

OPEN MIC NIGHT

‘Crave A Bite #1’

BY TY LANGSTON

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OPEN MIC NIGHT

Crave a Bite #1

Sean McKinnon absorbed the audience's momentum as if it were a sponge at The Bowery Club and Brewery. His nerves gnawed at the pit of his stomach while watching a young man performing onstage with his Fender Dreadnought.

Known for being the lead guitarist for the rising rock band, Crave, most assumed Sean would be used to a hungered crowd. For him, coming out of the shadow of his best-friend and lead singer, Cass St. Marie, made this decision of performing at this evening's Open Mic Night even more of a challenge.

Full of interest, Sean's blue eyes continued to lock onto the young performer that fervently plucked the strings of his guitar better than most seasoned veterans. He admired the musician for sharing a piece of himself with the world. To perform an original song for the first time was never an easy feat. Despite the young man's strong vocal range, the only thing missing from his performance was experience. "You ready to do this?" whispered a male voice.

The guitarist was so deep into the young musician's performance he didn't hear the man behind him.

With a firm tap, the man again attempted to get Sean's attention. "Sean? Mac? Hello?" The voice with a distinct southern drawl asked.

Startled, Sean turned around towards his best friend. "Shit, Cass." He said with a playful shove to the acclaimed singer as he continued, "You fucking scared the shit out of me."

The lead singer was tall with a muscular build. His shoulder length brown hair descended down his broad shoulders framing his chiseled jawline. He wore a pair of black jeans with a long-sleeved gray shirt that hugged his slim torso. Cass St. Marie glanced at the young kid performing on stage and smiled. "This brings ya back in time doesn't it?" Sean nodded. "It does. He's decent. He could give you a run for your money."

Cass pursed his lips and snickered. "I'm not willing to give over my mantle just yet."

Sean laughed. "I know, right? Wasn't so long ago that we were doing anything and everything to pay the rent."

Cass lips curved into a smile. “Crazy times, bro. Remember, we got that job cleaning that shit hole of a dive around the corner? What was it called, The Main Event?”

Sean nodded. “Should have been called the Crapper. Poor guys couldn’t even look at a chick in that dive without some crazy starting something.”

“If I recall, we broke up that fight with the bartender who was literally screwing an underage chick in front of everyone and we were the ones that got fired? What a dump! The only thing good about it was meeting Julianne.” Cass snickered.

“I heard they closed it down finally because of all the health violations.” Sean said.

Cass rolled his eyes. “So shocked to hear that. You couldn’t have gotten that *spot* cleaned if you poured bleach from the ceilings to the floor.”

“Ain’t that the truth.” Sean replied.

“Listen, I just wanted to say kick ass out there. Show these people you’re more than my second fiddle.”

“Thanks for coming out man. I appreciate it. Means a lot.”

“Songs are impressive. The world deserves to hear and see what *you* can do without my crazy ass singing on stage.” Cass said, raking his hand through his layered locks.

Apprehensive, Sean, said. “I do have another spare Gibson in the back if you want to come out.”

Cass shook his head. “Good try. Julianne is waiting for me, and I have an ‘after party’ to get ready for at Star 80 when you’re done.”

Sean eyes widened with surprise. “Party?”

Cass said. “Dude, people hearing your shit for the first time calls for a massive celebration only the band and I can throw for you.”

Sean had hoped to celebrate this occasion privately, but knew that if Cass threw a party at the one of the best clubs in town, he’d better go or deal with the aftermath the next day. He took in a deep breath and with a forced grin said, “Fantastic.”

Cass grinned widely. “That’s what I’m talking about! Okay man, I’m going back to my seat, I’ll talk to you later. Good luck...”

Sean nodded. "Thanks man." As he watched Cass take a few steps before he asked. "Cass, is she here?"

Sean's large frame quickly deflated. If it weren't for her, he wouldn't be onstage. This was for her as much as it was for him. She was his inspiration, his conscience, his light. Like the title of the song he would perform, he had hoped that one day, she'd be his someday. Cass turned around and said. "I didn't see her. Sorry, man."

Two Weeks prior

“You want ‘Someday’?” Sean asked Cass. The guitarist was pleasantly surprised. The two of them were in their rehearsal loft over the Star 80 club listening to demos Sean recorded.

Cass’s eyes lit up with delight. “Hell ya. It’s a great song. When did you write this?”

“When we were in Nashville a couple of weeks ago. I had a fabulous time there. After we had gone to the Bluebird Café one night, I wound up writing until early afternoon. One of the performers that were there had brought his new girlfriend. It was their first outing as a couple. He told me his story of getting drunk and partying every night, and how if it weren’t for her, he’d probably be dead. He’s two years sober now. The guy called her his ‘someday’ for helping him through a rough time in his life and her being like a light at the end of the tunnel. Story just resonated with me.”

Cass nodded. “Nashville was amazing. I can’t believe we’ve never gone there before this. We’re so going back.”

Sean raised his eyebrows and smiled. “For sure...” he said. His voice suddenly faded.

Cass turned to his friend. His jovial expression turned to concern. “You ok Mac?”

Sean had been doodling on a yellow notepad when he decided to put down his pen. “Yea, just been thinking about things lately. Guess everything is beginning to kick in. The band’s success and everything that comes with it. Everyone now seems to want something from us. The fans, our manager, the press. Just have been wondering has anyone ever asked us what we needed within the last few months?”

Cass walked over to him and sat across from him. “Things are crazy now. They’ll calm down eventually. At least we’re home where we can come and go as we please without being molested by horny teens and young adults.”

Sean laughed at loud. “This is correct...In my case. You? Well.”

Cass had placed some stray strands of hair around his ear before he smirked. “Things could be worse. We all could be working two jobs to save up enough money for studio time or splitting cash 4 different ways for gas and hotel rooms that don’t have four legged creatures that come after you in the middle of the night. Now, we *have* money. No more crazy jobs. People ask us to write songs for them, and the women are fucking hot. The pros far outweigh the cons, my brother.”

“Oh, they do. It’s amazing that two years ago we would have paid to play at the Rainbow Room or the Roxy and now we’re booked to play them when our CD drops in a couple of months. ”

Cass eyebrows rose. “This is a crazy ride we’re on. These songs are good, but I think we should just use ‘Someday’ for the next CD.

Sean shrugged. “That’s fine. What do you think I should do with the other ones?”

“You should record them. Try to get a side deal of your own. As much as I love these songs, ‘Someday’ has the Crave sound. The other songs are more blues influenced with a harder edge to them. This is a different kind of record. New sound. It’s your sound.” Cass told him.

Sean had never even thought of getting his own deal. He was grateful for the opportunity he had with, Crave. The idea of being a possible front man gave him goose bumps.

“I don’t know, Cass. I don’t want you to think I’d leave the band.”

Cass eyes narrowed. “I don’t think you’d leave. Not unless you want to?”

In a firm tone, Sean replied. “I don’t.”

Looking relieved, Cass smiled. “Good, then record this stuff and get something that will fulfill you. You’re not exactly one that can stay idle for long. “

Sean picked up the notebook and pen and began to doodle once more. “You’re right. I tend to get into trouble when I have nothing to do.”

“So, this will help out with everything when Crave has down time. Think of it this way. You’ll be a better songwriter and a better performer because you did your own thing.

Sean’s mind began to spin. He put the pen down and began to rub his eyes. “I don’t think I’d be a strong lead like you. “

Cass laughed out loud, “Dude, don’t try to be me. Do you. And to be honest, you’d be better than me.”

“Bullshit!” Sean snickered.

“I mean it. You’re easy going. I go balls to the wall. Sometimes as much as people love to rock, they don’t mind a little soul mixed in for good measure to calm them down a bit. You have a gift. You can mix both of those elements and get a great sound out of it. That’s the sign of a star... I wished I had that kind of talent.”

Sean stayed silent as Cass continued. “Someone has to be this band’s center. You are our man. Chace is all over the place, Eric right now doing his own thing, and I’m just...I don’t know what I am. Band politician, cheerleader, and spokesperson. I keep things inside myself when things get crazy. You figure shit out and get it done. None of us is concerned about what’s going on in the band, because we all know everything will be fine in part due to you. Face it; I would have killed Chace by now.”

Sean laughed. “Nah. He’s like a brother, man”

Cass rolled his eyes. “The little brother I hate. If it weren’t for you at the beginning, he would be out of the band.”

Sean asked. “You really think these songs are good enough?”

“I do. You know I wouldn’t just say it either. If you don’t believe me, why don’t you show people what you can do? The Bowery Club has their monthly Open Mic Nite in a couple of weeks. Why don’t you bring a few of your new songs and play them for everyone?”

Suddenly, a cold sensation racked through Sean’s body, paralyzing him. His heart pounded so hard that the cold was replaced by terror. If he did this, it would be the first time he’d be without one of his band mates on stage in some way shape or form since Crave’s inception. His voice shook at the continued thoughts of being alone on stage. “I never thought about being onstage doing on my thing until just now. If I wind up getting a deal out of this, I’m going to need help. I watch you deal with stuff, and I’m amazed at how you deal with it all.”

Cass’ look turned a bit intense. “You would be fine...Let me fix that. You will be fine. I fuck up sometimes. You will too. But you are just as capable of leading your own band as me. Hell, perhaps as a break, I’ll be your lead guitarist.”

Sean nerves disappeared into a hard laugh. “Now, that would be something.”

Cass laughed. “Shit, I mean it. Being in the background, I could come and go whenever I want in a big city. Fuck whomever I want and when I want to without me having to look over my shoulder to see if some paparazzi shithead is ready to catch me with my dick out. Telling ya, it’d be a vacation.”

Sean’s blue eyes filled up with fear. “The paps do that to you too?”

Cass rolled his eyes. “Well, there went that dream.” Cass got up from the chair across from Sean and grabbed his jacket.

A knock at the door startled them both. Cass opened the door and was pleasantly surprised at the person in front him.

“Hey Baby, how you are doing?” He beamed as picked up the petite woman and hugged her tight.

In a raspy voice, the woman giggled as he placed her down. “I’m good, Cass. What’s going on?” she asked. Her brown eyes peered with curiosity.

Cass towered over the woman. He propped a kiss on top of her head. “I’m trying to convince our mutual friend here to perform a few of these songs he wrote at Open Mic Night at the Bowery.”

With a mischievous wink, Ellen looked at Sean and grinned from ear to ear. Sean realized that he would not have a choice but to perform. Damn look she gave made his heart stop every time.

The executive assistant at the Wakefield Post met the band a year ago after a reporter invited her to a showcase he was covering that weekend. It took only one show for her to become a fan and biggest supporter, with her news background; she’d help the spread the word about the band on weekends and days off. She worked tirelessly for them. She did everything from designing T-shirts to making up the band’s media kits to send to radio stations.

Ellen wasn’t a typical follower to say that she hung with the band. The guys valued her opinion. If she didn’t like something or didn’t think it was a good move for them, she’d tell them. Her attitude was fresh, honest and something they needed at a time where all the ‘yes’ people were coming from underneath every rock and cesspool imaginable. She had seen bands over the years make choices that ultimately ended their run. She didn’t want her friends to make the same mistakes.

She had become close to all of them, especially Sean. Anytime he needed her, she was there. No questions asked. With him, there was a comfort with him that she hadn’t had with another man before. Her input on these demos was no different.

She waltzed over to Sean and planted a kiss on his cheek. “Well, I think you should. They’re good songs.”

Cass leaned against the door. “That’s what I said. Especially, ‘Someday.’ In fact, we’re using that on the next CD. What a powerful song.”

She took off her jacket to reveal a pair of black jeans and an off-the-shoulder T-shirt. Her scent, a mix of pink lilies and white cotton, lingered through the beer-laden rehearsal room.

“I agree. It’s beautiful as are the other songs he did. He shouldn’t keep them locked in some vault collecting dust in hopes of someone wanting to record them. He should just go ahead and do it himself. ”

“Tell ‘em El. I’ve been telling him the same thing. ” Cass told her.

She was one of Sean’s best friends. The two talked every day about anything and everything. Lately, the two became so close that their friendship was evolving into something physical that was of mutual benefit to both of them.

She sat down next to Sean and put her head on his chest. Her red nails played with the buttons around the charcoal gray jersey he wore. He was glad the shirt went over his zipper. His member swelled with every touch.

Her eyes danced with mischief as she replied. “He speaks the truth, McKinnon.”

His blue eyes locked onto hers. “I’m not doubting that. I just never before today thought about doing my own thing before.”

Cass opened up the door. “Here we fucking go. El, do me a favor? Talk to him. Get him to do the show. Its one night. If you find that you like playing, we’ll call Frank at Meteor Records and have him come here and listen to some stuff. I’ll see you both later.” And he left.

Ellen smiled wide. Her gaze never left him. “There ya go. “

Sean shrugged. “There what goes?”

“What’s wrong, Mac?” she asked.

“I don’t know. It’s not the performing part I’m afraid of.” he told her as his voice trailed off.

Her fingers tugged at the ends of his shirt. “Then what?” His quiet glance took a serious tone.

“What I like being by myself? We got such a good thing going on with the band right now that I don’t want to break it.”

“It doesn’t have to, Sean. Cass supports it. Certainly, Chace and Eric will too.”

“I don’t want anyone or anything coming between us. If I go and get my own band, it may do that.”

“So, you play with Crave like you are now and when they’re not performing, you play with your band. What’s the problem? People do it all the time, without an issue.”

“I’m scared. Okay? I’ve said it. I’m scared.”

Her eyes softened. She kissed his chest and told him. “Hell, I would be too. It’s a new. But, I believe in you. Cass does and the others will too. All of you have to do is trust in you. The rest will come.”

His hand smoothed her hair from her face. “I guess I’m just overthinking things.”

She pulled herself off of him and laid back on the couch, resting her legs on top of his.

“That’s not like you. Want to tell me why?” she asked

“Guess everything sunk in while I was in Nashville with Cass. The band’s success, the notice, our first big royalty check.”

Ellen chuckled. “Was it a big one?”

“I never saw so many zeros in my life. It was crazy.”

“Good for you and the guys. God knows you all worked hard for it.”

“Thanks. One of the places we went was to the Bluebird Café. And we were listening to some great artists and songwriters. And what was weird is that those artists looked up to us. They were asking us for advice when less than 2 years ago that could have been Cass and I if the roles were reversed.”

“And two years from now, a couple of them will be in your shoes. The world keeps turning and so do you.”

“They were so hungry for that crowd to tap into what they were doing that you couldn’t help, but cheer for all of them. Such raw emotion. The songs came from the pit of their souls and spilled out into

the audience. There was this one guy who brought his girl with him. The song he performed was fantastic. He was one of those guys that loved his drugs and booze so much that it almost killed him. Apparently, she saved him from going past the brink. He told their tale in one song. Later on that night, he told me was her ‘Someday.’ Everyone has someone or something that they always want or expect to have. It’s up to you to make someday your reality. The minute I got into my hotel room; I grabbed at notebook and pen and wrote ‘Someday.’

Ellen looked surprised. “Damn. That’s incredible. She was his savior. ”

“Yep. So recently, I’ve just began to think of things I wanted in my life one day.” “And what are some of those things?” she asked.

“An awesome vacation on a private island where the beach goes from one end to the other and water so clear you can see the bottom. A few books, a boat, some food and many drinks to wash it down and...”

“And?”

He hesitated for several minutes. “And, *you*. That is, if you want it...”

Ellen was caught off guard by his statement. “I thought what’s going on between us is casual, Mac. What is this?”

“It can be whatever you want it to be. We can still have this, but I just want to know if there was a chance that the two of us could be more than just friends someday?”

“Don’t you like what we do now? I go over to your place. You come to mine. We hang; we talk, we-“She told him.

“And we fuck...A lot.” He interrupted “And that’s cool. Life is too crazy for me right now to get too serious. But it is something that you’re open to doing in the future? I dig you. You’re sweet, funny, smart, smell good and have the hottest ass I’ve ever seen.” He told her as his hands traveled down the length of her legs and back again, resting themselves on her inner thighs.

Ellen tensed up. Without a reason, she got up and went over to the CD player. Surprised, Sean leaned back and folded his arms around his chest.

“Did I say something wrong?” he asked her.

She looked through the CD's scattered all over the floor and began to pick up them up. "You know if you're doing to audition for Meteor, I'd take better care of these." she said in a stern voice.

His eyes closed. His face hit the proverbial wall she put up. This wasn't the reaction he expected. It was the last he needed. Everything they had was so casual and easygoing that this side of her shook him to the core.

He walked over to her and placed his arms around her waist. The warmth of his breath sent such waves of passion through her that she stopped dead in her tracks. "Hey, what is it?" he asked. Turning her around to face him, he was saddened to see tears running down her cheeks. He began to wipe them away with his thumbs. "Baby, I didn't want this. I thought things were going so good that the two of us being exclusive would be the next step." He told her.

She held his hands and began to laugh. "I guess it's my turn to be scared. It's so comfortable between us that the closer we get, the more one part of me wants to be with you, but then there's that other side that is screaming; he's a rock star. He and his band go through women like they were a change of clothing. He'll leave you one day for the next piece of ass that comes along."

He pursed his lips. His eyes had a look of concern. The torment she had was valid. He wasn't exactly a saint, but there was a difference when she was around. There was no one else he wanted, no one he cared about. *What did I do? Did I really fuck things up? Why did I even ask her? Damn it.*

"You know I'm not a choirboy, El. But I'll admit I haven't for the first time felt the need to be with anyone else but you.

"God, why did we screw that first night?" she asked

"Because it happened and was fucking fantastic." He replied.

She buried her head into his chest and laughed. "Sure did. I still don't walk straight." she quipped

Sean let out a huge belly laugh as he pulled her close to him. Her scent pulled him close to the edge. This was the Ellen he loved.

"So?" he asked as he pressed his lips on her forehead. She pulled away slightly to face him. "So what?" she asked.

"My question. What would you like to do? "

She walked over to the CD player and began to look at the carousel of tracks.

Sean rolled his eyes. He couldn't take much more of this. He needed an answer, so did she.

Turning around, she asked, "Which track is Someday?"

His body deflated as he replied. "Number 7."

She kneeled down and leafed through the track listings and pressed play. Her ass in those jeans made his cock swell again. In an effort to conceal it for now, he kneeled down next to her.

She touched his cheek as sat down next to him and smiled. "This is going to be a crazy ride isn't it?"

"Of course. But that's part of the fun." He told her. Her head leaned against his shoulder. She closed her eyes and listened to the first few bars of the song. "Hmm. Damn you McKinnon for making me fall for you." She purred.

Sean couldn't help but to watch every movement she made. From how she swayed her head to the beat of the music, to the way her toes curled when his deep voice sang the chorus. She was beautiful, worse than any drug he could want.

"I love this song so much. I'm so proud of you." she beamed.

He could hardly concentrate from her hands continuing their journey up his thighs and on his swollen member.

"I love you, babe." He told her.

Her eyebrows rose. Her hands held his cock with a firm grip. "Someday. There will be you and me..." She sang while her hands began to rub the swollen, imprisoned member that lie in his jeans. "I missed you so much while you were gone." She moaned.

"You sure you weren't missing something else?" he joked as the two of them looked at his hardened mound.

Her hand unzipped his jeans. Her fingers wrapped themselves around his hot shaft, walking their way up and down.

"This was always the best part of hanging with you. Everything is so easy, uncomplicated. I hope it stays this way."

Her hand moved up and down his shaft. He almost exploded from the pleasure she gave him.

He could no longer restrain himself. The guitarist was so strong that, in two movements, he had picked her up and placed her on his lap. The sensation of his throbbing cock against her pussy made her gasp. "Fuck, I wasn't expecting that."

"Good." He told her. "You weren't expecting this the first time we did this either." He unbuttoned her jeans. She bent down and kissed him hard on the lips.

Her mouth parted his. Her tongue savored the sweet taste of his lips.

He pulled down her t-shirt down to show her plump breasts. He continued to straddle her as she began to thrust out of instinct. Her body was electric. His kisses travelled down her neck and her chest. His tongue enjoyed its exploration of her breasts until her nipples hardened from the touch. She clung to him tight, enjoying the ride against his jeans.

Aaah. He groaned. His tongue continued to tease the outer edges of her nipple. He lifted her up with one free hand and pulled down her jeans and panties and placed her naked bottom on top of him once more.

She bent down and lifted off his shirt and kissed his naked torso. The harder she kissed him, the more ardent the flame. Her tongue excursion down his six pack only made his torment worse as she began to ride his shaft once more.

She pulled his swollen member from his unbuttoned jeans. His breath became shallow. She loved watch the beads of sweat roll down his chest and around his abs. No other did this to him. Someday was about this moment for him and her.

His cock was at her entrance.

"Mac, I need you...now, baby...Please." She pleaded.

His entry was slow and deliberate. She enjoyed every inch of him inside her tight pussy. His hands gripped her ass as her began to ride him slow. Awashed with desire; her muscles clenched hard around his shaft. He enjoyed the ride.

"Like that baby?" she asked him.

The lead guitarist was so engulfed that he could barely utter a moan. He glided her hips to thrust harder. The harder she rode, the deeper his cock slid inside her.

“Oh,..My..God.” she panted. His tip hit her g- spot, and her petite body bucked him hard. He was completely inside her now. So consumed with passion that his body began to thrust with hers. Her muscles clenched his cock so hard that he came into her hard, spurting every drop of his seed inside her.

She collapsed on top of him. The two spent from another union.

Two Weeks Later

It was now his turn to go on stage. Dressed in a pair of black jeans and a black shirt, Sean walked the stage alone. His blue eyes sought approval from the growing crowd whose gazes were eager for him to place them under his spell. Although his bandmates were there, the first bars of his Open Mic Nite's performance, was for the person sitting in front of him.

Ellen's smile was all he needed, all he wanted. It was his everything. His someday...

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