

Creeper

A novella by Jan Tailor

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The First Act

Ashley's cursor hovered over the private message on her Archangel Porn Hub page. The message was from Creeper. She had come up as a hit for some creep. Creeper was what the world called Doppelganger.com, it was Tinder for creeps. Creeper offered a fantasy as close to reality as possible. Creeper did this by using facial and body recognition software to search all the porn on the internet for people that best matched the uploaded picture. If you signed up, you could watch porn featuring the person of your dreams.

Stroking to videos with a starlet mirroring your high school crush was only the beginning. With an upgraded subscription even more was possible. Creeper could find you someone who was willing to perform a live show, meet for that romantic date or more.

Most creeps never wanted more than some visuals for a wank because in all but the rarest cases the voice, accent, demeanor, and personality of the hit created an uncanny valley not easily bridged.

Some creeps inevitably replaced their crush with the hit. In Creeper's early days there was an explosion of Youtube videos chronicling overzealous creeps who naturally took to stalking the hit. Then tragedy, an INCEL found a hit to stalk. The stalking led to a multiple murder. The rejection was too much for the INCEL, so he shot up the community college class the hit was in killing six people, including the hit.

The first iteration of Creeper was shamed out of existence. But the business model was sound because fantasy sells. Doppelganger.com made security and safety part of their mission. That was why Ashley got an email. Ashley opened the email:

"You're a 98% match for a member of Doppelganger.com. Doppelganger.com has not given the details of the match to our member. You can immediately block this person from your content by clicking here.

Nothing in life is without risk. Doppelganger.com wants all its users to know the risks and manage them. Click here to view our video on managing the risks. If you have done your risk assessment and understand the risk involved in letting our member connect with you click here to set your boundaries.”

A shiver ran down Ashley’s back. Was it someone she knew? Maybe the uploaded picture was of her? Was that why it matched so well? Was it a psycho killer like the one’s she watched on YouTube murder porn and top ten list videos? She was giddy with goose bumps starting, it was better than a horror movie. She liked the feeling.

Ashley clicked on the link to the video on managing the risk. It was not entertaining enough to keep her from focusing on her Facebook and chatting with her viewers before the Live Show. At the end of the video Creeper told her the match, 4everalone, was from a computer and phone in a city only a hundred miles away – close enough to drive. It provided little more, except 4everalone did not have any notes or warnings from other hits. ‘What kind of weird name is that? 4everalone creepy,’ she thought as she followed the link to setup the boundaries. Her heart raced as she worked through the list of information she would allow 4everalone to see. It was exciting, so exciting she was ignoring the dings from the instant messages. Once done Doppelganger.com sent her an email confirming her acceptance of the match.

“Hey Ash, you’re supposta be online... the show started,” Tony yelled from down the hall.

“All right!” Ashley rushed to get on her angel wings, make sure her makeup was good, and lighting was right. With everything ready she went live to the small audience. Just three regulars. She thought, ‘better than none, but hardly enough to be exciting.’ But she still had to act horny. She noticed a fourth person join. The unknown of 4everalone being online got her wet. She fantasized about 4everalone tying her up and choking her.

Morris could not swallow, and his mouth was dry. He had spent almost a hundred bucks for Creeper’s advanced search. He was desperate to find someone who looked like his high school sweetheart. Or she would have been if the world wasn’t shit.

Emily was the rarest of things, a Stacey that wanted to go out with Morris. She had understood him. No other girl since had even given him a chance. Anyone who could give a guy named Morris Lester, Molester, a chance was an angel.

The nerves were because of many reasons. Morris had never really watched a live stream show or even delved into porn. Mostly it was fear of destroying the purity of Emily with something tawdry, a facsimile with none of her qualities.

Morris opened the link for Doppelganger.com. He thought, ‘Her name is Archangel, that must be a sign. And Emily is never coming back. This is the best I can do.’ He clicked the link from Doppelganger.com then signed into Archangel’s show.

There was Emily. Morris was sure it was her. Dimpled chin, high cheek bones, strawberry blond hair, blue eyes, a big mouth with full lips and nose that was a little big. He was enchanted by her face hardly looking at her body. When he could not help but look at her body it was the same as Emily’s, with proportionally big hips, narrow shoulders and breasts that would just fill champagne glasses. The only thing missing was a small birth mark.

Archangel did not have the birth mark.

“Oh, you always want me to do that,” Archangel smiled coyly.

The hair on the back of Morris’s neck stood up. ‘This must be Emily’s ghost,’ he thought, ‘But Emily died nine years ago... I went to her funeral.’

“Welcome my new friend... you are not alone tonight,” Archangel blew a kiss to 4everalone and winked.

Morris was overwhelmed, transfixed and stiff. Slowly he started to think. His mind told him not to destroy the innocents Archangel still had. If this was to be Emily, he wanted something resembling what he was not able to have. He did not want the first time he saw Emily’s analog naked to be with hundreds of others gawking, leering, electronically jeering and pulling their pudd to the live stream. It should be special.

Morris logged off.

“Awe, that’s so nice Davy,” Ashley replied to the instant message. “I think I had as much fun as you. And that’s all the fun I can have tonight. As you can see, I need a shower... I’m certain some of you do too. Bye-bye.”

“Ash that was awesome!” Tony yelled as he walked to her room. “I didn’t last the whole show.” Once he was at her door, he pointed his Glock 17 gen 4 from his crotch as if it was his cock and said, “I was all like Oh-God halfway through.” He thrust his pelvis with his gun in his crotch as if he had just ejaculated. At least he pointed it at the wall.

“TONY get that out of here! I fucking hate it when you fuck around like that.”

“Angel it’s not loaded,” Tony pulled the slide showing daylight through the gun. “It is empty like my cock,” he grabbed his junk under his robe when he said that. “You were so HOT this show! I only got halfway through.”

“That’s good cause there is no way I would finish you off after that gun shit. That’s not cool.”

“I am going to put the video as the teaser on the porn site.”

“Sure, we need all the traffic we can get.”

Morris logged into the NLNH chat room, Never Laid – Never Happy.

MoLester: Butthead, I just saw Emily.

Butthead: Emily that dead chick who said she’d go to prom with you? Was she all fucking worms coming out of her head and puke green?

MoLester: Fuck-no. Have some fucking respect, she died in a car wreck.

Butthead: A drink to sad Emily. She died before MoLester could earn his crappy name. Where did you see this wraith?

MoLester: Creeper sent me the match with a girl who looks exactly like Emily. Archangel does webcam show.

Butthead: Your keys must be all cummy, that’s fucking sick.

MoLester: I couldn't do that. I couldn't see her naked. I want what was taken from me.

Butthead: You are pathetic. I can't get laid because I'm ugly. You can't get laid because you are obsessed with a dead Stacey that was nice to you once.

MoLester: Emily was more than nice to me once. She got A's in physics and math because of me. She was totally going to go to prom with me.

Butthead: Emily was using you. If you went to the prom with Emily it would be the male version of Carry, cept with her fucking the basketball team. Her getting killed saved you that embarrassment. You are genetically INFERIOR! Your 1 in a million lucky break is to be a Beta Cuck with some woman perpetually fucking other men and taking your money. Your medicine cabinet only has Black Pills. That is reality.

Molester: You did not know Emily. It was not like that.

Butthead: Go listen to Nine Inch Nail's Only. Its chorus goes, "I just made her up to hurt myself." That's you!

Butthead: Oh, I'm going to get some shirts made with NLNH in the same font as NIN... that will be cool.

Molester: You are an asshole. Go and kill yourself. I just want what I had.

Butthead: Yes, I'm an asshole and I will probably kill myself. But I'm will not feed a friend bullshit or let him feed it to himself. I've seen your pictures and I know your genetically inferior ass hides the INCEL you are with a mask of obsession. If it weren't true, why would you be here? Your short, soft, and round faced like a hobbit. Your job is not good enough to keep a woman around. If you somehow found an ugly bitch that thought, you were cute and went out with you, you would be used and tossed away once all your money's gone. Hell, Emily just wanted you to help get her the marks to go to a good college far away full of Chad's. Somewhere you could not follow. You might have gotten laid at prom but then she would be gone.

Molester: You are right.

Butthead: What are you going to do if you meet your Emily analog?

Morris wiped tears from his eyes as he logged off. He had no idea what he would do if he met his "Emily analog."

The question had brought him right back to the sadness he felt nine years ago when Emily died. He was tutoring her at his house. When the session ended, he got up the courage to ask her to prom. She said yes. Then they played Mario Carts while waiting for her ride. Her ride was with some "cool kids". Along the way the "cool kids" drank some beer, smoked some weed and hit glare ice at speed. The car went off the road and rolled all the way down a two-hundred-foot hill.

Emily died. The other passenger was left a quadriplegic. Ironically, the driver survived with minor injuries.

Morris blamed himself. He had arranged for his parents to be out of the house. He had wanted privacy to ask Emily to the prom. If his parents where there she would have gotten a ride with his mom.

If Morris waited a week, he would have been able to drive Emily home himself. He could have asked her then. But he could not wait. He believed someone else might ask her.

It did not matter now.

For the last nine years Morris had plodded along heart broken. He only graduated high school because of compassionate teachers. He did not get into his desired university. His parents understood. They supported him through 6 years of university. He lived free in the basement. They sent him to counseling.

During Morris's first year of university the counselor assured him it was normal to feel the grief he felt. That it was understandable that he was unable to let go of Emily. But he should put himself out there. Go on dates. Go to parties.

The two dates Morris went on ended with him crying about Emily before his date could laugh at his unfortunate name. His dates understood and never called back.

Parties just reminded him of the "cool kid" who drove Emily off the road.

Morris's sex drive only pulled him more towards Emily. The thought of sex was inevitably followed by the fantasy of prom night with her. That led to a sadness greater than his passion for lust. Wet dreams where his only release.

Sometime in the second year of university, the money for the counselor was spent on other things.

Not long after that Morris found love shy people like him online. When not at university, his life was online with is people on chat boards or playing Massively Multiplayer Online Role-Playing Games. All the time in between was spent thinking of Emily.

Morris got an "ok" tech job after university. His life did not change much. He exchanged going to university for work. He moved out giving him more time for his love shy people, his games and to think of Emily.

Every day since finishing university was the same for Morris. Sad with no hope for the love he wanted. He thought of dying.

A ding from Morris's computer made him look up. The subject line of Butthead's message caught his eye, 'BigRay did it'. BigRay was a member of NLNH. Butthead's message said, "That massive fucker actually did it. Unlike the five other notes, the note posted on the board six days ago was real. He offed himself without telling anyone in the real world. It took an admin six days of not seeing him online to tell someone. Six days of rotting fat man, bloating in a hot apartment before someone checked on him. You'd think 7-11 would notice their best customer not rolling in every few hours for a Big Gulp and call the cops to check on him - fuck he lived next door, fucking Pakies. I'm kind of jealous, he won't have to worry about being the next meme when his scooter flips while reaching for ice-cream at Walmart. To BigRay 25 and dead. Now he can't be hurt by all the bastards laughing at him anymore. God if I had the balls."

Morris wept and rocked. Morris never met BigRay in real life. Online they had chatted and gamed together regularly. BigRay used a Cartman avatar, imitating the fat kid when gaming. BigRay was not Cartman, rather the world gave him that role because of the way he looked. BigRay was also as close to Butthead and Molester as Cartman and Stan. The three were ever at odds but always hanging out online.

Morris clicked onto the NLNH's thread with BigRay's suicide note. He did not bother looking at it when it was first posted. That made him feel worse. The note was, "This says it all: Girl likes fat ass." Below it was a video box with the gigantic ass crack of a fat man.

The video linked was of BigRay in a grocery store on his mobility scooter. He deftly maneuvered the scooter to help a young woman pull a line of shopping carts into the store. The person behind the camera focuses it at his ass which is clearly hanging out. The young woman smiles at BigRay, "Awe, how chivalrous. You are such a sweetheart. Have a good night Ray."

BigRay replied, "It is nothing Lady Jenny. Have a good night too."

Jenny sees the person videoing BigRay. She walks in front of the camera, mouthing something and waves her finger careful not to alert BigRay. She yell-whispers, "Turn that off you bitch. Ray is a nice guy. He does not deserve that shit!"

"That fat ass can't even keep his pants up. You like that fat ass, don't you?"

"He's a nice guy but," red as an apple the young woman turns her head away from the camera and looks down. Her hair mostly covers her blushing face. The video ends.

Below the video was the rest of the note, "A 'nice guy' but fat. 100K views and counting. This game is over. Have a drink for me. Screw you guys, I'm going home."

Morris started to weep again. He could see Jenny actually liked BigRay but she was ashamed when the camera woman confronted her. He thought, 'Society is not for us.'

Though Morris rarely drank, BigRay deserved to be honored.

Morris got a 'you don't belong here,' glare from the "Stacy" looking liquor store clerk. The ding of the door chime took the clerk's eyes away from him to a "Chad" that walked in.

Morris stood for a long time trying to decide on what liquor to buy. All the types of booze he had tried had bad memories.

Free from the beer buying "Chad", the clerk asked Morris, "Do you need some help?"

"Uhm, I am ah... looking for something strong but easy to drink... something that does not taste like anything"

Short, with a teenager's stash, and looking for something strong but easy to drink, the clerk knew she would have to ID this guy. He was cute in a nerdy way. She replied, "Strong and easy to drink? Vodka mixed with juice or even a slurpy or cider."

"Vodka it is," Morris walked to the counter dreading the chance he might get IDed.

"I need to see some ID." Morris took out his ID trying to cover his name. The clerk took it from his hand. She reviewed it like a border guard would a passport then started to giggle. "You couldn't afford a fake ID with a real name, Morris Lester... Molester. There's no way you are 27."

Morris turned red as a fire hydrant, "It is my real ID... it is my real name."

"Your telling me that five foot six you is 27 and has the name Morris Lester. Right. You made my night kid. Molester is so much more hardcore than McLoving." She handed him the ID back and took his money.

Morris stomped out of the store on his way to 7-11. The clerk mistaking him for a minor with a hilarious fake ID was the best outcome. If she had known, it was his real name the humiliation would be devastating. Actually, it would have been just another day for real life Morris Lester.

Once home he topped his slurpy off with vodka and poured a finger or two in a glass. "To BigRay," Morris choked down the glass nearly throwing up – the black pill must have caught in his throat. "Rest in peace big buddy. Nobody can laugh at you now." Of course, that was demonstrably not true. Some asshole was laughing at BigRay's video right now.

Morris could see himself in a video like BigRay's. In fact, his life was one big humiliating video. Every time he took out his ID it got a laugh or pity. How many times did a scenario like BigRay's video happen that he did not know about? A nice woman likes him then sees his name. Who wants to be married to Molester?

Morris thought of changing his name. He was named after his grandfather, a war hero. Maybe his grandfather grew up to be a shit-kicker because of his name? Morris surely did not. There is no way he would dishonor his grandfather by changing his name. Going by his middle name was not an option either, it was Ennis. Penis to the kids in grade school.

If a woman did get passed his laughable names, Morris had many other traits that disqualified him from being a mate. He felt the need to list all his humiliating features on paper:

- Morris Ennis Lester
- Short, five foot 4 in the right shoes (the woman at the liquor store had given him two extra inches)
- Slight and weak
- Asthmatic, vigorous exercise causes attacks. Possibly sex could cause an attack too
- Allergic to nuts – tree nuts, not peanuts
- Diagnosed with anxiety and depression (easy to see the cause with these characteristics)
- High pitched voice
- Round faced, with all the skull features INCELS deride
- Pale and ginger
- Psoriasis causing dandruff that could be mistaken for snow
- Socially awkward
- Not creative
- Geeky
- Virgin
- Small dick (not verified by anyone with credibility)
- Cannot hold down alcohol, allergic to alcohol.

Writing down the allergy to alcohol made Morris queasy. Red faced he ran to the washroom to puke.

Morris forced himself to have another shot of vodka as he continued to take stock of his inadequacies. He did this in the lamest way possible by listing out his attributes as a Dungeons and Dragons character:

- Strength: 6
- Dexterity: 11
- Constitution: 5 (one drink makes me puke)
- Intelligence: 14 (really low for a computer nerd)
- Wisdom: 7
- Charisma: 4

On paper it was so obvious that Butthead was right, Morris was genetically inferior. What woman would want him?

A thought Morris had never had before stunned him. Was his love, obsession for Emily a shield defending him from the pathetic truth? Pining after a dead girl was better than facing certain rejection in the real world. No wonder he was drawn to NLNH.

Morris identified with the INCeLs on NLNH, but he only half listened to the vitriol they spewed towards femoids. Still its corrosive message ate into his mind. All Morris wanted was some happiness with a woman he could be with. But Butthead was right again, women were the problem. The anti-woman rhetoric Butthead and all the other posters on NLNH vomited out was right.

The NLNH message was easy to hold on to now, it was the black pill: the world was half men and half women. There should be someone for him, but all the women wanted a Chad. The guy with the bad stats does not get a chance to be happy or must get cucked and take it to get some happiness with a cheating bitch. The women are not conscious they are screwing over guys who only want to be good to them. The femoid cannot change its nature just as an INCEl cannot change his inferior genetics.

There would never be happiness for people like Morris, only humiliation.

Morris wrote down on the bottom of the list:

Emily only agreed to go to the prom with me because I helped her pass math and physics. She was in the car with the "cool guys" because she was with one of them. She is a woman, it is not her fault.

I was using Emily as away of avoiding that I will never have a woman or be happy.

Like BigRay humiliation is all I will have in the real world.

The humiliation must end.

To do list:

1. Email the Emily analog.
2. Buy a gun.

The Second Act

In a pool of streetlights Ashley and her classmate Candice waited for rides. Candice made small talk, "What got you into the counselling program?"

"Growing up in a trailer park," Ashley's joke was too true. Her list of trailer park trauma included dabbling with meth and opioids, being shamed on social media for sex she had when drunk, having a few sugar daddy relationships, running away from home, and she was beaten and hit on by her mother's boyfriend. "Actually... my counselor, that I see because of the trailer park, suggested I should explore it as a career. So here I am exploring it. I really want to help people."

Candice filled the pause, "I want to help people too."

Ashley looked at her phone trying not to think why she thought Tony was late. Vacantly she said, "But you can only help those who want help. Like alcoholics, you can't help them if they don't want to stop."

"Sounds like you know alcoholics?"

Still looking at her phone Ashley answered, "Yeah, my whole family." The phone lit with what she hoped was a text from Tony saying he was late and not drunk, it was not. It was an email from 4everalone.

Bang! Crash!

Candice jumped away from the noise.

Ashley automatically grabbed an Asp, a telescoping baton, and mace from her bag. She turned to the noise. "Candice get ready to call 911." She loved the adrenaline.

Timidly Candice answered, "Ok." Then searched through her bag.

Walking out of the glare of the streetlights Ashley saw what caused the noise. A racoon had knocked over the trash can behind them. "It is just a racoon."

"I can't believe how you reacted. If I was on my own, I would have run to one of the panic phones."

"It is good to be prepared," Ashley said absently. She had her phone out to read 4everalones email.

"Oh, I should text Bob about the scare, maybe he'll get here quicker. My heart is still pounding."

Ashley smiled and thought how boring Candice's life must be to text her boyfriend about a racoon that startled her. The thought was short lived as she got the email open. She skimmed the email. She hated that whenever she read, she quietly spoke to her dumb self, "He sent a picture of him and a girl that looks exactly like me, weird. He looks ok, kind of short. Aah, I look like his dead high school sweetheart, so sad. Wants to have the prom night he never had. That's a nice hotel he wants to go to. Wants it to be natural if it happens it happens. A virgin! \$10,000! His real info, including his online avatars, and he wants me to check it... funny no name. Oh, his name is at the bottom, Morris Lester." She looked at the name for a second putting it together. Loud enough for anyone nearby to hear she said, "Molester!"

"What!"

"Oh sorry, I was reading something on my news feed." Ashley thought, what a sad boy, I so want to hug him, and \$10,000. It was enough money to pay for most of her college if she stays with Tony. If she must leave, it would allow her to make a clean break.

"That looks like Bob's truck. Yay, it is!" Candice bounced up and down when she said that. "Bob and I can wait with you until your ride comes."

"Thanks for the offer Candice, but I'm fine."

Candice opened the door to Bob's truck and climbed in waving goodbye, to Ashley as the truck was too loud to say anything.

Ashley went back to re-reading Molester's email. She scolded herself for thinking his name was Molester. But the connection had been made and was too strong. She could not call him Morris.

The more Ashley re-read the email the more the facts stayed the same. She wanted to help Molester. She wanted the money. She knew it was right to want both. She knew it was wrong to fuck for money. She knew it was wrong to put Tony in the position to decide if he would be cuckolded for \$10,000. They had done things like this before, although it was before she got clean and he started on his road to sobriety. In her eyes the personalized flirting on YouPorn was no different. Hell, she would do videos that were scripted by the viewer for a fee. He liked them, she caught him jerking off to them. He would probably want to watch Molester and her. She made her decision. She would leave it up to him, but she would make sure he was in the right mood to agree with her.

A car turning into the lot broke Ashley's fixation. It was her car with Tony driving. Her car stopped and she got in. Tony greeted her, "Babe sorry I'm late. Good news, I worked a few hours of OT. We should go to the range."

"I was thinking of punching a bag at the gym."

"I've been on my feet all day and don't have gym stuff. Babe, please?"

"Shooting works too, if we don't use too much ammo. We can only use as much as you got paid OT. You're paying." Shooting always took their stress away. After would be the best time to bring up 4everalone's or Morris Lester's proposition.

"Ah babe, I can't. I left my cards at home so I couldn't get beers."

Ashely smiled. "Really... or is this a plan to get me to pay?" She did not let Tony think too long. "I'm so happy you left your cards at home!" She planted a kiss on him before he could say anything.

When they got to the range Tony made a b-line for the gun magazines (the paper ones). He quickly flipped to the back of Guns and Ammo to read the heroic story of how a gun saved the day for an American family. Ashley picked up a couple boxes of ammo.

They took turns firing the Glock 17 gen 4. Both felt a similar feeling of power and control, but they thought different things.

With each shot Ashely let something go. Her mind got emptied of worries with each shot. The knowledge each shot had the power to end a life centered her. By the end of the session she would be in the now. The thoughts and regrets were held back by suppressive fire, they were kept safely in the past. Shooting was like meditation for her.

Tony fired at the intruder that he had just read about in the gun porn at the back of the magazine (a paper one). In Tony's story some Hispanic dude had broken into their apartment. It was one of Ashley's fans, obviously crazy with lust, high and looking to rape. He was standing at the foot of their bed. Ashley was awoken by the noise and lay in bed terrified and helpless. Tony heard the noise and reacted, dropping the game controller and grabbing the Glock. Tony walked down the hall to the noise. Bang! Bang! Bang! The guy drops like a sack of potatoes. Tony saved Ashley, she can never give him shit for slips with booze or drugs again. Tony is Ashley's hero; he can be sure she will never question their perfectness for each other. Most of all Tony's fantasy has him in control. Tony is the man again.

Too soon they had shot all their ammunition. Tony smiled at Ashley and yelled loud enough for her to hear him through the hearing protection, "I got one round left." He put her hand on his half hard dick. They put the gun away and left.

Even though the car was parked in an open area, Ashley wriggled her panties off and pulled up her dress before getting in the back seat of the car. Tony was ready too, dick out and cell phone camera filming. "Put your hand around my neck Tony... choke me." This was the kind of video that got lots of views, especially the oral cream pie finish.

"That was awesome Babe," Tony said as he climbed into the front passenger's seat.

Ashley climbed into the driver's seat, "Yeah... you got some water?" Tony gave her a mostly empty diet energy drink. She took a swig and made a face, "Yuk! Fruity aspartame and cum!"

Tony broke out laughing, "You're still on video Babe. That will make a great ending."

Ashley was turning red but laughing too. When the laughing was over and she was on the road she said, "We make a great team. I love you. I love shooting with you and making videos. I'm so happy you

worked today and left your cards at home. It is all going our way. Some of those AA promises are definitely coming true. Let go and let God.”

“Let go and let God.”

“I got an email from that guy from Creeper. He wants something special. It’s nothing I have not done before and the guy seems like a total loser.” Ashley bit her lip and looked at Tony for a second. “It is totally sad too. He looked me up because I look like his high school sweetheart. Creeper matched me with his sweetheart. He wants me to be the prom date he never had. He says he will pay \$10,000 for prom night.”

“10K! Doesn’t that seem like a lot? Sounds kind of sketchy. I assume he wants to fuck you as part of his prom date.”

“Yeah... he is a man. But he also said he is a virgin. And he gave me all his personal information, including his social security number.”

Tony was dumbstruck with conflicting thoughts. The money took up a big piece of his mind that was already spending it. On the same side was his inner voyeur excited by the thoughts of Ashley with the virgin. Other parts of his mind fought to say this is a step back. They had not done something like this since Ashley quit drugs and drinking and he had tried to follow. When Ashley had played around after, the excitement of the act was over it left him feeling empty. Of course, in the past he had beers to fill the empty feeling.

After five seconds, Ashley could not handle anymore silence, “Tony, if I go on this date it will be because of the opportunity. It won’t be because I want to explore a fantasy or try something new. We have done that. I am happy with you.”

Ashley paused taking his hand, “The videos we make are fun and I want to keep them fun. But right now, we need them because we don’t have enough money. If this works out the videos will only be for us. We won’t have to rely on them for food money. If this works out there will be enough money to pay down half of my college debt when I finish in a semester. If this works out and you stay sober and continue getting more hours, we could get married and buy a house years earlier. And I know that right now doing this is only an option if we can make sure it is safe. If you need time to think take it.”

Tony only heard one word, married. “Ash, if you think this will help us get mar,” he changed the word, “get ahead quicker, I’m all in.” He squeezed her hand.

Ashley caught the slip and knew she had to reinforce her boundary, “Tony I love you and when I said get married sooner, that is still based on us being sober for two years before any engagement.”

Morris felt uncomfortable walking into the gun store. He did not come from a family that had guns. The number of handguns overwhelmed him. A clerk noticed his unease, “My friend, what are you looking for?”

Morris notice the gun on the clerk’s hip and stuttered, “I’m, I’m, not sure. I’ve, ah, never had a gun... I shot a rifle once with a friend from school. But I, ah, want to get into shooting.”

“I can help. Rifles, shotguns, or handguns, what do you want to shoot?”

“Handgun. I’m want it for security and just to shoot.”

“And you’ve never shot a handgun?” Morris shook his head no. “Ok, we got a ton of guns for you, but you might want to look at one of our packages. \$420 you get a 9 mm Ruger Security 9, two 15 round clips, trigger lock, lessons, range time, and 200 rounds of ammunition. The gun MSRP is \$379 so this is a great deal for anyone new to shooting.”

“How much is a H&K USP .45?”

“From Call of Duty 4 Modern Warfare?”

“Yeah.”

“Love that game.” The clerk grabs the Security 9 and ensures it is unloaded. “Its \$1200. Not a gun I would recommend for a first-time shooter. Heavy, lots of recoil... to hit anything with it, it requires lots of practice. Don’t get me wrong, it is a nice gun but not really a first gun. If you have your heart set on it, we can do a package with some training.” The clerk offers the Security 9 to Morris butt first. “See how that feels... don’t point it at anyone.”

Morris was surprised the clerk gave him the gun. It was heavier than he expected. It felt good. He held it trying to look like he knew what to do with it. He liked how it felt and looked.

The clerk moved down the counter and got stooped to get another gun, "USP .45, the gun from Modern Warfare, it does not come with a light, but we sell one that will fit the rail.”

Morris set the Security 9 down and took the USP .45. “That’s a lot heavier and bigger. I can’t really get my hand around it well.”

“It’s a gun for an expert. A great gun. Not really some ones first firearm.”

“Hmm, \$420 with lessons versus \$1200 for a hard to shoot gun. I think I will go with this one,” Morris put down the USP .45 and picked up the Security 9 smiling and excited.

“Great, I’ll need your ID. There is a waiting period. But you can take the lessons before you get the gun. You can use one of ours.”

“Waiting period?” Morris looked concerned.

“There is a background check. As long as you don’t have a criminal record or have bin committed to a mental institution you will be good to go.”

Morris took out his ID and handed it to the clerk bracing for his reaction to his name. The clerk took the ID, looked at it and proffered his hand to shake, “Nice to meet you Morris, I’m Danny.” Morris was happy Danny did not do a double take of his name on his ID or snicker at it.

It was too late for coffee, but Tony was having one with an older guy in a brightly lit doughnut shop. “Tony, stop shitting me. That smile is bullshit. What you said at the meeting was total crap, you’re not doing well. Either your lying to me or your lying to yourself.”

Tony could not handle the 10 seconds of silence. “Really, life’s good. I meant what I said at the meeting. I know I’ve been on and off the wagon a few times, but this time is different. John, the promises are coming true.” Tony smiled a shit eating grin as he finished speaking.

“You got less than a month and you are realizing the promises - bullshit! I’ve had enough sponsee’s to know the smell of crap. Do you know why I sponsor guy’s like you?” John’s question was rhetorical, he

did not wait for an answer. "I sponsor emotional idiots like you so I can keep fresh in my mind how fucked up I was. This sponsorship crap is all about me and my recovery. Yes, I'm happier than a pig in shit when I see a sponsee get good sober time. But I get more from those unfortunate souls that fail. It is from them that I can see my disease for the devious bitch it is. When I see a sucker too proud to admit something is wrong, I'm more able to be humble, willing to work the program honestly. So, lie to me if you want, I still get what I need."

Tony's thoughts conflicted, 'On the one hand, how can that strait laced businessman asshole John, know or understand my problems with booze and a woman who can so easily drop the drugs and booze. On the other, John can see that I'm hiding something, and he has been sober for more than 15 years. John must understand me; it is that spiritual connection all alcoholics share – like Christians with Christ.' Tony sheepishly said, "I don't know where to start, shit is not good... it is too personal to talk about."

"Fuck, I've heard it all... but if you are too much of a snowflake generalize it man. Just be honest to yourself or you'll eat more shit."

"Ash has a chance to make some great but shady money. We need the money. It is a lot of money. It is doing something we only did when using."

John's know it all smile was one all sponsors use when letting a sponsee in on an obvious truth, "Let her do it. She can make the money. You don't have to be part of it."

"It isn't that easy."

"Why the fuck not? She's a big girl. If she wants to risk her shit, she can, that's her shit."

"But she needs me to help her if something goes wrong. And just thinking of the situation makes me itchy. I could never do it without a buzz."

"Has anything ever gone wrong?"

"No."

"Sir fucking Galahad, she can do it herself... don't even have her tell you where she is holding the shit. Not your monkey... not your circus."

"It is not selling drugs. It is too dangerous for her to do on her own... besides it is that she does it that makes me feel worried I might use."

"Oh, this is more interesting. But the answer is just as fucking simple. Tell her you can't be part of this shit because you are worried you will use. If she is really in the program, she will respect your boundary and live with being poor. If not, she is not good for you and you should get the fuck away from her."

There was a long pause that John broke, "Tony, I've been in a similar situation. Early in my sobriety, my ex-wife found me a job with her uncle. I had worked at her uncle's car lot in the past, he was a total lush. We'd drink on the job. I thought I had no choice. She would not stay with me if I had no job and I could not get one because of some legal shit. I was able to stay sober the first day by the grace of God. But certainly after a few days I would drink. I was smart enough to go to a meeting after my first day then to coffee with a guy who became my sponsor. He gave me the same advice I gave you. I did not show up for the second day. My wife left me. I stayed sober. Now, I have a good life." John paused for a second sipping his coffee, "I'm not telling you what to do. I do know that for me to stay sober I need to put sobriety first... for me that meant breaking up with my wife." Tony was thinking John's wife must have been a queen bitch.

John reached for his wallet digging a picture out, "Every time I tell this story, my sponsee says she must have been an ugly bitch. Not true." He handed Tony the film picture of a knockout with big bad 80's hair, Tony was impressed. "She was the little blue pill before there was one and her family is rolling in dough. Fuck, for my first few years sober I was sleeping in my car on and off and I kicked myself for not staying. I'm sure I could have had many years of black out adventures and been in and out of rehab. And she would have accepted it because that was her families normal. But when I played the tape forward, I would be in jail long term or dead... that's where alcoholics end up".

Tony sat quietly looking at his coffee and playing his tape forward. The outcomes were all the same, detox, jail, or suicide as the result of a bender, just like John's. But there was a difference, the final spree was because Ashley dumped him.

Ash kept Tony from going out. In his heart he knew he was doing this for her. Anything that could drive her away was the wrong way. Without her, he was just a dumb drunk. She will know the right way.

Tony drank the rest of his coffee and said, "Thank you John, that puts it in perspective. It will be hard, but Ash will understand... she's in the program. Thanks again. I gotta get home. See you next week." Tony got up to leave.

"Kid, it's a selfish program. You have to do it for you."

Ashley lay in her bed. With her right hand she scrolled and keyed her way through the NLNH forum looking for 4everalone's posts as house music played. She tried not to read too many of the other NLNH posts. They were vial misogynistic rants from men that did not deserve the pussy. She had much experience with disrespectful men, but these INCELS were worse. The male chauvinist pigs she knew were at least manly. The INCELS were whiny, lame, immature, weak, male chauvinist piglets. The INCELS particularly vulgar posts slowed the rhythm of her left hand's fingers on her clit. But the tirades against Stacey's, like her, could not smother her horniness. In fact, the INCELS victimhood fueled a spiteful arousal. Knowing her fingers probed places the INCEL would never touch made her smile.

Ashely could tell 4everalone's posts were different than the other INCELS on NLHN. There tone was sad, defeated, mournful but not hateful. He used the same language as his peers, but she could tell that those words were used to be part of the NLNH community. He identified with the INCEL because they shared a 'black pill', not because he hates women, she thought. His posts wept at the loss of Emily. Every word pining for something he could never have. And his story of a nerd's prom date killed tragically before their magical night was true. She had found the newspaper article and the high school yearbook early in her research. The picture of Emily was her. There was a reason for this, she was here to be his Emily... his Angel. The feeling overwhelmed her. She held her breath speeding up her pace. She involuntarily arched her back, feet, and squeezed her thighs while still holding her breath and working her slippery fingers. After 30 seconds she let out the breath with a groan and started panting. She felt serene, warm and sleepy.

Slowly Ashley came back from the feeling. Without horniness coloring her thoughts, the last hours research into Morris Lester's background was disturbing. No sane person could say it was normal for a person to obsess over a lost crush for nearly 10 years. A girl Morris had admittedly never kissed. Saying that people on NLHN were just miss guided nerds, geeks and fatties was false too. Hanging around hateful people was a sure way to become a hateful person. She continually had this argument with her cousins. Her cousins, who sit around playing PS2 with the KKK member across the street and cannot see

the connection between the proximity to a racist and the racist shit they say. Her cousins do not even know any Blacks, Mexicans or Jews.

Was Morris Lester the nice guy who Ashley could save from a sad life by showing him girls are not femoids? Or is her lust leading her towards another Molester? The questions highlighted the problem, they both said she would fuck Morris. There was no questioning her need for sex. It seemed that since she had stop drinking and drugging, she was always fucking. She told herself it was natural, and she had always been this horny. Sex never left her passed out on a park bench. She could manage it.

Then there was the money, for Ashley it would be enough to change things. It would pay for most of her college. She could stop doing so many videos. Or maybe it could get Tony some counseling or treatment. And couples counseling. Or it could get her away from Tony. Whatever she did with it, she needed it.

“Hey babe, I’m home. It was a good meeting. I got coffee with my sponsor, that’s why I’m late.” Tony’s arrival did not stop Ashley from continuing to read through Morris’s posts.

“Sounds good. I’ve been looking into the guy from Creeper, Morris Lester,” Ashley giggled and added as sinisterly as she could, “Molester!”

“We need to talk about that.”

She got out of bed. She left her fuzzy pajama bottoms on the ground because it was easier than pulling them up. She walked into the apartments living room with her computer. She sat on the couch then broadcasted her computer screen to the TV. “Sit down and let me show you what I’ve found.”

On the way to the living room he said, “Babe, I’m not sure I need to see all that. I was talking with John and I... ah.” He stopped talking when he saw her glaring at him from the couch. He sat on the couch with her eyes following his. Sitting on the couch back straight, rigid, not using the back rest, he said, “This is hard for me to say Ash, I don’t... I’m not sure we should do this.” He fell silent unable to finish. A combination of pride and shame kept him from saying he was worried about his sobriety.

“Why do you feel that way?”

“A guy obsessing over a dead girl for years and those INCeLs. Didn’t one run a truck into a woman’s march last year. Somethings wrong with that. I can’t let you get hurt by a crazy like that.”

“I’m not sure we should do this either,” She smiled. He sat back on the couch. “I think we need to make the decision using the best information we can. I don’t want to say no out right because this is a big deal. We could do a lot with ten grand. What do you think?”

“Sounds good.”

Ashley began showing Tony what she had found about Morris, Molester, or 4everalone. A half hour later she turned to Tony and said, “Morris is looking for a night out. Dinner at the hotel his prom was at then back to the room. I don’t get a violent vibe from what we have seen. And if I had to, I could take him; he is like 5 feet and a twig. But the only way I would do it is if it was videoed and if you were able to watch from another room.” She smiled at him when she said watch from another room, he felt his dick harden a little. “What do you think?”

He puffed up, “80% chance he cums before you touch him. 10% chance he cries about her all night and can’t do it. 4% chance we get some video we’ll get 100,000 views from. Actually, if he cums before you touch him that will get two million views. Less than 1% chance he is violent. And obviously, I could take him. You could take him easy too. I don’t get a violent thing from him either. But I don’t know.”

“Yeah, I got some anxiety. It is overall weird. I worry about staying sober and you staying sober too.”

“Why are you worried about that babe?” He did not expect her to say that.

“Tony, this is old behavior for us. Stuff we only did when drinking and drugging. Any behavior like that is risky. People, places and things, like the program says.”

“Yeah babe, the programs right.”

“And the program talks about getting outside help. The kind you don’t have the money for. This money could do that for us.”

“Aren’t we doing good?”

“Yes, and we could be doing better with some money to get us the help we need. Or some money to make us more stable. I don’t like having to rely on our shows for things we need. I want to do less shows. We need this.”

Tony frowned and looked serious. He was struggling not to show his fears. He had the same worry for his sobriety, she had for her sobriety. Halfheartedly he said, “Do we really need to risk it? You said were doing good.”

Ashley knew Tony well. She could tell he was wavering. She needed him to commit. She knew men well enough; every man wants to be the hero. “I’ll do it on my own.”

“No Ash, you need me to watch your back.”

“Tony, this money will make us more stable and our goals will be closer, like getting married and a house.”

Tony got a lump in his throat. He was could not tell if it was from the word married or know they were going to do it. “Ok babe. Let’s do it.”

Ashley said seriously, “We need to do this. We’ll do it right. We’ll have two rooms next to each other and cameras. I love you.” And she kissed him and smiled, “You know, I don’t have pants on.”

Morris put his new gun on his coffee table and picked up his smart phone to check his email. Archangel had gotten back to him. His palms sweat. He was certain she would reject the offer. He laughed thinking, ‘Why should I be nervous about rejection, it is all I know. I should be good at it.’ He put the phone back down and picked the gun up. He brandished the gun at the picture of Deadpool on his wall. He dry fired the gun at the poster.

That gave Morris the power to open the email. He was surprised, she had accepted the offer with conditions. She wanted \$2,500 before hand and \$10,500 total. \$2000 was a deposit and \$500 would be used for the hotel room she would book. She would make the reservation at the restaurant. At dinner she would decide if they would go back to the hotel. If she decided they could go to the room for the ‘prom night experience’ he would e-transfer the rest of the money and she would accept it before going to the room. He should know that she would have a camera in the room for security. They would talk about the other boundaries at dinner.

It sounded fine to Morris. He replied with days that would work and e-transfer information. Giddy and excited he lunged for the gun and dry fired at the people on the posters in his apartment. Then he put the gun to his head. "Click."

The Climax

Ashley shouted at the hotel mirror, "Fucking hotel! I can't believe they messed up the reservation."

"At least they fixed it. We finally got attached rooms," Tony replied with a camera in hand.

"What time is it?"

"6:15, your reservation is for 6:30. We don't have time to hide the cameras. Can we leave them in the open?"

"We have to hide them."

Tony sighed, "But he knows about them."

"Do you think he will be comfortable if he can see them?"

"Fuck him! We'll already have the money."

Ashley stepped out from the washroom and glared at Tony, "Yes. Fuck him. That is the plan."

Tony's jaw dropped at Ashley in a strapless dress all made up. "You look high-school prom. I feel dirty looking at you," He grabbed her and went in for a kiss.

Ash bent back, "Fresh lip gloss, just a peck." She did give his swollen cock a quick squeeze. "I'll meet him in the restaurant on my own. When you finish hiding the cameras get your table. Nothing will happen in the twenty minutes I'm on my own. We won't leave till you come down." She gave him another peck and squeeze.

"Ash, I should be down there when you meet him. What if?"

"What if, what? It is a public place."

"But you might need me."

Ash snapped, "I won't need you." Tony took a step back like he was hit. She stepped forward with another peck, "You need to hide the cameras. This will get us a million views. I love you. And I need you here just in case."

"Ok Babe... I love you too."

Ashley walk down the hall to the elevator feeling more nervous than she expected. She had not had a meeting like this in a long time and never sober. The walk to the hotel restaurant was shorter than she had expected. She was 5 minutes early. She looked across the lobby to the table she reserved. Morris was not there. She did not want to be the first to arrive. She walked over to the bar adjacent to the restaurant and sat down.

The bartender asked, "Do you want a drink?"

"Ah... I'm not sure," Ashley was truly ambivalent at that moment.

"Hi-balls are the special," the bartender automatically replied.

Someone knocked over a suitcase and she jumped at the sound. Her hands were cold. She was panicked but at what? She knew Morris was not a threat. She settled her eyes on the mirror behind the bar, pretending she was not thinking of the bottles in front of it. She knew a drink would take the edge off. If only she had helped Tony, she would not be on her own. She would get a drink. The situation demanded it.

A burst of coughing and choking came from behind and to the right of Ashley. It stopped quickly. She knew people that stop coughing might be choking. It was a little man in a suit sitting at a high table either choking or trying not to disturb anyone with his coughing. "Are you ok?"

"Cough, cough, yeah... got... down, cough, wrong tube." He said looking away from her.

"Morris?"

Morris stood up and turned stifling his coughing and red enough to pass out but nodded yes.

"Yes, well ah... don't say anything catch your breath." Ashley patted him on the back.

Morris wasn't sure he would ever breathe again; Emily took his breath away. He thought he might have died. After a long awkward pause and no less red faced he forced out, "Can I call you Emily? Cough... Is that ok?"

In her best ditzzy voice Ashley replied, "For what you're paying, you can call me anything you want."

Morris' face turned redder. He panted between shallow coughs.

Ashley quickly said, "Call me anything you want, just don't call me late for dinner. Hi, I'm Emily," She stuck out her hand to start over. Morris braced himself on the bar table but did not take her hand. She put the symptoms together. She was pretty sure he was having a panic attack. "Morris, sit back down. Hang on to me if you have too. Breathe with me."

Morris followed Emily's instructions and hung his head down looking at the floor. Soon he was breathing close to normally. "I'm sorry you had to see that," Morris said still looking down.

"No problem. It has to be shocking seeing," Ashley trailed off for a few seconds. Morris said nothing. She changed the topic. "Let's go sit down in the restaurant."

"Emily, I have something for you." Morris reached for a box on the table wet from his spilt whiskey. Visible under the clear plastic was an orchid corsage.

Morris proffering the corsage for Ashley sent a shiver down her spine. It was creepy. It was surreal having him pin it on her. She had the fleeting thought he had kept it ever since Emily died. She was overwhelmed by what he might be feeling. She wanted a drink.

Morris smiled red faced and they walked quietly to the restaurant. The waiter led them to their table. Ashley thanked Morris for helping her with her seat. And they sat silently for more than a minute with Morris red faced and doting.

The waiter brought over a wine list. Ashley broke the silence, "Would you like wine?"

"Awe...hmm... I... awe... don't really know," self-consciousness dripped from Morris.

"Oh yeah, you had a whiskey at the bar."

Morris was conflicted. Part of him wanted to be real because this was Emily. The other part said he had to be someone who drank whiskey. But Emily was looking at him. "Emily, I don't want to sound lame but I'm allergic to alcohol. I probably should not have more. But if you want some or think I should have more, I will. We should probably have wine; it is what people do at dinner." Morris looked around uneasily as if the patrons of the restaurant were watching him. "I want what you want."

Ashely thought, 'did Morris think she was psychic?' She felt it might be a long night if he wouldn't say what he wanted. Then again, men have simple wants and it was obvious Morris wanted her regardless of how scared he was. "Oh, that explains your red face." Ashley instantly regretted saying that as Morris sank back as if hit.

"Do I look awful? I'm sorry. It must be hard to be sitting with an ugly shrimp like me."

"Morris you look fine," Ashley stopped herself from lying about his height. "As it turns out I'm allergic to alcohol too, I break out in a raging case of asshole." She waited for a smile, but Morris was stone faced. "Let's have some non-alcoholic Champagne. This is a really nice place. Have you gone here before?" She kicked herself for saying that, but it was going to come out eventually.

"It was where we were supposed to go for prom. But." Morris looked like he was going to cry.

Ashley reached across the table to take Morris's hand. She could not reach it and he did not understand. "Give me your hand." He limply raised his hand. She took his clammy hand. "I'm sorry that this is not your prom. It is not your fault. It is ok to feel what you are feeling." He started to weep. With her other hand she handed him a napkin.

Morris cried into the serviette for a minute. But Emily holding his hand made him feel better. For so long this is what he wanted. He was starting to feel the half a glass of whiskey he choked down. "Sorry. I'm so embarrassed... you must be too."

"There is no reason to be sorry or embarrassed." Ashley sat back, "I'm not embarrassed. If I was in your place, I would act the same." Morris looked as if he might breakdown again. "If it is too much, we can stop it here."

Morris wanted to leave. But he had to go through with it. There was no turning back. "No."

"Ok." Ashley waited a few seconds then said, "You know Morris, I play Call of Duty."

Morris looked up with interest, "Really?"

"Yes. Modern Warfare is my favorite. I can't wait for the reboot."

"It is great. I like Modern Warfare II best."

"Didn't a level cause outrage?"

"No Russian, a CIA agent has to participate in a mass shooting... I love that level," Morris regretted his last words. Certainly, Emily would be freaked out.

"My cousins love that level too because it is totally the kind of shit the CIA would be part of."

Morris felt more at ease. "Yeah, the CIA does sketchy shit like that."

The waiter interrupted them. Ashley ordered the best, strongest non-alcoholic bubbly they had. The waiter looked confused and said they only had one type of non-alcoholic Champagne that by definition was not strong. Morris laughed with Emily and felt good.

Tony could always see the cameras because he hid them. He was done trying to hide them. He did a final check on his laptop to see that they recorded.

Tony grabbed his Glock 17 out of his bag. He stood in front of the washroom mirror trying to conceal the unloaded gun on his person. It was too big to be hidden without a holster. He would have to swallow his pride and carry a man purse to the restaurant. He loaded the gun. With his shoulder bag he walked to the restaurant.

Tony had hoped he could easily get a seat near Ashley and Morris's, but the waiter didn't have one. He had to settle for sitting across from them at a bar table. It was at least 50 feet from them. He could see them laughing and drinking from wine or Champagne glasses.

Out loud but to no one Tony said, "Ash are you drinking?"

From behind Tony the bartender answered, "I'm not Ash and I'm not drinking... but what do you want?"

Tony did not look at the bartender but gestured with his head, "That's Ash."

The bartender walked up to Tony. "Looks like she is drinking," the bartender commented as the waiter refreshed Ashley's drink. Smiling and with great flourish Ashley toasted Morris, who was red as ever. Tony was certain Ash was drinking.

"Get me a double," Tony said to the bartender. If Ash was going to drink, Tony would too.

"Of what?"

"Whatever is cheapest."

"I get your drift." The bartender was quick to get a hi-ball with more booze than mix.

Tony took a sip and winced, "Perfect."

Ashley pushed a half-finished piece of cheesecake away from her. "I'm stuffed. Anymore and I'll fall right asleep when we get to the room. And we would not want that, would we?"

Morris looked a little sick, "No."

Morris's reaction reminded Ashley that this was probably as far as he had ever gotten with a girl. She wanted to make him more at ease but did not know how to stroke an ego that was not there. "Honestly Morris, I have had a really good time. You're a really nice guy. It is time to talk about the elephant in the room. It is normal to be nervous – especially since I look like Emily. If you don't want to go to the room that's ok."

Morris gulp, "I want to go to the room."

"Ok. We'll have a great time. And... I have to ask, have you had sex before?" Just asking the question turned Ashley on.

Morris went pale for the first time in the evening. He tried to say something but could not.

"I only ask because I want to know if it is ok for us... to not use a condom. If you are ok with it." Morris was like stone, Ashley was not sure how to make him move, "If you are that's totally good. In fact, I'm turned on by it. Are you?"

Morris nodded.

"I thought," Ashley stopped before she said so. "Before we go to the room you need to send the e-transfer. You need to know there is a camera for security and you can do anything you want." Ashley was sure anything Morris wanted would be pretty pedestrian.

Morris fumbled with his phone sending the transfer. "Can I go to my car and get my overnight bag before we go to the room? It's got my toothbrush, PJs and stuff. If that's ok?"

Ashley giggled a PJs and was sort of turned on. She was even more turned on when she heard the ding from Morris e-transfer email. "Go get your bag." He got up. "Oh, wait," Ashley gave him a tight hug and a kiss on the lips. He did not move. He walked off awkwardly and stiffly.

When Tony saw the waiter bring Ashley and Morris their desserts, he knew he had to act. He was all in, he would be in just as much trouble for a few drinks as a hundred. It was fate, she was getting drunk and fucking. He stood up as if on a boat and walked to the bar. "Hey bar-tenner," he caught the slur and started again, "Bartender is there a liquor store nearby?"

"Down half a block," The bartender pointed toward the door.

Tony left five bucks on the bar and left. In a couple minutes he was in the corner store that sold liquor. On his way in he noticed his favorite magazine on the rack. The Guns & Ammo was one he had not read. He flipped to the back of the magazine to read his favorite part, the gun porn. He was having a hard time focusing but he could fill in the blurry bits.

The hero pulls into a gas station with his wife. He goes to the washroom while his wife buys some food for the road. Just as he's zipping up their scream, crash and someone shouting, "Give me the money!" The hero is ready with his concealed carry gun, a Kahr CW380 in a waste band holster. The hero comes out of the washroom with his gun drawn. The robber is waving a revolver at the cashier and his wife. There is no other choice, the hero fires twice. Both hit but the robber is still standing and turning but not for long. The hero is no hero, he just did what he had to do.

A loud BUZZ, BUZZ came from Tony's man purse. He put the magazine down. He reaches in the bag touching his gun but feels around more for his phone. He punches in the password and reads the notification of an e-transfer. He accepts it then sends a quick text to Ashley to confirm it went through.

Tony had to get back to the room quickly. A bottle of Johnny Walker Red should do. They have the money. And it might be his last. He picked up some beef jerky and asked for an extra bag so he could grab some ice on the way to the room.

Tony got comfortable by sitting on the love seat, loosening his pants, pouring a drink and casting the computer to the hotel TV screen. He put his gun on the coffee table next to the computer for easy access. He had a few minutes to spare. He passed the time by watching a video of Ashley on half the screen.

Nothing got Tony hornier than watching Ashley with another guy. He always felt defeated and regretted it after, like drinking.

Finally, light from the door opening announced Morris and Ashley's arrival. Tony closed the video he was watching. Tony got his hard dick out as the show was about to begin.

Ashley led Morris in by the hand. Morris was reluctant, only moving forward with a slight tug. "Put your bag down and get comfortable Morris," Ashley had to take his bag and suit jacket. Then she pushed him on to the bed. "What would you like to do? Or me to do?"

Morris sat on the bed with his hand on his lap and mouth open. "I awe," Morris mumbled something, "naked, please?"

"I can do that. I will need your help," Ashley turned and pulled her hair out of the way. "Unzip me please." Morris tried to unzip the dress without touching her, but she felt his warm clammy fingers. "You can touch me."

Morris was not sure where to touch. He continued unzipping the dress, touching Ashley as little as possible. "Can you turn around?"

Ashley held her dress up, covering her pert breasts with her hands then turned around. "A kiss first," she bent to kiss Morris on the lips. He did not move, even when she open her mouth and darted her tongue out. He kind of squirmed and pulled at his pants. She stood up. She pulled her dress down one hand at a time and shimmied out of it. She was close enough to him that her nipples grazed his nose. "Touch them," She moved his hand to one of her breasts. His hand was still clammy. "Kiss them," he did but only brushing them. She stepped back and honestly said, "You are making me really horny." She looked at his crotch and smiled crookedly, "And I can tell you are too." She took his hand and moved it between her thighs and under her panties. She had to guide his unmoving fingers between her labia. "Molester, you made me so wet." She brought his hand up to her lips and sucked his finger. "Stand up, you need to be more naked."

Morris had never been so aroused. Here was Emily telling him that he was making her horny. He tried to adjust himself inconspicuously, but the movement intensified the feeling. He felt like a bomb. At the same time there was a taint of shame in the excitement. He was nearly 30 years old and had to pay for a woman to show him what to do. He was not a man, he was Molester.

"Don't take his shirt off. Slow it down Ash! He's going to cum," Tony yelled at the computer. "Get the boy a drink or something." Tony did not bother to fill his glass and took a drink from the bottle.

With Morris standing, Ashley finished unbuttoning his shirt and helped him get it off – his shirt. "There is another button," she undid it. Even constrained by his tighty-whities, he was big. "Ooo Morris, why have you been hiding this?" She gave him a squeeze.

Morris gulped. Ashley kissed his lips then kissed her way down letting his pants and underwear fall to the floor. His dick sprang free. She sat back on the bed, mouth ready to blow.

Morris could not stop it, his cock twitched. Cum spurted like Old Faithful. It when all over Ashley's lips, nose, eyes, hair and even an ear. His dick kept pulsing and pump cum out. He wanted to warn her but was too late, all that came out was a pathetic, "I'm sorry." And more cum.

Ashely grabbed his cock with one hand and attempted to cover her eyes with the other. She began laughing. She slowly stroked him, trying to stop laughing but that caused her to snort. In between snort she got out, "Molester's monster load... snort...I need a towel haha, snort."

Tony talked to the screen, "I told ya he was going to pop. What a facial babe. Don't wipe it off. That's it, show it off." He continued to slowly jerk himself off.

Ashley walked up to the camera. She continued to genuinely giggle while she stepped into the washroom to clean herself off.

Tony held the bottle of whiskey up to toast Ashley on the other side of the screen. "That's the money shot. It'll get us a million views." He took a swig of the half empty bottle. "Good thing there is a mini bar... what to watch." He opened his browser looking for something to jerk off to. It covered the camera feeds.

The Final Act

Morris knew how Big Ray felt. This Emily analog was laughing at him as he stood naked and still a virgin. What part of the last few minutes, more like 20 seconds, did not demand ridicule? He was a loser, to be laughed at. Now was as good a time to end it. Angry he cried, "Stop laughing at me!"

Ashley was frightened by Morris's response, it reminded her of a kicked dog. She stopped laughing but had no reaction for a few seconds. "Morris, I'm sorry if you thought I was laughing at you."

"Get out!" Morris screeched. He pulled his bag over to the bedside. He sat on the bed.

"Ok, I need to get dressed." Cautiously she looked out of the washroom. Morris was staring into his bag soundlessly sobbing. She felt she had to console him, even if something felt wrong. "I didn't mean to embarrass you. There is nothing to be ashamed of, it happens to all guys. And it was a pretty amazing load, from a considerable package."

Morris yowled, "What do you know about shame?!"

Sarcastically Ashley said, "Only what a girl growing up in a trailer park learns."

"Don't joke with me. I have no chance at a normies life. I'm short, ugly, can't drink, am name Molester, and can't even get laid on a date I paid for. I just want to Lay Down And Rot," Morris wailed. "And I'm sure you... Emily never wanted anything to do with me. Everyone laughs at me, just like they did Big Ray. He did the right thing." Morris wiped his eyes and nose. He said sniffing, "Just go. I don't want you here."

Any fear Ashley had was overridden by a deep urge to comfort Morris. She grabbed a towel. She walked over to him sitting down next to him. She put an arm around him, not letting him pull away.

Morris continued to cry, repeatedly mumbling, "Go... I want it over... I'm a loser."

Ashley continued to hold Morris rocking slightly. Softly she said, "There is a lot to cry for. Let it out."

The rocking and touch were making Morris feel better. He was teary eyed but not crying. He looked at Ashley and said, "I'm sorry Emily. I wish I could change things."

Ashley did not correct Morris. She handed him the towel she had brought with her. He wiped his face and nose with it. With the towel moved, it did not block her view inside his bag. She saw what she thought was a gun handle in his bag. She put a foot next to the bag, continuing to hold him. She moved the bag away with her foot. Then she said loudly so the cameras would hear, "Morris is that a gun in your bag?"

"It is not what you think. It is not loaded. It is for me. I am going to end it," Morris burst into tears again. Sobbing he said, "Go... please go."

Still holding Morris and hoping Tony would not burst in, "I'm going to make sure the gun is not loaded. Don't move." Looking to the camera she said, "I don't need your help."

"I won't... it is for me. I'm not going ER or anything." From Ashley's research on Morris and his online personas she understood ER meant Elliot Rodgers the Isla Vista INCEL shooter.

Ashley got up, picking the bag up. Morris did not move. The furthest she could be from him while still in the camera's view was the end of the bed. Keeping her eyes on him, she reached in the bag feeling for the gun. He had his head in the towel sobbing. She pulled the Ruger Security 9 out, there was no clip in it. She checked the gun's chamber, it was empty. She said loudly, "It is unloaded." She tried to lock the breach open but was too nervous to figure it out. In the same strong voice, she continued, "Morris, I'm putting the gun here." She placed it on the bed stand. "Are the bullets in the bag?"

"Yes."

To be certain Ashley checked the bag and found two clips. "The bag is going to be over here," Ashley put the bag at the other end of the bed in the camera's view. She stood looking at Morris pathetic with puffy red eyes looking scared and weeping.

"You got to understand, the gun is for me. I wasn't going to hurt anyone. I don't want to be a joke anymore. Please go. Let me end it. Please Emily."

Ashley said nothing. She sat back down next to Morris. She put her arms around him, holding him tight. She said nothing for a long time. He wept in her arms.

When Morris was quiet, Ashley said, "You can have your gun back when I leave. You can use it if you want. If you do you will hurt me. I am sure Emily would be too." He tensed up when she said that. "I am not leaving until the end of our date. What do you want to do?" He did not answer. "I'm going to call the front desk for a video game system."

Morris answered weakly, "Ok."

Ashley let Morris go, moved to the other end of the bed, and reached for the phone next to the gun. The hotel answered quickly. Morris stared at the floor, head in his hand. The conversation on the phone was distant and did not register for him.

"Good news, bad news. They don't have Call of Duty, but they do have a system with kid's games. I've told the bell boy to knock on the door and leave it outside. When it gets here you can go get it." Morris was not shaking or sobbing anymore. He looked at Ashley when she spoke. But he was not engaged. "It is probably a good they did not have CoD. I don't know how you would take a girl owning."

Morris half smiled, "I would kill myself."

"Not until our time is done."

Morris then noticed Ashley was still naked. "Are you going to play naked?"

"Yes. I'm comfortable. If you are not, I'll put on the dress... but it is not comfortable. What do you want?"

"I brought pajamas. You could put them on?"

Ashley hid her joy that he had pajamas. One of the many scenarios she had still to try that turned her on was seducing a nerdy guy during a sleep over video game session. "Pajama party!" She jumped on the

bed, grabbed a pillow and hit him lightly. Morris did not react to the pillow hitting him. She took the hint and went to get the pajamas.

A bellhop knocked at the door after ten long mostly silent minutes.

Morris got the game machine without any prompting. He waited about a minute before opening the door to get the machine. The game with the console was Mario Carts. The game he had played with Emily when he was done tutoring. This was a sign to him, but of what? The girl in the room was as close to Emily as anyone could be and she was not. Was the Emily analog an angel? He thought the Emily analog must be an angel here to help take him from this misery.

Morris thought of the lyric, "If this be my last night on earth, let me remember this for all that its worth." Moby, Last Night.

"You're in trouble it is Mario Carts. Emily use to beat me... but I've practiced since then."

"I would not get to confident. It was one of three games we had when I was a kid."

They hooked up the system and sat on the bed with their backs resting on the headboard. They got to serious business. It was obvious they had similar skills. Neither dominated. Soon they were laughing and trash talking each other. Ashley's competitive side took over, "If I lose this game, it is on."

"You are not winning Emily," Morris dispatched her quickly.

Ashley made a futile attempt to knock the controller out of his hand and screeched, "Noooo." Morris did his best not to touch her. She did her best to awkwardly touch him and followed up with a kiss. Then she rolled over him off the bed. She turned to face him and slinked out of her pants. She walked around to the other side of the bed placing a pillow about halfway down the bed. She got on the bed on her belly head toward the TV, with the pillow propping up her ass. Her knees were bent 90 degrees, hiding her butt and peach seductively.

"What are you doing?"

"I play best in this position." Ashley adjusted the pillow a bit more, knowing any cis male would notice. Morris was a cis male. "Quit gawking and get playing." He started the game. It was clear she was more focused. He was losing early. When he came close to winning, she spread her legs wide and got on her knees almost in a child's pose distracting him. When she won, she jammed the vibrating joystick in her crotch. She moaned in feigned ecstasy "That was so good. We can play again but you won't win again. Are you up for another type of game?" She looked at his concealed erection and winked, "From my position you are."

Morris pulled his knees up, holding them tightly. He was afraid and confused. He was also overwhelmed by feelings for Emily or the Emily analog. "I don't want to be embarrassed again. My whole life is one embarrassment after another."

"Every man's first time is like that. That's why there are seconds and thirds."

"But the cameras."

"They are for security. I will not upload them unless you are 'ok' with it. That said, having a video up is an easy way to get laid. The world is full of freaks, including ones into premature ejaculation. But I guarantee that if you kill yourself you will be an internet star."

"And you will be gone in a few hours and I will be alone without the girl I love."

"I am not the girl you love. She has been gone for many years." Morris held himself tighter when Ashley said that. She sat next to him mimicking his pose but leaning against him. "Letting go is hard and it does not happen all at once. When I was eleven my Nanna passed away suddenly. But I chose to not visit her before she died. She had caught me fooling around with an older boy. I was pissed because that's what all my female relatives did... why was I not allowed to? Nanna was right... here I am, hahaha. It haunted me for years. It helped me do justify many self-destructive things. I have been where you are at. When things were at their worst I finally listened to a counsellor. Do you know what she said?"

"What?"

"She said I could write Nanna a letter with what I had to say and send it away. I burnt mine. It was very emotional."

"Did it work?"

"Did I have a drink tonight?" Morris shook his head, "It worked. It was the start. It took more work. In time I understood it did not matter what happened in the past. What matters is what I do about it now."

"I heard that from the counsellor I saw years ago."

"Have you tried it?" Morris nodded his head ever so slightly. Ashley moved away and glared at him, "Do not lie to me." She held her body away from him for a few seconds. His upper lip trembled slightly. She leant back against him, "Its skeletons like my Nanna's memory that pulled me down to where I did not want to live anymore. When I was sober, I wanted to be drunk or high to leave them. And when drunk or high it would not be long before I was telling everyone about how awful I had been. It was not Ashley the cheerful bright girl that I saw. I was Ashley the home wrecking slut. That is what I believed everyone saw me as... because I saw myself that way. All I had was a self to hate, the chance of losing that scared me and sad as I was, I would not let it go... until I gave myself to God. When I did, I understood I needed to be willing to try anything or die from drinking, drugs and depression. Are you at that point?"

Morris shed a tear and sniffled, "Yes."

Ashley put an arm around Morris, "You are a lucky man. You don't need to write a letter." Ashley smiled to lighten the mood, "We can role play... like with whips and chains."

Morris looked confused, "But Emily and I never played D&D."

"What is that?"

"Dungeons and Dragons, like on Stranger Things."

"I'm more into role playing as a furry... which is funny cause I'm bald. But seriously, in a minute you are going to tell me how you felt about Emily and who you think she is. Then we will talk as if this is your prom night. When we part tomorrow morning it is done. I will block you from my profiles. No contact after tonight. Do you want to do it?"

"Yes."

Ashley moved around so that she was sitting cross-legged on the bed looking Morris in the eye. "Tell me about Emily... me." She smiled.

Morris started to tell how he met Emily in a grade ten science class when he was the odd student out with no lab partner. He was directed by the teacher to partner with Emily and her chosen to partner a Chad. He had quickly developed a crush. All three of them got A's in the class, even though the Chad and

Emily missed many labs. He knew letting them copy and covering for them would make Emily see him in a good light. That's how he proceeded for the next three years, always there to help. He was just happy to be near her. He knew that in time Emily would see how good he was.

From Morris's story, it was clear to Ashley that Emily saw Morris as someone she would go out with. If Morris's narrative was true, there were many instances where Emily was expecting Morris to act like a teen age boy. But the overwhelming tone was that Morris did not have the self-esteem to take a step to risk the friendship they had. Ashley was astounded Morris ever got the courage to ask Emily to the prom.

It took Morris the better part of an hour to tell the tale. Ashley was struck by this too. Morris seemed to detail every time they talked, which might have been as much time as Morris had actually talked with Emily when not providing tutoring or playing video games. Certainly, they were friends but there was little depth because Morris would continually take a step back.

"Morris, go into the washroom for a minute. When I tell you to come out, I will be Emily and we have come here after prom." Morris did as Ashley said. She put the prom dress back on then called, "Morris, it was such a great night. Picking me up in a limo... and I love the corsage." She hoped she was not playing it up too much.

Morris came out of the washroom and saw Emily was standing at the end of the bed. He walked up to her. They stood and looked each other in the eye which was easy as they were the same height. "Emily, you look so good... I can't believe you went out with me."

"I been waiting for you to ask me for a long time."

"What? You were?"

"Remember way back in grade 10 science class, I said I was going to skip out and go to the mall?"

"I do."

"I wanted you to come with me." Emily smiled at stunned Morris, "And when told you after tutoring that I really wanted to see Avengers?" He nodded mouth open. "I wanted you to take me."

Morris took a few seconds to say anything. He was completely taken by Emily; she was no longer an analog. "I'm sorry... I didn't think... I'm not good looking or cool... you are out of my league."

"You asked and I said yes because you are a nice, smart, considerate guy... all things that matter more than looks or coolness."

"Do you love me because I have all..."

Emily cut Morris off, "I like you very much, but Morris I don't know you well enough to love you yet."

"Could you love me?"

"It is our first date. In time yes. But who knows we may go off to different colleges and we may only have now."

Morris smiled in disbelief. He had thought he was unlovable, "Really?"

“Yes,” then Ashley stepped closer into Morris’s personal space. “There is something I want you to do.”

“Can I kiss you?” Emily nodded and Morris kissed a girl for the first time. He kissed like a teenager at prom, awkwardly, with lots of tongue, spit and teeth. After a minute making out and grinding, he stopped to ask, “Are we going to?”

Ashley was determined to give the true Emily experience, “Do you have a condom?”

“No.”

“Then no, but there is lots we can do,” Emily used a hand to stroke Morris through his pants but not too much. She led from behind by prompting him to take her dress off and leading his hand to in appropriate places. She let him take his clothes off to set the pace.

“I ahh, think we should slow down,” Morris said, pulling away.

“How about you play with me?” Emily’s question was rhetorical. She lay back on the bed and put a hand above her vulva. “Give it a kiss. It feels really good. It won’t bite if you don’t.” Soon she was moaning, yipping and groaning so much that Morris felt he might be hurting her. But a hand on his head kept him going. Until she pushed his head away. “Lye next to me and hold me for a minute.”

Morris crawled up the bed next to her. He felt he should hold her, it felt natural. He felt good. “Did I do good?”

“Mmmmm... that was so good.” They lay there for a minute saying nothing. “You deserve the same... lay back.” Morris was in ecstasy quicker than Emily, but not premature. The result was messy, luckily there was already a towel close by.

Morris was serene. He was not anxious. His mind was quiet. With the side of his head resting on a pillow looking at Emily he said, “That was the best. I’m spent. I think I need a nap.”

Emily faced Morris mirroring his position, “Morris is there anything you want to say to me? I won’t be here when you wake up.”

“I love you. I miss you. I’m sorry... I love you.” Morris shed a few tears. Emily gave him a light kiss before they fell asleep and he smiled.

Morris woke up in an empty bed. Emily was still in his mind; he could even still smell her, but her memory was not overwhelmed by regret and self-loathing. He was sad she was gone and happy to have had the time with her. This was a new thing for him, he was content.

Morris turned over to look at the clock. He saw his gun on the night table. Seeing it frightened him, he turned away. He could not believe that the Emily analog found the gun. The Emily analog’s on-line name was Archangel, it must have been divine intervention. He started to giggle, then laughed out loud at the absurdity.

“What is so funny Morris?” Morris looked up to see Emily standing naked at the end of the bed.

“I thought you were going to leave in the morning?” Morris said confused.

“Emily is gone, I am still here. You’ve only been asleep 20 minutes,” Ashley jumped on the bed kneeling in front of Morris. She extended her hand, “Hi, I’m Angel.”

Morris sat up, smiling for a few seconds, “You are an Angel. You saved me.”

“You’re not going to kill yourself anymore?”

Morris shook his head, “No. Getting to talk with Emily changed something.”

Ashley gave Morris an intense look, “Really?”

“I’m not all better but I’m not overwhelmed. I can see it getting better.”

“Good. And if I were you, I would talk with a professional,” Ashley paused from Morris to laugh at the irony, but the joke did not land. “I’m still in school to be a counselor. It takes a lot of work to get over shit like that.”

“Yeah, I think you are right. You are going to be a good counselor.”

“What do you want to do for the rest of the night? Fuck or play video games... I don’t know which you need to practice more.”

“I don’t want to play video games. But I don’t have condoms... I could lick you?”

“I’m not Emily, I want to fuck... hard. When you are fucking me hard, I want you to choke me a little.”

Morris gasped, “Choke you... a little?”

“Yeah. Not so much that I can’t breathe. It makes me cum harder. You do it when I’m about to cum. Google it, it is a thing. It’ll probably make you last longer too. I’ll tell you went to choke me if you are too rough, I’ll hit you.” Ashley grabbed Morris’s hard on under the covers, “See it’s making you horny.”

Morris did not need any more convincing. Ashley helped him on top of her and he began to pound away, banging the headboard into the wall at her urging.

Tony awoke to sounds of Ashley getting fucked out of sync with a dull thumping noise. The noise was amplifying the pain of his throbbing head. His mouth tasted like carpet because he was lying face down on the hotel floor, luckily not in vomit. He sat up but felt dizzy and almost lay down. He was still drunk and fully hung over. He was not fully aware of where he was or why. He knew how to handle this situation. He took a pull on the bottle of whiskey. The swig of liquor almost had him puking but he gnashed his teeth and got it down, followed quickly with another.

Slowly Tony was able to focus on the hotel TV which had Ashley looking into the camera getting fucked doggy style by a guy hidden behind her. The video was odd, nothing in it would make the awful thumping noise. Out of the static of his mind he remembers he was the guy in the video. He took a drink for the good job he was doing in the video. It dawned on him the thumping was from the other room.

Dread came over Tony as he realized he had a job to do and he was failing at it. He should have been covering Ashley’s six from this crazy INCEL. The thumping could be Molester bashing her head on the

wall or cutting her up with a hatchet. He got himself onto the love seat and used the touch pad with one hand and put his other on his gun.

Tony closed the video. The room cameras showed Molester on top of Ashley pounding Ashley so hard the headboard hit the wall with each thrust. From the position they were in it was hard to see but Tony could make out Molester's hands around Ashley's throat. Ashley looked to be limp, not moving.

Tony saw on the night table next to Molester a gun. Tony new what to do and prayed he was not too late.

The door that adjoined the rooms opened to the right of the foot of the bed. Tony burst through the door his gun leading the way. The door was opened so forcefully it hit the wall with a loud bang. Morris turned toward the noise instinctively.

Tony yelled, "GET OFF OF HER!"

Morris complied rolling off Ashley and the bed, toward the night table with the gun on it. Ashely also started to get up.

Tony judged that Morris was going for the gun. His first shot missed but his second hit Morris in the side of his abdomen. Morris felt burning in his side and crumpled to the ground for cover and from the pain.

"TONY PUT THE GUN DOWN!" Tony stood still; gun pointed towards where Morris lay. Ashley yelled again, "PUT THE GUN DOWN!" Tony stopped pointing the gun in the direction of Morris.

"Take his gun Ash."

Ashley took the gun off the night table and worked the action, "It is unloaded, idiot. I unloaded it on camera." Ashley turned her attention to Morris. "Can you hear me Morris?"

Morris replied with a weak, "I'm been shot."

"I will be with you in a second Morris. We are calling 911." Ashley got up and stood at the end of the bed. With Morris's gun in one hand, she outstretched her other hand reaching for Tony's. "Give me your gun." Dumb struck and confused Tony gave Ashley the pistol. Ashley caught a whiff of booze on his breath, she muttered, "Fucking drunk. Get me a towel, then keep yourself out of the way. Don't go near the guns. When the cops get here do what they say."

Ashley unloaded Tony's gun and put them both in view next to the TV. Ashley found her cell phone and called 911. The 911 operator gave Ashley instructions on providing Morris first aid over the speaker phone. Tony sat in the other room waiting for the police.

Epilogue

The meeting was setup like any other AA meeting. A circle of chairs in a room with florescent lights that were to bright. One of the lights flickered. The difference was that every man in the room was wearing orange prison uniforms.

After the Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions were read, three topics were solicited from the floor: Step 1, Honesty, and the obligatory Gratitude. The Chairman looked at the men and sees Tony slouching in his chair looking at his shoes. The Chairman said, "Tony would you like to share?"

Tony wanted to say no, but he could not. "I'm Tony, I'm an alcoholic." He was silent a few seconds collecting his thoughts and sitting up. "Step 1... We admitted we were powerless over alcohol and that our lives had become unmanageable.... it took me a hell of a long time to get Step 1. I finally got it the last time I when out. Before that I had been toying with being sober. I would be sober if my girl was... in my heart, I knew that would not be forever. It was doing well; I'd been mostly sober for about a month. Then my girl got this opportunity. Not exactly criminal, but risky... risky for my sobriety. I even talked with my sponsor about it. He told me not to do it. Ditch the girl if I have too. But I loved her. During the thing, I thought she was drinking, and I was not going to let her have all the fun. I was resentful of her, so I drank. I did it. Then I woke up drunk, miss judged a situation and shot a guy. Step 1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol and that our lives had become unmanageable. I am powerless over alcohol. My live was unmanageable."

Tony sat thoughtfully, then said, "Honesty, is what I had to do today. I arranged to call my girl for a Step 9. I asked for forgiveness, she's an Angel and gave it to me. Then I finally acted on my sponsors advice. I told her that I love her, but we are not good together. To put my sobriety first I can't be with the girl I love, how is that for honesty. I can't be around people, places and things that will help me take that first drink. You know what she said," Tony paused for effect. "She said, she should not have put me in the situation and asked to be forgiven. I did... but I took the drink. She agreed we are better off separate, and she loves me too."

Tony frowned, "Gratitude. What do I have to be grateful for? I had to tell the girl who I love and loves me we can't be together. God, I'm grateful You gave me the wisdom and courage to do that. I'm grateful I get the chance to be sober... because it is just as easy to pick up in here. I'm grateful for all of you and meetings." Tony wiped his face with is sleeve as if it was hot. The group thanked him for sharing.

Ashley lay on the bed spread eagle after a camera show that had gone longer than she expected. She was feeling emotional post orgasm because this was a big day. She took a few deep breaths before sitting up and pulling her knees up to hug them to mostly cover her naughty bits. Ashley addressed the camera, "I have an announcement... because of some life changes, good changes, I am not going to have any new content for a while. I will be limiting the site to subscribers. If you have notifications on you'll hear about any new content. I love my little audience. I am grateful for your subscriptions and tips... they have helped me achieve things no one else in my family has ever achieved. Thank you!"

IMs from her viewers began to pop up thanking her and wishing her the best. Ashley wiped a moist eye, "Davy, don't tell me you are crying, or I'll start too." She looked off camera and noticed the time. She looked back at the camera, "Bye, bye... I love you all." She blew a last kiss and switched the camera off.

Ashley was running late to a very important date and she was determined to make up the time. Like a whirl wind she put on her make and clothes. She grabbed her high heels and ran barefoot to her car. When she parked her car close to her destination, she repeated the barefoot run. This time she was certain the wind was causing her to flash everyone. She did not care.

As Ashley neared her destination her classmate Candice intercepted her with a hug, "I can't believe we are here! Four long years!"

Ashley looked down at the black gown with red and gold braid, "It's pretty amazing. I'm so grateful for the help you gave me Candice."

"I can't believe you held it together through all that drama with your ex. All the new stories and trial. I had a hard-enough time without any drama." The wind kicked up and blew both their gowns. Ashley only had under-ware on, "OH, that wind is dreadful... I'll help." Candice tried to keep Ashley's gown down.

As Ashley's gown settled down, she noticed an athletic guy checking her out. She thought about meeting him behind the bleachers. Ashley laughed, "It totally did not occur to me to wear a dress under the gown. I always thought judges had nothing underneath their gowns. Don't worry about it. Everybody in the tri-state area knows everything about my past... what's showing off a butt cheek or two?"

Candice laughed too. Then said, "Did I tell you?"

"What?"

"Bob popped the question." Candice pushed her hand with a big ring on it towards Ashley's face, "We are getting married at the end of summer! Oh, I hope you can come."

"I am not 100% because I have news too... I got the job at the in-patient recovery center. It is as step on the road to becoming a Certified Addictions Counsellor."

Candice jumped up and down a little, "I'm so happy for you. You will do awesome."

"Thanks... as crazy as it sounds, I'm grateful to Tony. He kind of helped me on this path. Without out him I would not be here."

"I can't believe how forgiving you are. I could not do that."

Morris was practicing his positive self-talk to the best of his ability. He reiterated to himself it is normal to feel anxious and self-conscious in new situations. He was aware feelings of excitement and anticipation can mimic anxiety. He looked at the big picture. That was a reason to be excited and not anxious. He took a few deep breaths and took off his shirt.

"Oh my God! What's that scar?" Diana, a woman Morris met on Tinder, reached out to touch it but stopped. "Can I touch it?"

Morris answered, "It's from a bullet."

"How did you get it?"

Flatley Morris said, "By getting shot." He smiled and so did Diana. "It happened when I lost my virginity."

"Stop joking with me... really what happened?"

Morris said fuck it to himself and told the real story, more or less. Diana was not put off by the story, in fact she was turned on. They made out.

Morris thought to himself how grateful he was to Ashley for saving his life. He was even grateful to Tony for shooting him. Sure, Butthead would chastise him because Ashley, the Stacy, wants nothing to do with him. Butthead would berate him because Diane is no Stacey, barely a 4/10. But unlike Butthead Morris was fucking and he was grateful for that. Morris wanted to be alive and he was grateful for that too.