The Bass Player and I

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The audition was a success, and her bass playing isn't bad, either!

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"All in favor of killing Becky, raise their hands?"

Four hands shot up instantly.

"It's agreed, we kill the bitch. As soon as possible."

Oh, don't worry, dear reader, we're not really planning on killing someone. We'd like to, but we're not that violent or bloodthirsty. Becky is, or was, I should say, our bass player in our band, the Pastels. So named because of our love of 80's new wave, power pop and we all dress the part with big hair, pastels, etc. I play guitar and sing lead, Deanna plays lead guitar and sings, Kim plays keyboards, Violet plays drums and sings, and Becky had been our bass player who also sang some leads. The bitch had been very reliable until she got a boyfriend who also played, and she'd sat in with his band, and now had taken a regular gig with them leaving us in the lurch. We also had our biggest show coming up on Friday night at a decent sized club, and no bass player. At one point we'd been a power trio with me on bass, but I can't sing that well while I'm playing bass, and our material was too complicated now to even try.

"I can do some of your guitar parts, could we maybe minimize some of it?" asks Kim.

I shake my head as does Deanna. "Too much to change, and face it, maybe 5 songs we could pull off like that, everything else requires all of us." We'd developed a pretty good set, and we'd worked damn hard at getting tight and polished. Now Becky's betrayal was going to hurt us, big time. You bail on a big gig, kiss any hope of getting more of them goodbye.

Deanna is lost in intense concentration.

"Earth to Deanna, come in Deanna!" I call.

She looks up with a smile. "I have the answer. Khaos."

Khaos works at the Hot Gear Warehouse. He knows.....every musician within a hundred miles. He's weird, he has a lazy eye, and he'd ogle the shit out of all of us, but he'd know someone who could fit the bill. The guy's a creep, but he is pretty useful in these situations. He hooked me up in my first paying gig five years ago because he remembered that I'm a huge Matthew Sweet fan and knew all of his stuff. We decide to stop on by. Hot Gear Warehouse is not a fence, it's legal, but the name sounds good and it's best place to buy if you're on a budget, and if you know the people well, they'll help you find some great stuff, my Rickenbacker 325 was bought there as was my Telecaster.

Khaos mans the counter, and he leers as we come in.

"My favorite colors, but y'all are missing one, where's Teal?" He named us after the colors, which we hadn't thought of, so we all coordinated our outfits to go with it.

"Teal, aka Becky, has gone bitch on us and bailed for her boyfriend's shitty grunge band. We are now fucked unless we find a bass player that we can get set up on our set list by Friday and make a good show of it." I tell him. "Who is floating around in that incredible brain of yours that can do the job, oh wise one?" A little flattery never hurts.

He looks me up and down, looks Deanna up and down, and decides that Violet is the most ogle worthy in the band and checks her out pretty intently. Despite being the youngest, she's pretty sharp and she takes something out of her pocket and drops it.

"Ooooops. Dropped that. I'll have to get it." and she slowly, and exaggeratedly bends over to pick it up and gives Khaos a great view of her ass and legs as she's wearing shorts. His breath catches and as she stands back up she winks at me.

"Sooo...do you know of anyone that can help us, you sweet man?" she asks him with her most air headed look and voice. Khaos is putty in her hands.

"Bass, backing vocals, fast study, knowledge of most 80's stuff, and cute would be good, right?" He keeps these categories in his head somehow, with no written record or computers, he's actually pretty smart.

"We'd settle for a Labrador at this point." says Deanna. "As long as we can take the stage without a

problem."

"How's your Dutch?" he asks.

"Our Dutch? What does that have to do with it?"

"She's Dutch, but she speaks good English and knows a LOT of material, so language shouldn't be a problem, but it never hurts to ask, does it?"

"Okay, is she cool, sharp and is she a druggie? You know a few drinks are cool, but we're a drug-free band."

"She's clean as a whistle, very nice, funny and a recent transplant from Rotterdam. I think you'll get along all right, except she's not going to fit your look, she's got short hair."

"Pfft!" says Deanna. "As long as she can play, who cares about her hair? Give us the number you-"

"Well, thank you so much, could you please give us her number se we can make our big gig this weekend? You're so sweet to help us." Violet's got this guy all figured out. He rapidly scribbles out a number on a post it note and hands it to her. She caresses his hand softly as she takes it, as if to hint that she can't wait to see him again, although she's most likely revolted by him. "Thanks again Mr. Khaos, you're such a huge help, will you be at our show?"

"Uh yeah, yeah, I will, you playing Circus?"

"Oh, we're at Dante's House, I'll put you on the guest list!" she purrs.

We leave him grinning like an idiot and for once, he only eyes one of us instead of all of us.

The second we are out of his view she mimes puking.

"Yeah, he'll be on the guest list, just below my boyfriend, who will most likely snap him in two. Ewww! Let's just hope this chick can play!"

I punch in the number and hope. It rings three times and a very pleasant voice answers.

"Hallo! Wie is dit?..Wait. I am sorry, who is this please?"

"Hi! My name is Kayla, and I play guitar for a band called the Pastels. Our bass player quit on us and we have a big show on Friday night. Khaos said you might be able to help us out and he said you were pretty good."

"He is very nice, but he...looks at me funny. He said he does knows lots of bands though." She spoke with a bit of accent, but it was charming. "What type of stuffs does your band play?"

"We play mostly 80's new wave and pop stuff. Sometimes we play originals, but not this weekend."

"Is, um, sorry, are you the only girl in the band? Or are all of you girls?" she asks.

"All girls, and we're all pretty nice. You want to give us a try?"

"Okay, I tries it, where do I go, and please give me nice directions, my family has only been here three months, and I gets lost easily."

I give her directions and a brief set list and we agree to meet up in three hours. We head back to my house where we rehearse and get ready to go.

Two hours and 38 minutes later there's a knock on the door. Liese is about five foot two, with a pixie cut hairdo, and she's slim and in good shape, and she's got big blue eyes with long lashes. We've found our Jane Weidlin! We head out to my garage and Kim helps her get her amp out of her car. We're already tuned up and set, but she opens up her case to reveal her Rickenbacker 4001, which is finished in neon green, and she's tuned up in less than three minutes. We're impressed.

She does a quick check on her mic, and stands ready.

"Okay, I don't knows which keys we're in so tell me, or just start and I'll pick it up. I'll try the singing as we go, is that all right?"

"Sounds good Liese, we're starting off with "Goodbye To You"."

We launch into it and there's a few seconds as she adjusts to us and then we start to click. She's very solid and she watches us closely to see if we make any changes, and she kicks in her vocal at just the right spot with the rest of the girls, and makes a lightning quick adjustment as she's on the same note that Deanna is, we finish up and we all look at her with respect.

"Very nice, Liese, good catch on the vocals. You want to try 'One Thing Leads To Another'?"

She nods and grins. "It's one of my favorite, you know, lots of bass!"

We start up and she does know it well, and I realize she's better than Becky was, a more fluid, natural style compared to Becky's overly tight playing. I'm surprised as she takes a deeper note on the background vocals, but it sounds good! The rehearsal gets better and better, and now she's dancing a bit as she plays, and throws in a few heavy metal moves with me as Deanna blasts out her solos. We offer her a chance to sing lead on two songs and she does them well enough that they go back into our set, and in between songs, she and Violet obviously work well together as they jam little bits and pieces.

We finish up and she grabs a notebook out of her case and jots down all sorts of information. "Is it okay if I make a few cards with notes so I get all the keys right?" She laughs when Kim holds up her little notebook/cheat sheet and shows her.

We take a short break and she tells us a bit about her family moving from Rotterdam for her father's career.

"I am old enough I could have gotten my flat and stayed, but to see America? To not have to get a job for six months because father and mother want me to see all of this? I say 'Let's go!', and now I can play here, too?"

"Actually," I say, 'we may have to look into you not actually being officially part of the band just yet. Are you allowed to work on your visa?"

"I'm not sure yet. Let me check with father on that. Now let's get back to work. Can we try some stuff I likes?" She suggests a few songs and we give them a try, they sound good and so does she. She's also very cute. She'll fit the look, and I wonder if I can snag some of the stuff from Becky as far as the clothes so she can be our new "Teal".

We're done for the day, and she makes a list of songs she wants to really get better at, even though she wowed us completely. Violet, Kim and Deanna head out to grab some pizza and see a movie, and I offer Liese dinner as I'm getting ready to cook.

"You play guitar, sing and cook? You're very talented. Mother is not happy that I can't cook well. She

says all girls should know, but I tell her restaurants were made so we don't have to cook. Thank you, I will be happy to have dinner here. I can't cook, but if you need me to set table, or wash up after, I can do that."

I laugh. "No, I'm not exactly a great cook, just having some pasta, sauce and a salad, and I'll put it all in the dishwasher afterwards. Um, I didn't even think to ask, how old are you?"

"I'm 23, why do you ask?"

"Have to make sure you can play in the club, you have to be at least 18 to be in the band. Also, there's some wine in the refrigerator if you want. I'm having a glass, or there's soda, or juice or water or....nope, I think that's it."

"I'll pour the wine then. Where are the glasses?"

I tell her and she pours as I get dinner cooking. We toast to new friends and talk. She wants to be a fashion designer some day, and I tell her my dream of making it big as a musician. I tell her about my four previous bands, and the lone CD I've written, and she asks to hear it. I put it on and she's impressed. She tells me her musical experiences and the two previous bands she was in. We eat a leisurely dinner, chat more, get to know each other, compare influences and I find she's a big fan of several of mine. In short, she's very charming and sweet, and I see the band being much better with her in it.

We finish dinner and I toss everything in the washer and we head into my living room. Mom and Dad retired to Florida three years ago, and offered the house to me and my older sister, rent free as long as we take care of it, and it's a good deal. My sister is currently vacationing with her boyfriend in Mexico, so I'm all by myself for the next three weeks, and I'm already a bit lonely.

She sees my acoustic guitars on their stands and asks if it's ok if she plays one. I tell her to pick whichever she likes and have fun. She grabs my Ovation and I grab my Takamine and we sit down on the giant twin bean bags for some jamming. She knows a ton of stuff and we have a blast as we have a little more wine, and I notice that she's very, very good on guitar.

"You're just as good on guitar as you are bass. Have you ever played guitar in a band?"

"I have to concentrate too hard to play guitar in a band. Like this? Sure, I'm relaxed, put an audience in front of me? I am so nervous I almost pee my pants!" she says with a giggle. "Bass is easier, and I can dance along with the groove, unlike guitar."

Dance she did. She looked good doing it, too. Why am I thinking about that? She's really, really cute. Why is that in my head? I'm not gay. This is getting weird. I offer to show her some of my stage clothes and we head to my bedroom. Why did I offer to show her? I...do not know.

"This is my main outfit, I call it my Madonna set up, and it looks the part, and we all try to match it up. Sometimes we'll go all preppy and wear polo shirts and shorts with neon ankle socks and colored shoes. Sometimes we go all spandex and play the headbanger girl bit, but we always have our hair stuff matching in the pastel colors, hence our name. I'm green, Deanna is orange, Violet is purple, Kim is yellow and you'll be teal!"

As I dig through my drawers I find the teal head scarf and teal bow and I hand them to her.

"Your first uniform for the band! If Becky gives me some of the stuff back we'll be okay, if not, we can head to the mall and get some more stuff. It won't match perfectly, but it'll be close enough, try the scarf on!"

It looks good, but her mind and mine are on the same page.

"My hair's not long enough, but I can put a hairpiece on and it'll look right."

"You look all right just the way you are from where I stand." It slipped out. "I have no idea why I said that!"

She turns, gives me a big smile and tosses the scarf back on the dresser.

"I think you know why. I don't know if you really know what you are thinking now, I think you're a...you're confused about what you think."

"I'm not confused, I just thought that you'll look good in the band." I said that a little too fast for my own liking.

"No, that's not what you think. What you think is that I...look pretty in...um, you know, in a sexy way." Her smile grows bigger with those words. The odd part is, she's right. She is incredibly beautiful right now, and I am thinking things I have never thought before.

"I think you look at me like you maybe want to do more than just be friends. Am I right?" she asks quietly.

"I have a boyfriend." I said it with little conviction. I sort of do, but James is currently in my doghouse.

"So you have a boyfriend? I left one behind in Rotterdam, and I met a nice guy here that I have gone out with three times, and the last time we had sex. It doesn't means I can't like you. It doesn't means that you can't like me, either. It really doesn't mean anything. Only things that matters is what we want right now. Kayla, what do you wants right now?"

I am now scared to death.

"To....maybe kiss you?" I whisper.

Her smile is now a huge grin. "Silly! Then ask me, and I will, or maybe I just does the kissing first, yes?"

She pulls me close and kisses me. I have never kissed a woman before, and I don't know what to expect. The warm feelings and kind of rush was not what I expected. I kiss back and we both enjoy it, and her arms pull me closer and wrap around me, and mine wrap around her waist.

I am now totally into kissing a girl, and enjoying the hell out of it, but I have no idea what to do next. She apparently knows her way around, so I'll let her lead. She eventually pulls me over to my bed and we fall down on it and keep kissing, but as our tongues get more involved, I feel her fingers across my breasts as she caresses me, and it doesn't just make me tingle, it makes me wet! She stops kissing to smile at me and stroke my breasts, and then tells me that the shirt is kind of in the way. I laugh and remove it, and instead of taking any further time, I unsnap my bra and let it fall. She gives out a wolf whistle that makes me blush and giggles as I do, and then she lowers her mouth to softly lick my nipple. I let out a sigh of pleasure as a small shiver runs through me.

She kisses, licks and caresses my breasts and my pussy is now dripping wet. She smiles again. "You are okay? I'll ...be...slow, take my...time. OK?"

I am VERY ok with that!

She laughs at my enthusiastic nod and reaches down and pulls her shirt off to reveal a dainty white lace bra that snaps in the front, I reach up and undo it and it falls to reveal a beautiful pair of small, but lovely tits, with small, very pink nipples that stand upright. I have never until that moment looked at a woman's body with desire, but I want to kiss and suck on them too! I push her backward and start to kiss them and I take one nipple into my mouth and suck it gently. She lets out a soft moan as I do, and I suck it again. One hand of hers rests on the back of my head gently, and I feel her moving around with the other, but I am entranced by her lovely body.

I lick them and she begins to move around and I realize her other hand is trying to remove her jeans. I stop and assist her in pulling them off and tossing them on the floor, and I don't even give her a chance to pull off her panties as I slip my fingers under the band and pull them off to reveal her smooth pussy. I catch my breath as I see, and now I am...filled with desire for her.

I start to remove my jeans, but she takes over for me, and pulls them away. I'm wearing mismatched underwear, but she slides my panties off and she lets out what can only be called a lustful sigh as she eyes my trimmed landing strip.

Quietly, and under her breath I hear her say "So the red hair is not the real thing, yes?" and I laugh.

"No, it's not, you silly girl, but I don't think that's going to bother you at all, is it?"

"No, it is not." She kisses me passionately again, and we lie together naked. She starts to kiss down my body and she again caresses and sucks my nipples, but this time her fingertips brush between my legs, and I think she'll be embarrassed by my wetness, but she isn't. She slips a finger between my pussy lips and strokes me up and down for a moment, and lifts her hand to show me as she licks and sucks her finger. It makes me even hotter as it is so erotic.

She continues to touch, kiss and stroke my body all the way down until she reaches my aching pussy and then she pushes my legs apart and leans in to kiss my wet lips and she kisses me with the same passion she showed the other lips! I let out a low yowl of pleasure as it feels so good, and I hear her catch her breath. My pleasure makes her feel that way? Oh my god, this is so...sensual, so moving.....so....loving...

She focuses on just the lips with her tongue making the occasional drive inside of me, and it feels like nothing else I've ever known! I've had guys lick me, but not well or so passionately! Her hands aren't idle as she caresses my hips, my thighs, or she just reaches up to stroke my fingers and hands....

I feel her blow on my clit, and then she just flicks her tongue across it, and it's like a little jolt of electric pleasure. She does it again, and again, and my body responds each time by getting wetter and wetter and then she gently bites down on it with just her lips, but I can't help it as I orgasm with a groan, and I think she's going to stop. My orgasm only encourages her as she sucks it as hard as she can, and bites down on it again and again and I erupt in a second orgasm with a scream that is pure joy, but still she won't let up on me! She goes back to suck my lips and dart her tongue into me, taking deep licks up my pussy to the clit and now she uses her fingers to stroke my aching hole, and sucks deeply on my clit again as I come yet again, and by now I've lost control!

As the shudders of pleasure continue, she uses her fingers to press on my clit, but sucks the lips as

she does and her tongue slides into me and I come like I never have before! I'm shaking like a bucking bronco, and my hips are going every which way as I push her face deeper into me! She licks and sucks as hard as she can and my orgasm seems to last for a solid minute as I make more noise than I ever have!

She stops, and the tremors of bliss slowly subside. I gasp in relief that the intensity is over, but I cry with joy over the feelings I have for this beautiful girl who made me feel this way.

"How you feel now, Kayla? You like it with girls?" she asks with an impudent smile.

"Oooohhh Liese, that was so good! I've never felt anything like it!" I gush.

"That's 'cause girls know whats girls like! I bet boys gives better blowjobs, too!" she says with a giggle.

"I'll have to ask around on that, don't know for sure!" For some reason this sends us off in a fit of giggling.

We come down and cuddle together, and she curls up under my arm as we kiss.

"I don't know, I've only known you a few hours, but I think I like you lots, Kayla. I'm not for causing trouble with your boyfriend though."

"Um, James will have to deal with it. I think I like you lots, too. Enough to see how this works out. You're very sweet, as well as pretty good in bed!" I say with a wicked smirk.

She laughs and runs her fingers through my hair.

"Liese? Do you want me to....lick you like you did me? I will, but I've never done it so I don't know if I'll be very good at it." I'm worried that my inexperience could derail this before it gets going.

"If you want to, I would love that, but I liked pleasing you. Feel me, I get very wet when I do that for a girl. You don't have to."

"I'll try my best, I want to hear you make the same kind of noise I made...."

"Oh. Then I try to help you by telling you what I likes. You should always start off though with lots of

kisses. Lots and lots of kisses." she says with a grin. I take her face in my hands and kiss away. Her lips are soft and sweet, had I known kissing girls was like this, I'd have tried it ages ago!

I kiss and kiss, and then I slowly move to kiss her nipples, which are fully erect and just begging for attention. I take the one and lick it, and then softly take it in between my lips and suck it only to hear her let out a soft moan. I feel my own heat build as she does, and now I understand this kind of desire, to please her only makes my own pleasure the greater! Why did I never feel this with a guy?

I continue to lick and suck them and she only gives me direction when I bite down too hard, but she softly tells me I am doing well as her little sighs of pleasure continue, and I slide my fingers down to caress her smooth pussy. I don't know what she likes, but I know I love to slide my fingers up and down just on the edge of the lips, so I do that and I'm rewarded by a little bit of wetness and a small yip of pleasure, and I continue. I gently slide my index finger to the top of her wetness and gently stroke her clit, which is bigger than mine and engorged so I rub it as I softy bite down on her nipple and this time I elicit a muffled scream as she caresses the back of my head! I am making her feel good!

I can't delay any longer, but before I go down on her, I pull my finger up and show her as I suck it softly and taste a woman for the first time! It is....different, but I like it, and now I simply have to taste her fully! I slowly glide my tongue up her lips to flick it against her clit, and she writhes in bliss as I do, I suck on it and her hips buck and twist, and I softly bite down on it and she gasps!

She murmurs softly. "Oh baby, dat voelt goed! Alstublieft, niet stoppen!" I don't speak Dutch, but I'm convinced it's not a complaint!

"Do you like me tasting you, baby?" I ask softly and in between licks.

"Ja, heel veel! You are making me feel so sexy!"

I lick and suck her with everything I've got and she continues to moan and gasp as I pleasure her, and now I reach down between my own legs to rub my clit because I am just about soaking myself! It feels so fucking hot to make this beautiful goddess scream with pleasure! I drive my tongue as deep as I can, and use my free hand to tap against her clit, as my other hand takes care of my own, it's awkward, but it feels so good!

"Mijn God! Ik kom! Oh, I am coming for you!" and with that shout, her smooth pussy gushes forth and it soaks my face, but I stick my tongue out and try to get as much of her juices in my mouth as possible! She shakes and shudders and bucks back and forth, but then she begins to slowly calm down and even as she relaxes, little quakes of pleasure wash over her lithe body and she punctuates

them with soft sighs as she falls backwards to the pillows. My own orgasm isn't so spectacular, but it's good, and it was with her, which makes it better.

I pull myself up to face her and kiss her deeply.

"Liese, you.....are amazing."

She opens her eyes and shyly smiles at me.

"You....make me feel so...special...thank you for being with me..."

"You're welcome, was I okay at it?"'

She grabs me and squeezes my butt. "What you think? I grab everyone's butt? No, I only do that if you makes me feel real nice...and I feel, really, really nice."

We cuddle and enjoy the afterglow of our lovemaking and we just talk. We shower together and she spends the night in my arms. I not only have a fabulous bass player, but I think I have my first girlfriend! Thank you, Becky, I never thought your being selfish would pay off, but I guess I was wrong!

Note: The Dutch is easily translatable via Google. Don't give me grief about it, okay?