

Till Death Do Us Part
by Eustace F. Pendleby

John hit Marsha, his wife, hard in the face with the back of his hand, and she fell backward onto the floor and covered the side of her face with her hand. She gazed at their kitchen's blue-and-white-tiled floor. She took her hand from her face and inspected it for fresh blood, finding none, and then she tucked behind her ear a loose lock of her fading blond hair. She began to whimper, but no tears came.

“You fucking goddam bitch, Marsha!” shrieked John. “If I’ve told you once, I’ve told you a goddam gajillion motherfucking times. Never — I repeat, *never* — you fucking whore, *never* talk like that to *me!*” His face was tomato red, and his lips curled back, revealing chipped yellow teeth stained with thirty-five years of dedicated tobacco smoking. Between those teeth, his dark purple gums bulged like jumbo raisins strung tight on twine with buttered popcorn.

“Yessir,” was all Marsha could say before John tore off his tucked-in long-sleeved

plain blue oxford button-up shirt in one powerful motion, his bulk and flab rippling beneath his worn, taut sleeveless undershirt. After he threw the dress shirt to the floor, he clenched his fists and looked up at their ceiling, the veins and thick muscles of his neck protruding, his not-so-new wattle jiggling as he violently shook his head. He paused, breathing heavily, and began a prolonged, awkward stare at his wife. Marsha now had both her hands behind her, propping herself up, her head lowered, her eyes waveringly meeting his stony gaze.

“I mean your tone, Marsha. Your I-don’t-give-a-flying-Siamese-fuck-about-my-husband-of-twenty-seven-years tone of voice!” He continued staring, more intensely, and she looked back at the floor, the spotless floor she had Swiffered and mopped only an hour-and-a-half prior. Their pot roast was getting cold, as were their mashed potatoes and stewed carrots, all of which Marsha had made herself from scratch.

“I — I — I — ” she sputtered.

“I *what?*” mocked John. “I ass-fucking *what?* *You* stopped respecting me a couple lifetimes ago, it seems like.”

“I never lost respect for you!” she screamed and clutched the navy blue hemline of her otherwise solid canary-yellow spaghetti-strap dress, tears now forming in her sparkling gray eyes.

“*You* stopped loving me sometime in the mid-nineties,” he persisted, undismayed. “I remember the day. Oh, I remember that little bastard-twat of a day. *You* lost your figure probably before that, even. And look at your fat tub-of-lard self now.” But Marsha actually weighed less than she did when she and John first met. She exercised like John smoked Marlboro Lights, and her ass was the envy of all the neighborhood’s women. For a woman over fifty, she was very sexy. She remained in her

semiseated position.

“*You* don’t call me at work anymore,” John went on. “*You* don’t rub my feet like you used to. You don’t...you don’t...” And he looked down at his gnarly hands, which he slowly turned over as he studied them. He raised his trembling paws in front of his face, entranced.

“But...but I love you, John,” she said desperately, tears streaming down her face, her face contorting uncontrollably with passion. “I love you more than the day we were married. So much more. I wish you could see!”

“And *I!*” roared John, removing his belt from his chino’s frayed loops. “And *I* — I slave away for you every day at the office to put food on our cunt-licking table, to put wine in our toe-sucking wine glasses, to put our brand new Corvette in our three-car garage — the garage *I* paid for with *my* mother-shit-fucking money! *I* work my hands to the bone — to the pink-asshole-of-God *bone!*”

Marsha did not have the courage to point out that they did not have a third car for their garage, or that his job’s only feasible hazard was carpal tunnel syndrome, which she also knew was near impossible for John to acquire, as he had never typed a report or a memo in his life, because he got by just fine deferring any time-consuming work with mouse clicks and phone calls, spending the rest of his time surfing the Internet and reading sports magazines.

John doubled his thin brown leather belt, and then he doubled it again into a short strap and slapped it on his palm.

“Oh John. Oh John,” Marsha echoed wistfully, pushing herself across the floor, away from him, up against a wall of their kitchen.

“Oh Marsha. Oh Marsha,” said John, coldly.

John hit Marsha's face with his folded belt, and she quickly turned her head with the impact. He hit her face with the belt a second time. She turned her head back toward her husband, lust in her eyes, blood starting to dribble from a corner of her mouth.

"Oh John," she moaned, curled up against the wall, the blood from her mouth trickling down to her chin. A drop of the blood fell to the tiled floor.

Later on that evening, after John had kicked Marsha and stomped on her, and after he had greedily shoveled down his food, reheated in the microwave, and after she hadn't eaten a bite and then cleared the table and cleaned the dishes while John sat at the table, tapping one of his brown leather loafers' soles on the floor, methodically, smoking a couple of cigarettes, his trousers unbuttoned and half-unzipped, his belly hanging out, and after she had wiped up the blood and thrown away her ripped dress, and after she had applied fresh makeup, and after she had put on lace lingerie and nothing else, and after he had stripped to his loose-fitting pale blue boxers and lay on the bed and turned on SportsCenter, prerecorded on their TiVo, and after he had tugged on his penis a bit, and after he had acknowledged her presence on the bed, beside him, she started fondling her modest breasts and tickling with her fingertips his large belly. She enticingly lowered her fingers to his shaft, and then he grabbed her by the hair and fiercely pulled her head down to his crotch.

"Suck it, bitch!" he yelled. "Suck my mother-loving cock. Suck my huge fucking cock, you stinky-pussied slut!"

"Yessir," she said. "Oh John." And she sucked his dick like a porn star. She frequently went through John's Internet browser history on his computer to find what kind of porno he was into, to try and glean some idea of what John might want during sex. And John did have a very thick eleven-inch phallus. She spat on his penis and licked

it and stroked it with both hands, but it would not get fully hard, certainly not like it did years before. She was, however, used to this inadequacy by now.

“Oh yeah, you swollen rat vulva,” he said quietly into her ear, in a low, gravelly voice. “Oh yeah, you cock-loving circus freak. Suck it.” He raised his voice. “Oh yeah, bitch. I fucked the hell out of my thirty-something secretary today, right in her tight little butthole, and she loved it. I got *real* hard for her, you orphaned street urchin. Why can’t you get me hard like that? I bet you can taste her stale shit on my cock right now, can’t you?”

“Mm-hmm,” she hummed, sucking away.

“Yeah you can, you slug, you earthworm, you amoeba.”

With her head in his hands, he began face fucking her, and she gripped his love handles, his floppy cock gagging her.

“Oh yeah, my Cinderella. Who’s your stepsister, you blood-soaked tampon on the bathroom floor of a gas station in the ghetto? Who’s gonna make your pretty stepsister come all in your mouth? Oh yeah, make my fucking awesome cock come, you indentured servant, you cable news pundit.”

John’s entire body wildly convulsed, and he became almost hard right before he ejaculated in Marsha’s mouth. Marsha considered with bewilderment, as she often did, at how such a large member could produce such scant semen, which she swallowed appreciatively.

“Oh John,” she said.

“Oh Marsha,” he said. “Now eat out my asshole.”

He rolled onto his stomach and she stuck her tongue into his anus.

The next day, around three in the afternoon, Marsha drove their Ford station

wagon to the grocery store. As she pushed her shopping cart through the aisles, she recalled the list of items John had requested that morning, which included ribeye steaks, pork tenderloin, brussels sprouts, turnip greens, bacon, and a case of Budweiser, among other things.

She happily filled her cart, a wide grin and bright-eyed expression on her face. When she took the case of Budweiser from the grocery's beer fridge and placed it in her cart, her nipples became quite hard.

John is Uncle Sam, and Marsha is the American populace. Going to the grocery store is going to the voting booth. This is called a metaphor. Why and what's the reason for?