



Tap And The Bitch. Part Two

We got cleaned up, I assisted in the removal of the key (oh, man) and we dressed. I actually had a dress that fit her, never mind where that came from, and she actually looked human. All she had on was the dress and her shoes, and yeah, that was part of the plan.

We needed wheels, and I was willing to bet I knew where we could get some.

It was a dead end alley with a dumpster half-assed blocking the entrance, garbage all over the fucking place and at night you'd stumble over the human debris scattered about the place. In the summer they'd just be passed out; come winter they'd just be fucking dead.

I knew a way through the back doors and holes in the wall that brought us out behind the dumpster, and the way shit was stacked up around the seldom emptied box rendered unto us the thing we needed: A vantage point.

We could see them, they couldn't see us. Way I figured we could take maybe three of them out, any more, in our still beat up condition, we'd be in trouble.

We head them talking as they passed in groups of four, five or more and the more we heard the better our chances were to do this. Gordo had every living creature under his sway out, and the fucking rewards were tempting even me, but smart as I am I couldn't figure a way to turn either one of us in without fucking myself up. I mentioned it to her but she told me to shut the fuck up and keep watching.

Finally there came a pair of super hero looking dudes, big, muscles everywhere, wearing jeans, t-shirts and sporting big assed sunshades. I gave her the get ready signal, she took a position by the dumpster and waited.

They were ten feet from us, I signaled "Go!" and she wandered out in the street, staggered a bit, seen them and returned to our alley. Their eyes lit up in recognition and here they came.

She came in a few feet, turned and slipped the dress over her head then dropped it on the dirty concrete and stood waiting, wearing naught but her beat up sneakers. The cavalry entered the alley, then just stopped, watching her fondle her used to be key depository while the other hand was supposedly fondling her ass.

The lead guy smiled, said "Oh yeah, fun and profit!" and strolled casually up to the naked Bitch.

And that's when he discovered that no, she wasn't fondling her ass as that hand held her knife, and in about two seconds it was it was hilt deep just above the guy's belly button. And while he was staring in horrified surprise at the bloody hole in his t-shirt she'd pulled the blade, flipped the cutting edge up and buried it yet again, this time in the fucker's throat.

He was pretty well done, all he had left to do was just fucking die.

His buddy froze, and that was good as I was behind him and had Cutter out and at his throat, and together we watched the Bitch execute his used to be partner.

The Bitch stepped over the body, doing that freaky shit knife fighters do, her eyes shining with kill frenzy and she stopped, staring at the one still standing.

In a soft voice I asked him "You want some of that?"

Voice trembling from way too much sensory input in the last minute or so he answered "No, man, don't want none of that."

"You got a car?"

"Yeah."

In a patient voice I asked "What color is it?"

"Blue, it's a Chevy, right front fender painted primer." After a pause he continued "Had a little fender bender."

"Where's it at?"

"Parked behind Freako's, you know where it's at, right?"

Yeah, I knew where it was at.

"OK, my man, one more question: Where's the keys?"

"Right pocket."

He knew what was coming but they always hope, that's why he answered all my questions with straight truth.

But then I sliced the fucker's throat anyways.

Fuck him, he was gonna fetch us back to Gordo, and they all knew what would happen then.

She was shaking out her dress, I was cleaning Cutter up before slipping him back in his case, all the while casting an appreciative eye on the Bitch as she dropped her dress down over her body.

Have to say she did clean up passably well.

She cleaned her knife on the hem of her dress then it disappeared to where ever she kept it.

"OK, where the fucks this Freako's?"

"Back through the hole in the wall, a couple blocks over; we're cool."

"You know, we live through this shit I might just carve your ass up."

"I love you, too. Let's go."

We found the car but stayed hidden in shadow until sure no little wannabe assholes running around just waiting to throw a snitch. Can't blame the little shits, that's the only way to keep your shit together, that and the sex thing. But no sense in giving the little fucks anything off my plate.

"You got a license?"

"No, you?"

"Fuck no, it ain't been that kind of life. Can you drive?"

"Some."

I handed her the keys, pointed towards the beat up Chevy, said "Let's go."

She got us out of the alley, out on the street, no dents, no scratches and no unwelcome attention. The Bitch was no pro but she got us where we needed to be, which was at the entrance to the parking garage for the Carleton, posh old place in its time but now just another seedy shithouse thug hangout. This one had that thin patina of respectability as one of the regions' most ruthless, vicious gangsters made his headquarters inside the old flophouse.

That was, of course, our Gordo.

In more normal times Gordo and I would never come within sight of each other; he had his kingdom and I had my hidey hole. But the Bitch changed all that, and now it was a simple thing, either me or him.

Fuck him.

"Where to?"

"In the parking garage, drive like you own the place, park nice and neat as close as we can get to the elevators. We won't be leaving with this car."

"You got a plan, then?"

"Sort of."

"Fuck."

Yeah, I had a plan, forming out of the clouds in my mind, and no, I didn't want to share it with her as one, it wasn't exactly a fully formed plan and two, if I told her what I was thinking about she'd probably just go ahead and cut my throat and be done with it.

She rolled to a smooth stop, collected her machine issued ticket, rolled stately away then parked three spaces away from the elevators. Lots of empty spaces; Gordo had the full crew out looking for the Bitch and her big ugly sidekick. In just a few short minutes his wish to have us in his office would come true, just not exactly how he's pictured it.

No way was he gonna like this picture.

In the elevator she knew what button to push, and we rode in style all the way to the top.

The doors opened direct into a spacious, well-appointed office. An elderly black man, patrician looking, wearing a conservative cut business suit already reaching for something inside his suit when the Bitch's knife penetrated his right eye and the old man was dead before he hit the ground.

FlipTop, I presumed.

I was flat back against the wall by the only other door when The Man himself entered, cinching up the belt on an expensive looking robe, with a "What the fuck!" fading from his lips as I put one of my modified high school wrestling holds on him and parked his ass in the big high backed chair from where he presumably ran his far flung empire in happier times.

Gordo wasn't much, just another wannabe mobster, skinny, black hair combed straight back Italian gangster style but he was smart and really liked killing, raping, all that. A real solid fucking citizen, our Gordo.

The Bitch locked the elevator door and was on her way to check out the rest of the place when a scared, skinny little teenager, butt naked, shoulder length black hair, a black eye, bloody lips and blood running down her legs was standing just inside the door, eyes wide, palms against her cheeks.

The Bitch grabbed the little hooker, walked her to the couch, sat her gently down then looked her in the eyes and in a very quiet voice said "Close your eyes, put your hands on your lap, do not move, do not even twitch and you may live through this. You spin?"

"Spin." She gulped "Yes, ma'am, I spin."

The Bitch smiled her freaky little smile. "OK, kid, you want to make a few points tell me where that piece of shit keeps his duct tape."

The girl, scared, her small breasts heaving as she fought her panic, nodded jerkily towards the closet.

The Bitch nodded, rose, went to a closet that was full of office looking shit, grabbed a roll of duct tape then taped the kid hands and feet, then repeated the process on Gordo.

I nodded, then turned and headed through the door. I pretty well figured the little hooker was all there was but I just had to make sure. Didn't take but a few seconds and I was right back by the door, but went real still, listening. I was hoping that Gordo would have something to say, maybe start spouting out the combination to his safe.

No sound, I could visualize the Bitch just sitting on the edge of the desk, looking deep into his eyes, with any luck scaring the fuck out of Mr. Gordo.

Gordo, the star of our little show, needed a small change in his duct tape. The Bitch had him taped hand and foot, but the hands were taped together in front. Gordo watched, still silent, eyes watching close as I cut the tape, taped first the right hand to the fancy chair's armrest then the left. I pulled his fingers straight, then taped first the one set of fingers then the second.

The big desk phone with lots of buttons and stuff began blinking.

In a conversational sort of voice I said "You know the deal. We need the combination to the safe, we amputate fingers until we get it." I looked him in the eyes, shrugged.

Gordo returned my look and shrug, nodded at the blinking phone, said "You'll be dead in ten minutes, that one" he nodded towards the Bitch, with a slight grin, "Will take a lot longer. We're gonna have a lot of fun. Yeah, and the baby, too. Yeah, it's gonna be a fun fucking night."

"I'll be dead in ten, you'll be dead in nine. And why are we even having this fucking conversation?"

I fed Cutter his right ring finger, blood went everywhere, fuckin' awesome. Gordo gasped and no, he did not say "Fuck!", he kind of screamed "FUUUCCCKKK!"

"You crazy motherfucker, that was my goddamn finger!" He tried to pull his hand up, I don't know, to lick it maybe. But he was taped too fucking tight.

"OK, that's one, do we get a number or do we get to slice Finger Fucking Two?"

"Fuck you, you fucking cocksuckin' motherfucker! You can't kill me or you'll never get nothing! And yeah, watch the phone blink, motherfucker, you got maybe five minutes left. FUCK YOU!!"

I hated to admit it but he was probably right. The troops were checking in a bit quicker than I'd figured. I looked at the Bitch, shrugged, said "OK, kill the fuck now then do the best we can, what?"

A small voice, quavering whispered one word "Sir?"

All three of us looked at the girl. Just a kid, maybe not even a teenager, twelve, thirteen, somewhere around there.

Gently, I told her "Bum deal for you kid, we're running out of options really quick." I motioned towards Gordo "This piece of shit will be dead before the cavalry arrives, so maybe you can talk'em into what the fuck ever."

The kid answered, in her scared little voice "I think I know the combination, and there's a back door and a set of stairs."

Gordo went red, blood vessels looked ready to burst.

"There ain't no fuckin' way that little bitch knows anything, she's just fuckin' with you!"

"Shut up, asshole." I looked at the Bitch "Paper, pen!" I snapped.

She didn't even argue, just went off looking for something to write with. Surprised the shit out of me.

"OK, kid, what makes you think you know the combination?"

"He was fucking me, on that couch, when the phone rang. He cursed, then knocked me across the room and I just laid there, acting like I was out. I didn't move 'cause I figured he'd hit me again, so I just lay there, hardly breathing."

She looked at Gordo, a frightened little smile worked its way across her face. She was smart and pretty, I wondered how a kid like her got to be here with the piece of shit that was Gordo. But fuck it, we all had our back stories, just hers seemed to be getting a rough start.

"He has to say the numbers as he puts them in. My ears were ringing but I think I remember them all."

The Bitch was sitting next to her on the couch.

She looked at the kid, pencil to paper and the kid rattled off some numbers. All I had to do was look at Gordo, the look on his face told me we had good numbers.

Gordo looked like he was going to say something but I was tired of listening to Gordo. I grabbed him by the hair and Cutter moved almost of his (Yeah, Cutters a guy) own volition and cut Gordo's throat deep and fucking long. Made a hell of a mess, but Gordo was done talking, or anything, actually.

I released the dead head.

"Ok, kid, just a couple more questions." The kid had guts, she'd just witnessed a motherfucker get his throat cut, and then the guy who did all the throat cutting was talking to her.

The Bitch moved to the safe, muttering something about how maybe I should've waited until the safe was open before offing Gordo. With any luck she'd get over it.

"How do you know about the back door?"

"Gordo was on the phone for a while, he told FlipTop to lock me in a closet. Instead he took me out through the back door and fucked me on the steps, then he locked me in a closet. That's how I know about the steps."

I looked at the Bitch, questioning. She had the safe door open, turned to me, said "Fuckin' BINGO! We're gonna need a sack, garbage bag, or something!"

The kid nodded back at the closet, said "A big backpack on the floor. And, oh yeah, the back door has a trick thing you got to do before it opens."

The Bitch "And?"

"I get a third of what's in that safe."

I chuckled.

"For all the shit you been through you deserve it. I got a bunch of questions but we ain't exactly got a lot of time so just one, for now. OK, so now we're partners, so what, I wonder, is my new partners name?"

"Mildred."

"They call you that?"

"They call me Millie. I fucking hate it."

"So who do you want to be?"

"Don't know, nobody ever asked me."

"Think about it while I get you out of all that tape."

The desk phone was still blinking, seemed to me with more intensity. I ignored it while I ripped the tape off the kid. I knew it hurt, but trying to be gentle would hurt more. Guess I should say Kid, as that's her name until something better comes along. The Bitch was throwing great big stacks of money in the backpack while I took the Kid to find her clothes.

"Clothes are fucked, he ripped'em off before we got started. But he's got a closet full of what he calls trophy's, just a bunch of girls clothes."

"OK, we get you dressed, get out of here alive, split the money, where do we drop you? Where's home?"

She stopped, my gutsy little naked girl, and I could see her struggling with the tears.

Gently, I asked her "What's up, Kid?"

"Momma died a couple months ago, don't know my father. My step-father brought me here, sold my cherry for twenty-five hundred lousy, fucking dollars, I saw Gordo count it out to him."

"There ain't no place for me to go. Ever.""

The Bitch walked in the room just in time to hear the kid.

"Son of a fucking bitch! We should've took a little more time killing the motherfucker."

"We ain't had the time, we ain't got the time now. Kid, grab something to wear, we'll sort this shit out later."

For a brief, spontaneous moment the Kid and the Bitch came together in a hug, yeah, it was a girl thing, I was not invited but I understood.

But fuck!

It was time to get the fuck out of Dodge, my old grand-daddy used to say.

The Kid and the Bitch sorted through Gordo's trophy case and in just a few minutes the Kid was decked out in a pair of way too big jeans and a way too big shirt wrapped around her thin body. The jeans were rolled up in the legs and her hair was rolled up inside a real sporty looking maroon cowboy hat.

She looked like the bag kid from hell.

But it was way past time to go.

There was a dresser with a bunch of keys, some of'em looked like they could be car keys; I scooped them up then pocketed them on our way out.

The Bitch slipped the backpack on, the Kid showed us the trick door and the handle up above the door that had to be pulled before the door would open. I could hear somebody pounding on the elevator door as we slipped through and the Kid closed then reset the door.

I was worried somebody who knew about the back door would come up the stairs but apparently the late, not so fucking great Gordo didn't trust anybody past FlipTop as nobody was coming up as we were going down.

We emerged in a spacious garage with a long black Caddy and a nondescript green Toyota sedan. I picked through the keys, found the proper keys, checked the gas in both vehicles, both were full.

The girls were looking at me so I said "OK, plenty of gas but I'm for taking the Toyota as it blends way better than the Cad. Whaddaya think?"

They both mumbled something that sounded like agreement so I handed the Toyota keys to the Bitch and again said "Let's go."

The girls took the front seats, I sprawled my ass all over the back seat and the Bitch took us out.

It was just turning dark, we emerged into the alley behind the Carleton, she turned on the lights, wheeled the car left and we commenced to put the Carleton as far away as we could both physically and emotionally.

I didn't feel the hunger until the Kid said "I'm starving." And then it was like all of us remembered that there was a life, and part of life was the need to eat every once in a while.

I had a few bucks in my pockets so we didn't have to crack the backpack for supper, the Bitch swung us through a fast food drive-through where we loaded up on plastic goodies then searched out one of those huge mall parking lots where we scarfed burgers, fries and drinks.

It was good to be alive.

"Alright girls, let's talk. We're done here, the Kid has no place to go, except maybe Juvie, and I don't think she wants that. Bitch, one of the first things you got to do is give us a better name to call you, it ain't even got to be your real one. And no, you can't stay here, either. As for me, I had a real good loser thing going until the Bitch came into my life, so maybe it's a good thing 'cause, quite frankly, I was either gonna be dead or gone real soon. So what the fuck, what're we gonna do?"

I leaned back in the seat, gaze wondering from one to the other.

"It's Christine, it's the one on my birth certificate and I've hated it for years. Sounds like a brain dead valley girl, but I'm thinking I could do with a brainless and boring life, for a while, anyways."

The girls were turned around, leaning against the seat backs. They looked at each other, smiled, their hands found each other across the seat backs.

"And we can't just throw this kid out on the streets, she'd be either dead or way worse than dead in a week, if that long. Are we that kind of people? I'm not."

Christine looked deep into my eyes, and yeah, into my soul, as she asked "Are you?"

My answer was as much to me than it was to her as I answered "No, I'm not. I could never be, and that, I suppose, is what makes us different from assholes like Gordo."

I addressed them both when I said "Ok, I'm an idea guy but I'm not the boss, but here's what I'm thinking."

I paused just for a moment to marshal my thoughts.

"Without being too gushy about it this day has forever changed our lives. We've been beaten, we've killed," I looked at the Kid "You've been raped and beaten and yeah, it's been kind of a fucked up day."

Christine and the Kid just smiled at each other, kept holding hands.

"This is what we gotta do: First, Christine and I go cold turkey, kick the drugs. Yeah, be rough but we got it to do."

I thought back to the stash still in my little hidey-hole, gone forever.

"Money is not a problem, Christine, you handle it."

I was going to go on but Christine raised the hand that wasn't holding onto the Kid's.

"Speaking of names, old Tap, what's yours? No way anybody names their kid Tap."

I chuckled, said "Actually they do, sort of. My father, God curse his miserable hide, worked on the Tappan Zee bridge, and he named me after the fucking bridge. The full name is Tappan Zee Miller, if you must know. He was a drunken motherfucker, beat us, beat Mom, retired then drank himself to death. Fucking asshole."

Part of my backstory, nothing special there, we all have a backstory.

"I know a guy in Philly, we worked together on some stuff a few years back, still friends, been wanting me to work for him and yeah, he kind of owes me, never mind why. But he's a fucking genius when it comes to databases, life documents, all that shit. We can pay him, and yeah, it'll be a good price, but when we leave it'll be as who the fuck ever we want to be. Names, ages, social security, all that."

I paused, took a sip from my plastic drink.

"Then we just go, fuck, somewhere, maybe out west. We don't have to work but we need something, I'm thinking a little shop, we buy little statues or what the fuck ever, hang out, get the Kid in school, relax, hang out, stay out of trouble, pay our taxes, all that."

"Thing is, we survived all this shit, but now we got the rest of our lives to survive. Life is life, the shit is all around you, sometimes it's all compressed adrenalin like we just did but for most of the folks it just comes along slow. But you still got to deal with it, and that's what we should do."

"How far to Philly?" Christine asked.

"Fuck, I don't know, we'll get a map."

"We could probably make it by morning but fuck, why? No hurry, we can stop, hell, we all need clothes, maybe swim in a motel swimming pool, fuckit, we're rich. We can move at our own speed."

The Kid, pensive, asked "What about sex?"

I smiled, looked at her, said "Think you've had enough for now. One of the first things we need to do is get you to a doctor, see if your pregnant or anything. Maybe I shouldn't even ask, but did Gordo use a condom? Or FlipTop?"

She had that dead look when she answered "They both did, Gordo said he didn't want any blood on his dick, FlipTop said he didn't want what Gordo had."

"We still need to get you checked out. Look, Kid, I can't be your daddy, Christine is not your momma, but if you're fixing to fuck up we'll let you know about it."

She smiled.

"How about you and her?"

Both of us laughed.

She answered "Right now we've got way more things to deal with than who's fucking who. Just gonna be one of those things we'll deal with when it comes up."

All three of us laughed at the ancient joke, the girls turned around, the Bitch, now the respectable Christine, started the car and we headed off to a future that was nobody's business but ours.

So, yeah:

"The End."