

Marriage

by Adam Sifre

Freshly fucked.

Shirley exhaled, enjoying the lingering sensations. She always felt lighter after a good orgasm, and this had been one for the record books. She turned in bed to face Tom. He was snoring lightly and she could see the bottom hairs of his mustache waving in the wind. She smiled and gently placed her hand on his bare chest.

Tonight had been wonderful. Tom had taken her to the Paris Inn, her favorite overpriced restaurant. Shirley had ordered two dozen oysters.

"I don't know how you can eat those things," Tom said. It was a familiar conversation, repeated throughout their years of marriage. Tom was a stubborn man when it came to trying new things, and oysters seemed to be a deal breaker with him. Shirley held up an oyster on her tiny fork, already drowned in cocktail sauce and horseradish.

"If you eat one, I'll give you a blowjob." It was bold talk for Shirley, even with a shot of tequila to help heat the works.

Tom immediately countered. "If I eat one, I get to do *anything* I want with you for the night.

"For one oyster? No. I'll blow you if you eat one. If you eat three, I'll let you do anything, and we both know what that means."

In the end, he hadn't eaten any of the oysters. Shirley couldn't blame him. She had made a string of outrageous promises lately and then backed out when it was time to pay the piper.

Tonight though, Tom was smart not to take the bet. They both ended up drinking too much. Despite the strong buzz, they risked the short drive home and went straight to the bedroom. By silent consent, they abandoned the usual, established methods of sex that inevitably creep into the lives of married couples.

Shirley smiled in the darkness, and gently rubbed her leg against her husband's thigh. Tom's mouth had been *amazing*. She must have cum four times before she found herself on her hands and

knees, being fucked from behind by a wild man. The image stoked the heat between Shelia's legs and she felt herself blush like a post prom teenager.

She sighed the sigh of the contented and closed her eyes. Four good years. No children, but they would come. Or not. They would be great parents. But they would also be a great couple, if that's how things panned out.

Tom turned away from her in his sleep. There was a small patch of freckles on the back of his right shoulder. Shirley tried to remember if there had been that many before. They were clustered in a way that reminded her of grapes. Had she ever been reminded of grapes before? She didn't think so. That didn't mean anything, freckles in moonlight were like clouds in the sky. One moment they might remind her of a rabbit, the next a cluster of grapes. Still, she'd make an appointment with his doctor, just to be safe. If she left it to him, he'd never do it. There is something genetic about men that makes it impossible for them to contact anyone in the medical profession. *It's probably the same part of the brain that refuses to allow them to ask for directions.*

She leaned in to Tom's sleeping body and kissed his back. Her man.

You could kill him, if you wanted.

The thought hit her like a slap. Shirley sat up, the covers falling away from her tits. Tits that had been devoured by her husband's mouth less than an hour ago. It came out of nowhere, for no reason. The thought held no appeal to her. Of course not! It felt more like a message that had been beamed into her head.

It's nothing. A random thought, that's all. Probably something I saw on TV or read about.

Tom murmured something in his sleep. It was a soft sound, and not something that bothered Shirley in the slightest.

We're in love. We're normal.

She quietly got out of bed and made her way to the bathroom without bothering to turn on the light or close the door. She washed her face with some cold water, scrubbing away a small patch of

dried cum. She stood before the mirror. She couldn't see her reflection, but she stared anyway.

That's the beauty of it. There's no motive. No anger, no reason. I'm not crazy. I would never, ever hurt him.

She turned so that she could see him lying on the bed, a familiar shadow.

That's the appeal. The power to do something ... random. For no reason other than I could.

She went back to the bed intending to slide under the blankets and snuggle up to her man. Maybe wake him up with her mouth.

He would certainly enjoy that.

Instead she found herself standing next to her side of the bed. Tom was snoring lightly. She hardly noticed it anymore. Shirley yawned and rubbed her temple. She was tired and crazy thoughts were just crazy thoughts. People had them all the time, she was sure. Tom looked so cute in the dark. Without her face pressed up against him, his freckles and mustache hairs waiving in the wind all disappeared. She reminded herself again to make an appointment with the dermatologist for Tom. Just to be safe.

There was no force in the world that would prevent her from walking back into the bathroom, taking the heavy lid off the back of the toilet, walking over to the bed, and bashing Tom's head as he slept. There are consequences, of course. But they come after. There was nothing actually stopping her from doing it. To kill someone who completely trusted her, who loved her and who she loved.

It's as close to being God that a person can get.

At some point Shirley found herself back in the bathroom. She stood in the doorway for a long time.

She stood there for no reason at all.

