

A Fantasy of Violence  
By Aerial Clark

A beautiful, very thin, woman is giving her older, slightly overweight, definitely pudgy boyfriend head in their bedroom. The TV is on; his eyes go back and forth casually from the top of her bobbing head to the glowing screen. She is giving it her all, stroking and choking, making low-pitched sounds from her throat. She's trying to remember all he how to give great head tips from her latest Cosmo. Swirl the tongue, hook two fingers around the base, cup his balls...is this right? With a grunt he starts to orgasm and he finally gives her his full attention for all of 2 minutes. She swallows to prove she's a bad girl in bed, and he says, "Wow babe. Thanks. Don't forget to brush your teeth." And rolls over to grab the bag of Doritos next to the bed. She gets up to go to the bathroom, totally unsatisfied but confused as to why, since she obviously did her part to please him. Isn't that all she's supposed to want?

She climbs back into bed after brushing her teeth, cuddles up to him. He puts an arm around her while the other continues to reach into the Doritos bag. He is watching one of the celebrity gossip shows that she hates. The commentator is talking about Britney Spears weight gain. "Look at that cow!" Her boyfriend says with disgust as crumbs fall onto his pouching belly and into her hair, "Her gut is spilling out everywhere." As he continues to crunch the chips with his mouth partially open, her stomach rumbles. He knows not to offer her any because she is always on a diet. It's so thoughtful of him to remember that Doritos are on her no list. What is the calorie count of sperm again? She read it in Cosmo. Maybe he has some baby carrots in the fridge? She thinks again and shakes her head; her man doesn't need to eat vegetables. He's a big guy. She squeezes herself to his thickness. Conscious of the tiny amount of fat on her upper arm and hopes he doesn't notice. But when she squeezes him he burps. The smell of partially digested Doritos wafts over her.

She's staring at the TV screen watching Britney Spears dance her guts out, dance in a way that few people can. Dance provocatively, dance enthusiastically, dance with an athleticism that should be awe inspiring and all her man can say is: "What a pig!" She realizes it will never be enough. No matter what Britney does it will never be enough to please this lazy slob and all the rest just like him?

Her stomach growls again. He looks down at her with grimace.  
She sits up, "You don't think she's beautiful? I think she's really sexy."  
"She was before. Before she popped out a couple kids and stretched her body out."  
"You mean when she was a teenager?"  
"I guess, whatever, she used to be hot!"  
"She used to be a child."  
"Don't give me that, I'm not a perv. She was like, what, 19 when she did that one show." The bag of Doritos now empty, corn chip shards on his nightshirt, in the sheets, he licks his fingers loudly. Why doesn't he lick me like that?

“Right,” the expression on her face is changing, a dawning is occurring right here in their bed, an awakening. A light shines on her face, and then fades, what replaces it is pure cold hatred. Years and years of never feeling good enough, of hating herself, of always needing to be better, magnified by the millions of women who feel the exact same way. How many women have killed themselves? How many have lived a half-life? Obsessed with gaining *his* approval? Her head twitches with the weight of the injustice.

She looks over to her left, to the nightstand with the bed lamp. She sees a nice thick metal pen; the type that you twist. She grabs it with her left hand, wraps her fingers around it, making a fist. And in one Hail Mary sweep of her arm, her whole body flinging her hand across her, she sticks the pen into his neck. With her light and lithe body, she jumps to straddle him. His eyes bug, his voice gurgles. She pulls the pen out and stabs the other side of his neck. Her right hand pinches his windpipe, she rides his bucking body by digging her heels into his fat blubbery ribs. She stabs and stabs as blood begins to spurt, then drain from the holes she’s making in his neck.

She sees the exposed layer of fat just below the skin she is perforating with the pen and her stomach growls again louder than ever before. She is fucking hungry and he is calorie rich. She attacks the fat with her teeth, tearing and gnashing. Face covered in blood, she eats until she’s full for the first time in longer than she can remember. She leaves his partially devoured carcass in the bed and goes to brush her teeth.