

When to Say Pussy

by Peter Erich

I have hired a relationship consultant. He helps me through conversations with my wife. His name is Brian. He used to be a bartender. When he lost his hair he became a used car salesman. He has a clipboard of things we have learned together. Some are "no-no's" and a few are success stories. He has a pointy nose, a big mouth, and wears a plaid sports coat with shorts. Each time we meet he seems a little annoyed but I am paying him \$10p/h so I don't know why he is upset.

Today, I am home late from work. My wife is sitting on the bed and I am removing my suit. I notice that I smell a little sharp. Old Spice you have failed me again. The white, dusty smell of a tropical breeze has liquified in my armpits and run down to my love handles. I am a new definition of low tide. I stand naked in front of my wife. I am a poor smelling, out-of-shape man strutting around her with an erection.

I try to look sexy. I really do. I pat my hair down with my palm. I lightly scratch my belly trying to be coy, trying to be casual, trying to say, "Hi, remember how I used to be sexy?" But the chalky residue from the deodorant comes off on my hands. I wipe it on my thighs. Despite this, she comes over to me.

I am about to say something when Brian approaches.

Brian: Peter.

Peter: Hello Brian

Brian: Delicate situation here. How are you going to handle things?

Peter: Well, I am really turned on...

Brian: I can see.

Peter: Brian, don't act surprised. Remember 2004? The Annexation of Puerto Rico?

Brian looks at me and nods with approval.

Brian: The Annexation of Puerto Rico. Oh yes.

Peter: I was thinking of saying ... I don't know something like, "I want to taste your pussy."

Brian: Whoa. You cannot say pussy and you know it.

Peter: Twat?

Brian: Nope.

Peter: Va-Jay

Brian: You could, but will she take you seriously after that?

Peter: Good point. How about *box*? Girls say box right?

Brian: Do you really want to compare her vagina to cardboard and masking tape?

Peter: No. What is so wrong with pussy?

Brian shuffles his clipboard and reads:

July 13th, Afternoon Delight ends abruptly. You each say the word "Pussy" half heartedly and begin laughing uncontrollably. The romance is never regained. You spend 10 minutes in the bathroom later that evening.

August 1st: The whisper. You stop kissing her ear say gently, "I love feeling your moist pussy." This was the equivalent of pulling the emergency break on a train.

Jan. 20th, The Sext. While sexting your wife, her sister picks up the phone

Peter: OK! I get it.

Before Brian and I formulate a plan my wife stands up. She kisses me on the cheek and says, "Are you going to shower before dinner? There is deodorant everywhere." I say, "Yeah. I know. Old Spice sucks."

I take a towel with me and head for the shower and I hear Brian say to me, "You're a pussy."

