

Daddy Left Me Alone With God
By Robin Slick

Chapter Six

Mick Saunders sprawled on the bed at the Plaza Hotel and played a few chords on his guitar while my father sat at a nearby table and chopped up a couple lines of coke.

“Knock it off, you tone-deaf asshole,” my father said.

Of course he didn’t know he was talking to God.

Mick lifted himself up off the pillow, propped up on an elbow, and cocked his head at my dad through half-closed eyes. I could see he was thinking about a wicked comeback line but then made the wise decision that it wasn’t worth the cost of losing the dope. Besides, Mick agreed with my dad. He didn’t really believe he was God, either.

As for me, I didn’t want to miss the opportunity of Mick with his eyes open. I leaned up against the dresser facing him while I ran a hand through my long blonde hair and stuck out my tits.

He smirked and looked me up and down and knew at that moment he’d have me later. I could tell he liked the idea so I did what I thought was a subtle groin-thrust but it was overkill and Mick frowned, though I didn’t understand why. I mean, how could I?



I was seventeen years old.

“Here you go, you slimy no-talent schmuck. Try some of this.” My father waved his razor at him.

Mick threw his guitar to the floor and leapt out of bed.

“Look at the way you treat your instrument. You’re a fucking disgrace,” my father said.

“It’s a bloody guitar,” Mick replied. “They’re indestructible.”

“Not if you’re Pete bloody Townshend,” I piped up.

Mick looked at me and laughed.

“Pete’s insane, isn’t he? He’s a great mate of mine. Brilliant man. If you’re a good little girl and say ‘please, oh please,’ I’ll introduce you sometime. I know he’d love to meet your father.”

“We’ve met. He’s an even bigger asshole than you are,” my father said.

Mick winked at me and took a hundred-dollar bill out of his pocket. He rolled it into a tight little cylinder and bent down over the lines my dad had set out, inhaling them like the expert he was.

“I’d rather meet Keith Moon,” I said.

Mick gave a loud, hearty laugh. I could see I’d regained some points.

“Hey, this is some good blow,” he said.

My father sneered. “Yeah, well, when I do something, I do it right. Not like morons like you who pick up piece-of-shit electric guitars and half-ass play your fucking excuse for music.” He hit his fist on the table to further make his point and show his

aggravation, which wasn't the best idea when there's powder about. In an instant he got out his razor and neatened up the lines. It was good that he was preoccupied because I had a feeling we were about to get the lecture again but unfortunately, it only took him a few seconds to get things back in order.

“You realize that the Beatles killed jazz,” he said to Mick.

Oh no.

I looked at the man they called God, wondering how he'd react to that piece of news. I was hoping he'd say something like “You're wrong, dickhead, it was people like you who killed jazz,” but no, God obviously did not want to mess up his little deal.

“Yeah, there are people who believe that,” he agreed. “But not me. I admit it -- I learned everything I know about my craft from American jazz and s men like Charlie Christian and Robert Johnson and Muddy Waters. I owe them my career.”

I looked at Mick, surprised that he actually came out and admitted that to my dad, but what did I know.

“Your craft? You weasel. How dare you mention your name and your so-called career in the same breath as those legends? Shut the fuck up, you stupid little asswipe. Here's your shit. Give me my bread so I can get the fuck out of here.”

Mick laughed. He got a kick out of men like my father. He secretly wanted to be just like him, I realized.

Now I'd have to sleep with him for sure.

“Can I hang out here with you for a bit longer?” I asked.

“I don't know. Can you?” He looked over at my father with a wide smile.

My father shrugged and helped himself to the last line off the small hand mirror on the table and then wiped the remains clean with his finger, swabbing his gums with it. He stood up and put on his jacket.

“I’ll have her back early,” Mick drawled.

My father ignored him.

“You have your keys, Annie? I’ve got some more stops to make and then I don’t know where I’ll be after that,” he said.

“Yeah, I’ve got them, Dad.”

There was nothing else to say. And so my father walked out the door without even a good-bye and left his seventeen-year old daughter all alone in a fancy hotel room with God.

Chapter Seven

Mick had a gorgeous hotel suite. There were flowers everywhere and shiny silver bowls overflowing with tropical fruit. I was so dumbstruck by the idea of actually meeting him in the flesh that up until now, I hadn’t paid close attention to my surroundings. The famous black Fender Strat guitar was still on the floor where he’d thrown it after my dad had called him over to do some lines of coke but that was all I’d really noticed. So after God made his purchase and my father left to see his next customer and I realized this was probably the most luxurious place in which I’d ever been, I wanted a grand tour but Mick was flying. He jumped on the bed and pulled me down with him. He rolled on top of me, then rolled onto his back and grabbed me and we rolled and rolled and rolled again and how we didn’t end up on the floor I have no

idea. He nuzzled me and scratched my face with his beard. This was fucking fantastic.

I couldn't believe my father left me alone with God. Maybe it was my birthday present. Oh right. It wasn't my birthday and even if it was, my father never remembered it, anyway.

"Get naked," Mick said.

"Get naked who?" I pouted.

"What's your name again?" he asked, lifting up my hair and brushing the back of my neck with his lips. I grew shivery. Wow. Kissed by God.

"Annie. My name is Annie."

"Take off your clothes, you little vixen," he said with a smile. He stood up and elegantly stepped out of his jeans, folded them neatly and hung them up on a hanger in the closet. God was a neat freak. I watched with interest as he stepped out of his jockeys and placed them on the dresser but he left his t-shirt on.

I was shy at the idea of getting undressed in front of him. I mean, this was my first time sleeping with a legend. And before God, there were only John.

I tried to be nonchalant as I unbuttoned my blouse and tossed it carelessly on a chair. Mick frowned but didn't say anything. I left my jeans in a crumpled mess on the floor. I never wore underwear.

"Would you play guitar for me first?" I asked him, lowering my eyes and trying to sound sexy.

"Fuck, no."

"Why?"

“It’s just not something I do. I’ll tell what I would like, though, little girl. What I’d like...what I’d really like...is for you to suck me. That okay with you, love?”

“Sure,” I replied, shimmying down. What God wanted, God would have.

I licked and slurped and tried to be creative but I was quaking because I couldn’t stop thinking to myself Oh man, do I believe this, do I believe I’m sucking God’s cock?

And then I lost my concentration for a moment and Mick yelled “Ouch!”

“What’s the matter?” I stopped my laboring and looked up at him, pushing a damp piece of hair out of my eyes.

“You gave me a little too much tooth. You’ve wounded me!” But he laughed and my confusion turned to mortification.

I’d given God too much teeth. How could I possibly ever live that down?

He took the back of my head and slowly controlled the movement until I got the hang of it and it was good.

And then it was over and he laughed again and gave me a little shove, almost making me topple off the bed.

“Go home, little girl. Tell your daddy I’ll be in touch.”

“Okay,” I said, because really, there was nothing else to say.

But when a little tear formed in my eye and started to trickle down, he took pity on me and gave me a hug. For a brief second or two, I’d thought maybe God loved me.

I was so inexperienced and naïve I didn’t realize at first that for people like Mick, fucking strange women and anonymous blow jobs were as natural to him as brushing his teeth in the morning.

Reality hit me pretty hard at that moment and I was afraid I was going to start sobbing uncontrollably but Mick sensed it.

“Hey,” he whispered. “Maybe you’d like to stay a while?”

Oh wow.

“Yes, please,” I said with wet eyes.

“You hungry? Want me to order some room service?” He walked over to the nightstand and tossed me a menu.

I looked at it without comprehension, though I think my eyes rolled backward when I saw a club sandwich listed for ten dollars.

“No thanks. I’m fine,” I replied. I couldn’t eat for all the money in the world, anyway. I was still completely freaked out by the afternoon’s events.

“How about a few lines? I know I’m ready for a recharge,” he said.

“No, I’m okay.” I looked back down at the menu and inspiration struck.

“I could go for a glass of wine, though,” I said. But as soon as I said it, I realized I’d made a huge error. What if he asked me what kind? I was used to the screw top variety. I desperately scanned the wine list.

“Ah...ask and you shall receive,” he said. He pointed to armoire in the corner. I headed over and opened its mahogany doors. Holy shit. On a series of shelves on either side of the television were bottles and bottles of wine stacked on their sides. Whites on the left, reds on the right.

I stood there helplessly and Mick laughed.

“Here. Let me choose one. Any special preferences?”

I shook my head No.

“How about nice Bordeaux? You strike me as a Bordeaux girl, Annie. Am I right?”

What the hell was Bordeaux? Hey, but it sounded French and I wanted Mick’s approval so I gave him a wide smile.

“You’ve guessed correctly,” I said.

He took two beautiful crystal goblets from the armoire and expertly uncorked the bottle but when I stood around waiting for him to pour it and he made no move to do so, I must have really looked like a confused hillbilly because he laughed out loud.

“You have to let fine wines breathe, Annie. Be patient, woman. But come here for a minute and sniff its bouquet.”

I felt weird and out of place as hell sticking my nose in that bottle and looked up at Mick not having a clue as to what to say next. Much to my surprise, he seemed delighted.

“Okay. Here is your first lesson, m’lady. The fragrance a mature wine gives once it is opened is its bouquet. Well, actually, it develops the two aspects of the olfactory sensations – aroma and bouquet.”

Over the next few hours, I would learn words like tannic, piccant, sulphury...Mick fancied himself quite the expert and I was his greedy for knowledge captive audience.

I also learned that day that whatever I’d done before in bed with John was mere child’s play.

I had entered a new exotic, erotic world and I never wanted to leave.