

Scarlett's Life Excerpt:

Chapter 1

What's the last thing you think of as you are dying? Is it the sweet boy you should have kissed? Or the time you should have admitted you were wrong when you said you were right. Perhaps it's a smile, a laugh or maybe even a moment from your childhood. I think for some, the end was like watching the beginning except really, really fast. For others, the Unlucky (as I call them), they think naught of happy times but instead focus on the gut-wrenching, horrific pain of fading into nothing. We are nothing...

One week earlier...

Scarlett: "Fucking manwhore."

Entering through the red front door, the usual pathway of clothing lead to Dixon passed out in a dance cage. He was buck ass naked minus a strategically placed hat. I wondered briefly how was I both annoyed and turned on by his masculine sleeping form. Probably it was because the boy was built to sin and the worst part- was that he knew it.

I thought about leaving Dixon in the cage but I knew he'd like the attention of the patrons and waitresses when he awoke. I would not grant him the privilege of an even bigger ego. Also, as his friend it was my moral obligation to try to drill some sense into him... if that was even possible.

I had to choose my methods of waking him up carefully. Should it be a coffee or perhaps some Imp Dust to trick him into waking up. Nah, those methods for getting Dixon to his feet, were just too kind; especially since this wasn't the first time I found him naked in a cage. I went into the backroom and retrieved the broom and then walked over to the cage where Dixon slept.

I raised the broom and as I did, I became slightly aroused once more. So many sexual scenarios quickly played out in my mind as they often did when I was near him. I had secretly yearned for Dixon for the past two years since we had hooked up that one night. Not wanting to ruin our friendship or to be just another one of his lays I said nothing about my feelings. Sure, my feelings for Dixon ran deep and I knew I would be the best he ever had but we could never be. I think it was a mixture of jealousy, frustration, and annoyance which led me to do what I was about to do...

Scarlett: "three, two, one-"

I swung the broom against the metal bars of the dance cage. The connection between the broom and the cage, let off such a loud, piercing sound that I am surprised the dead did not rise. One person, did spring back to the land of consciousness from the earsplitting ding and that was Dixon. Let's just say Dixon's well placed hat, wasn't so well placed anymore and I had no choice but to grin.

Dixon: "What the fuck, man?"

Scarlett: "Had to make sure you were alive."

Dixon: "You couldn't have just reached down and checked to see if I was breathing?"

Scarlett: "Too risky. I couldn't chance touching something that was dead. It would ruin my whole day."

Dixon: "You aren't afraid of death."

No, I wasn't afraid of death. Little did he know, that I had attempted my own execution several hours earlier. I was not afraid of dying. Everyone should die at some point but I wanted my death to be my own choosing. I did not wish to see me or those I care full to perish before my eyes. I think that would be a fate worst then death.

Scarlett: "You are my friend. I prefer to not see you dead, that's all."

Dixon: "Well then don't send me to an early grave. 'Cause fuck Snow White, prince charming and those bloody dwarfs for you gave me a heart attack."

Scarlett: "Not my intention. Okay, maybe I was going for a minor heart attack but serves you right."

Dixon: "Serves me, right? How? I am just an innocent victim and you were acting worse the Rumpelstiltskin."

Scarlett: "You haven't been innocent since the day you first noticed girls."

Dixon: "You wound me."

Scarlett: "You love it. By the way, what happened to all that money you made last night?"

Dixon quickly scanned the room, before letting out a string of curses.

Dixon: "Fucking women... can't be trusted."

Scarlett: "I resent that."

Dixon: "You're different."

Scarlett: "Thanks. Look, I know it sucks but you'll make double the money tonight. It's a bachelorette party for the rich. Someone whose third or fourth in line for some crown will be partying hard tonight. As long as they tip well and the place is still intact blah, blah, blah then I don't care."

I decided to go sit on the edge of the stage as all the chairs were still on the tables.

Dixon: "I wouldn't sit there."