



*Danced with
the Devil*

Ronald Thompson

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God in his omnipotence created Eve from Adam's rib.
Man, in his mediocre yet tireless quest to be God, can only
create Eve from Adam.

CHAPTER

1

The air was cold and wet as it blew the drizzling rain in from off the bay. It was one of those damp, cold, rainy nights Seattle always gets in early March. *A perfect night*, he thought to himself, as he huddled down deep into his worn coat, trying to shield himself against the rain and cold. She won't be out tonight. She doesn't like this type of weather. She can't ruin my evening now.

Reaching the entrance of the bar, he slowly opened the door, then quickly stepped inside. Looking around the interior, he reassured himself that his suspicions were correct. She was not here. Letting himself relax a bit, he reexamined the bar's occupants. Ah, yes, he said to himself. Tonight should be perfect.

His eyes had fallen upon a young sailor who was sitting in a corner booth by himself. It was obvious to Bill that this sailor was not old enough to be there. The kid had that fresh, young, blue-eyed, blonde-haired look of a farm boy of eighteen or nineteen. *He was probably trying to get his first piece of ass since boot camp*, Bill thought. *Well, if all goes right, he will, he will.*

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Walking over to the sailor, Bill cleared his throat with a slight coughing sound.

“Excuse me, sailor. What ship are you on?”

“The USS Baskin, sir,” he replied with a slight edge of nervousness in his voice.

Sitting down opposite the sailor, Bill acted quickly to dispel the young man’s fear.

“Do you happen to know a sailor by the name of Glen Fox? He’s a yeoman at the base. I don’t know the name of the ship he’s on, though.”

“No sir, I don’t. I just arrived in Seattle today, and I don’t know anyone at the base. He’s not from my ship.”

“I was supposed to meet him here tonight. We were to meet some girls here that we picked up yesterday. I am a little late, but I don’t see him around. I thought maybe you might know him and could tell me why he’s not here yet.”

“No sir, I don’t know him. I have not seen a sailor other than myself in here since 2100 hours.”

“Knock off the sir crap. Okay? Name’s Bill. Hell, I’m your friend. I was never in the service myself. I got bad legs. But I like all servicemen. I have great respect for them. What are you drinking?”

“Beer.”

“What brand?”

“Ollie.”

“Bartender,” Bill called out to the man behind the bar. “Give me and my sailor friend two Ollies each, will ya?”

“Like I said, my name is Bill. Bill Wilson. What’s yours?”

“Seaman James Crane, sir, err—I mean Bill.”

“That’s better, Jim. Hell. Tell you what. If this guy Glen doesn’t show up soon, and if those two girls do, let’s you and me take them out. Okay?”

“I would like that, but what about this guy Glen. Won’t he get angry?”

“Jim, buddy, take it from me. If he don’t show up in exactly ten minutes, then fuck him. You and I will take the broads out and have a good time ourselves.”

Bill, who had been leaning over the table while talking to Jim, leaned back as the bartender put four bottles of beer in front of them. Removing a twenty dollar bill from his pocket, he handed it to the bartender. As the bartender took the bill, he grinned broadly at Bill. With the eye furthest from the sailor, he gave Bill a knowing wink.

Glancing quickly at Jim to see if he had detected the bartender's wink, Bill felt relieved that he had not. Fred was always doing that shit to him. It wasn't done in malice. Bill knew this. It was more like teasing. Fred had a live and let live attitude, and he never bothered anyone. Still, it always shook Bill up when he pulled something like this off. One of these days he would have to talk to Fred about his winks.

"Where are you from Jim?"

"Oakglen, Utah."

"I was in Salt Lake City once," Bill lied. "Is Oakglen anywhere near there?"

"No. It's about three hundred miles southeast of there."

"Have you ever been in that big church you have in Salt Lake?"

"No, I have never been to Salt Lake City. Until I joined the Navy, I was never out of Oakglen."

"Isn't that odd? Here I am, not from Utah, and I have been to that church," Bill lied again, "and you have lived in Utah all your life and have never been there!"

"Yes, I guess that is odd."

Sipping his beer slowly, Bill refilled Jim's glass as soon as Jim drank some from his glass. He was careful, however, not to let Jim catch onto what he was doing.

"How do you like the Navy now that you are in it?"

"I like it very much. I like the idea of seeing different places."

"Yes, it is exciting, isn't it? I mean, every day you meet a new person and make a new friend. Hey barkeep, four more Ollies for my friend and me!"

This time, Fred did not wink as he brought the beers to the table. Fred had his joke and now would leave Bill alone. Fred knew that he wasn't supposed to know Bill tonight. Bill, for his part,

knew Fred would not cheat him of the twenty dollars he had given Fred earlier. It was that feeling of being safe that kept Bill returning to this bar. It was only on Wednesdays and Thursdays, when she was here, that Bill stayed away. If it weren't for her, he would almost live here. He always got lucky, like tonight, when he came here.

"Drink up Jim! I'm on my fifth beer already! You can't let a civilian out-drink the U.S. Navy, can you?"

"No, I guess not. But when are those girls supposed to be here?"

"Gee, I almost forgot about them." Looking at his watch and faking a frown, Bill shook his head in mock dismay. "Fuckin' broads are never on time. They should have been here over an hour ago. Let's have a few more beers. I am sure they will be here soon. You don't have to report for duty, do you?"

"No. I got a three-day pass. My ship is tied up for repairs, and we won't be putting out to sea until they are done."

Bill's thoughts jumped. *Three days!* If he did this right, it would be a very good three days indeed.

"Stick with me, Jim. I know a lot of broads around here. Bar-keep, two more beers!"

The night was progressing nicely. Jim had been slowly plied with enough beer that by one thirty in the morning, Bill felt confident enough to make his move.

"Say, Jim, why don't we leave here and go to my place? I have a complete bar with all you can drink. I might be able to find us a couple of girls."

This was a lie, but Bill knew that in his present condition Jim would not know the difference, and Bill was not going to let him get sober enough to find out.

"Yea, sure, Bell old buddy," Jim said in a drunken slur, mispronouncing Bill's name. "Say Bill, is that one of the broads we're waiting for?"

The question took Bill by surprise. He knew there were no women coming to meet him. Going along with his ploy, Bill turned his head and shifted his body so he could look behind himself. He was all ready to tell Jim, no, she was not one of the

women he was expecting, when what he saw caused his body to stiffen in horror.

It was her! She was standing just inside the door. Her hands on her hips, legs spread apart, with her large breasts shoved forward. Bill tried to duck to avoid being seen, but it was too late. She had spotted him immediately.

“Why, what do we have here?” Her voice boomed through the small bar. “It’s my favorite fruit fly, Blinky. Speaking of flies, have you gotten into his yet?”

As she asked this, she walked over to them and sat down next to Jim.

“You fuckin’ whore. Get out of here! No one wants scum like you around,” Bill growled in pure hatred.

“You mean, Blinky darling, you don’t want me around. Don’t you? Maybe sailor boy might like to have me around. How about it, big boy. You don’t mind me being here, do you?”

As she asked him this, she rubbed her hand over his front and pushed her breasts hard against his arm. The low-cut front of her dress was almost unable to keep them from popping out, as she did this.

“My, you are a big boy. Aren’t you? I’ll bet I could sit on it and have it come out my mouth or the other way around. Which way do you like it?”

“Come on Jim,” Bill quickly interrupted. “This whore does not give a damn about you or how you like anything. She will just roll you and then dump you. Come on. Don’t listen to her. Let’s go to my place, and I’ll get us a couple of broads.”

“Yea, I guess you’re right, Bill. Maybe I should go with you. We were warned about the hookers in town.”

“And big boy,” Agnes shot in, “did they also warn you about this little fruit fly here?”

“Hugh,” was all Jim could muster in response.

Reaching over the table, Bill grabbed Jim’s arm and began to pull him to his feet.

“Let’s get out of here, Jim! Don’t listen to this pig. She’s a liar.”

Agnes reacted by subtly unzipping Jim's fly and slipping her hand into his pants. The move gave her the desired effect. Jim slowly sat back down, sliding even lower in the booth so as to allow Agnes to have more freedom of movement.

"Like I said, big boy. Which way do you like it? Top to bottom or bottom to top?"

Bill knew he had no chance now. She could go where he could not, at least not here, and not now. In a halfhearted attempt to sway Jim away from her, Bill pulled on Jim's arm once again. "Come on, Jim, let's go now, and I'll get us some broads for free. This whore has the clap and syphilis."

"Honey. Jim's your name right?"

"Yes."

"Honey, I don't have the clap or syphilis. But even if I did, which would you prefer? Having me suck your cock or him? Me you can fuck. But if you don't watch it, he might end up fucking you and you sucking his cock."

Bill could see the realization of what she was telling him begin to sink in. In a slow, weaving drunken movement, Jim reached over the table and grabbed Bill's shirt at the throat.

"Is that true? You a queer?"

"No, no. She's a lying whore! She only wants your money. She will tell you anything to get you to go with her."

Looking slowly from one to the other, Jim was obviously trying to decide who was lying. As Jim's grip relaxed on his shirt, Bill pulled loose and slipped from the booth.

"I am going, Jim. You can believe who you want to, a whore like her or your best friend. Me!"

"I'll tell you what, Jim," Agnes interrupted. "If you come with me right now, I'll take care of you all night for free."

As she said this, she slipped his penis out of his pants and closed both her hands over its swollen stiffness.

"I'll go with you!" Jim blurted out.

"You scummy whore! I'll get even with you for this!" Bill screamed. "You will pay for this!"

As his voice reached a fever pitch, Fred broke his normally placid lifestyle and shouted at Bill from down at the end of the bar.

“Hey, you three hold it down! If you want to squabble, do it outside!”

“Now now, Blinky. You know quite well all’s fair in love and war. And right now Jim here needs love from little Agnes Sweet-love. Let’s face it. You are not what a real man wants.”

Turning on his heels, Bill stormed out of the bar. That smirk on her face reminded Bill why he hated her so much. Their private war went back more than twelve years. He had been a new face in town back then. He had moved to Seattle because he had gotten a letter from an old high school friend, who, like himself, shared a common secret.

After high school, Bill had stayed around his hometown of Tampa, Florida, working odd jobs while trying to deny his innermost feelings. His friend, on the other hand, had joined the Navy. After several years of service his friend was discovered to be a homosexual and was discharged. When his friend’s letter arrived, it was almost like a proposal of marriage. Bill, at twenty-six, could no longer resist his feelings. Packing his few belongings, he said goodbye to his parents and quickly left for Seattle.

After his arrival, which his friend had failed to show up for, he waited for some time, then called his friend’s number. It was then that he found out his friend had been killed in an auto accident while on the way to the airport to meet him. Devastated, Bill walked the streets until late that night. Somehow, he ended up in Fred’s bar. He had only been sitting there for a few minutes, staring into his drink, when a young woman about eighteen with a big chest approached and sat down beside him.

“You look like you could use a friend,” she said.

“I just lost my best friend today,” he responded tearfully. He then told her about his friend’s accident and death. He told her he knew no one in Seattle and that he had no job and almost no money. He did not tell her, however, his real reason for coming to Seattle. That was to be his friend’s lover and get away from Tampa.

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Perhaps she felt sorry for him or maybe it was because of his delicate, yet handsome features that Agnes took him to her apartment. For the next six months, Bill lived with Agnes. She cooked and cleaned, washed his clothes and gave him money. Yet, never once did he attempt to have sex with her, though on several occasions she did try to seduce him. Agnes, he assumed, took his refusals of her offers as his trying to be polite. He was very careful not to reveal his true reason for not having sex with her. He simply did not want a woman.

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