

What He Wanted

by Samuel Peter North

"You love having rich cock in that secretary mouth," he said.

He made her say it, three times.

It pleased him, how quickly she did so, how she blushed at the spit that trickled down her chin.

He held her head still while he finished up.

She lay on the ground as he deleted old "Spin City" episodes from the DVR. She'd recorded them in HD.

He untied her and told her to wash up. "Make sure to scrub your fake one."

She came to bed. Her left eye gleamed.

She fell asleep with his dick in her mouth.

He rustled her hair. Three states away, his first was likely putting Daniel and Kim to bed. Their birthdays were coming up. Tomorrow night, he'd sodomize his wife and remind her to send the kids gifts.

Kim probably still had a picture of him on her nightstand. She texted and emailed him every day, telling him all middle school. Judging by the last picture, she was already 5'2." Taller than her mom.

He pushed back the covers. His new wife's long legs stretched off the bed, her big ugly feet nearly out of sight and mind. The legs (those calves!) had made him leave his wife, his kids, his old way of questioning everything, his way of making himself crazy in

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everything he did, for a one-eyed, long-legged woman with no regard for anything other than making him feel right.

His stomach started to hurt. If he turned his phone on, he could tell Kim goodnight. It would be nice to see which emoticon she used to respond.

Instead, he slid his arm under his new wife, admired with his hands her toned stomach.

He pulled her up to her knees, shoved her face into the pillows and did exactly what he wanted.

