

## Friday Night

by Eustace F. Pendleby

I usually get off at five — four thirty on Fridays. Everybody just leaves a bit early. It's no big deal. Tonight, Friday, I came home and showered and drank a Coke and changed into dress slacks and a maroon button-up Oxford.

“Honey,” I had said, “where's my green tie?”

And she, Dorah, my wife, had said, “Oh, it's on the hook in the closet, dear.”

And I found the tie and put it on. And she told me she was ready and I told her I was coming. She had put on this blue dress I really don't care for. Dorah is a plump woman — not fat, per se, but *thick*.

We got into our Ford Taurus station wagon and waited for the garage door to open and backed down our driveway and drove through our nice, but not great, subdivision and to a local shopping center.

“So where do you wanna eat, my love?” I had asked.

“Jeb,” Dorah had said, “I don’t care one way or the other.”

“Well, O’Charley’s it is!” I had announced happily, and I shook my fist in excitement.

We got to the restaurant and, thank God, found a good parking space. The shopping center’s streets were filled with cars. The hostess brought us to our seats, and I had immediately noticed her cute face and tight ass. I took a seat at the table and, with a smile, told the hostess that I’d like a water and that she should bring the rolls “as soon as possible.”

Our waiter came to the table, and I small talked with the young guy, who’s probably working his way through college. I said we’d need a few minutes before we order and told him about the rolls, as well.

The hostess came back and brought me my water. There was a lemon wedge on the glass’s rim, and I took off the lemon wedge and put it on the table. The hostess handed my wife her sweet tea. I thanked the hostess even though she didn’t bring the rolls.

Which brings us to now — the highlight of my Friday night: I’m staring at this young hostess’s tight ass as she walks away from the table. Right here, at this moment, it’s me and this hostess and nothing else. I must have a smirk on my face that could peel the paint off of a school bus, but I don’t care at all. I could show this little girl the time of her life.

Boy, she’s cute — and quite young, too. They’re never older than sixteen or seventeen up at the host stand, and they’re almost always cute. Restaurant managers are smart, is why. They’re real smart. If I had known any better, I’d have gone into the

restaurant business. Now I'm stuck with pushing papers in an office, and the closest I get to the good stuff during the day is on the internet when no one's around. But the restaurant manager, he's got real honest-to-goodness *girls* working under him day in and day out. And you know he has *influence*.

My wife is staring into space.

"Hey, you're staring," I tell her.

"Huh? I guess I am." She laughs nervously.

"Yeah, you are. Why are you always staring? I think you stare too much. Why don't you try looking around at different things, will you?"

"Okay, my love," she says and begins looking intently at different things, never at one thing in particular for very long.

"That's much better," I tell her. "Thank you."

"Uh-huh," she says.

Our waiter comes back to the table with the rolls, which I start in on right away.

"Well, what can I get y'all?" asks the waiter. "Did you think about a soup or a salad?"

"Excuse my wife, please," I tell the waiter while buttering a roll. "She's just not been herself tonight."

"Huh? Oh. I apologize," she says and looks at her hands in her lap.

"Heh heh," laughs the waiter. "No problem there. I've seen it all as a server!"

I laugh back and give him pleasant, warm eye contact.

"Now what's it gonna be here, y'all?" asks the waiter.

"Well, I have a few questions about some items here," I say, pointing my finger at the menu in front of me on the table.

“Uh-huh,” says the waiter. He taps his pen tip on his paper pad.

“Well first, what are your specials?” I ask, squinting my eyes at the menu and adjusting its place on the table.

“Glad you asked, sir. Tonight, we have our fourteen-ounce T-bone steak platter, and that’s grilled to your specification and served with steamed broccoli and buttery mashed potatoes for only fifteen ninety-nine. You can sub a baked potato for a dollar fifty, too. The loaded potato’s just seventy-five cents more.”

“Alright, alright,” I say. “Hmm. Honey, do you know what you want?”

“Um, I think so,” she says. “Well, I’m not sure. You go ahead and order first, hon.”

“Heh heh,” I chuckle. “Women, huh?”

“Oh, I know, sir. I know,” responds the waiter, laughing. “I’ve got one myself at home.”

“Married man, are you?” I ask, checking his hand for a ring.

“No,” he admits, smiling, and he holds up his left hand. “Not yet. But maybe one day. This girl’s really something special.”

“Not too soon now, sport,” I joke and smack his shoulder and point a finger at him, chuckling.

“Oh, honey. Stop it,” says my wife, putting a hand on my arm. “He’s a joker, this one — a real card.” She laughs, too.

“Guilty as charged,” I say.

“Oh, you two,” the waiter says. “What are we gonna do with you?”

“Oh ho ho,” I chortle. “You know what? Just go ahead and let’s do the special. Whaddaya say, hon? Does that sound good? Should I get the special? Whaddaya think?”

“Oh, you go ahead and get the special,” she says. “Just get the special.”

“Okay, I’ll do it,” I say. “And I’ll take the steak medium rare.”

“Alright, sir. Would you like to do that loaded potato?” asks the waiter.

“Sure, sure, son,” I say. “What the hell. I’ll have that potato. And be sure to put that, um, those, uh, there bacon and cheese crumbles on top of there. And sour cream. Mmm.” I rub my belly and make a funny face at Dorah, who laughs and tells me to stop it, jokingly. “Now son, you seem like a nice enough young man. What’s your name there, champ?”

“Name’s Billy, sir,” says Billy. “Nice to meet you.” He waves.

“Good to meet you, too, Bill — er — Billy,” I tell him. “Now honey, what are you gonna get? Could you take a little longer?” I point my thumb at Dorah and shake my head in disbelief at Billy.

“I’m ready,” she says. “I’m ready. Okay. Um. Okay, let’s have the, um, the salad with, um, the, um, the one with the fried little, um, the, uh, chicken fingers. The, um, yeah, the fried chicken finger salad, please — with extra ranch.”

“Alrighty,” says the waiter. “A fried chicken finger salad for the lady. A good choice.”

“You know what? Can you do that grilled?” asks Dorah.

“Oh, yes, ma’am. Absolutely. Grilled is fantastic,” says Billy, smiling and making notes on his paper pad.

“Great. Yeah, thanks. That’s great,” my wife tells Billy. “And does that come with the, um, the, uh, the, um, the croutons?”

“Yes, ma’am, it sure does — our homemade garlic-parmesan croutons, deliciously toasted to rigorous O’Charley’s standards.”

“Mm-kay,” says my wife. “If you could, um, leave those off of the salad, you know. Just leave ‘em back there in the kitchen.”

“Yes, ma’am. No croutons.”

“Now, hold on there, Billy,” I say. “Now, my wife does this every time.” I laugh. “Dorah, dear, you know I like to eat those little croutons. Just love those little suckers myself. Now, son, you bring me out just a little, um, a watchamacallit, a ramekin there of some bleu cheese dressing with that, too. As a matter of fact, you can take her croutons from her salad, put ‘em in a little bowl there, maybe throw a couple extra on there, and bring ‘em out with that little ramekin of bleu cheese there. Huh, Billy?”

“Alright. Yes, sir. Is there anything else before I go and put in your order?”

And I’ll be damned, but the strangest thing happens. When Billy asks me this, I swear to God, his face turns into the hostess’s face.

“Um, no thanks, sweetie pie,” I say. “I mean, um, Billy boy, Billy old boy there. Don’t think we’ll need anything else. Thank you, though. Uh, go away now.”

“Alrighty. Get back with y’all in a minute,” Billy says in the hostess’s voice, with her face, and he walks away. Damn, he’s got her ass, too!

“Honey,” I say, “do you see our server’s backside?”

“I did get a pretty good look at it, Jeb.”

“Why you filthy fucking bitch!” I cry out. I smack her with my open palm while she’s taking a sip of sweet tea through her straw. She drops her glass, it bounces off of her lap, splashing on her, and then it falls to the floor and shatters. “You little bitch!” I solidly punch her in the chest, and she flips over her chair and rolls back on the floor. “You’re nothing but a goddam grimy little smelly little bitch, is what you are.” I pull her head up by the hair with one hand and smack her across the face a few times with my

other hand. I step on the back of her head and smash it into the floor. Her face makes a crunching noise. With my foot still on her head, I stick up my arms like a referee after a touchdown.

The restaurant's other patrons stand up from their seats and applaud me. I hear someone yell "attaboy," and some folks whistle loudly. Now I jump up and land an elbow drop on Dorah's spine. She vomits up blood. I get up and jerk up Dorah by her arm and take her body and place it in another chair. I scoot up Dorah and the chair to our table and sit back down.

"So honey, how was your day?" I ask.

"Mmgh ghm," Dorah mumbles, her face looking like a busted plum. Her nose is crooked, out of place, and gushing blood. Her lips are split, and her teeth are chipped and broken. There is a gash above her left eyebrow that is bleeding profusely.

"Good, huh? Mine too," I tell her. "Say, whaddaya say we go to a movie after this, huh?"

"Mmgh ghm," she mumbles.

"You wanna go to the mall, do ya? I guess we could catch a late show instead. I know how much you want to look at shoes."

"Mmgh ghm," she mumbles and grins a big, happy smile, blood pouring from her mouth.

When the food comes, I eat voraciously. I eat all of my food and most of the chicken fingers my wife doesn't eat. We get a to-go box for the rest of her salad and to-go cups for our drinks.

Inside the mall, we walk hand in hand. We drove to a Walgreens on the way here and got her some sterile pads and some gauze and Neosporin and Band-Aids and

ibuprofen and some Raisinets. The cashier had said my wife probably needs serious medical attention, and I had told the cashier that nothing gets in the way of my baby and her shoes. And walking through the mall, my wife looks like a mummy from the neck up, and she's limping.

"Come on, honey," I say, pulling her along. "I want to go to the pet store and look at the chinchillas."

Near the food court, we walk by a group of ten or so teenage girls. They sure do look sexy. They look like they're the popular girls.

"Hey, girls," I say, smiling and waving. "I would skull fuck all of you right now. Have any of you little sluts ever sucked a grown-up cock?"

"Uh-uh," says the tallest one with the biggest rack. She's blonde and wearing a see-through white lace bra, a G-string, and nothing else. "But we'd love to give yours a try. Come on, girls." She snaps her fingers, and the other girls, all wearing only lingerie, too, surround me, pushing my wife out of the way. The tallest one unzips my trousers and starts kissing and licking my very hard, small penis. Other girls work a hand in there, and some are sticking their fingers into my asshole. The rest are rubbing on my legs or licking my shoes. They're all wriggling and moaning.

My wife is standing there, giving me that look and tapping her foot. I grab two armfuls of heads and pull them toward my prick. They are nothing but tongues and lips and soft hair and young skin. They all smell like period. My wife is crying now, her bandaged face buried in her hands.

I grab one of the girls by her hair and spit in her eye.

"What do you think you're doing, making my wife cry like that, you little bitch?" I ask her. And then I face fuck the same girl until I come in her mouth. "Oh yeah. Take my

come in your mouth, you little bitch. Now go and spit it on my bitch of a crying wife. Spit it on her ugly blue dress!”

That little slut goes and spits my semen onto my wife’s blue dress. I zip up my pants and throw the girls a twenty, which they fight for.

We get to the pet store and stand outside and look at the chinchillas that are in a window display. Each one of these furry little creatures, which look like gray and white Pikachu, has the hostess’s face and her tight ass. We get the attention of a store associate, a skinny teenage boy with shaggy blond hair, and he gets a chinchilla out of the display and lets me hold it. It’s squirmy, but I pet the thing for a minute. I hand it to Dorah. Dorah pets it, and I get my face right up to it while she’s petting it.

“Oh, look at the cute little furry thingy,” I say. “Isn’t you just the cutest little furriest little thingy in the whole world? Yes, you are. You are.” I pat the chinchilla on its head, and it starts kicking and clawing in Dorah’s hands.

“Well, sir,” says the sales associate, “would you like to buy one tonight? These guys are on special right now for ninety-nine dollars. And we’ll throw in a bag of food for free!”

“You don’t accept trades, do you?” I ask. “Cause I’d love to give you my wife in exchange for this one.” I point at the chinchilla in my wife’s hands. “Looks like this chinchilla might keep me warmer at night, if you know what I mean.”

“Ha ha,” laughs the associate. “No, we don’t do trades.”

“Seriously, though,” I reply, “I don’t want this flea-ridden rabbit-wannabe. It kind of smells, and I’m sure it’d do hell to my baseboards. Little guy probably shits all over the place, too.”

“Okay, sir,” says the associate.

“You know what? I’ll tell you what,” I tell the associate. “How about y’all just keep this thing caged up with all of his little friends here, y’all feed them and clean up their poop and their pee, and I’ll come back whenever I feel like it and ogle them.”

“Sounds great, sir.”

“Here, take this thing,” I say. I take the chinchilla from my wife and give it to the associate, who takes it away.

“Mmgh ghm?” asks my wife.

“Sure, honey. We can go to the shoe store now.”

Her eyes light up.

At the shoe store, my wife is trying on different shoes with the help of a friendly employee — an overweight, pimply teenage boy. I am looking at loafers and cowboy boots and athletic shoes and socks and trendy T-shirts with brand logos and humorous or motivating sayings on them. There are no cute girls in this store. There’s one ugly one at the register, but otherwise, it’s a total testicle festival in here. It doesn’t matter to me, though. I can’t stop seeing that hostess’s face and ass on everybody.

I walk up to my wife. “What’s taking so damn long, honey?” I ask.

“Mmgh ghm.”

The pimply kid, cramming my wife’s foot into a pump, looks up at me, surprised, frightened, with the face of a hot sixteen-year-old babe.

“What the hell are you lookin’ at, sexy?” I ask the kid.

“E-e-excuse me, s-sir?” he responds.

“What the fuck is your problem, you gorgeous piece of ass?” I ask. I can feel myself getting red in the face. “You think you can come in here and talk to me like that and eye-hump my wife, you little pervert? You think you can get away with that sort of

behavior? I'll teach you to rough arm another man's wife like that!"

The kid stands up and puts his hands in front of his face, backing away. I pull out my knife from my calf-sheath and twice slice his arm. The kid screams and turns and runs away, and I throw the knife, hitting the kid in the back of his head. He falls flat on the floor, the knife sticking out of his head, handle up. A manager comes over, a guy younger than me, a guy maybe thirty years old, a guy wearing glasses, a guy with a mustache, a guy wearing a wrinkly short-sleeved white dress shirt with a tie that looks like somebody threw up on a napkin and folded it up and sold it as a tie.

"Sir, is there any problem here?" asks the manager. He looks from us to the dead kid and then back at us.

"I'll say," I say. "Your tie looks like baby poop on a washcloth. That, and my wife and I are going to be late for our movie just because your fat fuck of an employee here can't help my wife try on shoes without having me get out my blade! That's what's the goddam problem. And my wife is suffering from horrible injuries. She fell down some stairs today, and your employee had to mistreat her like he did."

"I'm very sorry, sir. Is there anything that we can do for you to make it up?"

"Yes, as a matter of fact," I tell the manager. "Yes, there is. You can suck my dick, you piece of shit." Even though he looks just like the hostess, I punch him square in the nose, breaking his glasses. He falls back onto the floor. "And eat my shit! Come on, honey. We're outta here."

"Mmgh ghm," she mumbles.

I retrieve my knife from the kid's head and wipe it off on his shirt. And then I take my wife by the hand and we leave the shoe store and the mall and get into our station wagon and drive to the movie theater and get out of the car and walk inside the cinema.

I buy us tickets and sodas and popcorn and candy. I complain to the concessions clerk that everything is too expensive, and I give him the sort of stare that makes him charge me for a small popcorn instead of the large that I get. Dorah and I walk into the theater, and we find seats near the middle because we got here early. The theater starts filling up and the lights dim and the previews begin. This is our third time to see this movie — *If Time Could Tell*. It's got Ben Affleck in it, plus Christian Slater and Renée Zellweger. It's basically about this young girl who gets trapped in a well, and two firemen, Affleck and Slater, climb down there to save her. But they get stuck down there, too, and they end up double-teaming the little girl, who is Dakota Flannigan, I think her name is. And her mom, Zellweger, ends up fucking both of them, too, and then both the little girl and her mom get pregnant. There are dual paternity cases, which are both inconclusive, and it ends with a song by Bon Jovi to start off the credits.

“It's about to start, honey,” I say. “Aren't you excited?”

“Mmgh ghm,” she mumbles.

The movie begins and it's even better this time. The acting seems more authentic, the scriptwriting seems fresher, the jokes make me laugh harder, the action sequences are more sensational, and Renée Zellweger's titty-shot causes more lurid fantasies to enter my mind. The audio sounds crisper, the score feels more moving, and the picture looks brighter, more colorful. It's a tense scene right now: Affleck and Slater are arguing in the well over who gets to play the PSP next. And my wife won't stop smacking her lips while eating the Milk Duds, so I tweak her broken nose between my index and middle fingers. She lets out a short scream. She stops smacking her lips.

“Thanks, buddy,” says a man about my age sitting in the row behind us. “I thought she'd never stop.” We high-five and then start discussing recent records of

football teams. We get through the AFC South and most of the AFC North before I make a remark about my wife not being able to survive without my constant attention and then turn back around.

“What did I miss, honey?” I ask my wife.

“Mmgh ghm,” she tells me.

“Well, what were you fucking doing while I was talking with my friend back there? Christ, did you not take your Paxil this morning? Have you not been douching? Did you get an infection or something?” My rage builds and builds. The nerve of this damn woman. Does she not understand the meaning of the word *respect*? Now she’s really asking for it.

I bend forward in my seat like I’m going to tie my shoes, to throw her off, and I come back up fast and strike her in the windpipe with my elbow. I swing around my other arm’s fist and land a blow to her belly. She doubles over in her seat and vomits up blood. I stand up, pull up her head by her ears, and quickly lift my knee into her forehead, and she goes limp. I throw her out of the seat to the theater’s dirty, sticky floor.

“Let’s beat some sense into this little bitch of a bitch!” I yell out and start waving people over to me and my wife. And all the men, women, and children in the audience are clambering over seats and rushing up the theater’s stairs to get in a good lick on Dorah. They stomp Dorah and punch her and kick her and throw their soda cups and packages of Twizzlers at her, and some throw their cell phones and keys and gym cards.

I am, of course, not missing out on the action. I take off one of my loafers and whack Dorah in the cunt again and again. A young boy is biting on one of Dorah’s legs, really gnawing it. And then an enormous fat man wearing work boots comes flying over

the seats, bringing down his boots and his full bodyweight onto Dorah's head. Her skull pops, and brains splatter everywhere. The audience cheers enthusiastically. On screen, Zellweger is sucking Ben Affleck's excellent cock.

The crowd goes back to their seats to enjoy the rest of the film, and I drag my wife's body out into the lobby and wait with her for the emergency medical workers. I prop her up next to me on a bench. She's bleeding all over the place. She looks like a zombie.

"Well, honey," I say, "I sure had a great time tonight. I already can't wait until next Friday."

Dorah doesn't respond.

"All tuckered out, huh? I am, too. I'm fairly pooped."

Some medical workers come and check out Dorah. They tell me she's dead.

"Oh, she just gets that way after nine o'clock," I explain.

I place my fist on her chin, or what's left of it, and give a gentle push. Then I slip my arm around her shoulders and bring her into me and deeply kiss her lips, or what's left of her lips.

The medical workers take her and put her in a body bag and throw a few sheets of paper at me and mutter something about reading and signing the papers. The medical workers leave, and I drag the body bag containing Dorah's body all the way to our station wagon. I put the body bag with her still in it in the front passenger seat and buckle the seatbelt. Then I get in the car and drive us home.

Dorah doesn't have much to say when we get back. But I don't mind. She can go on and on and on sometimes. I'm sitting next to her on our sofa in our living room and eating the O'Charley's leftovers and watching a *Becker* rerun. Though Dorah is a little

banged up, I don't care or notice, really. All I can see when I look at her is that pretty hostess's face and ass, even later on, after *Becker*, when I'm fucking Dorah's cold pussy.