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Rock Paper Scissors

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Chapter 1

Excerpt from short story, Cushion

“Arise, Billy Chambers,” a soft voice whispered into his ear. His eyes were closed but he could hear just fine. He felt hungover, his thoughts swirling in confusion. His mouth was cottony, filled with a foul aftertaste of something strong. As he struggled to open his eyes and rise up, he realized that his arms were tightly bound. The restriction of movement woke him up quickly.

The woman who had whispered in his ear was standing over him, a smirk on her pretty face. Billy had a thing for details and he took her and his surroundings in carefully. They were in a cheap motel, he noted. He had seen plenty of these in his long, illustrious career as a womanizer. Every piece of furniture in the depressing room was a functional brown. He was bound to a bed that had seen better days. Finally, he turned his big brown eyes to the woman. She was medium height, olive skin, slender with long brown hair and a great rack. Her face was better than average but she was no supermodel. A pop star’s life in L.A., he mused.

Billy jerked at his restraints and sighed. “Ok, fun’s over. I got wasted and you fucked Billy Chambers. You now have some great memories and we’re done here. Any pictures of my naked ass show up in the tabloids, I will not hesitate to sue you.”

The woman’s eyes narrowed as she stared him down and he felt like squirming. Something’s wrong here, he thought as she moved even closer to him, getting right down in his face. “I stopped expecting anything good from you years ago,” she said suddenly. “You were bullshit twenty three years ago and you’re bullshit now.”

...excerpt....

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