

Peep Show

Sample

“Put your leg over his shoulder. Yes, yes, like that. Now pout!”

The instructions, loud and crackling over the PA made Cerise’s lips twitch. She followed the order and extended her leg, pushing with her heel until the sole of her foot brushed passed the side of Malcolm’s head. He winked at her.

“How are you?”

“Cramped.” She muttered.

“Not long now.”

Cerise shifted her bottom. “Can you move your hand?”

“Where?”

“I’m going to fall.”

Malcolm obligingly slid his left hand along her thigh. “Better?”

“Yes, ta.”

White flood lights chased shadows out of the warehouse and illuminated the furniture edges with a bright glow. Beneath it all lay Cerise, her body artfully draped over Malcolm’s. Both were naked but for a thin film of sweat, occasionally topped up by crew members with a sparing spritz from a clear spray bottle.

Make up crew swarmed like flies, adjusting lipstick, dusting with powder, smearing a dash of colour. One even went as far as to flick a soft, puffy brush at the underside of her breasts.

Cerise fought the urge to sneeze. “I’m getting a cramp.”

“Okay, we’re set!” Sam slid into place behind the camera. “Rehearsal!”

Grateful that this particular fantasy required no lines, Cerise concentrated on moving her body in a realistic manner. While rehearsals didn’t need any real penetration positioning was important. She rolled her hips around and tipped her head back, letting her hair fan across the pillows.

Malcolm grunted and buried his face in her neck, stroking her thighs and giving a little moan. “Are you sure you don’t want me to fix that tap?”

“No... its my plumbing that needs work.” The laugh bubbled up before she could snatch it back. Cerise snorted, peering at Malcolm through her lashes. “Do you have to say it like that? Noob!”

He pulled away, rolling off the bed and snapping his fingers to get the attention of his assistant. The woman ran over to him waving a dressing gown, helping him into it with her face averted.

Cerise watched him. “Sorry, sorry! Again?”

“No,” he snapped. “I need a break.” He stalked away.

She ran her fingers back through her hair, dragging the curly strands off her cheeks. “Damn.”

“Don’t worry about him,” one of the producers gave her a kind smile. “He’s had a rough day.”

“What about me?” Cerise gnawed her bottom lip. “I’m the one who has to pull all the acrobatic tricks.”

“Take five, hon.”

“Whatever.” She hopped off the bed, kicking aside the plunger and monkey wrench lying on the sheets and walking off the set.

Goosepimples broke out on her skin as she left the warmth of the lights. She shrugged into her own dressing gown, held out by a freckle faced assistant and helped herself to a pair of fluffy slippers.

“Have I got time to log in?” She asked.

The producer glanced at his watch. “Take half an hour. Why not.”

With that go ahead, Cerise aimed for her trailer.

Inside she dialled into her phone, entering her four digit pin and waiting for the mechanical voice at the other end to confirm her log in details. After that she replaced the receiver, slouching into a soft armchair and flicking on the television.

After channel surface for two minutes, she settled on the news, watching local features that ranged from a fire in a factory two miles away and the death of a man found slumped over his computer following a concerned call from his neighbours.

She gazed at the thick jowled face and untidy beard.

“Poor guy,” she murmured, plucking a handful of grapes from the bunch in a nearby bowl. “Didn’t he have any family?”

The news reader confirmed, as if on cue, that there was no family and that the man had probably been dead for as long as a month.

Cerise shuddered. “How can anybody be that lonely?”

Her phone rang, a quick two-tone chime that cut off when she snatched up the receiver.

The mechanical voice at the other end spoke: “Customer calling. Line B12.”

“Oh, not another granny call.” Cerise just had time to roll her eyes before a tentative human voice took over.

“Hello?”

She cleared her throat and added a gentle warble to her voice. “Hello Dearie, what’s your name?”

“Steve.”

“Aww, Steve. Nice name. My second grandson is called Steven.”

Steve sighed. “How old are you?”

Cerise glanced at her nails, buffing them against the collar of her dressing gown. “Sixty-eight, Dearie. And still young. Would you like to know my name?”

“Yes please.”

“Deirdre. But you can call me Granny Dee.” Resisting the urge to laugh, Cerise completed the rest of the call, talking to the stranger named Steve about his day. Something about his pathetic existence and desperate need for human contact made her less impatient with him than she often was on these calls.

Their dialogue ended ten minutes later and she had just managed to return the phone to the cradle before it rang again. This time the voice said: “Customer calling. Line B6.”

“Better!” Cerise sat a little stranger in her chair, concentrating on pitching her voice low.

“Hello?” Said the next voice.

“This is Mistress Colleen,” snapped Cerise, “you will speak only when spoken to and you will address me as Madam. Do you understand?”

Stunned silence came from the other end.

“Do you understand?!”

“Yes, Madam.”

Cerise grinned. “Good. Tell me what you’re wearing.”

A delightful fifteen minutes followed in which Cerise ordered the stranger, who she referred to as Little Puppy, to bark, grovel, beg and whine. She told him to crawl around on all fours, lick his own hands and generally behave like a dog.

By the end the man was panting like the dog he pretended to be, begging for release.

“No.” Cerise said. “Naughty little puppies don’t get their treats.” She glanced at the wall clock, aware that her time had almost come to an end. “Goodnight.” She hung up.

Before the switchboard could offer her another call, she called through and entered her pin a second time. Once the mechanical voice confirmed that she was logged off, she relaxed.

Her trailer door opened.

“Ceecee?”

She beamed. “Hi Graham.”

Tall, buffed, bronzed and spiky haired, Graham immediately brought to mind a cheerful Hawaiian surfer. At least until he opened his mouth. The gruff rasp of his voice formed stark contrast to the peppy look in his face. “How long before we can go?”

“Don’t know. Maybe another hour.”

“I can’t wait around for you that long.”

Cerise tightened her dressing gown. “I’m really sorry, I didn’t think we’d run over this far.”

“Well, you need to tell them to get a move on. I have a date tonight.”

“Anyone I know?”

“I bloody doubt it.” His eyes drifted to the phone, tugged out from the wall.

“You never stop do you?”

She followed his gaze. “I can’t, can I? Not everyone can be loaded.”

Graham sniffed. “I’m not loaded.”

Cerise grinned at him and tapped the Rolex winking on his left wrist. “No?”

“Get off,” he growled. “That’s a gift.”

“Another one?” She sighed. “You really should put the poor sod out of his misery. You’re not going to see him again, are you?”

“Hell no!”

“Then tell him. And stop taking his stuff.”

A frown wrinkled Graham’s brow. “But I like his stuff. It’s nice.”

“Then buy it yourself. It’s not like that’s a problem for you.” There was a little more bite in Cerise’s tone than she really intended. She could tell by the hurt look in her friend’s eyes. “Sorry. It’s been a hard week.”

“Rent?”

“Three weeks behind.”

Graham’s face softened. He entered the trailer fully and sat down beside her, pulling her hands into his lap. “Let me help.”

She stiffened. “No.”

“You can pay me back. Whenever you’re ready.”

“I’m not taking any more money from you!” Dragging her hands away, Cerise leapt up. She hurried to the door of the trailer. “I can handle it.” She rushed out.

The rest of her time on set passed in blur.

Rehearsals over, the set cleared to enable Cerise and Malcolm to recreate a scene of high sexual tension without the many eyes of the crew ruining the mood. She moaned in all the right places, adding groans and yelps for good measure. Malcolm even went as far as to give her a screaming orgasm which certainly distracted her from her troubles for a while.

When it was over, he smiled as he left the set and Cerise felt a little of the tension leave her shoulders. It returned soon enough when she saw Graham waiting for her and she dressed quickly.

In his car, a six wheel beast of a trunk, she opened the passenger window and leaned out, letting the racing breeze blow over her skin. It felt like blowing away cobwebs.

Graham occasionally looked her way, but she ignored him, content instead to watch the world race passed the open window. When they reached the flat she lingered in the car, playing with the keys to her front door.

“Sorry,” she said at last. “I know you just want to help.”

“It’s okay. I just hate thinking of you- doing that.”

She laughed, but there was no mirth in the sound. “It’s better than living in a box somewhere.”

“Porn?” He sighed.

“A better job than some people get. At least I get paid for it.”

He sighed. “The phone thing?”

“That’s just fun. I don’t know; maybe it just doesn’t register on your gaydar radar, but phone sex is funny.”

His lips twitched in a smile. “I get phone sex. I just... I want more for you.”

“Me too.”

They sat in silence for a while, watching the street beyond. A cat stalked across the top of a fence, peering haughtily down at the dog following its progress from street level. A sparrow flew passed and the cat took a running leap at it. Cerise gasped as the cat missed spectacularly and hit the ground with a thud. It shook its head and took off running at once, leading the excited dog a merry dance along the road.

“Want a coffee?”

Graham glanced at his watch. “Sure. I need the throne anyway.”

He unfolded himself from the driver’s seat, following her to the front door.

It swung open as she touched it.

“Bloody lock!” She hissed, feeling around the back to release the catch. “We’re going to get robbed one of these days.” Cerise led the way to her flat on the third floor, trudging up the stairs.

“When are they going to fix the lift?” Graham huffed, holding onto the hand rail.

Cerise snorted. “It’s been three years. Don’t hold your breath.” She reached the top and put her key to the lock. Before she could turn it a loud bang came from the closed lift doors. She frowned, hesitating while Graham hopped from foot to foot beside her.

“What’s the matter with you?”

“I need a piss.” He said.

“You’re such a child!” Just the same, Cerise opened the door and stepped back to let her friend through.

Graham ploughed through the house stripping jacket, shoes and socks on the way. The loud slam of the bathroom door was followed by a relieved groan and the sound of trickling liquid.

Despite herself, Cerise laughed. “Glad to be of service.” She pulled off her own jacket, shivering slightly as she slung it across the back of her sofa.

In the kitchen she prepped for coffee.

Two minutes later, Graham stomped into the room chaffing his hands up and down his arms. “What the hell?” He hissed. “It’s so cold in here.”

“Is it?”

He demonstrated by blowing through his lips, pointing at the faint cloud of condensation he produced. “Put your radiators on.”

“They are.”

“Bull.” Graham placed his hands on the nearest radiator and yelped. He skipped back, shaking his hand around and jamming the fingers into his mouth.

“Told you.”

“Then why is it so cold?”

Cerise shrugged. “It’s been like that for a week now. Just can’t seem to heat the place.”

“Something else to add to the catalogue of problems. Where is your landlord?”

“Geneva.” Smiling at Graham’s stunned face, Cerise handed him a cup of coffee. “She has a conference or something.”

“Lucky you.”

“I know.” She sipped her own, slopping massive splashes over her wrists when a loud crash from the door made her jump. “What was that?”

“Cats.”

Cerise glared. “Funny.” She looked towards a side window where the faint breeze through the panes caused her collection of dream catchers to slide to and fro. “I don’t like it.”

“Baby.”

“I mean it.” She lowered her head. “Nearly a week now; I keep hearing all these bangs and crashes and stuff. It’s horrible. Like there’s someone here.”

“Like who?”

She shrugged. “Look, will you stay here tonight?”

Graham quirked an eyebrow. “Seriously?”

“I’ll make the guest bed up for you.”

“I have a date tonight.”

Cerise wrung her hands together. “Please? Please Graham, I don’t want to be here on my own tonight. I feel weird.”

“Weird how?”

She hesitated, tangling her fingers in her hair “Like someone is watching me.”

Graham put his head back and laughed. He was still laughing when he left, occasionally slapping his thigh. The sounds of his mirth echoed down the hallway and faded as he reached the stairs.

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