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CIRCULATA

by Brian Carlisle

He's on top of me, pounding away like he gives a damn. About me, about us, about anything. If you ask him, he's the world's greatest lover, kind, sensitive, and patient. The fat blob.

He's my husband. I fucking hate him. But I need to get off.

Rooting against him, I clench a couple of times to speed up the process. No use making this take any longer than absolutely necessary. His dick is inside me, where by some small fortune, I've self-lubricated enough to let him slide somewhat easily. Not that he cares. He'd fuck me raw and dry if he needed to, and not think a thing of it. I can't count how many times I've wound up bleeding from my pussy after he's finished. Nor do I want to.

The bed springs squeak noisily under his weight as he bears down on top of me. I'm being crushed, precious oxygen squeezing out of my body. I'm half gasping from the pleasure inside my pussy, half from struggling to breathe and just stay *conscious*.

I don't want this.

But then, I do. Damn it, sometimes a girl just needs a dick inside her. And he's always *there*. What else am I to do? He expects it. I'm his wife - even though that's the last thing in the world I want to be right now, or ever. This isn't love - it isn't even lust. It's just fucking. Just plain, straight, crass fucking, two people trying to get off at all costs.

In the filtered moonlight streaming through the blinds, I can make out the shape of his sharp stubble, roughly scratching my cheek. The last time he had a shower was...when? Three, four days ago? It doesn't matter to him. It never has.

In appearance, like everything else, we're polar opposites. My body is slim, curvy around the hips, with a small, rounded "come fuck me" bottom that loves to be touched. My breasts are just as round and full as my butt, topped with light brown nipples that puff out ever so gently like blossoms. I shower every night and smell wonderful, my soap and shampoo scenting my skin with the gentle aromas of lavender and lilac (which I love). In short, I've got a body that most men would die to jump in the sack with; my only Achilles' heel is my breasts, which are small (I wear a 32B-cup). He absolutely hates them.

But fuck him if he can't get hard over a girl with anything less than 44DD's. I like my body, and no one's going to tell me different.

Snap back to the present. He's still fucking me, pressing - no, *shoving* me into the bed. It's like I'm not even there, just some rubber love doll underneath him that was created solely for his own personal pleasure. Fortunately, he's close. I bear down and fuck back, trying to push myself over the edge. We pant together over and over until the moment of truth, when he groans loudly and spews his vermin seed into me. I'm about one step away from telling him to use a fucking condom again like we did before we were married, I swear. Thank God for the pill. But those thoughts are just mere bubbles floating on the edge of my mind as I seize suddenly and come around him.

After we're finished, he says something, some platitude to lie to me and convince me that he still loves me, and only me. Who cares? By now, I've tuned him out anyway. Once, there was a time when I wouldn't, couldn't care this little. He's changed that. Running around with some tarty piece of ass behind your wife's back is a good way to make that happen.

I *still* can't breathe. Thankfully, he pulls his sweaty blubber off me and rolls over on his back next to me - no afterplay or gentle caressing tonight, folks. Is there ever any?

Some day, he's going to be sorry. Very sorry. I'll be gone from this godforsaken place, and he'll wonder why he didn't treat me with the respect and kindness I deserve. But for now, I'm not gone. I'm here. Lying next to the sack of shit that I once thought I loved a long time ago.

My hand drops to my slick pussy, running my fingers through the combination of my juices and his. I start rubbing up and down, flat against my tender folds, trying for one more climax to close up my stretched pussy and tide me over. Long moments of frantic masturbation pass by, my head turning into the whirling motions of a mental blender. Gasping and writhing, I fall into the grip of a powerful orgasm, one much better than anything he can give me. I float on high for a few glorious moments, experiencing true ecstasy. But as I calm down, I realize that it's empty - *I'm* empty - and that makes it only half as good.

So here I am, exhausted, lying stretched out on the sweat- and come-stained bed next to the dirty pig I call my husband. Just five minutes later, and he's *already* asleep. Can you imagine? But at least he's had enough now, and I won't have to touch him. Until the next time, that is. And it *will* happen again.

Why?

Because he's my husband. I fucking hate him. But I need to get off.

Questions? Feedback? E-mail me at quickturn5@yahoo.com.