The Web

by Steele Diamond

The vibration of my cell phone on the nightstand shakes my brain awake. It always does. These are the times it bothers me most. When I am in that deep sleep. The kind of sleep you fall in, after you wake up the first time and then roll back over in the early morning. Or that deep comforting sleep you fall in right after an exhaustive round of lovemaking.

It was my wife. She always called before she left work at the restaurant. Without fail, so far. A lot of times she would switch shifts and close, meaning she wouldn't be home until one or later. After listening to her tell me just that, (the third time this week), I muttered something about it being ok. I was already in bed and would see her when she got home. I know she said she was closing. But I knew differently. She is the same type of woman, as the man I am.

I rolled back over and ran my hand over the small of Shelly's back, feeling her soft skin.

“Your wife,” she asked?

“Yeah,” she's closing again. “Can you stay a little longer?”

“No problem,” she purred. “My husband is out of town until Tuesday.”

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/steele-diamond/the-web»*
Copyright © 2012 Steele Diamond. All rights reserved.