
MATTHEW FIRTH

THE MYSTERIOUS ASSHOLE

Terry and Terrie have been married for nine years and it shows. That's Terrance and Terrie-Lynn, to be specific. Man and wife. Not two Terrys in the male sense.

Anyway, like I said, some wear around the edges after nine years. Terry, being slow off the mark at just about everything, is two years too late for his seven-year itch.

In bed, lights out the way she likes it, Terrie-Lynn is on her back, eyes closed, thinking about whatever. Terry's trying, doing his best. Right hand down there, fingering her, trying to liven things up. All of sudden Terrie-Lynn bolts up in bed. "Hey, hey! What's that all about? Not there. Not back there, Terry. Are you nuts? You know I don't go in for that sort of thing."

Nine years of marriage, six years of dating and it's the first time Terry's ever made direct contact with Terrie-Lynn's asshole. Hard to imagine, I know. As far as Terrie-Lynn's concerned, assholes are for shitting. The only thing that comes in contact with her rear entry point is toilet paper, and only a gentle dabbing at that. Sure, she's heard about how some folks get off on this sort of thing; ancient Greeks, homosexuals and other perverts—I mean, she's not completely ignorant. She's read a few books in her day. But that filth is just not for her. She was raised right. She'll do her wifely duty, as required. But she didn't sign up for this shit. Her wifely duty has nothing to do with her asshole.

Terry gets defensive, embarrassed. "I was just ... I don't know ... I've been thinking about it ... and well ... I read this column in a newspaper and it sounded like a good idea and ... well ... I just went ahead and tried it ... Did it feel good?"

Terrie-Lynn has the sheets pulled up around her. Terry sits at the edge of the bed. His cock has shrivelled. Terrie-Lynn cannot look at him.

"No it did not feel good," she says, just above a whisper.

Terry starts again, thinking the more he says, the better off he'll be. "I shoulda said something first, I know. But you never want to talk about these things. I just thought I'd do it; see if you liked it. See if you'd respond. You responded alright but not like how I was hoping."

Terry feels like crying. He really wants to sob. He wants sympathy. He thinks this will rescue him from an uncomfortable spot. He opens up the taps.

Now pathos kicks in. Terrie-Lynn feels sorry for her confused husband, even if he is acting like a pervert. She shuffles across the bed.

"Terry, don't cry. That's okay. I've heard about this sort of thing. You're confused. Conflicted. I know you. I've known you a long time. I know you don't really want that sort of thing. You should talk to someone about it. A doctor. A priest or something ..."

A doctor? A priest? Terry stops crying.

"What about talking to you? I don't want to fuck a doctor or a priest up the ass! I want to fuck you up the ass!"

Terrie-Lynn is repulsed. Rage has replaced sorrow. She pulls away.

"Don't talk that way. I will not have that sort of talk in my house."

"Your house?"

"Yes, my house. My bedroom. Of all the filthy things to say, Terry. I mean, really. Grow up. You're not in the high school locker room any more."

Terry is stunned. Then an image of high school comes to him. He remembers Terrie-Lynn as a seventeen-year old. When they first hit it off Terrie-Lynn was drunk on Peach Schnapps. They made out at a house party. That first night they met, she gave him a hand job in the bathroom at the party. He can still see Terrie-Lynn in his mind's eye, looking demure, tugging on his cock, his semen jetting out, plopping on the black and white floor tiles. Terry was the one that was embarrassed back then, not Terrie-Lynn. It was great, sure. But some things confused him. Turns out, hand jobs were her specialty. As the months wore on, Terry tried to take it further but Terrie-Lynn—drunk or sober—refused intercourse, refused blowjobs, wouldn't let poor Terry rub his cock between her nice young tits. She'd console him, "There, there, Terry. Come on. Let's not get into that just yet." Then she'd take his teenaged cock, stroke it a dozen times and that would be it. Game over. Terry couldn't do anything about it. Years later, not much has changed.

Terry gets up from the bed and walks naked out of the dark room. He goes and sits on the toilet in the bathroom. He looks down at the black and white floor tiles, his chin cupped in his hands.

"I shoulda done something about this years ago," he mutters.

In the bedroom, Terrie-Lynn lies back, staring into the blackness. She thinks about what happened. She was into it, until Terry surprised her. She was wet, ready for him to climb on top like he always does and fuck her missionary-style for four or five minutes until he came. Then, afterward, Terry would go to the bathroom to clean up as usual and Terrie-Lynn would finish herself off, like she's been doing for years. She's never told Terry. Terry doesn't know that he's never—not once—made her cum. But he also never acts like he cares. He only fingers her or eats her pussy before his brief fucking and cumming. The stupid shit has never once talked about her sexual satisfaction, never once asked what she likes. The entire thing centres on him, always has, right back to that very first hand job in the bathroom of some friend of hers in high school. And, now, he springs anal sex on her. What does he think—she'll just let him jam it in there, have his way with her, spunk up her ass and then go and wash off? The selfishness is really too much.

While she thinks these things Terrie-Lynn slowly fucks herself with two fingers, occasionally pulling out to do figure-eights on her clit. But then, fingers wet and slippery, she goes the other way, down her perineum to her mysterious asshole. Wow, she thinks; this feels great. Round and round the hole she goes, the sensations growing, until she applies a little pressure, relaxes her sphincter and pushes in just a little, a centimetre or two. With her other hand, she rubs her clit. Terry's really onto something here, Terrie-Lynn thinks, as she fucks her ass and strokes her button at

the same time until she cums.

Meanwhile, in the bathroom, Terry takes matters into his own hands as well. He thinks about the article he read. He thinks about the momentary contact he made with his wife's asshole. He thinks about her outrage. His cock gets hard. His face turns red. But he just can't cum. The harder he tries, the worse it gets. He looks down at the black and white floor tiles untouched by his cum and gives up. Terry sits back down on the toilet and sobs.

A few minutes later, he washes his hands, goes back to the bedroom and gets back into bed. He nudges in next to Terrie-Lynn, seeking warmth. Terrie-Lynn grunts and fakes sleep.