

## **There, It's Done.**

By: Dennis Payne

“Walter! Walter! Get down here. Damn it, I don’t want to be late.”

Walter Wilson looked toward the bedroom door and sighed. “Damn it yourself, I don’t want to be late either,” he said. But he was careful not to say it loud enough that his wife, ‘The Bitch’; could hear him. The Bitch was his pet name for her. But he knew better than to let it escape the confines of his mind. He had been married to Beth for twenty-two years and for the last twenty-one and a half it had been pure misery.

“I’ll be right down sweetie,” he said. Cringing at is own cowardice.

He pulled on his dinner jacket and walked out of their bedroom and briskly down the stairs, looking around at their beautiful home as he walked. They had everything anyone should need to be happy. They had raised two great kids. Both of whom were off at school in northern Virginia. They’d be home on Christmas break in about a month. He owned a successful construction company and had more than enough money to take them comfortably into their old age. He was still a well built and, some might say, handsome man with bright blue eyes and a ready smile, though his hair was thinning a little. He did spend a lot of time at work but only because there was no benefit to staying around the house where Beth might happen upon him.

When he reached the bottom of the stairs Beth was standing at the front door, arms folded across her abundant breasts and her right foot tapping firmly on the tile

floor. She was looking out the window at the heavy rain that had drenched the area for two days.

“Dear god,” she sighed, “You are the slowest human being on the planet. I’ve been looking forward to this evening for a month. What in the hell took you so long?”

They were going to yet another of Beth’s all-important dinners at the club. She took full advantage of everything his hard work and subsequent wealth had to offer. She and many of her friends, wives of other well-heeled businessmen, spent much of their time at the club. Playing tennis or bridge or golf, eating lunch and, Walter figured, screwing the brains out of all the young men who worked around the club.

“Just trying to make myself handsome for you pumpkin.” He smiled.

“Well you can stop trying, it didn’t work.”

“Thank you my dear, that’s very kind of you.” He smiled again knowing how much it pissed her off. He took a great deal of pleasure in using that sort of dig, one she couldn’t really take exception with.

“Fuck off, Walter. Now let’s get going.” She walked out the door and under the covered portico to their waiting Mercedes Benz. She quickly got the passenger door open and slid in slamming the door behind her.

“My, my, such a pity.” Walter thought as he walked around the back of the car. Beth was still a very attractive woman. Unless of course, you had the misfortune to be the target of her rage. A position he and his boys had long suffered through. To the unsuspecting observer, her beautiful blond hair, creamy smooth skin, tight firm ass and large breasts would seem perfection personified. To those who had

experienced her slashing tongue and persistent anger at everything, she was a pit bull.

As he pulled away from the house and started down the long tree lined drive he had a song in his heart and a smile hiding happily behind his usual look of beaten resignation.

“I sure hope we don’t hit high water,” Walter said glancing over at Beth. She made no response just stared straight ahead into the blinding glare of oncoming headlights. When the car passed the iron gates of their estate Walter pulled slowly forward looking both directions.

“God damn it! Would you go on. You drive like an old woman,” Beth snarled.

Just as he started to accelerate the back door of the Mercedes was jerked open and young man, soaked to the skin, jumped into the back seat just behind Beth and jabbed a small hand gun into the back of her beautiful blond head. As Walter jerked toward the sound and movement Beth screamed and lunged forward but the seatbelt prevented any real movement.

“Shut the fuck up!” The man said calmly. “No one has to get hurt here.”

Walter had slammed on the breaks, the action forcing Beth even harder into the belt. She stopped screaming but continued whimpering in an almost puppy like manner.

“Oh dear god!” Walter said, “I don’t have much money on me. But you can have all I have and here, take the car. Just don’t hurt us.” As he spoke he pushed the car into park and raised his hands off the steering wheel.

“I don’t want your fucking money.” The man whispered looking at Walter but never taking the gun from the back of Beth’s head. “But thanks for the offer, and I may hit you up for a small loan when I get out.” There was a barely audible chuckle in his voice that was more threatening than the gun. “Right now I just need a ride out of town. Not a long ride, just a ride. Then you nice folks can be on your way.”

“Anything, anything you want but please take that gun away from my wife’s head. We won’t be any trouble. What ever you want.”

“Let’s go,” the man said, “go left, I’ll tell you where to turn when it’s time,” he looked over at Walter, “and don’t try to be a hero.”

“God no, Walter! No hero stuff!” Beth ordered.

“Damn you,” he said, “even in front of this car-jacker you have to humiliate and emasculate me!”

To his surprise Beth shot back. “Fuck you! You asshole! I hate you, I always have.”

Walter got control of himself and put his eyes back on the road. “Well enjoy,” he thought, “your reign of terror is about over.” He smiled inwardly.

“God damn, I’m really very good at this,” Walter thought. His weeks of practicing his lines and thinking of just the right reactions were paying off. Beth had no idea. The young man in the back seat with the gun pointed at the bitch was one of his employees at the construction company. Walter had hired Ezekiel just for this purpose and had brought him on the job and paid him like any other laborer. Regular pay checks and everything. Laborers came and left the construction sights with such regularity that one more would never draw anyone’s attention. The

hundred thousand dollars in the bag in the trunk had been thoroughly scrubbed and would be his severance package. None of it could be traced back to Walter. He had touched nothing having to do with this little adventure without surgical gloves, and those had all been burned.

Almost instantly after Walter and Beth's little outburst Ezekiel's left fist flew forward and struck Beth in the left eye. She screamed and covered her face as she turned away from the blow. Blood was flowing freely from a cut above her eye.

"That was unplanned," Walter thought, "but damn I wish I'd have done it." As Beth continued crying and cursing she held her hands over her battered face.

"Now," Ezekiel said, "I hope you nice folks understand, I do not intend to put up with any bull shit. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes." Walter and Beth said at the same time.

"It's time," Walter thought, "it's time." He glanced over his shoulder at Ezekiel who looked back and gave a nod. At a predetermined spot Walter checked the rearview mirror and then slammed on the breaks and slid the car to a stop in the center of the road. He heard Beth scream and the revolver cock. He looked toward Beth, wanting to witness her last miserable breath.

"What the fuck..." was all Walter got out before the bullet crashed through his right eye and splattered blood, brains and hair over the inside of the car. The driving rain began to wash over Walter's surprised face as his head hung limply against the shattered window.

"There, it's done," Beth said with a smile. The blood and brain matter splashed across her pretty face and in her beautiful blond hair. "Get your bag out of the

trunk," she said, "and show up tomorrow for work as usual. I'll, of course, shut down all the construction operations until my poor husband can be properly buried. It's the least I can do, you know. He was nice enough to plan this whole thing for me. I guess it's the first thing he ever did right."

"Yes mam," Ezekiel said. "When will I see you again?"

She shrugged.