

DINNER FOR FOUR

“*Ding*” chimed the door as Mike Harder entered his dentist’s office. Overcome with rage he jabbed his index finger in the direction of the receptionist as he spat, “Is that annoyance really necessary? As if sitting all day in a court room with this decrepit tooth throbbing in my head wasn’t miserable enough. Do I really need the further torture of your God damned bell ringing in my ears; just so you don’t have to look up from your fucking cell phone long enough to notice your customers!”

“Well good afternoon to you too, Mike,” interrupted Dental hygienist Macy; in an attempt to spare the stunned receptionist, Jessica, from anymore of Mike’s rhetorical rant. Macy stood in the open doorway that led from the waiting room into the back medical area. Her crossed arms nestled her liberally exposed cleavage forcing the pink lace of her bra to climb out of her blouse.

Mike's focus locked on Macy like radar tracking an aircraft. His eyes were windows into an inferno of anger that burned with the ferocity of Hell itself; yet was quickly doused by the deep coolness of Macy's baby blue eyes. His stare of admiration fell quickly from her beautiful eyes landing firmly in the grasp of her firm breasts.

Macy was immune to Mike's lustful stares and spontaneous aggression, after years of absorbing the brunt of his anger whenever he was in the slightest dental pain. She now subconsciously blocked it out of her mind, taking away its once painful sting.

Regardless of his rudeness, Macy always defended Mike's abrasive personality to her fed up coworkers. She attributed it to his profession, a symptom of his stress expressed through his acquired argumentative skills. After all, he was a big time criminal defense attorney and had been for over two decades. He toiled day after day in the courtroom arguing the cases of remorseless, guilty men to jurors who were often swayed more by his passion, than the prosecutor's facts. He did the impossible, he changed the truth. What once seemed so obvious to the jury later seemed so absurd after Mike had his way with them. Watching Mike talk to a jury was like watching a southern evangelical preacher address his congregation. By the time the verdict was in Mike had all twelve of his puppets ready to riot in protest against the unjust arrest of his guilty client who they now believed was the poor victim of a discriminatory criminal justice system.

Besides, Macy saw the good in everyone and in every situation; if her house was burglarized she only saw it as an opportunity to redecorate. She was a sweet country girl from a small

quaint town nestled in the high desert hills of southern Utah. The kind of town where few left, because few wanted to abandon their time forgotten paradise for the festering cancer of modern society. It was unheard of, in Macy's family, to go live in the company of wicked big city folk like she had done. When she told her family she was moving away to go live in Las Vegas, of all places, her mother fell to the floor where she lied soaking her homemade dress in a puddle of her own tears. Simultaneously, Macy's father leapt from the dinner table like a striking rattlesnake, sending Macy to her room with a wave of his arm and barked order to read the bible until the urges of Satan left her heart. She wasn't surprised by their reaction; she had lived a highly controlled, abusive, and sheltered life for as long as she could remember.

Macy's father was a stern disciplinarian and the family's spiritual leader; he often dispensed the Lord's wrath upon his children with his belt, in an attempt to beat the Devil's will from their little souls. The Devil's will, being anything that didn't comply with his own; or anything that reeked of the modern world such as: The Theory of Evolution, talk of dinosaurs, or life existing on any planet in the infinite depths of space besides Earth.

Macy was always a little different from her siblings and parents. She kept a skewed version of her father's stern belief in right and wrong; yet still liked to think people were inherently good, even if they occasionally violated holy writ. She treated everyone well until they proved they should be treated otherwise. She may have shed the comfort of small town life for the lace and leather of Sin City, but she didn't let that change who she was. She was today, the same girl that she always had been; a sweet young lady who to all whom met her would find her to be the personification of pleasantness. No one ever suspected that Macy had such a tough childhood, nor the emotional scars left by her oppressive upbringing.

Macy met Mike's sullen stare with one of cheer; that was how she attempted to stay in control. She brought people to the level she wanted them to be at. She never let them drag her into their pits of accumulated misery.

"Right this way Mike, it's great to see you," said Macy as she unleashed an enormous smile that even Mike was helpless against.

To meet Macy was always a joy, but to know her was impossible. She didn't let anyone in that close anymore; the people whom she had once loved most repeatedly punished her for her human nature, all while taking out their own perversions on her young mind, body, and soul. Like many raised in abusive seclusion, she never quite connected with people in a normal way. She was a polite and loving person to all; but that was partly a show. Her personality was too clean to have been born from the tainted womb of the real world; it was a constructed mask made in the image of the accumulated sitcom women Macy looked towards to define what real people, in the real world, should be. The repression of sexuality and display of violence that she experienced in her young life only made the perverse more appealing to her. In their attempt to keep Macy, "PURE," her parents only enhanced the perverse with the addition of alluring mystery and fueled the fires of carnal desire that raged inside of her.

"Is that mean little tooth hurting my pal, Mike, again? What a naughty little fellow," she led Mike to her work station by draping her slender fingers over his shoulder as she spoke. Her touch soothed him like a mother's breast soothes a hungry infant.

It wasn't only Macy's smile and cheerful demeanor that caught Mike's attention. Her smile was angelic but her body was truly the product of divine ingenuity. Her athletic curves danced in her uniform as she walked, defying its intentionally lackluster design. If her beautifully crafted countenance was a creation of God, her body was assurance that the Devil would win the struggle over the souls of men.

"Honey, you're so sexy that I may just stop brushing my teeth altogether," said Mike with a twitch of his eyebrows and pucker of his lips.

"Oh darling, you are just too much for this country girl," said Macy feigning amusement and innocence.

"Baby, you have no idea," said Mike suggestively as he tugged on his belt which was smothered under his bulbous torso.

"Sir, have a seat please," redirected Macy in an attempt to reestablish professionalism.

"It's a little high isn't it?" lured Mike with a bear trap of a question.

When Macy bent over to adjust the dental chair for Mike, he lost himself in the ever growing crevasse between the back of her thighs created by the rise of her skirt. Teeming with lust, he reached out and traced her hamstring with the tips of his manicured fingernails.

"Don't touch me!" yelled Macy in an uncharacteristic loss of composure; her eyes momentarily wild.

The office was thrown into an eerie silence by the surprising exclamation from the normally sweet and cheerful Macy. Macy held her hand in the air like Malcom X quailing a riot outside a police station; the office returned to tranquility. Mike's face was burdened by a heavy look; like his mommy just caught him with his hand in the cookie jar. His shock was short lived.

“Hey Lady, you wouldn’t keep the Crown Jewels in your living room then get mad when your friends wanted to try them on. If those puppies ain’t for sale, take them out’a the damn window,” retorted Mike with his usual charm.

Despite Mike’s repulsive behavior, Macy adjusted her skirt with a pull and a shimmy then returned to her usual bubbly demeanor.

“Sit here, Sir, while I get Dr. Weaver for you,” said Macy with a wave of her hand towards the chair.

“You do that Hun, and tell the doc to be generous with the gas. This fucking tooth is killing me,” groaned Mike as he massaged his aching jaw.

Dr. Weaver entered the room and without a word placed the mask on Mike’s plump face feeding his lungs with the sweet soothing hiss of impending silence. When Mike’s eyes fluttered shut a slow clap erupted from the receptionist’s counter.

“You’re welcome!” shouted Dr. Weaver with a chuckle as he raised his arms, pumping his fists in triumph.

After the procedure Mike awoke slowly; first roused by the sound of jingling metal then the rustling sound of Macy removing his dental apron. His foggy gaze shifted from his apron to Macy’s clingy skirt when she turned her back to remove the items from the dental tray. Even in his first moments of woozy consciousness the only thing he had on his mind was which position he wanted to fuck Macy in first. Macy noticed his lustful stare and the twitching in the crotch of his five hundred dollar slacks but she didn’t show her discontent. She simply stopped cleaning up, then walked Mike like a lost puppy to the front desk and personally checked him out on the computer.

“Thank you for coming Sir. I hope the rest of your work day goes well,” said Macy with a genuine smile as she closed his personal information file in their computer system.

Mike mumbled gruffly, “I’ve gotta do a damn deposition in an hour, real good times.”

Macy smiled, “See you later, Sir.”

“You bet your sweet ass you will, Honey,” said Mike as he walked out the door; wincing when it chimed.

For Macy the work day was nearly over. She only had one more patient standing between her and the relaxing evening she had planned with the family. For her final task of the day, she cleaned the tiny teeth of the sweetest little pigtail adorned girl. Little Ann Swenson, never was there a cuter little kid sitting in a dental chair; it was just what Macy needed to remind her of all the good in the world.

Macy finished polishing Ann’s teeth then asked, “You are all done Sweetheart. How are you feeling?”

“All my toofs feel sparkly,” replied Ann through the gap where her two front teeth used to be.

Macy giggled then lifted the little girl out of the chair and let her pick a prize from the treasure chest; she chose a little red top then ran to her mommy, who was too busy flirting with Dr. Weaver to even notice Ann was done. Macy locked eyes with Dr. Weaver who rolled his eyes back at her pleading his innocence.

Macy cleaned her work station then grabbed her purse. As she walked to her car she twirled keys around her finger visibly overcome with joy; and secretly elated with anticipation for the rest of her evening.

After a twenty minute drive filled with animated lip singing to the greatest hits of Katy Perry, she parked her car in front of the two story, eight bedroom, colonial style house. She walked to the front door nearly skipping with excitement to see the smiles on the faces of the children after the meal she would soon prepare. Macy slid two keys into the door before she found the right one; but when that door opened she walked inside, without hesitation, heading straight for the kitchen. She opened the fridge and within minutes was dicing vegetables for a salad, sautéing spinach, and spreading biscuits across a greased cookie sheet; there was no time to waste, she would hate to make the family wait for their meal. As she cooked the lavish meal she hummed and flipped through family photo albums enjoying the bright smiles and love that shone from the faces in every picture.

“Too cute!” she exclaimed as she pointed to a picture of a baby wearing a bubble beard and eyebrows while up to her shoulders in an over filled bubble bath.

As she neared the end of the last photo album the oven chimed; everything was prepared besides the main course. Macy could finally relax, she would wait to cook the ribs that would serve as the apex of the spectacular meal until after he got home. She removed a martini glass from a cherry wood rack that hung under the kitchen cabinets. A cocktail sounded like ecstasy.

Macy was usually a good girl, but occasionally she indulged in what she considered naughty behavior; behavior that her Bible brandishing father would surely condemn her for. For her, things like alcohol and sexuality were an indulgence of her dark side; and now was just the time for the mannerisms of the more menacing side of Macy to emerge from where she hid them from the world.

She knew it would probably be at least half an hour before he got home, and a couple hours before the rest of the family arrived.

She wrote a note, sealed it with a lip stick kiss, then left it on the kitchen counter.

The note read:

“Hey, Honey. Get in the shower and I’ll have dinner finished before you get out. See you soon. XOXO”

Martini in hand, Macy walked into the backyard and draped herself across a lawn chair. She released an exhale of relaxation as she raised her glass to her lips.

Forty five minutes later, Mike’s black Mercedes screeched to a halt in the circular driveway in front of his house. He slammed his car door then walked towards his lavish home. He was angrier than ever; fueled by a combination of the pain he felt in his violated mouth, and the infuriating fact that he seemed to have lost the part of his key ring that held his house keys. Mike knew it was too early for anyone to be home and was dreading the wait outside until someone arrived to let him in. He sat on a patio chair while simultaneously slamming his

briefcase on its accompanying wrought iron table. The tender flesh of Mike's exposed wrist was seared by the hot metal tabletop.

"Only a dumb bitch would buy a metal table in a city where temperatures reach one hundred and twenty degrees!" yelled Mike cursing his absent wife.

Mike's degradation was interrupted by the enticing smell of cooking food which escaped his home.

"Is Sara home early? That bitch better not be in there with another man," mumbled Mike with an ironic fear of infidelity.

Mike peered through the stained glass window at the top of the front door hoping to catch Sara in the act.

"Finally some fucking luck," muttered Mike when his hand, which was resting on the door knob, accidentally turned it causing him to realize the front door was unlocked.

The smell of the freshly cooked meal seized his senses as he walked through the door. What was a mere hint of baking bread outside was now a collage of cuisine born fragrances. Normally his wife, Sara, wasn't much of a chef, but he had to admit, this time she had outdone herself.

Mike momentarily reflected on when he met Sara.

It was when he first started working at District Court. She was a receptionist who looked more like she belonged in Playboy than in a stoic courthouse. Mike was fifteen years her senior but his five thousand dollar suits, lavish gifts, and silver tongue made her see past the age difference and his rotting pear of a body. Some called her a shallow gold digger for marrying Mike; but she was a good woman who truly fell in love with the crass lawyer. It was not a crime

for a woman to be attracted to success, and she held no shame for being one of the women who fell into that category; after all, she was in great company. Although she was initially attracted by his success, she accepted his proposal for the love that filled her heart not the money that filled his bank account. Two beautiful children later and she was more in love with him than she ever thought possible between two people, in one lifetime.

Mike read a note left for him on the kitchen counter, smiled, then called out, “Sara, Baby, I’m home where are you?” he momentarily felt foolish when he recalled Sarah’s car not being in the driveway.

“She must have gone to buy the rest of the food,” thought Mike.

He clenched the note in his hand as if it was Sara in his arms. After a moments embrace, he sat it on the counter and walked to the master bedroom to take a shower.

Macy leaned back in Mike’s lawn chair as she watched the windows of the upstairs bathroom grow opaque with condensation.

“Honey is home!” erupted Macy with a school girl inflection and series of rapid shallow claps.

Macy walked inside the house and rinsed her empty martini glass before putting it in the dishwasher. She burned the crumbled note on the stove then plucked a paring knife from the knife block. Cradling the knife in her hand Macy walked upstairs heading towards the master bedroom. Pictures of Mike, Sara, and their children lined the walls of the long hallway that led

to the master bedroom. She slowed her gate as she looked at each and every one of the photos. They looked like such a happy family, so full of life.

When Macy entered the bedroom, she sat the red handled paring knife on the bed then she slowly and methodically began to shed all of her clothing. After she slipped her red lace panties down her long smooth legs; she stood naked in front of Mike's bed and meticulously folded each article of clothing before placing them on the bed in neat piles. She picked up the knife and walked into the bathroom where she momentarily stood nude in front of the mirror. Macy puckered her lips as she tucked her hair behind her ears and checked her makeup. After her hair was properly perched she turned facing the shower curtain. She looked over her shoulder into the mirror one last time at her firm round ass; she grinned with admiration of her own spectacular form.

In a spontaneous eruption of violence, Macy flung the shower curtain aside and grabbed Mike by the back of his wet hair. She pulled him down onto his back as his legs flailed desperately searching for traction on the soap covered shower floor. The blunt force of Mike's head striking the shower's tile floor jarred him from consciousness. Macy carefully stepped into the shower and straddled Mike's wet bare chest, clenching his flabby body between her firm, smooth, bare thighs.

When Mike's eyes fluttered into focus he was stunned to see the incredible naked body of a woman whom he didn't immediately recognize sitting on his chest. Water ran off her breasts like rain water off a sculpture of a long abandoned goddess in a European villa. The slick warmth of Macy's moist vagina sliding across his bare chest stoked the flames of Mike's passion as it stood in primal distinction from the warm shower water that rained down upon them. Macy leaned in

close to Mike's face; her wet hair caressed his chest as she crept closer with lips perched and eyes hungry for satisfaction.

Her parted lips released a whisper while her left hand traced Mike's budding erection, "Do you want it, Mike? It feels like you want it."

Mike's mind plummeted from a cliff of confusion, giving himself freely to the whirlpool of carnality that waited below to drown him. His dream, the dream he has had since the first day he met Macy, was becoming a reality. Was this real, or was it a hallucination wrought by the trauma to his head from the hard shower floor? He didn't know, nor did he care; if it was a dream he prayed that he would never wake up.

Before Mike could respond to the question posed by Macy the ridged blade of the paring knife punctured his right eye ball releasing a spurt of fluid like a firmly bitten cherry tomato. It wasn't a deep thrust, not a thrust to end his misery, but rather one to evoke it. One eye's pain became reflected in the other as Macy repeatedly thrust the blade into Mike's trembling eye sockets in a rhythmic left, right, left, right beat as she hummed as merrily as a toddler playing with a new toy. Her face dripped with the blood spatter that was cast from the blade as she rapidly, and repeatedly, unsheathed it from his eye sockets. The blood was quickly diluted by shower water and washed down her naked body like overly wet watercolor paints dripping down an unprimed canvas. Mike writhed in the throes of shock, digging his fingernails into his ruptured eyeballs in an instinctual attempt to remove the source of the overwhelming pain. Water filled Mike's trembling mouth muffling his cries into gurgles.

Macy abandoned her torment momentarily as she slid her moist vagina from Mike's chest, over his heap of a stomach, across the shaft of his now limp penis, and down to his thighs. After

she adjusted her firm ass to comfort on Mike's lower thighs, she slowly inserted the tip of the knife's blade into his bulbous stomach with the blade's flesh honed edge facing up. She rested the blade's back atop her other hand for guidance. Then in one slow, deliberate motion she slid her hands and the remorseless blade from Mike's stomach towards his quivering face, unzipping his torso along the way. As his skin spread, Mike's entrails pushed their way to freedom through the barricade of oily fat. His intestines spilled onto the shower floor where they floated in the soup that filled the shower due to its gore choked drain. Macy toiled meticulously at her gruesome task as Mike released his last labored breath, finally escaping his mortal Hell.

Several moments later, Macy stood in the shower lathering the flowing curves of her firm body; just like every morning and evening before. The only difference between those times and this, was the corpse that lay at her feet blooming with the organic petals of skin, meat and internal organs draped from within its hollowed torso. After rinsing the soap from her body, she turned off the water then dried herself with a beautifully embroidered towel from the rack. As she dried her body she inspected her porcelain skin for any stray droplets of blood or flesh.

Clean, dressed, and with Mike's blood saturated rib cage in hand, Macy walked down stairs to finish cooking her meal. As she sprinkled Mike's ribcage with cinnamon and lathered it in barbeque sauce, her eyes were still consumed by the black glaze born from the intoxication of murder.

The ribs were nearly cooked when Mike's wife Sara, daughter Michaela, and son Mike Jr. arrived home. The ribs looked incredible; moisture seeped through their slightly charred, sauce

bathed, and glistening exterior. The smell that emanated from them was so sweet and tangy;

Macy's mouth watered as she removed them from the oven.

"Hi, who are you?" asked Sara surprised to see another woman cooking in her home.

"Mr. Harder had to work late so he sent me to make dinner for you guys. I'm his new legal assistant, Lacy. It's a pleasure to finally meet all of you. What adorable little children,"

responded Macy with a smile as she removed Mike's steaming, succulent ribs from the pan, put them on a platter, then placed them on the dining room table. "I hope y'all like ribs!"

"They look so yummy, mommy!" yelled little Michaela, through her salivating mouth, as she climbed into her booster chair and eagerly tucked her napkin into the collar of her flower clad sun dress.

THE END