



All
You
Can
Eat

A short story by John Fuller

you're not the first person I've told about this, so I'll be amazed if you have anything original to say.

Basically, whenever I get intimate with a guy, somewhere in the middle of the “intimacy”, I start to feel so incredibly hungry that the sex loses all its enjoyability.

Most people make a Freudian thing out of it. Here, let's say it together in an Austrian accent : “De zeks isn't nourishing you, fräulein; you try und fill a deep void by entertaining ein succession of partners, but ze Hunger reminds you zat you must find another vay.”

Please. Not everything is so fraught with symbolism.

Now, I don't have sex very often. Okay, I have sex rarely.

But at least once a year.

Usually.

My point is, not never.

But when bloke-of-the-month and I actually do the nasty, which I love and I crave and satisfies a deep need in me — Scout's honor — I become positively famished. I'm so hungry, in fact, that it is completely distracting. All I can think about is the dinner we just had out on the patio, and how I regret not having eaten more. *You stuffed yourself silly*, I say inwardly, *you cannot possibly be hungry again*.

But I am. I feel like someone in one of those old cartoons, where a hungry person looks at someone else and sees a pork-chop where their head should be.

And if you've ever majorly spaced out during intercourse, you know that guys don't dig it; it makes them feel inadequate.

My eyes must glaze over, or something similarly *The Exorcist*-like, too, because the guys sometimes look at me like I'm possessed.

I know what you're thinking : "Whatever, as long as Mr Pants keeps pumping." Right?

I thought that, too, at first, and I tried to just take it for what it was, and not let any preconceived notions of how sex is supposed to be ruin my enjoyment of it. Maybe for me, sex is just a hungry, spaced-out ride, and that's okay. But it's not working; it's worse than ever.

My last guy, right? (I haven't shared this with anyone.) I spotted him during the Fergusons' barbecue, nonchalantly sitting

on the arm of an Adirondack chair. Gorgeous, fit. Probably half my age! I felt the inner call to boink, which was nice after so long, but of course I was anxious about things. I ate a ton before I approached him, and we went behind the garden shed to screw, and I thought maybe this time...?

But it was a disaster : I got ravenous, ripped his little triangle head off and ate it — while we were still copulating! I've never done it during the nasty like that; I always waited until he was finished.

Yeah, this last time felt like a wake-up call. So here I am.

And I don't want to offend you, but my expectations of you being able to help me are next to zero.

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