

## Chapter 8

### *Missile-Tits' story*

When Frank woke, he found himself lying prostrate, a black stiletto high-heel planted firmly on his sternum. His eyes followed this up a shapely leg to the narrow stripe of nose and mouth frowning down at him in disapproval between healthy and keenly-pointed breasts. Frank was reminded of his wife, and felt his blood-flow alter accordingly. It was almost as if, no, it was! How could it be possible? It was Missile-Tits!

"Beloved!" Frank exclaimed with a joy curbed only by the pressure on his chest. "Les told me you were dead! How can this be?"

Missile-Tits grimaced in disgust. Lifting her foot from his chest, she hauled back and kicked him full-force in the nuts. "You worthless Son-of-a-BITCH! How could you be so FUCKING STUPID!" She screamed in rage as Frank folded up, gasping for air.

"I leave you alone for ONE GODDAMNED NIGHT, to go and tend my DYING MOTHER, and you manage to lose EVERYTHING!

"We TALKED about it, and you AGREED! ALL you had to DO was NOTHING!!"

Her face flushed with rage, and she hauled off and planted another stiletto right in the sweet spot, fueling the strike by screaming "FFUUUUUCCCKKKK!!" Frank had never imagined that the nerves of his descending colon were fine-tuned enough to appreciate the warp and weft of his blue-jeans even through his underwear, but there it was.

At that point, the pressure overcame Frank's will. He pissed enough to stain the front of his pants, and puked yellow bile bearing the loam of Houston: adderall, cheap vodka, mushrooms, cigarettes, trunk carpet, graham cracker, lemon curd, and chocolate frosting. Missile-Tits retreated in disgust.

As Frank convulsed on the ground, whimpering, Missile-Tits lost some of her rancor. She had a great deal to relate to Frank about her adventures during their time apart, and she took this opportunity to get it all off her chest. Between gasps of blinding pain, Frank learned that she had caught wind of his disgrace, and her danger, from friends while at the hospital. She had used her copious talents to coerce an orderly into altering the name on the toe-tag of a young woman whose co-morbidities (asthma and anti-vaxxerism) had left the patient helpless in the face of a third COVID infection, thus falsifying her own demise and escaping persecution.

With her cell service and credit cards cancelled, her mansion sold away, and Frank in the wind, she had pawned her jewelry and handbag. This had provided funds sufficient to secure a single night's shelter at an Indianapolis hotel. Thereafter, Missile-Tits had supported herself by encouraging the attentions of the men she came across. In the course of these adventures, she had met a Texas oil billionaire, and he had unwittingly introduced her to a pertinacious strip-mall preacher.

"Don't give me that look, Frank! Who were *you* fucking, anyway?"

"What?"

"Don't even try to play dumb, you ASSHOLE! Nobody stuffs their desk drawers with powdered rhinoceros horn, unless... was it that *WHORE* secretary who gave you her passwords?"

Frank meant to protest, but his irrepressible candor caused his face to light with happy recognition as he called to mind the friendly secretary who had, in fact, provided him with her passwords. Missile-Tits read this as guilt. Her brow furrowed, and Frank got another swift kick to the giblets.

A full-throated "ASSHOLE!" accompanied this violence. As the echo in the small room faded, Frank heard a door slam. Moments later, a big fat white cowboy hat entered the room atop a big fat white face, shining above a big fat white suit gilded with a skinny little black-and-silver bolo tie.