

## If I'm Honest – Chapter Nine

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### Chapter Nine – A Shitload Of Bad Ideas (Olivias 1-3, Kendra, Violet, Aisha)

So, look, the next couple of months were basically filled with me making a ton of stupid, and generally unremarkable mistakes, and while I could just yadda yadda the whole thing, it's important to let you know what you're up against, so I'm gonna run it all down as fast as I can without getting too caught up on any of the little shit along the way.

After I left Colleen in Vancouver and headed back to Seattle, the next person I flexed my power on was a college girl named Olivia, who would turn out to be the first of *three* Olivia's I'd fuck in the span of a season, just through utter dumb luck, and the name apparently being very popular among the twenty-something I was using to get the pressure to ease off.

I could go about two weeks before the bracelet would just start trying to throw every woman around me *at* me, and I learned that from the *first* Olivia, who had bumped into me on the dance floor at a night club, hauled me into a bathroom and fucked my brains out on a dirty club toilet while people were banging on the door that they needed to use the can.

At the end of it, she told me “if I'm honest, you might want to go see a doctor.”

You can bet *that* scared the shit out of me.

Turned out, she didn't have anything, but she *thought* she might have, and she'd fucked me *anyway*, and that was the bracelet's first way of telling me I couldn't neglect it, and that I needed to give it a regular chance to express itself every week or so.

The *second* way of telling me the bracelet had was by *actually* talking to me.

Now I know you've already had trouble believing your dad's crazy friend when he's been telling you about this magic bracelet, and it *talking* to him makes him seem even more crazy, but eventually, you're going to start hearing it talk to you. Not a lot. Not often. Just enough to make the whole thing a bit more frustrating than it already is.

*I'm not going to let anyone hurt you, Deke*, the voice in my head said on the way back from the doctor's office, *but the gods wait for no man nor woman*.

“Who are you?” I remember thinking in my head.

*Look at your wrist*, the bracelet said, as I turned my gaze down to see it give a little glimmer. *Hello there*.

“What do you want?”

*To get you your perfect mate, naturally, but you were in this 'I can ignore this' stage of our relationship, and frankly, I don't have the patience for it this go round, so we're going to move right past it*.

“Okay, then what are we moving onto?”

*The indiscriminate phase, I imagine, where you think 'I've got nothing to lose, so let's just go find hot women to fuck and forget,' and I can let you have a few months with that, just to get it out of your system. It's fairly typical of all my disciples to go through it. So carry on. Just make sure that you do carry on, if you get my drift*.

“Disciples?” I thought to myself, but there was no answer. In fact, it would be several weeks before the bracelet spoke to me again.

After Olivia-1 came Kendra, who was a waitress at a high end restaurant that a client took me out to in Chicago, and while the sex was pretty damn amazing, it wasn't until afterwards that I learned *why* it was so damn good.

Turned out Kendra also went by the name Lucy Skydiamond and was an adult film star. Now, for me, that *wasn't* a dealbreaker, but for Lucy, she said, if she was honest, that she wasn't ready to settle down and have a real relationship yet, because she was still discovering what she wanted out of life, both emotionally and sexually. That was about two years ago, and usually I do a monthly search

just to see if she's still doing adult content, but the last few months it's come up empty, so maybe she's retired and moved on to the next stage of her life. Who knows.

Around this time, I also got a *long* text from Colleen, who wanted me to know that she was starting an open relationship with an actor up in Vancouver named Colton, and that while we were still on for hookups every now and again, and to keep trading dirty pics, it wouldn't be as frequent, and that she was going to try and make a serious go of it with him.

On one hand, I was happy for her, glad she was trying to find something more emotionally fulfilling than our weird long-distance booty calls, I also felt a little saddened, because I'd really enjoyed just hanging out with her, and knew I was going to miss our weekly two-hour phone chats.

So I was a little down in the dumps when I met Olivia-2, who I sort of knew right away wasn't going to work, but she was *stunningly* gorgeous, and so out of my ballpark that I knew if I didn't take my swing now, I wasn't ever going to get a second.

Olivia-2 was slender, blonde and pale, with striking blue eyes and tits far too full to be real, but her surgeon must have cost a *fortune* because if it wasn't for the size of them, I'd have been hard pressed to say they weren't natural breasts.

I hadn't been planning on finding something that particular day, but I suppose I'd been at least thinking about it. I was down in Malibu, where I was consulting with a vapid reality TV star and her desire to set up a call center for the mobile game company she'd put together to try and eek that last nickel out of her fans. Deplorable woman, awful business model, but the check cleared, and I'm not paid to pass judgment on our clients.

The call center in question was mostly being built as an attempt to discourage chargebacks from parents unaware what their teens had been spending, and from regretful people who didn't realize quite how often they were pushing their "rebuy" button in the time sink game the "star" had signed off on.

After the meeting, in an effort to get the fucking *stink* off me, I'd headed down to the beachfront, just to relax by the seaside, and had ended up looking at all the pretty girls in their bikinis, getting tans, playing volleyball, catching waves.

Olivia-2 had been one of those girls out sunbathing, and when my eye caught sight of her, I distinctly remember thinking, "Could be fun."

Next thing I knew, she and I were fumbling with each other's clothes in changing room and having the kind of quick, frenzied sex people only have when they're terrified of getting caught. It wasn't very satisfying, if *I'm* honest, and it was over almost as quickly as it started.

As she was leaving, she told me on her way out, "If I'm honest, I'd have just left you for the first cute boy I saw, old man."

That'll put a downer in your day.

I started to resent the bracelet on my wrist a little bit, just because it wasn't really offering me help or guidance in what I was doing, just letting me stumble forth and make my own mistakes headfirst, as fast and as painfully as possible.

To be fair, the girl after Olivia-2, Violet, seemed very nice when we first met. I met her one Sunday morning at the farmer's market back home in Seattle. While she was easy on the eyes, a sort of 60's flower girl hippie vibe to her, with a loose sundress, long curly blonde hair and unshaven legs, she was also easy to talk to.

There was a guy who brought up fresh garlic from California once a month, and me and Violet started talking while we were waiting in line at his booth, her standing a couple of people in front of me. One thing led to another, and next thing I knew it, we were sort of on a first date, walking and talking through the market.

She'd come up to Seattle from Portland a year or so ago after finishing college, hoping to find work as a graphic designer, but so far had only been able to get the occasional job here and there, and most of the time was working as a barrista in a Starbucks, which she hated.

I told her about my job, and instead of her eyes rolling and changing the subject, she actually

had some interesting questions. We sort of went back and forth for about an hour, and at the end of it, she sort of nervously invited me back to her apartment.

Unlike most of the others, Violet was soft, tender and gentle, and we didn't fuck so much as make love, but even in the middle of it, I sort of knew it wasn't going to work, and that I was mostly just going to be a confidence booster for her.

She wasn't really interested in getting *me* into bed so much as she was just *sharing* her bed with someone for a little while, to stave off the loneliness. At the end of it, she told me she was glad she did it, but if she was honest, we were from two completely different worlds, and in the end, some of those differences were just too much to overcome. I was tempted to argue with her until she continued and said, "Besides, I'd probably spend far too much time trying to turn you vegan."

And that, as they say, was that.

Ain't nobody getting me to give up meat.

Before I left, though, I did my best to try and build up her confidence a little, telling her that she was a lovely girl, and that if she wasn't getting attention from men she was attracted to, she should just go after them, and she thanked me for that several times before walking me to the door. I think she just needed someone else to tell her she could do it, and that's maybe the one bright spot from that dark period of my life.

*Good, the bracelet said inside my mind as I left Violet's apartment, you're getting a little better at this. You're starting to recognize and respect the process.*

"You're an all powerful god," I thought back at it. "Why make me go through all of this?"

*Just because I'm the product of a goddess doesn't mean I'm a god, kid, the voice laughed inside of my skull. And if you don't know what you want, how the hell do you expect me to know? I'm, basically, just an extension of you, with a little bit of magic on top.*

"What next?"

*You'll figure it out.*

That brings me to Olivia-3, although I would later find out her actual name was Ruby, and god was *this* a fucking mess.

I'd flown to New York for a work thing, because the client wanted 'the velvet touch,' and insisted on an in-person presentation for something that I could've just as easily done over the phone or a video call. They were paying for the flight and hotel, though, so I guess I can't complain too much, not about that part of it, anyway.

They'd brought me out for two days, so I could give the same pitch to two different groups of people, which *was* a little annoying, but they put me up at the Fairmont in a *very* nice suite, and they told me food and drink was comped, so just to charge it all to the room.

That meant when I came across Olivia-3 in the hotel bar, I was already a couple more drinks ahead of where I should've been, and my judgment was a little impaired.

Olivia-3 was the only of the Olivias to *not* be blonde, but instead had a fringe cut of black hair that also had bangs in front framing her face. Her skin was a darker shade of tan, and my first thought was that she might have been Middle Eastern or, like, half-Asian. She was wearing a little black dress with a very low cut top and a slit along both sides that ran all the way up to her waistline, leaving plenty of leg exposed to the eyeline. She also had on incredibly lush red lipstick, something I noticed as she kept smiling at me from the end of the bar.

She was *far* too lovely to be trawling a hotel bar on a Tuesday night, and the attire looked more like a woman heading out on the town, intending to drink for free all evening. But instead of being at a popular nightclub or even one of the more happening bars, she was in the lobby of the Fairmont, drinking alone.

The cynic in me said that meant one of two things – either she was a businesswoman in town who was waiting for her date, or she was a working girl in search of date. Now I got nothing against either of those two things, but when you have a magic bracelet working in your favor, you don't tend to

think about paying for sex.

So when she stood up from her end of the bar and walked in my direction, I was trying to think of the best possible way to politely decline, until she said, "Hey there. Can I buy you a drink?" She set her large purse on the counter on the other side of me, as if trying to wall the two of us off from the rest of the world.

Okay then, I thought, someone who thought she had a date and got stood up, maybe.

"If you like," I said, "but I don't know how great of company a jetlagged business parasite like me is going to be. Still, it's your money; you're free to spend it however you like."

"What're you having?"

"Glenmorangie, on the rocks," I told her.

"Good taste, at least." She glanced at the bartender, who couldn't have looked more bored if he tried. "Two Glenmorangies on the rocks, please," she told him, before turning her attention back to me. "You thought I was a working girl, didn't you?"

"I'm *sure* I don't know what you're talking about," I said with a chuckle.

"Sure you do," she said with an easy-going smile. "Don't worry about it. I'm in from out of town, and I have, well, *had* I guess, a guy I thought I was supposed to be going out on a date with tonight, but it looks like he flaked on me."

"You sure you told him the right hotel?"

"Quite sure," she sighed. "Especially since he paid for the hotel room I'm staying in. I couldn't afford to stay here on my own. He's not answering his phone now, and I bet it's because his wife's got him doing something or other."

"There's your problem," I told her. "Married men are no good for you."

"I guess," she said, picking up a pretzel from the bowl of them atop the bar. "A girl always wants what she can't or shouldn't have." She paused for a long moment. "Are *you* married? I don't see a wedding ring on your finger, but that isn't always the best of signs these days."

"Came close a couple of times, but never seemed to be able to seal the deal," I said, finishing off my first glass as the bartender brought me a new one, and one for the lady next to me. "Not sure if that's a good or a bad sign."

"You were probably just making sure they weren't after you only for your money."

I chuckled a little bit bitterly, pushing the empty glass towards the bartender's side of the counter. "I do okay, but I'm certainly not rich enough to worry about *that*."

"You're staying here, aren't you?"

"On somebody else's dime, sure."

She rolled her eyes with a smile. "*Nobody* pays for somebody *else* to stay here, so I know you're just teasing me now."

"I mean, I *am* just some random guy in a bar, so who's to say how much, if anything, that I'm saying is true or not? The same goes for you."

"Oh, I'm not smart enough to make up some story," she said. "I'm Olivia by the way."

"Derrick," I replied, "although most people call me Deke."

"Well, Deke, here's to enjoying expensive things on other people's dime."

"Cheers."

We enjoyed a couple more drinks, and while I was definitely buzzed, I've learned how to over-exaggerate how drunk I am so that when I say I don't want any more, people tend to ease off a little bit. I also noticed that Olivia-3 didn't seem to be getting anywhere near as drunk as I was acting, even though she was supposedly matching me drink for drink.

It was around this time my danger sense had started to go off a bit, especially since she invited me up to enjoy her free suite with her, but I also figured, fuck it, what have I got to lose?

Her room was on the 8<sup>th</sup> floor, and it certainly wasn't as nice as my suite was, but she'd wanted us to come to her room instead of mine, so who was I to argue? She pushed me into the room while she

was kissing me, tasting the scotch on both my lips and hers.

I sort of backed into the room and she told me to go over to the bed and make myself comfortable. I wanted to look around the room, but before I could get a chance, she was closing the distance between me and her, dropping the straps of the little black dress off her shoulders so it collapsed into a puddle on the floor, leaving her completely nude beneath.

My eyes widened a little bit and she took her left hand and pushed me back to sit on the edge of the bed as she dropped her purse on the table behind her before moving down onto her knees. Everything was happening so fast, before I knew it, she was bobbing her head in my lap, forcing her face down onto my cock, blowing me with firm intent, her finely manicured fingernails clenching to the outside of my thighs.

Since she was taking care of that for me, I unbuttoned my shirt and slid out of it, while she continued to facefuck herself on my shaft, hellbent for leather, as if the only thing she cared about was making me cum, the sounds of her forcing the tip of my dick into her throat making filthy gulping sounds in between frenzied breaths.

“Hey hey hey,” I said, my hand along the back of her head. “I feel like I should be doing *something* here.”

She let her mouth slip from my cock with a wet pop that sounded like a massive bubble cracking open, as she turned to gaze up at me with her brown eyes. “Oh yeah? You wanna fuck me, Deke? That what you want?” I could see she'd left lipstick smeared all over my dick, as I nodded to her.

“Isn't that what you want?”

“You think you can fuck me better than he would've?” she said, standing up before sitting down on the bed next to me, her ass on the edge of the bed as she laid back, sliding her hands down her sides before hooking them behind her thighs, pulling them back until she was practically wearing her ankles as earrings. “Show me, then. Show me how you can enjoy what that prick's missing.”

I stood up and moved around to crawl on top of her, pushing her back just a little bit, as she reached behind her to grab a pillow, pulling it behind her shoulders and head to keep her propped up a little bit as I guided my cock into place and then thrust forward, as a calamitous moan ejected from her throat, her head nodding feverishly.

“Yeah yeah fuck yeah fuck it fuck it fuck me,” she hissed at me, hurriedly, “drill that fucking hole so fucking good GOD I wanna feel you so fucking deep in me, using me. Do it you bastard take your fucking fill of me.”

My hips were doing the best they could, and the angle let me push very deep into her, the mattress springs creaking in appreciation or protest, it was hard to tell. My balls slapped against her ass each time I crushed down on top of her, and one of her hands reached between her thighs to start jamming her fingertips against her clit, swiping back and forth in a dizzying pace until a jet of clear liquid splashed forth from her up against me, gushing all over the top of the bedspread, as a scratchy desperate moan was strangled from her throat.

I didn't stop fucking her throughout all of this, and moments later, she snapped back into focus and snarled at me. “It's your turn, you motherfucker, so you gotta give it to me. You gotta fill me up, or paint me up. You wanna do it inside of me? Or maybe you just wanna shoot in over my belly? Maybe my tits? Or maybe you wanna paint my fucking face? You wanna make me look like a filthy fucking cumslut, drenched with your spunk? I don't care where you fucking do it, but you gotta fucking do it... I want it so fucking bad...”

I let her legs slide down and then pulled my cock from her cunt, moving to stand at the edge of the bed, grabbing her hips to slide her off back onto her knees, bending her backwards as I pushed my cock back into her mouth and held it there, feeling her hands grabbing onto my ass, as I started to blast my cum into her throat, feeling her cough and sputter but still holding it there, even as the gag reflex was struggling, before drawing back, although only so far as her hands on my ass made sure I didn't pull out as her lips nursed and milked the rest of my load from me, swallowing all of it.

Here's where shit started to get *really* strange.

After she licked my dick clean, and believe me, she was *thorough*, she moved to sit me back down on the edge of the bed, careful to avoid any of the large wet spot she'd made from squirting earlier, then moved over to her purse.

“You were actually a great fuck, Deke, which I wouldn't have thought when I first looked at you,” she said, reaching into her purse, pulling out her cell phone, setting it down on the table. “But if I'm honest, I was going to fuck you no matter what.”

The next thing she took out of the purse was a .38 special, which she set down next to the phone, and at that point, I was starting to get nervous.

Finally, she reached into her purse one more time and pulled out a pair of handcuffs, moving back over towards the bed. I remember thinking to myself that I could probably get to the gun before she could, but before I could spring my plan into action, she put the handcuffs on one of her wrists and then the other, and sat down on the bed.

“How much money do you have on you right now, Deke?” she asked, sliding back on the bed until her back was against the headboard, her makeup still running from the sweat and tears of our sexual activity. “Were you telling the truth, or are you really some kind of high roller?”

“I... I think there's \$300 in my wallet, and my credit cards have got, like, ten grand limits on them?”

She sighed. “Fuck. I knew you were small potatoes, but you were the only fish in that bar all night long, and a girl's got to make her money somehow. If I'm honest, my boyfriend and I do this thing a couple of times a week. I lure some guy up to a hotel room, fuck him, and then he storms in and robs the guy. That's why I didn't fully close and lock the door. You just need to send the word 'now' to the first person in the message list, and he'll come running in here, but he's only going to have a knife, and you're going to have my .38 special, because if I'm honest, we need to stop this kind of shit. I'm sick of fucking strangers just to score. There's a second pair of handcuffs in there, and once he's in here, you can figure out what to do with us.”

I moved off the bed and grabbed the gun. It felt heavy in my hand, and I know enough about revolvers to be able to open the chamber and check it, and sure enough, it was loaded, five rounds and one spent shell casing. With that in my right hand, I grabbed the cellphone with my left hand, and it was unlocked, so I could see the top name in the message list was “Vinnie” and the last several messages just said “NOW.” They were timestamped at around 2 a.m. at various days over the last few weeks. There must've been dozens of them. I put her phone down on top of the table for a moment. I glanced inside the purse, and sure enough, there was a second set of handcuffs, so I pulled them out and set them on the table.

I pulled my pants up, zipped them closed and rebuttoned them, as I considered my options, not really liking any of my options. Unsure entirely what to do, I pulled out my own cellphone and set it on the table, turning on the voice memo recording app. Then I picked her phone back up, the beginnings of a plan in place.

I typed the word “NOW” into the phone and sent the message, and stepped back into the corner, as moments later, the door burst open and a guy ran into the room, a big knife in his hand as he rushed towards the bed. As soon as he saw Olivia-3, he turned to look around the room, and I leveled the gun in his direction.

It was the *fuckin*g bartender.

“Sit down, champ,” I said to him. “And drop the knife.”

“Fuck,” he muttered as he let the knife fall to the floor and moved to sit on the edge of the bed. I didn't feel at all bad that he sat down *right* on the wet spot. “What happened, baby?”

“He got the drop on me,” she lied. “He found the gun and he knows what we were planning.”

“He's drunk enough I could probably—”

I cocked the gun and he shut up quickly.

“You aren't half as good a bartender as you think you are, Vinnie,” I told him. “I'm not *that* drunk. And I'm betting this whole 'jealous boyfriend robbery' thing was your idea, because it's got, like, a million things that could've gone wrong. Shit, I don't even have much worth robbing.”

“Yeah, well, usually it's more of a blackmail thing, where I come in taking pictures of my girl and some dude she's lured up here, and we threaten to send the pictures to his wife unless he pays us.”

“Told you I didn't have a wife,” I said to Olivia-3.

“Hoped you might've been lying,” she sighed.

“Besides,” Vinnie said, “ain't nobody else come into the bar tonight who met the profile, so we figured we'd take you for what we could get. Rich motherfucker like you's always got shit worth pawning. Watch. Phone. Jewelry.”

“Grab Vinnie's wallet out of his pocket for him and toss it over here,” I told her, and she complied, making it easy for me to catch it with my left hand and set it down on top of the table.

“All said and done, even if you took me for everything I had on me, including the suit, it's barely more than a few grand.”

“Still enough to get a couple of eight balls,” Vinne grumbled.

I grabbed the other handcuffs with my left hand, tossing them over to him. “Cuff your wrists together, interlocked with your girlfriend there.”

“What's your play here, man?” the guy asked me, as he did as he was told.

I slowly uncocked the pistol, setting the hammer gently down so as to not set off the weapon. Then I reached into the purse with my left hand and found the little wallet in there, removing it as I looked at the driver's license. “Ruby Alexopoulos,” I said, pulling the license from its little plastic holder. So she was Greek. “Why 'Olivia?’”

“Sounded expensive,” she said to me.

I set the license down on the table top then opened up the wallet, finding the bartender's license. “Vincent Fernandez,” I said, taking his driver's license, setting it on top of Ruby's. His wallet had about eighty bucks in cash in it, probably his share of tips from the shift down at the bar he'd just finished a little bit ago, so I took that out and tucked it into my pocket. “Here's what we're going to do, you two. I'm going to excuse myself and leave you two here handcuffed to one another. At some point, probably tomorrow, room service is going to find out and let you out, unless you two can find a way to get yourselves out of here after I'm gone.” I picked up both of their driver's licenses and tucked them into my pocket. “Now, I know you're thinking to yourselves, 'we'll just tell the cops that this guy robbed us,' but the problem is that I have a recording of you both admitting you were intending on robbing me on my cell phone here,” I said, picking up my phone.

“Fuck. You couldn't have said something?” Vinnie said to her.

“Vinnie, I didn't—”

“Yeah, Vinnie,” I said, “why don't you give the girl a break, huh? This is your shit plan to begin with. Do you know the stupidest thing about it? You *work* here. That means you're *really easy* for the cops to find. Your victims? They're travelers, so you don't know who or what you're getting into. See, I now have your IDs, meaning I know where you live, but me? I'm not even from this *state*. I've got friends who are, though, and they're going to watch the police reports and see if anyone else is getting robbed from this hotel. If they are, well, I'm just going to drop your driver's licenses and this recording to the hotel manager, and you two will be arrested so fast your heads will spin. One of the first rules about being a predator is that *you do not shit where you eat.*”

“Like you know how to hunt shit,” Vinnie spat at me.

I gave him a wolfish grin. “You know that if I pushed a pillow against the end of this gun and then pushed it against your chest and pull the trigger, it would mostly be quiet enough that I could just walk right out of here. So how about you shut your fucking hole?”

He glowered at me, but kept quiet at that point.

“Good, it *is* capable of learning. Let's hope the two of you learn from this little experience and

reevaluate what you're doing, because being fucked up drug addicts trying to pull smash and grabs to get your next score isn't working out for you. And Ruby, honestly do you want to be with a guy who's encouraging you to fuck other guys so he can get his next fix out of it? Think about it.” I shrugged a little, stopping the recording on my phone before tucking it into my pocket. “Seriously. Do better.”

I slipped out of the room and into the hallway. About half way down the hallway was a chute to dump trash down, so I removed the bullets from the cylinder of the revolver, wrapped them in a napkin I stole off a used room service tray in the hallway and tossed them it down the chute before wiping my prints off the revolver, folding the napkin around it and pitching it in afterwards.

*Fun night*, the bracelet thought at me.

“Fuck you,” I thought back at it.

I never saw either of them again, and my friend in NYC kept watch for reports of robberies at the hotel for six months before he gave up and we assumed they'd moved on. I like to think they got their lives in order.

About a month or so later, I made my last major fuckup, when I was at the Paramount Theater to see a band called Lesser Wednesdays, sort of a combination of shoegaze, EDM and Madchester. I was older than most of the people in the audience, but I've been used to that for the last several years, attending tons of shows where the average age of the concert goer might barely be of drinking age.

The Paramount's a nice place to see shows, and on this particular Saturday night I didn't have anywhere else to be so I'd actually showed up early enough to catch the opening acts. The first one was some little local folk artist who bored me to tears, but it was the second act, a sort of Blondie meets Evanescence neo-electro goth rock group called Titanium Graveyard.

The music was okay, but the frontwoman was this twenty-something Indian British woman who was dressed in fishnet stockings, a red and black plaid school girl skirt, a white sleeveless t-shirt stretched far too tight and a long Manchester United scarf hanging around her neck. Her name was Aisha and...

... and she looked *incredible* and she had this almost visceral domination over the audience in between songs, and I remember thinking to myself, “Could be fun.”

That was when the bracelet decided to chime in.

*C'mon man, you don't want to do this.*

“I thought it was your job to get anyone I wanted to fuck me to actually fuck me so I could find out if they'd be a good match for me,” I thought at it.

*Sure, but maybe you want to let this one go, huh? I have a bad feeling about this one for you, and if you aren't going to look after yourself, maybe I have to for a while.*

“You didn't warn me that the girl in the hotel bar was going to try and rob me last month,” I thought.

*I mean, fair, but I did stop her from actually robbing you. If you really want to go down this path, we can go down it, but afterwards, you're probably gonna wish that you hadn't. All I'm saying.*

“Let me learn the hard way then.”

*It is your life that you're choosing to fill with these regrets.*

Towards the end of their set, Aisha ran off stage real quick before running back on for their last number, a song she called “Fatal Drifter,” and when that song kicked off, one of the bouncers tapped me on the shoulder and gestured for me to follow him, leading me behind the barricade and towards backstage.

As soon as I got backstage, Aisha and her band were starting to come off of it. She was saying something to the band that I couldn't hear as she grabbed me by the hand and pulled me towards the back of the venue. Her voice was tinged with a south London accent, and I could smell booze on her breath, even as she dragged me along. “Saw ya from th' stage, an' thought, he looks a spot of fun. 's your name, cutie?”

“Derrick, but most people call me Deke.”



“Well Deke, I'm Aisha, but you kin call me 'thank you Mistress!’” she said with a laugh, as she pulled me out the back door of the venue and into the little alley behind it where the tour buses were parked. She kept pulling and banged her fist on the door of the tour bus to the right, and the driver opened the door, cocking his head at her. “Need it for like half an hour or so, Teddy, so keep watch, wouldja?”

The bus driver nodded, stepping out, making room for us to step onto it, and then he closed the door behind us, locking it, although I don't think he left, standing guard at the door, making sure none of the rest of the band came barging in before she was done with me.

“See, what's so bad about this?” I thought to the bracelet.

*Oh just you wait.*

“Lemme see what we're workin' with here,” she said, dragging me the length of the tour bus to the very back, a number of bunk beds along the way, but the very back of the bus having a larger bed, clearly where Aisha as the frontwoman slept, so she didn't have to share space with her bandmates. She shoved me back onto the bed and then bent down to nearly rip open my jeans, fishing out my cock, giving it a few good strokes. “I think we kin work wit' that, don't you?”

I was about to say something when her other hand reached up and pushed one of her fingers to my lips. “Don't talk, Deke. You're too pretty to be allowed t' talk.” She let go of my cock and used that hand to quickly lift up her skirt to flash me. “Looksee? No knickers! Ha ha!” Beneath the skirt, the stockings went up to her waist, but other than the fishnets, there was nothing covering her brown snatch, shaven clean, as she started to crawl over me. “You just lay back an' think of England, babes,” she told me as she moved to straddle me, grabbing my cock to help her align it before she sank down on it with a throaty groan. “Ooooooh yes, mama likes....” she purred.

At this point in my life, I was starting to be able to discern between a good fuck, a great fuck, a mediocre fuck and a bad fuck, and while Aisha wasn't a *bad* fuck, she certainly didn't seem to give much of a shit about *my* pleasure, and was way more focused on *hers*, although I guess as a star looping in what she thought was a groupie, she didn't have to be.

She bounced her cunt up and down on my cock for a while, tugging her tanktop inward to make her tits pop out, both of her deep brown nipples pierced with large gauge silver rings, and she grabbed a hand of mine up to make me tug on one of them, which only made her groan and squeal more.

For someone I expected got a *lot* of random sex, she got off *extremely* quick, orgasming on my cock in less than a couple of minutes, well before I'd gotten a go, not that she cared one bit. She climbed off me as soon as she was done, sliding to lay down next to me on her belly, her head turned to face me. “You're fun and all, but if I'm honest, I don't give a shit about other people, and I'd probably just leave ya with blue balls most nights.”

“Shit,” I remember thinking, “if this is the worst of it, it was bad, but not *that* bad...”

*Wait for it...*

“Also, if I'm *truly* honest, I ain't emotionally trusting enough for a relationship. You know that song, 'Fatal Drifter,' the one we was playin' before we came off stage? I wrote that about how one night after a gig in Manchester, I was drivin' back down to London, drunk in a funk, an' I hit some guy walkin' across the road in the dark. No idea if I killed him or not. Didn't stop. Jus' kept on drivin'. Think about tha' a lot, I do.” She sat up suddenly, her hand coming from beneath the pillow with a switchblade in her hand, pushing the button to extend the knife suddenly, pointing it in my direction. “An' you're gonna keep your mouth shut about it, ain'tcha Deke?”

I nodded, unwilling to say anything.

“Good,” she mumbled. “Now get th' fuck offa my bus.”

I did my best to tuck my still hard cock into my pants, and shuffled towards the front, as Aisha's head slumped back down against the pillow and I think she passed out, although I didn't look back to see, because god help me, I just wanted off that fucking bus.

You'd think the fear of getting stabbed would've been enough to kill my erection, but apparently

the fear kept the blood pumping, so I was terrified and worked up all at once, pale white fright and deep blue balls all competing for who got control.

I climbed off the bus and past the driver who was still standing there and headed towards the nearest alleyway exit, desperate to get to my car and get home. I staggered into my car, and then sat there, gripping the wheel for a few minutes, trying to rein in all that adrenaline coursing through my veins, when the bracelet decided to make sure I'd gotten the message.

*Like I said, Deke, I'm just trying to help you. You believe me now?*

“Shit, okay, okay, I get it,” I thought.

*Good. Now that we've gotten that shit out of your system, next weekend we'll go have a celebration, a sort of last hurrah before we get down to the real work of getting you a wife, okay? And since you've been a good sport about all of this, I'll make sure it's the kind of once-in-a-lifetime experience that you'll be glad you have, as long as you promise me that after that, you start directing me at women you think are more Miss Right and less Miss Right Now, deal?*

“Yeah, sure, okay, bracelet. You win.”

*I always do, Deke. I always do...*