



WHEN YOU SEEK ME, YOU DESTROY ME
RAPE MY MIND AND SMELL THE POPPIES
BORN AND BLOODIED EVERY SINGLE TIME.

VELVET REVOLVER
"SLITHER"

You girls are old school!" he says, his voice syrupy, dripping with lust. It increases our heat like an enzyme in a chemical reaction: Sera makes low animal moans as Matt Sorum, drummer for Velvet Revolver and formerly Guns N' Roses, fingers her, while he sucks hard at my mouth. It's midnight, or maybe closer to one. I'm not sure, nor do I care at this very moment.

The car heads toward the Four Seasons Hotel in Milan. The cobbled streets seem silent and dignified, steeped in Renaissance decadence. Intermittently the driver steals glances in the rearview mirror to spy on our twisting bodies. We are alley cats, moaning in heat, sending mating calls into the dead of night. Matt's assistant sits in front beside the driver. He turns around to look at us.

"You girls really are old school, aren't you?" The assistant repeats what Matt says like a lottery winner, confident that he's going to get a double Christmas bonus from Matt for finding us.

I'm wearing a black cowboy hat and my white virgin-whore dress. It's cotton and deliberately tight, trimmed with shredded cotton. There's a white cotton rose pinned over the breast. I don't wear panties with it, but my legs are covered with sheer white lace topped stockings.

"Don't finger me too much, I have my period," I tell Matt as his fingers glide inside me anyway.