able to buy two bloody pills of Viagra." As he was buying the Viagra, Sadie stood away from the counter, not really wanting to be part of the transaction. Once completed, they exited the shop and walked back to their house. "I never thought I would be buying Viagra," Mickey said. He reached down and grabbed Sadie's hand. It surprised her, he had never held her hand in public before. Maybe it was the coke, that was making him risk being seen, or maybe he didn't care. They had both only been in Cabo for a few months, so neither of them knew very many people, but it was a small town and it wasn't unusual for them to run into people they knew. When they got back into the house, Sadie resumed her sitting position against the wall of the bedroom. The door to the bedroom was cracked, and she could see the pug trying to push it open. She reached over to open it, and closed it quickly, knowing the other two dogs would probably follow quickly. The pug quickly found a discarded pile of clothes and nestled into them. Mickey leaned over the scale once again and snorted another line. He stood up and began moving his fingers, as though he were clicking them together but no sound came from them. He started talking about his past. Sadie was able to tell the drugs were kicking in, because Mickey, usually a quiet man would talk incessantly whilst he was high. Sadie appreciated it though, it was never bullshit. Each sentence he said to her was something of value and took pressure off from her. Although, usually chatty she didn't always like to speak, and at that point in their relationship she wasn't ready to divulge too much of her personal life. When he stood and clicked his fingers, it made Sadie nervous. She wanted him to sit down and be still. She recognised the hand movement. It was something she had done herself, but not when she was high. It was usually when she wanted a fix, but that was far in the past; not as far as she wanted though. She stood up, and walked over to him. She was trying to follow what he was saying, but couldn't really. She put her hands on his waist and stood on her toes to reach his mouth. She gently bit his lip before sticking her tongue into his mouth. As she kissed him, she pulled him towards her so their pelvis met, god she was so wet, and he had hardly touched her. She pulled away, and her lips began to tingle, the coke which had gotten caught in his beard had rubbed off onto her. How she loved that feeling. "When are you going to take one of those pills?" She asked. "Oh, I almost forgot." He reached towards his leather jacket which he had put on the bed earlier, and took out one of the blue pills. "How long do you think it will take to work?" Sadie shrugged, "I have no idea, never been with anyone who has taken one." He placed it in his mouth and swallowed it dry. She hoped it would start working soon. She brushed her fingers on his waist briefly, and he grabbed them, then squeezed them before letting go. "Wait there," he said to her. "I want to try something again." Sadie stood there and waited as he walked over to one of the empty bags. He wiped his finger against the plastic, then walked over to her. He lifted her dress with his other hand and placed his cocaine covered finger against her clit and rubbed it gently, causing her to groan. "Feeling anything yet?" Mickey asked. Sadie shook her head. "Maybe it takes some time to work." On the previous night when he had taken the drugs, Mickey had tried to do the same thing, but had already licked the bag clean after sniffing all of the

powder. There wasn't really any effect, and the second time Sadie didn't really feel anything either. "Let me try with a little more," he said opening another bag. He struggled to open the bag, and had to use his teeth to loosen the knot. He dipped his finger into the cocaine and rubbed a generous amount on her clit. "Feel any different?" He asked continuing to rub her clit gently. Sadie shook her head again, "it feels good though." "The coke?" "No," she smiled. "Your touch." "Oh," he smiled, something she rarely saw him do and leaned down to kiss her. He stood awkwardly, an open bag of cocaine in one of his hands. His attention soon returned to it, and he poured the contents onto the scale. Sadie sighed, and returned her spot. She noticed the pile of clothes move as the pug buried herself further into it. It always amused Sadie how the pug would snore all the time, even when she was awake. Sadie looked at her watch noticing that it was earlier than she had thought, a little before midnight. She was already feeling tired, but knew it would be a long night. "He is such a dick head," Mickey began. "Who? Kenny?" She asked, referring to their boss. "Who else?" Although they both tried to avoid talking about work, they always came back to that topic. Sometimes she wondered if they really had much in common, outside of their love for diving. They were silent again, and Mickey resumed all concentration to forming two lines across the scale. He leaned down once again with the 50 peso note and snorted another line. He continued sorting the powder with his credit card, and started talking to Mickey without looking at her. "I just wanted to say something, in case real life gets in the way. I want you to know I love you." It was the last thing she had expected to hear. The entire setting seemed absurdly unromantic, he hadn't even looked at her. She was stunned, and her chest felt tight, as though she were going to cry. She wasn't going to of course she was just overwhelmed. She wasn't sure what to feel, or say for that matter. In the end she settled on two simple words, "thank you." She said it so quietly, she wasn't even sure if he had heard her. Was he expecting those three words back? She knew she wanted him, more than anything, but did she love him? She wasn't sure, and she didn't want to return those words. Maybe it was because she knew that she did love him, but was worried the drugs had made him say that. They eventually moved back into the living room, and the pug loyally followed right behind them. They settled on the couch. Sadie tried to cuddle up to him, but Mickey was moving too quickly. Eventually he couldn't sit down any longer and went to stand in the corner and fidgeted. Sadie felt almost lonely without him, she wanted to touch him every moment they were together, it was like a reminder that he was still there. She didn't know if he was always going to be. Time seen to drag by slowly. Her drowsiness made her feel like she was on drugs of her own. By three o'clock, the little pill hadn't kicked in, and she wasn't willing to wait any longer. Mickey had finished all of the cocaine, but was wired more than ever, and she knew it would be a while until he joined her bed. He took the second viagra and promised to wake her if it started working. It felt so good to be back in the bed she wanted to think of as theirs. She briefly thought about whether the sheets were clean or not, but decided not to dwell on it. She was there, his wife wasn't. She fell asleep quicker than she ever had before. Sadie awoke to Mickey getting into bed. She wasn't really sure if he had actually woken or not. She rolled onto her side and cuddled up to him. She was dazed, and briefly forgot about how much she wanted him inside of her. She pulled herself into him, and felt his hardened member against her thigh. She began to wake up a little, but with her eyes still closed,

she reached down and gently rubbed his hardening cock. Their lips met, and she continued to push herself into him as she slipped her tongue into his mouth. He reached around to her, and cupped her ass with one of his hand, while the other brushed her smooth pussy. His finger lightly circled her clit, Sadie grabbed his hand and pressed it against her little nub, wanting him desperately. She continued to kiss him as she moved her hands across his body. Each time her hand neared his pubic region, she would change directions moving her hand up to his chest. She wasn't ready to touch his prick yet, she wanted this to last longer than all of their other sexual experiences had lasted. She wanted Mickey to take his time pleasuring every part of her body, she wanted to feel as though he adored every part of her. Mickey slowly placed a finger inside Sadie and began moving it in and out very quickly. Sadie moved her pelvis, encouraging him to finger fuck her quickly. The next time her fingers neared his groin, she lightly touched his cock with the back of her hand, feeling it's hardness. She grasped it in her hands and moved it back and forth. She moved closer to him, so she could feel his cock against her stomach. They continued kissing, and Sadie could no longer wait any longer, she wanted him to plunge it deep inside of her. Sadie moved onto her back, pulling Mickey on top of her. She started guiding his cock to her entrance, but he surprised her, by pushing her away from him. Mickey began kissing her stomach and lowered himself so his face was in front of her cunt. He parted it with his hands, and started licking her clit. Sadie closed her eyes, and moaned. It was something he hadn't done with her yet. She enjoyed the feeling of him licking her, as he moved his fingers in and out of her dripping cunt, but she was too desperate to feel him pound her. She had her hands around his head, and pulled him so he was over her. He guided his cock into her, and gently entered her. She often had trouble accommodating his girth and he would have to move back and forth slowly until his cock entered her tunnel. Sadie pulled his mouth towards her and kissed him, as he began pumping her eagerly. She could feel herself nearing an orgasm as he started drilling her quickly, she just hoped she would be able to have one before he did. She reached down, and cupped his ass with her hands, forcing him deeper inside of her. She began to feel his cock pulse as his rhythm slowed and he came inside her. She wrapped her legs around him, and he kissed her deeply as she kept him tightly against her. Mickey pulled out and Sadie felt the wetness between her legs with her hand. She put her head against his chest once he laid down next to her. She wrapped an arm around his chest and rubbed her fingers against his skin, debating if she actually wanted to say those words to him. "I love you," she whispered almost hoping he didn't hear her. "I love you too," he whispered back before kissing the top of her forehead.