

Chef Pablo

By A.C. Zito

My sparkly Calvin Klein dress wasn't actually that expensive, but it still made me feel like a princess. A princess ready to go to the ball with her *Prince Charming*. And it better be an expensive restaurant wherever Clarence planned on bringing me.

"I'm a *ten*, Clarence. You better treat me like one." I talked to the mirror, saying this as I put a little bit more blush on before sighing. It was our two-year anniversary. Two years of me putting up with his *stupid* football and his *smelly* friends. *Go Mets!* I always said as one of his football performances went into Act 1.

*How many acts until intermission?* I always had to ask which *he* always ignored me. I tell *him* when intermission is whenever we go see *my* plays.

Clarence walked in on me taking my pink sports bra off and putting on something a little more sexier for my big, hunky stud!

"The reservation isn't until eight, babe. Do we have a little time for some *us-time*?" I shook my head. I had *just* put my makeup on. He thought I couldn't resist his temptations as he unbuttoned his sexy Ralph Lauren button-down, but he wasn't fooling anybody. I *knew* the reservation was actually for seven-thirty. If we didn't go now we'd be late.

"Come on, babe." I buttoned up his button-down for him and put my hands flat on his rock-hard chest. It made me giddy. I *knew* it was all mine, and he was as loyal as they come. Mom told me he was a keeper and to not let go of him, and I wasn't planning on it. Whenever I find a man with a six-pack first thing I do is cook for him and then, afterwards, I *know* they won't be going anywhere. I always tell my girlfriends that, but they *never* listen.

*I don't even know what I would cook for him, Brittany* Their loss for not talking about food in the first place.

"Fried chicken, biscuits, corn on the cob slathered with butter, and baked beans with chunks of bacon." I whispered to myself dreamily as I hugged him tightly smelling in his expensive cologne that he had put on for me. I knew my man inside out. "And you *can't* forget a cold glass of sweet tea in a cute, little mason jar with the ice cubes shaped just how he liked them.

"I got us an Uber. Aren't you proud of me, babe?" Clarence said with his stupid grin.

"Shut up," I said, slapping him lightly on the face. I didn't want him to tell me that. Now there's no way I'm going to *even* be impressed unless he got an UberX which I *highly* doubt it. Even though he should *know* since it's our two-year anniversary that me being a princess I deserve nothing *less* than an UberX.

“Oh my God... You got an UberSelect...” There was that toothy grin I hated so much. He knew he blew me away, “Oh... my... *God; BABE!* I love you so much!” I gave him a hot kiss hoping the Uber driver was getting jealous from how hot we looked and how hot *I* was.

He opened the door, and I got into the cute car. Clarence better drive us off in this exact car on our wedding day when we leave to go to Florence for our honeymoon.

“Hi, I’m Kayla. I’ll be your Uber driver.” The night *hadn’t even started yet, and Clarence already f-ed up.*

“Hi, I’m Brittany.” Clarence got in on the other side and sat right behind her. I was *flaring* with rage.

“Hello, my name is Clarence; I’ve bet you’ve been bringing a lot of people to the restaurant we’re going to, tonight.” The *Kayla* nodded, smiling, realizing how *hot* he was. I wanted to grab the skank by the roots of her hair and drag her out of her cute car for even *thinking* to smile at my man like that!

“Clarence, baby, have I ever told you that your jawline is *so sexy?*” I felt at it feeling how smooth it was while I played with my hair. I could tell that he *just* shaved. I hoped that *he* understood that *I* wanted him to play with my hair. Guys *never* got the memo, and it always made me *so* mad. He was then supposed to move in and kiss me on the side of my chin and leave a trail of kisses down my neck until he got too far down which was always the hottest part and then I would yell out:

“*STOP!*” In a teasing way that would make the *Kayla* girl jealous of my life and wish she had mine which would never happen because my life is *so* perfect and no one could like, even *handle* it.

“Hold my hand,” I had to tell him. I whispered this to him, but it probably sounded like I snapped at him to the *Kayla* girl which I *like didn’t*. But I didn’t even *care* because I was sitting where *I* was, and she was sitting where *she* was.

“Did you hear about Greg and Cindy?” he said starting up the latest gossip which made me finally relax and feel comfortable. We talked about their fight at *Foxy Witch’s* for the rest of the ride. Their fight ended with the bouncer throwing them out. It was *so* uncool of them to like *even* go out and make a scene like that. *Now*, next we go back there with them I’m going to be *so* embarrassed!

“Welcome to the *Amusement Park.*” The greeter told us as we stepped inside. It was *super* fancy which made me not mind the name as much.

“Why are you called the *Amusement Park?*” Clarence asked. I was impressed that he asked such a good question.

“Chef Pablo’s dishes are a *roller coaster* of adventure.” The greeter said with a smile that looked a little too forced.

“Does Chef *Pablo* make you say that to everyone?” I asked. But the snooty greeter already had his back turned to us and was leading Clarence and I to our table.

The first thing I realized once we stepped into the main area was that it *was* an amusement park. It threw Clarence and I off completely. The first thing we saw was a pool-sized tub of green slime that two children were playing inside while a shower head above them sprinkled down more green slime that the children seemed to be letting fall into their mouths.

“That’s repulsive…” I said to Clarence. But he was too busy looking at the table next to the children which had ice cream layered up, up and up reaching far beyond the people sitting around the table. Cotton candy twisted into long strands spiraling around the colorful ice cream until it stopped at the very top where a plate rested which had on it the actual entrée. Waiters stood on ladders reaching up to the plate at the very top and feeding it to the diners seated down below.

At the next table a man stood over what looked to be the waiter eating his food.

“Oh, this is wonderful!” The man exclaimed as the waiter took another bite. Clarence and I looked at each other confused out of our minds. We were seated at a table with two chickens in a cage placed on it.

“Which one do you want?” The waiter asked as he came out of nowhere. Clarence and I looked at each other in horror.

“Neither!” I said to him, horrified. I felt like I was about to cry! Why was Clarence doing this to me? The waiter looked at me with droll eyes and then clapped his hands twice. Someone came and brought the cage of chickens away.

“I’m guessing you want a menu? Isn’t that right, honey?” The waiter asked me in a sarcastic tone.

“Well a matter of fact, yes! That would be lovely!” I said feeling the anger flare up inside me. The waiter pulled out two menus lamented having me feel much more relieved.

“What is this?” Clarence asked our waiter. It was a blank piece of paper. Did he think we were a couple of morons?

“A blank piece of paper *lamented? Really?*” I snapped at him. He quickly snatched the two menus out of our hands and took out a black marker writing something on them. He then showed Clarence a circle with two dots for eyes and a straight line for a mouth. He then quickly slid it into a pocket behind him and showed me my face. *My face* was a circle with two dots for eyes but instead of a straight line for a mouth I got... *a frowny face? Really?*

I stood up and tried to snatch the lamented piece of paper from his hand, but he already took off and headed into what seemed to be the kitchen.

“This place is weird, Brittany, let’s just get out of here.” Clarence said.

“No!” I snapped back at him, “I want to see a manager!” It didn’t take long for the waiter to come back out with two empty plates. The first plate he placed in front of Clarence. He then, with *my* plate still in his hand, held the plate down and broke a piece of it off placing it on his plate.

“What in the worl-“ but the waiter wasn’t done. He then held up what had to be *my* plate in the air and looked to be pondering at what to do with it. Suddenly, he brought it down eye-level with him. In one part of the plate, the left-hand corner to be exact, he let out a tiny breath onto it leaving a breath stain. He then moved down to the opposite corner and with his thumb, rubbed a mark on it leaving a smudge that was approximately two inches long and curved the ever so tiniest of bit.

And after all of that, right as he was about to place it before me, he quickly brought it back to him and stood in an upright posture giving me a *sorry-not-sorry* expression.

“Have a good meal, sir.” He told to my Clarence. And before he was off with what was *supposed* to be my meal, he added: “Compliments of Chef Pablo himself.”