

MURDER ON A TWO LANE ROAD

By

ANGUS VIEIRA

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DIS IS DA DISCLAIMER

Just to make this point very clear, so we can get on to a story that I like a lot, this is a work of fiction. There are real places mentioned in this book, places you can visit and have a lot of fun at. Bars, brothels and strip clubs I have had a great time at and I hope you do, too. But the hijinks and goings on that take place in this book, all came out of my fevered imagination, or my ass, depending on whose opinion you listen to. And the same thing goes for the people in this book, many of them very close friends that I have gleefully maligned. Turning them into bloody handed killers, hookers or even law enforcement officers.

Most of them have been warned, but if I missed some of you, please take your caricature-assassination in good fun and do not get your knickers in any sort of strange configuration.

Onward

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MURDER ON A TWO LANE ROAD

CHAPTER ONE

I woke up with my face buried in a purple silk pillow that smelled of rum, sex and some floral perfume. Small wispy snores came from somewhere near my right ear.

I carefully rolled over, as the confusion in my morning head began to clear.

Matching sheets?

I don't usually get to fuck or even sleep on matching purple sheets.

Stormy was next to me, on her back with her large, perfectly symmetrical, after-market tits rising and falling gently as she slept, and while I'm not a big fan of large implanted breasts, if you are in Stormy's line of work, they up your earnings considerably.

Last night was pretty much back in my memory bank by now, everything but Stormy's real name. So I slipped out of the king-sized bed and caught my foot in my leather jacket on the floor next to the bed. There was a check for five hundred bucks from Amanda Smith, aka Stormy, in the pocket.

"Thank you, Stormy."

Dressing quickly because I could shower and shave later in my own sleazy motel unit up north, I returned to Stormy's side of the bed and looked down on her. With or without the new tits, she's a treat to look at, whether sleeping with her mouth a little open or swinging around a pole with her ankle by her ear.

She had a tiny patch of pubic hair, kind of a "Hitler mustache" just above her cleft. No other hair down there—totally smooth. When I was finished with my moment of voyeurism, she rolled over. I had to stick around for a second—not a single hair peeked out of her butt crack.

Laser? Or wax? Got to be an interesting job.

I gave her a little nip on her left buttock cheek. She grunted, farted and rolled back over throwing an arm over her eyes.

"Oops," she said.

Amanda had done a lot more damage to that old rum bottle than I had last night.

"Not to worry, I think that's kinda cute. I gotta go, but I wanted to say thanks before I did. Glad I could solve your problem. Tell all your friends," I said.

"Okay, sweetie, thanks for the help and the good time, too, you little stud muffin. This will help me nail that prick's balls to the wall."

A mixed metaphor with a graphic image.

"Come to the club tonight," she said. "It's amateur night. We'll have a giggle watching the new fish."

Amanda waved and spread her legs, giving me a grin and a little burlesque hump.

"You have no shame. I like that in a girl. I might see you later," I said.

Amanda lived in a fine old apartment house near Broadway on Capitol Hill, so I had to park Rooby, my red Buick convertible and constant companion, a couple of blocks away.

Since I was in this part of town, and was generally unable to resist temptation, I stopped for breakfast at Dick's Deluxe Hamburger Stand and then went to the bank next door and deposited Amanda's check, hoping that would stop the whimpering coming from my bank account.

Amanda had not paid me \$500 for being a stud muffin. That part was a bonus for getting some photos of her soon-to-be-divorced dentist (The Prick) husband in some explicit sexual hanky-panky with a very sexy Eurasian dancer whom I had set him up with.

Admittedly, that was kind of entrapment and a dirty trick.

My morals are a trifle situational, but I try not to fuck over anyone who didn't deserve it. He deserved it.

I jumped into Rooby and drove through downtown Seattle, headed north on Aurora, out past Greenlake, finally reaching my destination, the Orion Motel, where I washed Amanda out of my mustache.

Around eight that evening I started to feel restless and a little horny again. I remembered what Amanda had said about amateur night at the Déjà Vu topless club.

Money in the bank and I hadn't seen a naked woman in several hours, so I headed Rooby back downtown.

I parked in the Pike Street Market and headed for the Athenian for a couple of cold Pabst Blue Ribbon beers before crossing First Avenue to the strip club.

You see, Washington State could be very tight-assed when it came to "sinful activities" and the Washington State Liquor Control Board was among the tightest. So the nude dancing clubs had gone soda pop several years back, eliminating that little problem.

I perched on a barstool and nodded to Gordy, the bartender. He knows what I drink, so I just spun around and looked out the picture windows at Puget Sound, a hundred and fifty feet down the steep hillside.

A ferry was headed for Colman dock. I never get tired of that view. I do love this city.

I knew that the amateur dancing contest got started around ten o'clock. So a little after nine, I finished my Pabst and was getting ready to saunter across the street, when a very pretty girl wearing a bright red wig perched on the stool next to me.

High tight butt under a miniskirt. Medium sized shapely breasts that did not need, and currently were not encumbered by, a bra, just a blue halter top.

I decided to have another beer.

I was on the backside of forty, turning grey, long ponytail, and in spite of what Stormy said, I don't consider myself every girl's stud muffin. So I don't generally try to pick up twenty-something beauties in waterfront bars. Besides, I was headed to where I knew there would be twenty-something beautiful and naked women.

I wasn't really expecting anything as I gave the lady a smile and nod.

She smiled and nodded back. And then, to my surprise, put her hand on my thigh, looked me in the eye and said, "You look like someone who might be willing to do me a favor. Do you have any special plans for the next couple of hours?"

I shook my head and shrugged, deciding not to mention the strip club, which is why her next question startled me.

"Have you ever been to the Déjà Vu, across the street?"

"As a matter of fact I have."

"I thought you might've. Long hair, no wedding ring and you look like you've been around the block a couple of times."

I ordered another beer.

"Well," she continued, "here's the deal. I plan to go there in a little while and enter the amateur contest. And I want to win, because I can use the two hundred bucks."

I nodded and asked, "Where do I come in?"

"You go over ahead of me." She dug in her purse and pulled out a gaudy card with a sultry nude dancer on it. "I have a free pass to get you in. You have to buy a drink for ten bucks, but other than that you don't have to spend any money. All I ask is that if they pick you as a judge in the contest, you vote for me. Whether I win or lose I'll buy you a drink at the Noc Noc Bar after the contest. Either way, you get to see me naked, if that appeals to you. What do you think?"

Fifteen minutes later I was sitting in front of the stage watching Stormy shuck her G-string and throw it at my head.

I laughed, threw her a dollar and sniffed her crotch. The panty crotch, I mean—I'd already done the other one that day. Not that I'd mind doing it again.

Stormy put her hand over her mouth and widened her eyes in an effort to look shocked, but it didn't work very well because she was thrusting that little Nazi mustache at me over and over while her little pink nipples made small circles in different directions.

That little curly patch south of her belly button was a lot darker brown than the tawny hair that fell past her shoulders. Shocking, huh?

Stormy dropped onto her back and spread her legs very wide, pointing her toes at the ceiling.

I could almost see what she had for breakfast.

She did a backward somersault, landing in a full split.

I painfully envisioned myself doing this, and splitting in two pieces. Ouch!

She leaped at the lucky chrome pole at the corner of the stage and for the rest of her number seemed to suspend gravity as she writhed up and down the pole like some agitated tan and pink python. When the song ended, I clapped loudly. Almost no one else did, some of them pretending they had no idea how they ended up in a strip club. I was also the only one to throw Stormy a dollar.

Most American men and women deserve each other. Sometimes it's hard to believe I come from this tight-assed country.

She bounced into the chair next to me grabbing her panties and slapping my knee.

"You are unbelievably naughty. Thanks for the buck anyway. It's nice to know somebody was watching me work my naked ass off. Are you interested in spending some of my money, letting me make your lap all bulgy?"

"Not tonight darlin', I think I'll just watch the amateurs and make an early night of it."

She pulled her panties up and bent over in front of me. The string did not quite cover the pinkish brown wrinkles around her butt hole. So I covered them with my thumb.

She gave a little squeal, turned around and shook her finger at me. "You are so bad. One of these days you'll get me fired, or yourself beat up."

"You are much too sweet to fire and I am way too cute to beat up."

She got a far-off look for a minute. "Nobody's too cute to get beat up."

Then she was back in 'working-girl flirt.' "If they make you a judge, vote for the girl in the red wig, she's a friend of mine."

Interesting. The girl I met at the Athenian was a friend of my client and fuck buddy, Stormy. My antennae twitched a little, but it really wasn't that much of a coincidence. Erotic dancers are kind of a small tribe and a lot of them are bisexual. So they tend to meet and recruit other sexy girls that often need money and don't mind making a bunch of it in their underpants.

I come by my skepticism legitimately, starting with four years in the Marines and my first war, both of which didn't help my trust level in my fellow man. That experience also taught me that life is too short to go through it wearing a uniform and marching around a big parking lot.

Next came my many years as a Marine Engineer, traveling the world's seas and using the world's whorehouses as my social clubs, dating services, and living room.

It took a long time for me to burn out on that one. The money was good, the world had got a lot of very interesting places, and the girls treated me like a rock star.

Then AIDS came along and even the third world girls got fearful of stranger-sex. And the world got a lot more homogenized. Orchard Road in Singapore is now one American fast food chain after another.

And I'm trying to write saleable poetry (an oxymoron) and doing some private investigation work. I have a couple of lawyers who use me, and the word got around. I've seen quite a little perfidious human activity and while I still love watching beautiful women I don't always trust them right away.

The girl that came on next was slender, freckled, and a true redhead. She was followed by a beautifully exotic Eurasian, showing off her goodies like they were rare gems. I agreed with her.

While the exotic Eurasian was on stage a large fellow in a suit coat came up to my table and asked if I could assume the great burden of amateur contest judge. It came with a free pass for my next visit and a free porno DVD. A tough job, but I was up for it.

The announcer with the smarmy voice was perfect for the job. He said, "All right guys, here they come. We got four hot amateurs for you here tonight. These sexy girls are vying for your applause and \$200 dollars in prize money. So let's welcome the first contestant. She's a twenty-two year old waitress from Renton who calls herself Sweetheart. Let's give her a warm welcome."

Sweetheart had picked the Johnny Cash song about a ring of fire. I've always thought of it as the hemorrhoid song. She was a cute brunette, a little chubby, maybe, but very energetic, probably with a high school cheerleader background.

Her blouse came off over her head and a pink bra followed quickly. She was proud of her pink-tipped B-cups. Then she turned and pulled off her cutoffs,

leaving black bikini panties which she pulled down about halfway, wiggling her ass. And that was it.

The big manager had given me a sheet with the girls' names. I gave Sweetheart a seven.

A girl named Ginger was next. If she wasn't a stripper now, she sure had been one some time. Ginger was probably thirty-five, with cat eyes tattooed on either side of her spine, just above her buttocks. She had no problem with nudity; in front of an audience she bent over until her blonde hair touched the stage and peeled down her G-string. She got an 8 from me.

Next out was a pretty young black girl calling herself Mocha. She was obviously a real amateur, nervous and more than a little shy. Like maybe she had a boyfriend in the audience who had egged her on. She only got down to her bra and ruffle-butt pink panties by the end of a slightly annoying rap song. She got a six for showing up.

The announcer said, "All right, we've seen some sexy ladies so far but we sure ain't done yet, let's give it up for Salome."

Stormy gave a rebel yell from the other side of the room.

To the strains of "Beautiful Loser," the girl in the red wig came twirling on stage. She was wearing her halter top and a pair of tiny purple lace panties. You could tell she had probably had some ballet lessons in her past. She whirled her top off and was the first contestant to try the pole, which she swung around

on a little awkwardly but at least she gave it a shot. At the end of the song, she too, bent as far over as she could and whipped down the lacy wisp of purple panties.

I am something of a connoisseur of the female ass. It's a hobby. This one was pretty near perfect—high and tight, with just enough downy hair between her cheeks to verify her humanity. I caught just a flash of pink and then she was upright again undulating around the stage.

When the song ended the applause was enthusiastic, with Amanda and me probably being the most energetic.

I wasn't fudging as I gave Salome a ten.

She smiled and waved her arm as she left the stage. I noticed the intricate tattoo on her right forearm.

She won the contest and was called back up to the stage for a last round of applause and ten crisp twenty dollar bills.

I watched one more Oriental "pro" and then left, giving Stormy a pat on the butt as I passed by. I headed across Second Avenue to the Noc Noc, hoping but not necessarily believing that Salome would show up for a drink. I didn't care who bought it.

I like women. You might have figured that out by now.

The Noc Noc is a long bar with two rooms; there's a stage in the second room. The joint's decorated in what I call "Seattle Goth." A large metal winged figure that I found menacingly appealing hung above the bar.

They sold forty-ounce bottles of PBR here for cheap. May Bacchus smile upon them and give them much prosperity.

They also had a burlesque night. Obviously they had their priorities on straight.

I got a big brown bottle and a glass and settled in at the bar. Whether or not the lady showed up, it was a win-win situation.

Ten minutes later she came in and sat next to me, giving my butt a swat as she sat down to the visible disappointment of several men she had passed by to get to me.

She was back in her lucky blue halter-top and black mini skirt with, I imagined, those little purple lace panties snuggled back up where they belonged.

"I won!" she said. "Thanks for your help. Did you pay for that beer? 'Cause I'm buying."

"You can buy the next one if you stay that long. I did vote for you, and I am very happy you won. But I don't think you really needed my help. Either way it was a pleasure seeing your pretty pooper. If you like PBR you can help me with this one."

She had a wide bright smile and a good laugh—not a giggler. Good.

I was starting to like this lady. She had kept her word and had a sense of humor. Two essential qualities if you are going to hang out with me.

“Sure, give me a glass,” she said. “I love PBR.”

She was making points right and left.

“So although it’s a great dancer name, do I have to keep on calling you Salome?”

Again the grin—just a little wild.

“I’m Kate, and you’re Angus. Amanda—Stormy—told me when I told her I had a secret accomplice.”

She and I finished that 40-ounce bottle thirstily and, true to her word, she bought another one.

“How do you happen to know Amanda?” I asked.

“My father owns a whole bunch of stuff, including a big old bar down in Pioneer Square. A lot of the girls hang out there. They dig the local bands and sometimes there’s a pole dancer contest.” Then she changed the subject and said, “What about you? What do you do?”

“I’m spending the summer at my favorite nudist camp, writing a book of poetry.”

She expressed interest in coming out there some sunny day. I expressed interest in having her come out there and gave her my card.

She said, “I see some smoky treats in your pocket. Let’s go out front to the patio and have one. There’s a bouncer here I like to flirt with.”

We headed out there with our beers and lit up a couple of my Marlboros.

Kate smiled at a fit-looking young guy in a white Honey Tongue T-shirt and gave him a finger wave.

“What does the tattoo on your arm signify?” I asked.

“It’s four linked initials, JRRT for Tolkien. I love The Lord of the Rings and everything I can read about Middle Earth. There’s a lot of books out there.”

This lady was turning out to be very interesting.

We sat at one of the tiny wrought-iron tables on the small patio. She asked for another cigarette and I handed it to her just as her friend the bouncer came up behind her and rubbed her neck.

She dropped the smoke between my feet. “Brian, you startled me,” she said. She bent down to get the cigarette, putting her head between my knees. A wiseass comment sprang to my lips but I never got it out. Things went sideways in a New York second.

I heard three popping sounds that I knew were gunshots.

They say you don’t hear the one that gets you, and I know that’s true from personal experience. But you sure do hear the one that goes right by your ear.

I saw two red holes blossom in Brian’s white T-shirt and the plate-glass window behind him shattered in a screaming cascade of broken glass.

I closed my knees around Kate’s head and threw myself sideways off the chair behind a wooden planter that separated the patio from the street. Kate came with me, of course. I didn’t have time to be a gentleman about it.

From the sidewalk I looked at Brian the bouncer, who was slumped against the front door, already looking very dead, times two. From the look on his face, he never heard either one.

Kate looked okay.

I yelled, "Stay down!" then started sneaking along the planter to see if I could discover where the shots had come from. I own a gun but I hadn't even thought about taking it to a strip club.

I got to the end of the planter just in time to see a large black car speed through the synchronized green stop lights that make Second Avenue, the best way to get across town. Unfortunately, it was too far away to get a license number. I turned back around just in time to see Kate run around the corner and up Pine Street.

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