

Excerpt from *Dirty Thirty* by Cara McKenna

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Evan Hennessey glanced at the clock on his computer screen for the thousandth time that hour, the day crawling, limping ever more slowly toward five. He was turning thirty tomorrow, no big deal really...except tonight he going to get his brains fucked out, one last hurrah before his twenties were officially over.

This evening's festivities were his wife's orchestration. Margie had planned the whole thing and done a damn fine job, just as she did with everything else she put her mind to.

Evan picked up his cell phone and held down the two button.

Margie picked up on the second ring. "You're not chickening out, right?"

He laughed, kept his voice low so his officemates wouldn't overhear. "No way. Just obsessively checking the time. He said eight?"

"Yup, eight."

"And I don't need to pick anything up on my way home?"

"Nope. Your gorgeous charming wife has it all under control."

Evan toyed with the tin robot next to his computer, straightened the framed wedding photo beside it—Margie in torn white lace, tattoos, spiky pink hair, Evan in a tuxedo tee shirt, mohawk longer than it was these days and dyed deep red to match his silkscreened bowtie and carnation.

"I love you, Margie."

"Why wouldn't you?" He heard the smirk in her standard reply.

"I love you for doing this."

"I love that you asked," she said. "Listen, I've got to finish something for a six o'clock deadline. See you in an hour-ish?"

"Yup. See you soon."

He clicked his phone off, drummed his fingers on his thighs. Four nineteen. Christ, this day was never going to end. Why did the laws of physics have to pick today to rewrite themselves? Didn't they understand Evan needed this, the slowest Friday in history, to be over already? Didn't they know tonight was the night Evan was finally going to get properly and thoroughly fucked by another man?