

It's 4:30 in the afternoon and I kinda looked for a job on the Internet for a little while. Oh, and I beat off twice. But just twice.

I'm sitting on the couch, the scratchy hand-me-down we got from my mother-in-law, the one that sounds like a skipping vinyl record when I rub it with the edges of my fingernails. We live in an attached apartment in a house above a cheese shop my wife's mother runs with her girlfriend Agnes. It's an old house with long drafty hallways and it vacuums up the light.

I'm sitting in the corner of the living room, an open space with scooped out wooden floors and furniture along the walls, like the perimeter fence of a prison. It's warm outside, the pavement of the city reflecting the heat, and the light is syrupy, like the color of poured honey.

The couch is covered with white cat hair and I'm in boxers and a T-shirt, and the cat's down the hall in the kitchen, above the cabinet doors, probably trying to eat the fern.

I'm not the type of guy who lounges around with his shirt off - never have been, but I envy those who can. Problem is, I have tits. Pretty big ones I've been trying to get rid of since the 7th grade. And by trying to get rid of I mean painfully aware of their dimensions and how they flap like wings when I run. Even at home alone, the sight of my own flabbiness disgusts me. Life is easier with a shirt on, especially during sex, even with my wife, even after all this time.

As a teen, pool parties and beach outings terrified me. I sat there shirted and tried desperately to stay concrete faced and watched as everyone else seemed to be free from the prison of bodily shame, while I

squirmed like a doctor was examining me, worried that everyone was looking. Now that I'm an adult, I just stay home.

Outside my window I hear a feminine voice, one that flutters up into my ear. Who is she? What does she look like naked? And just like that I want to masturbate again. The urge, when it comes on, is ninja quick, so I'm resisting, as much as one can, the urge to slide my body down the couch and wrestle down my underwear and stimulate myself into much needed oblivion.

The truth is maybe I masturbate too much, but because I can never get hard for my wife, two-a-days are my limit. To be even more honest though I've been averaging four-a-days, and my wife and I haven't "made love" in a long time. It's not just that I stay soft as a piece of taffy when she tries to initiate sex with me, I'm not even sure if I'm even attracted to her anymore. By not sure, I'm pretty sure I'm not. This doesn't mean I don't love her. I do! But like a sister or an aunt – from a distance, like the way a wood burning stove keeps you warm from across the room.

The Rachael Ray show comes on. The brain works fast and I remember a magazine spread and I scratch the back of my head in a feeble attempt to pretend I'm not going to do what I'm going to do. Then, after an obligatory amount of time passes, out comes the laptop and I google "Rachael Ray nude."

Most of the image results are fakes but there is a photo of her in a sheer blue dress that gets the engine purring. For a moment, I try to decide whether I should. This weighing happens because I know the longer I go

without sexing with my wife, the more I'm obligated, on some level, to do so.

Marriage is such a big commitment, and sex is a part of that. That's a deal I made when I took those vows. Obviously, if I was alone and unmarried I would beat myself to my heart's rhythm and desire as much as God intended but I'm not a monster and my wife at least deserves a moment's consideration.

I say fuckit and I do the slide/shimmy down the edge of the couch cushion, so I can use my belly as a table for the laptop. I can have sex with her tomorrow, whatever.

My usual routine is to just feather myself with the tips of my fingers to luxuriate in the moment and really immerse, but there's no time for that so I grab my dick from the bottom and squeeze up, until the head is engorged like a squeezed water balloon. That's how I get myself started and usually I let the blood do the rest.

I end up at "Celeb nip slip," which leads me to a place called "Celebnsfw" and there's Charlize and Shailene in scenes from movies I've never seen before. I've never seen women that beautiful before, not in person. The closest I came was at a high school party, when I almost made out with a drunk cheerleader. Well, I was 30 and bartending and she leaned over the bar and I thought it was a kiss but she was looking for a trash can. Our cheeks touched. Then I was thrown out, but I tell you what, she smelled amazing and had the most circular breasts I'd ever seen.

I'm always looking for circles, in boobs or backsides or curves. Cheeks and rounded shoulders. Between the legs when the knees pull up.

I imagine this is some evolutionary thing, this noticing shapes. Shapes like the symbols on a Playstation controller - triangles for teeth and danger, tips of spears. Square for shelter. Circle for sex.

A blue jay lands on the powerline outside the window. He moves his head in quick shifts like a buffering video and his beady black eyes look at me shamefully, and if I was that bird and I saw a hairy/chubby man scooched off a couch with a laptop on his belly and his dick in his hands, I'd look at him shamefully too. And I am that man, so I have to live that.

I'm stroking in flashes and I know I should stop but life is so hard, and so tedious, so why deny myself the pleasure of a few moments of mucousy oblivion?

I can't actually see my dick, because the screen's in the way. I only do it through feel, like I'm blind, but not, because my eyes do some of the lifting. My body sweats and drips as I hear the distinctive tinny honk from my wife's car, just as I'm beginning to enjoy myself. My legs are straight out so I'm like a slide to the ground and there's glory in my middle, and as much as I don't want to admit it, this feeling, this moment is so much more pleasureable than anything to do with my wife. Anyway it's much quicker.

I could stop. She's on her way up and I could stop, and maybe even greet her at the door and act the passionate part. But then there's Daenerys Targaryen stepping out of the water and I can't fucking handle it and I'm stroking myself furiously and even though my brain says stop, I don't. I stroke and I'm as hard as I'm going to get and I step over the line and give in to the pressure, a milky pressure that stiffens my back.

I didn't grab tissues and now I'm about to come and it's too late to stop, anyway I don't have the time. I lift up my shirt with my left hand so it'll act as a shield and I won't get anything on the back of the laptop. When I come the milky liquid clings to the pilled fabric like weighted snow on a blueberry bush.



