

Chapter 7 – Colleen (Revisited)

It turned out my little escapade into the club scene bought me a week's worth of mental peace. I couldn't decide if that was a long time, or just a little bit. But in the middle of that week, I got an invite to head up to Vancouver and visit Colleen on the set of “Distant Lives,” and I decided that it was fine to take a little time off.

One of the things they never tell you about working in the tech industry is that while you're going to get a ton of paid time off, they're going to do everything they can to discourage you from actually *taking* said time off. Oh sure, sure, they'll send emails out regularly, stressing that mental health is important, and that PTO should be used, but when it comes time to actually *request* PTO, they'll do everything they can to discourage you from doing so without actually saying it. But seeing as I'm basically head of my division, I can take PTO any time I damn well want, and have made a habit of basically *forcing* my people to use their PTO whenever their stockpile gets too full.

I told you, I'm a great dude to have as your boss.

Despite my ability to take PTO any time I wanted to, I also had a tendency to ignore my own advice, and my pool of PTO was nearly always full. So when I filed for a week off, I still had a few months worth of banked PTO waiting for me.

Colleen had kept up her end of the bargain, as had I, and we'd been swapping dirty pics once a day for the better part of two weeks when she finally sent me a message saying “Dude, I just need *dick*. Get up here. You can see the set and everything.”

She sent that message when I was at work and in the middle of something, so about twenty minutes later, another message came through with a picture of her with one arm over her tits, but her face fully framed in the shot, and the look on her face was one of the sexiest things I'd ever seen in my goddamn life, so I headed into the bathroom to take a shot to send her back, as well as a note that I'd booked my flight up to see her for Friday and would hang around until Wednesday or so, so she'd have plenty of time to get whatever she had in mind.

The flight from Seattle to Vancouver's only about an hour long. I mean, it's only a little more than 3 hours by car, but I didn't feel like putting the excess miles on my car, and because of work, I have so many free airline miles that any time I want to go somewhere for fun, it doesn't cost me a dime.

When I sent her the message with my itinerary, she sent back a text telling me not to bother with either a hotel or renting a car, and that she would keep me busy the entire time I was around. She did, however, insist that I don't show up too early in the morning. It turns out that shooting television can often run very late into the evening.

By the time I got onto the plane on Friday afternoon, I was starting to feel the pressure from the bracelet again, and I started to wonder if it might have been safer to drive instead. But I'd been studying how the bracelet worked, and I'd found ways to help manage its need to exert influence on people. If I wasn't looking or hearing people, it meant the bracelet didn't have anyone to focus on. That meant I was watching something on my iPad with the music all the way cranked up. The flight was short enough that they didn't offer drink service, which was all the better. When I was walking through the airport itself, I had my headphones blaring music into my ears, and didn't have my contacts in, so anyone more than a few feet away from me was out of focus.

That didn't mean I could completely avoid the pressure from the bracelet, however. It wanted to exert its will on someone, to be pushing its agenda into the world. But I kept reminding myself that I would be hanging out with Colleen soon, and I was very interested to see how the bracelet responded to repeat customers. Would it lessen the pressure a bit, or would a sexual encounter with someone who'd already passed on me have no impact on the bracelet's carnal needs?

Because I didn't have my contacts in, I nearly walked right past the dude holding up the whiteboard with my name written on it. He was big and muscular, dressed in a very expensive looking suit, and believe you me, I know expensive suits when I see them. His skin was pale white, a stark contrast to his jet black hair. On the whiteboard was written "D. King" and the whiteboard looked tiny in the man's massive hands.

I pulled my headphones down around my neck and tapped my iPhone to stop playing the Herbie Hancock album I'd had queued up. "Uh, you looking for Derrick King?" I said to him. Colleen had told me not to bother with renting a car, but I'd expected her to meet me at the airport herself.

"Da," the man said in a heavily Russian accented voice. "Ms. Yi had the production company send me to pick you up. Is that only bag, or do you need baggage claim?"

"Oh, this is all I've got man. What's your name?"

"I am called Armen," he said, turning to lead me towards the car. "Is good. You come. We go."

We headed out and into the parking lot, where Armen led us to one of two dozen identical black Escalades, his fingertips pressing the keyfob in his pocket to make the lights blink, so we both knew where we were heading.

A few minutes later, we were on our way out of the Vancouver airport parking garage and were heading north. Colleen had told me they were working out of a studio lot just on the outskirts of town, and told me to be prepared for security to be a little intense.

I'd never been to a movie or television studio before, so I wasn't entirely sure what to expect, but when we got to the lot, Armen had to sign us in before they even let us onto the lot itself, and I also had to both sign in and let them take a picture of my passport and driver's license.

I sort of thought that would be the end of the scrutiny, but I guess that just goes to show how little I knew about the entertainment business. Once we were on the lot, we drove over and parked in a lot, with Armen getting my little wheelie suitcase for me, refusing to let me carry it myself.

We headed into a small little office-like building that was attached to a fence, and it wasn't until we were inside that I realized it was another checkpoint. I found it a bit much, but I guess HBO took their filming security extremely important after the Game of Thrones leaks they'd gotten over the last year or so.

Here, they made copies of my passport and driver's license again, but they also handed me a four page Non-Disclosure Agreement to sign. Normally, I give these things the once over and then just sign them, but because this was my first entertainment industry NDA, I decided to take the time and read it quite carefully. It was basically the standard sort of stuff – no talking about what I'd seen, no reporting on any scenes, sets, costumes or dialogue I may have seen or heard. If I *did* say or report on anything, they'd own my house, my car, my job, my bank account, my life and the lives of the relatives I liked best.

So, basically, the same as any other NDA.

They're all like that.

After signing it, they insisted on taking my suitcase, my iPhone and my AppleWatch, checking them all into a small little locker box, telling me that I would get them back when I left the set for the day. They said the entire cast and crew did the same thing each and every day, so if I was thinking about asking for an exemption, I should dispense with that notion immediately. Not that I'd been thinking about asking for one.

Clearly the rules were there and in place for a reason, so why would I want to make their lives any more difficult than they already were?

What *did* surprise me, though, was that Armen also had to relinquish his cell phone as well, although he'd already done so when I was reading the NDA.

The big burly man had seemed a little impatient, but had been very polite about it. Once we were both signed in, checked in and stripped of anything with a camera or a microphone on it, they let us onto the set.

“How you know Miss Yi?” Armen asked me as we walked out of the checkpoint and headed towards one of the large hanger buildings.

“Oh, we met on a transatlantic flight a while back,” I said, wanting to be as discrete as possible.

“You are boyfriend?”

“Er,” I said, not entirely sure how to answer the question. “We’re dating but not exclusively? I think? I’m not entirely sure.”

He nodded. “She wants many men. This is good and fine. Do not push.”

“Hadn’t planned on it, chief,” I said with a laugh to him. “She’s in charge and I’m just along for the ride.”

“Is good mindset. Will be good for you.”

“Been working with her long?”

“Only since arrival two weeks ago. Is good woman. Been kind to me. So, is new, but is good.”

I glanced at him for a minute. “Are you—?”

“Nyet,” he said, a hint of amusement in his voice. “Am too much man for little girl. Is okay. I have woman. Big. Strong. Like elephant.”

I desperately wanted to ask him if he had a picture of this woman he so happily compared to an elephant, but I knew better and let it drop as we walked over towards the trailers where the actors tended to hang out until they were needed on set.

(I’d never been to a television or film studio before, but c’mon, man, I’ve seen movies.)

There was a PA hanging around the entrance to the trailer section, and Armen stopped in front of them. “I bring Mister King for Miss Yi. Is she on set?”

“No no,” the PA said. He was in his mid twenties, and this was not how he’d expected to be spending his summer, but from the look of him, he was picking up as many details as he could and had hopes of parlaying that into something bigger when he was out of film school next year. “She isn’t needed on set again for at least another four hours. They’re having problems getting one of the scenes blocked right, so it’s the perfect time for Mister King to go and have his little visit.”

“Is good.” Armen was about to walk us past, before the PA held up a clipboard.

“Sign in.”

Armen took the clipboard from him and scrawled his name on it, then held it out to me, as the PA handed Armen a clip on badge. “Oh yes, is badge. Forgot is badge.”

“The badges have RFIDs in them, and they keep track of where you are on the set at all times. You are not to take them off at any time, and if you do, you will be escorted off the set immediately. Remember to return them and sign out when you’re done here on set, otherwise you won’t get your phone back at the gate. Understood?”

“Yep, I got it.”

The PA looked at me for a second as he was clipping on the ID badge that said Visitor on it. “If you *do* happen to need to take off your clothes for whatever reason, just don’t move more than a few feet away from them, and you should be fine. Miss Yi told me I should make that clear to you.”

“I’m sure I don’t know what you’re talking about, but if I did, I’m sure I’d appreciate it...”

“Peter, sir.”

“Thank you, Peter. I’ll remember that.”

One of the things they never teach you in business school that they absolutely, completely should – never give people more information than they already have. Let them run with their assumptions for as long as they possibly can, and only when you have to, give them information that’ll fill in the holes, but only the bare minimum of what you need to.

The PA was assuming I was either an actor, director or producer, so I was going to go on letting him assume that. He didn’t have the chance in advance to look me up, but I suspected he copied everyone’s name down after signing them in. Not that he’d find anything useful about me. Derrick King is a common enough name, and I would just be another mystery face he’d never be able to identify.

Armen led me into the forest of caravans, some of which were significantly larger than others. Colleen's one was midsize, but located near the back. She wasn't the top of the call sheet, but she was top five, and it looked like she'd picked one for privacy over size.

He pointed out the caravan to me, and then took a seat in one of the folding chairs outside. "Not coming in?"

"Nyet, just bringing you to her. Have fun, little boy." He pulled out his phone and looked like he was reading some novel on it. "I see you later."

I gave him a little shrug and then moved over to Colleen's trailer, knocking on the door with my knuckles three times.

"I told you, Peter," her voice said from inside the caravan, "I don't need lunch. I'm expecting a friend to be here any minute and I'm going out for food with him, so for the third time today, I'm fine!"

"Col, it's me," I said, and the door opened immediately. I barely even had time to register it was her before she yanked me into the caravan, slamming the door behind us.

"Don't you dare say another fucking word until you're inside me," she said in between hurried kisses. I got a chance to see she was really only wearing a silk robe, and that came off soon enough to reveal there was not a stitch on otherwise.

When I told you about Colleen and my earlier encounter, I may have neglected to be as generous as I could be in describing how remarkably fit she is. Colleen's toned and muscular, but in a remarkably feminine way, like a ballet dancer. She was exceptional in fight scenes, and that came from loads of working out. I'd found out that her mother was indeed Chinese and her dad was British, which explained the unusual mix of skin tone and accent.

But I wasn't really thinking much about that with her slight tits pressed up against my chest, her nipples hard enough to catch my shirt on. She also had her tongue trying to crawl down my throat, and both of her hands were trying to rip open my jeans with enough intensity that I was afraid she was going to destroy them.

I also knew better than to say anything, so when she finally shoved my pants and boxers to my ankles, I just did my best to kiss at her lips and neck. As soon as she got my cock out, she shifted it with her hands, pointing it right at her pussy before she climbed up onto me, wrapping her legs around my waist, slamming herself down onto my shaft in a standing fuck, the kind of thing younger people do. I was doing my best to keep my balance, but had to end up shifting to pin her against part of the inside of the caravan, as she let out a wicked growl of pleasure, the sound of satisfaction of having me back inside of her once more.

"That's it that's it that's it fuck I missed you can you tell that I missed you because I fucking missed you and fuck you feel so fucking good inside of me again you monster dicked man," she groaned into my face.

After a couple of minutes, I couldn't keep her elevated like that, so I swung us around the tiny caravan and over to the small bed, laying her down on her back, but her heels dug hard into the small of my back, not letting me pull even an inch away, as she was eager to keep getting pounded.

Despite all the sex I'd been getting recently, Colleen was tight, experienced and enthusiastic, and she kept begging and pleading for me to fill her up with cum, begging me to breed her, to leave her overflowing with my cum, and there's only so much of that a man can resist, so when she told me she was about to cum, I was thankful, because I was as well.

"Do it do it Jesus fucking do it cum in me cum in my fucking hole and make me fucking cum you sweet bastard Jesus fucking Christ make me cum already oh fuck oh fuck fuck fuckfuckfuck cumming!" she hissed at me, and as soon as she locked up, my balls drew in and set sail, firing as much sticky cream inside of her clenched twat as I could, pressing my lips hard against hers as I did, so we were kissing when we both came.

Even after I stopped pumping cream inside of her, and after she stopped those rhythmic squeezes of my shaft, our lips remained pressed against one another for a long moment until finally I

pulled back a little bit, reaching with one hand to push some of her hair out of her face for her, which made her giggle.

“So, um, hi,” she said with a sheepish grin. “Sorry not sorry about that? I guess? But if I'm honest, I had a night out with my usual boytoy last week, and he just doesn't even come close to your league. He's, like... it's like he's playing tee ball and you're Barry Fucking Bonds. He was fine, I guess, but he just wasn't satisfying.” She leaned her head up and gave me a soft, tender kiss. “I hope you missed me, though, even though I'm sure you're killing it all over Seattle.”

“So, about that...” I said, shifting over to one side, so that my weight wasn't pressing down onto her, letting her snuggle against my side. “Do you believe in magic?”

“Well I hope that you do,” she said, and it took me half a second to realize she was completing an old song lyric. “Wait... you're serious?”

“As a heart attack.”

“I'm a grown ass woman in her late twenties, Deke. No I don't believe in magic.”

“I was afraid of that,” I sighed.

“What's this all about?”

For the next few minutes, I proceeded to tell her the story of the bracelet, telling her not to interrupt when she tried to pipe in with a question. I told her about my friend who'd given it to me, my tryst with the hotel clerk, how I thought it might have sparked our encounter on the plane, my brief bit of fun with the stripper, the bit about my neighbor's college daughter, the bathroom fling with my boss's secretary, the girl I'd picked up in the bar and the Uber driver immediately afterwards. I also made a slight detour and told her about the webpage I'd found, the one that was full of all sorts of weird stories, including several dozen factual and linguistic irregularities and errors. And other than her initial interruption, she let me tell the whole story.

“So that's where I am, I guess,” I said to her, feeling her snuggled in against my side. She hadn't pulled away or tensed up, and it hadn't seemed like she'd gotten angry, even though I'm pretty sure I would have. “I know it all sounds pretty crazy, but on my *best* day, I'm a seven out of ten, and you are still way way *way* out of my league, so I'm pretty sure the bracelet had something to do with us hooking up, but you're the only one who's wanted to stick around afterwards, and I think you have the right to know that what you're feeling might not be real.”

She let that hang in the air for a minute, and the silence was killing me. I half expected her to throw me out on my ass immediately. “So you have a magic bracelet on your wrist that makes people want to fuck you? That's what you're telling me?”

“I guess? Like I said, I know it's weird...”

“Weird might be something of an understatement. Crazy might be more in line.”

“Sure, but think about it – am I normally the kind of guy you would go for?”

“I don't *have* a normal type, Deke,” she sighed. “But even if what you're saying is true, and I'm certainly not saying that it is, there's two things I think you definitely need to keep in mind.”

She was being incredibly reasonable about all of this, and that was a little unsettling to me, but I decided to just go with it and see what happened. “Okay,” I said, “what are those things?”

“First, it sounds like you have little to no direct control over the bracelet, meaning you aren't really doing anything to anyone – the bracelet is. Sure, you can sort of direct it in general directions, but it isn't like you can just turn and point it at someone and make them want you. You have to be attracted to the person, and I'm pretty sure the person has to be at least somewhat attracted to you.”

“I don't know if that second part is true, but okay.”

“All I'm saying is that you shouldn't beat yourself up about this, because it's something that's mostly out of your hands. You're just sort of along for the ride, reacting to what the bracelet puts in front of you. So don't think of this as your *fault*, because you're not doing anything to anyone. The bracelet is, if that's even what's happening here.”

“I mean, when you've eliminated all the other options, the last remaining one must be the

solution, no matter how improbable it is.”

“Easy there, Sherlock,” she giggled. “You’ve still got plenty of other options in front of you. But secondly, and maybe more importantly, as someone this thing may have exerted influence on, I have to tell you, whatever it did to me, I don’t *feel* it. I feel just like me, just like I always have. When I sat down on the airplane, I thought you were cute before we even started talking. Maybe a little bit older than I’d usually go for, but I’d also been thinking that maybe that fooling around with guys my own age was getting tiresome, and I was thinking that days before the airport, so there’s no possible *way* the bracelet could’ve put that thought into my head.”

“I guess,” I said, realizing there was a lot of sense in what she was saying. “But how do you know that what you’re thinking is really you?”

She giggled a little bit. “Look, the bracelet might’ve given me a push towards you or something but I’m not a brainwashed fuckdoll awaiting her next order.” She then faked a robotic, stilted accent. “Unless. That. Is. What. Master. Would. Like.” She giggled all over again. “I mean, you have to live your life, Deke. You can’t just hide away all the time because you’ve got some weird magic bracelet on your wrist.”

“I get that, but I thought you should know that the feelings you have for me might not be genuine.”

“Honestly, Deke, how could I tell? And if I can’t tell, what’s the difference?” she said with a soft sigh. “I feel how I feel, and that’s all that matters.”

We sat like that, her cuddled up against my side, neither one of us saying things for a few minutes. “So you’re not mad?”

“I mean, it’s crazy and you still told me, so if anything, I’m glad you trust me enough to tell me something that sounds a little brain blitzed.” She kissed my neck. “But I feel how I feel, and that’s good enough for me. Although if you wanted to, we could test it.”

“I’ve sort of already done some testing with it, what with the strip club, and the dance club.”

“Yes yes, but what if we tried getting you someone completely out of your league?”

“Col, *you’re* completely out of my league.”

She kissed my lips for a long moment. “You’re sweet to say that, Deke, but I’m truly not. But I’m thinking we go after a truly big fish, someone that not just you but *nobody* normal could ever pull, and see if you can. And, even more importantly, if you can pull her with me there and part of the package deal.”

“Sounds like you have someone in mind already,” I laughed.

“I mean, sort of?” she said, mischievously. “I was going to tell you that we’re invited to go to a party over at Jacob Wagner’s house tonight. He’s celebrating the opening of ‘The State Of Pain’ tonight, and is throwing a giant rager over at his place. His girlfriend is Lacey Jenkins, the top star of this show, so she invited all of us to come over for it.”

“I didn’t bring any real party wear.”

“Your every day clothes are better than most of what these people call ‘fashion,’ Deke, so you’ll be fine.”

“I’m also not keen about trying to pull someone else’s girlfriend.”

“Wait, what? Oh! No, I don’t want you to try and pull Lacey Jenkins.”

“Then who did you want me to pull?”

“Most of the stars of the movie are going to be there, so... I was sort of thinking... maybe... just maybe... you could try and pull Nikki Adamsdale for us to have a bit of fun with?”

My eyes widened a little bit, and I’m sure my cock must have throbbed a little bit at the very thought of it, because Colleen giggled a little bit.

“Seems that idea has intrigued you.”

“I mean, yes, she’s a thousand times out of my league, that’s true.” Nikki Adamsdale was probably the hottest actress around my age group. She was British and posh, but was incredibly

graceful and athletic. She'd mostly starred in action movies for the last decade, but had also done a handful of truly epic and emotional dramas in between them. Hair the color of night, skin just lightly tanned, and two of the most intense deep blue eyes that had ever graced the silver screen. She wasn't just out of *my* league; she was out of the league of most mortal men. She'd been spotted dating some of the biggest names in Hollywood over the past ten years – Chris Evans, Tom Hardy, Chris Hemsworth, Henry Cavill – all people whom she hadn't kept around more than a month or two. “Isn't she dating that soccer player, Nate Wagner, though?”

“They broke up two weeks ago,” Colleen said. “So she's single and ready to mingle, and she's going to be at the party tonight. But as far as I know, she's only into lads not lasses. So maybe we go tonight, and you see if you can use the bracelet to reel her in for us to play with.”

The thumping pressure the bracelet had been tapping on the inside of my skull had lessened a little bit when I'd cum inside of Colleen, but not anywhere near as much as I had expected it to. Trying to direct it at someone like Nikki Adamsdale, though... that *had* to be enough to force the thing's battery down to zero for at least a little while, right?

“You're sure you want to try this?”

“Worst case, you hit on her and she says 'no' and you get a great story on it. Best case, you and I have a sexual experience with one of the most beautiful fucking women on the planet. Seems okay to me either way?”

“You're the boss,” I chuckled.

After our romp in the trailer, we both hopped through a quick shower together, and I got dressed again and she got into costume to go and film a scene, which I was allowed to watch. It wasn't something that had been in the script when I'd seen it a few weeks ago, and helped establish some of the motivations for the characters better, which would definitely soften the act three twist, and make it feel less unsupported than it had when I'd read it.

That scene was her last for the day, and she wasn't needed on set tomorrow, so we wouldn't have to worry about whether or not we had too much to drink at the party that night. Colleen also informed me that I hadn't needed to get a hotel room because I was going to be staying with her and her place the entire time I was up there. I sort of figured that was what she was suggesting when we'd spoken about it on the phone, but it was nice to hear her say it.

Once her scene was done, she introduced me to a handful of her costars, as well as the director, who seemed like a nice enough woman named Marie Willingham. Marie made a specific point to thank me for giving the script notes to Col, saying it had only helped her put her finger on what had been bothering her about it, and that now that they'd made the changes, it felt so much more natural. I told her I was happy to help, and Marie reiterated that I was welcome to hang around the set for as long as I was around, because clearly I had an eye for the material.

When we left, we checked in our badges and then headed out, stopping to collect my luggage, phone and watch on the way out. Colleen had a rental car waiting in the lot, so I didn't get a chance to say goodbye to Armen for the day, but Col told me I'd see him at the very least when he took me back to the airport.

The car, much like the house she was staying in, had been rented for her by the studio for filming. Since the show was greenlit for a full season, they'd done what they needed to make sure the stars were accommodated, but nobody had gone the extra mile to call the place home yet. None of the actors had bought houses or cars. Everyone was simply living here for a time, until it was clear if the show was going to be a hit or not.

The house Colleen was staying in was a quiet little two story in a nice neighborhood, a little off the beaten path, but not so far that it felt like she was away from the city itself. Just a nice little suburb, not all that different from my place in Seattle, really.

We dropped off my stuff and took another shower before Col got changed into her party outfit, a nice black leather skirt that went down to her just above her knees, leather boots that came up to just

below her knees, and a black, silver and gold striped blouse with a daring V neck that plunged like nobody's business.

Me, I was in dark jeans and a black button shirt that I think I probably bought at Abercrombie & Fitch, but hell if I could remember.

I asked if we wanted to do dinner, but Col insisted there would be plenty enough for us at the party to snack on, and that I should stay hungry.

An hour or so later, we were pulling up near a very swanky mansion in a rather ritzy party of town. They even had their own valet service outside of the property, and Colleen looked a little uncomfortable giving the guy the keys to her rental car, but she did, and then we headed up towards the house, loud music blaring happily through the cool air.

“We so do not belong here,” I said, glancing at the Hollywood star smoking on the porch, someone who just made seven figures upfront for their last movie.

“C'mon,” Colleen said. “Fake it til you make it. Anyway, let's go see how you handle a real movie star.”