

# Close Distance

a sinful story by:  
daily dish

06:45 Thursday, June 17<sup>th</sup>

Trying to calm the nervousness in his voice Marcus tried to approach Ty. But it was always the same, the fear inside of him was the fear he fed through Ty so instead he kept his distance across the room and tried to make his voice sound as forceful as possible. "Look man we went to far this time!"

Ty looked over at Marcus and did his best to show that he disagreed. I am not about to front this time, we did go too far. We always do. We knew what had happened the previous nights and yet we still kept going. He could see the fear in Marcus as he stepped up to confront him. Either I make him relax now or we'll be going down later. "Marcus, no one here went any farther than we normally go, so just stop trippin."

"Ty. We went too far." I know he knows that I am right; he just doesn't want to accept any part of any of us being the blame.

"Look, we do what we do and that is it. We hype things up to get people to come out and there is nothing wrong with that. Whatever happens after that ... not our problem."

"Yea Ty, we hype things up. We talk about who will be there, what they will be wearing and what they will be doing, but this time...man we went too far. But that isn't our problem."

"Marcus, one last time, no we did not. We didn't know the first two times and we didn't know the last time that something like this was going to go down."

"Didn't know? Aww hell no! Didn't know! Get out of denial Ty, we did know! What do you think that last night was going to be

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different?" *It feeds us and every time we want more! And now that hunger may have gotten the best of us both. "Didn't know? Man look, we knew and this time it did go too far!"*

Ty knew Marcus, he was not about to sit up here and plead innocent to what we had knowledge of. "Look when you become the program director then you can change up things, until then we didn't know and we'll keep promoting parties the way I say to. The radio station is still backing me on this, so until they don't it goes my way."

"How many more is it going to take before we know Ty? How many more times man?"

Tuesday, June 15<sup>th</sup>

In the darkened basement the radio sat on long forgotten boxes from a move that seemed forever ago and blared...

*You are currently listening to 97.3 on your radio dial, WKLB, the Club party station. The only station that knows what all the clubs in the bay area are up to. It's 4:20; do you know where you are headed to tonight? Well before I head you to that place, I've got to give you the down low on tomorrow night's party place.*

Ty aka DJ Spin was on the radio once again. Go ahead; tell me where to go to this time.

*We have got the bomb party going on tomorrow tonight. It's Wednesday, you know you got to work on Thursday, but you know you got to get out. So this is what we have set up for you. Ladies we know you need your beauty rest,*

*cause the fella's love it when you look all fresh in the morning. So tomorrow night come dressed up to go back home to bed. The Club station is throwing their first Jammie Jam down at Club Perfection, where the ladies are always beyond the word itself.*

Nothing could be farther from the truth; but please far be it from me to interrupt. Please continue.

*Ladies come dressed up in your tightest dress downs. If you want to wear that thong, we need you to wear a wrap over it, just like we need to put a wrap over it when we creep up in the place. And you know which place I am talking about.*

Of course Ty, as usual, we all do. Its amazing how the FCC has no idea what you are talking about, isn't it?

*Ladies, when you come dressed down, we not only let you in the door for free, but we'll also pick up your bar tab for the rest of the night. Girlfriend payday is another two days away, so you don't have to worry, we got you. And fella's, we got your back to because payday is still two days away for you too. Pay five dollars to get in the door and we got your bar tab for two free draws and/or well drinks. Fella's this is the party you don't want to miss, ladies in their tightest night wear drinkin an unlimited supply of liquor - need I say more than that? Tomorrow night, Club Perfection, 10 p.m. Be there!*

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If all goes well tomorrow night, my note may read, "Thank you for making it even easier."

21:50 Wednesday, June 16<sup>th</sup>

Marcus looked in the passenger seat as his mobile phone illuminated the darkened car. He had tried to run as late as possible to the gig he was being paid for tonight or not even show up at all but the hunger had gotten the better of him. He knew it was Ty and he knew what he wanted. He hit the mute button for the radio, reached over and grabbed his phone. Without even a hello he gave his answer. "Ty I will be there. I am on my way to the club now. Dag man, I ain't backing out of nothing, all I am is running late. Chill."

"Alright man, I'll cover for you. This place is filling up already and the ladies, man they came showing everything."

Yea right. Ty plays up everything more than what it is. "Cool. Bye."

Marcus arrived at the parking area for the radio station members. As he pulled up to the parking attendant he thought, "Some gig, we don't even get free parking." He paid the \$15 and parked. I can do this; it won't be like the parties before. I'm hungry but I don't have to feed.

Walking through the parking lot he saw a couple of women being pushed by their friends to get out of the car and come in with them. They all had silk robes on, maybe this wasn't such a bad idea after all. As he made his way up the line, a girl called his name, when he looked over she pulled down her negligee just enough for him to catch a glimpse of what she

really wanted him to see. He yelled over, "Save it for later baby girl." Stupid ho, save it for later.

He walked up to the bouncer, gave him his props and walked inside the club. There were maybe 60 to 70 people in the club of which only about 8 to 10 women were actually walking around in their night wear. Of course Ty was on the radio making it sound like everybody was and making sure to point out some of what was being worn was barely legal to be worn in public. He made his way over to the DJ booth grabbing a drink to calm his nerves along the way.

"Marcus, late as usual. You know we don't even have to be up in here all night and you still show up late."

"Yea man, whatever."

It wasn't before too long when Marcus saw the girl who flashed him outside and pointed her out to Ty. The girl was just staring up at the DJ booth trying to see if she could get someone's attention. Ty just smiled and gave that look. It was the look we wanted to promote on the radio about the women who come to these parties and do exactly what we tell them to do. He said to her in words that were impossible for her to hear due to the volume of the music and the patrons of the club, "Stupid ho, save it for later."

She smiled. She giggled. She blew a kiss. She went back to her friends, pointed at the DJ booth and continued to flirt with whomever she thought she had the attention of.

We promoted the club until we had at least 150 heads in the door, finished up our spot, let the club DJ take over and left for the

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night. We had a spot on the morning show the next day plus our usual afternoon show. Tomorrow was going to be a long day. We are the ones who should have come dressed for bed.

06:00 Thursday, June 17<sup>th</sup>

The television blared in the basement with the sounds of the newscaster with the early morning news:

*In local news, another rape victim was found outside of a local nightclub last night, but this time the victim was left for dead. Club Perfection, which held their first "Jammie Jam" party sponsored by WKLB, was the site of the third attack. The victim, a 22 year old Bay Area woman, was attacked after she had left the club. Reports say that the woman had entered the club with two of her friends but left early by herself. When her friends could not find her, they sought help from the clubs bouncers who were of little assistance. The girls claim they had to beg them to help them find her.*

*A local off duty police officer, who works part time at the club, then found the missing woman about 30 feet away from the club in a parking lot restricted for club V.I.P's only. There are no reported descriptions of the attacker and the victim is still in intensive care unconscious at a local area hospital.*

*As reported, this is the third victim of these club attacks in the past weeks and the only connection the police have so far is that they*

*are all taking place where WKLB has sponsored parties. When WKLB was contacted in the earlier related cases, they said they have no part in the matters taking place, but hope the police resolve matters soon so that listeners will feel safe coming out to their events.*

No responsibility for what has been taking place? The world of illusion is such a lovely place for denial.

*The club video showed the victim in the club earlier that night with her friends but was not seen on the surveillance tape again. Police are asking any patrons of that club or the previous clubs where the crimes have taken place to call the tips line with any information they may have. That number is 1-888-5...*

Well everything went just as expected. Hope they got my note this morning to thank them.

With a click of the remote the television turned off and a hand reached over to turn on the radio which was tuned into the WKLB morning radio show with Marcus and Ty.

09:00 WKLB Radio Station Studio (Off Air)

"Look Ty, a note! What the hell Ty?"

"Yea, I read it, 'Thank you for making it even easier.' So what?"

"So what?"

"Marcus calm down. The station will hold out on another party for two weeks and then we can get back to business. Just chill in the

meantime. I need the extra money to but something else always presents itself. This radio station loves doing promotions."

"That is what you are concerned about, your wallet? When will it be enough Ty?"

Marcus looked over at the sound engineer who had a woman standing in his booth. She was tall for a woman, maybe about 6 feet and slender with the skin of caramel. Her hair was pulled back into a tight ponytail which he suspected wasn't even hers. She was dressed in a business suit - not our typical fan. I wonder what she wants. Maybe a new business opportunity is presenting itself since the club gigs are being put on hold. Marcus clicked the button that let his sound engineer hear him. "Yo Jack, who is that in there with you?"

"Someone that wants to speak to you two."

"How long until the next break?" Marcus looked over at her again; he had never seen her before. She wasn't at the club last night, so maybe she was here on business. When the break came they stepped into the hallway. Now what is it that she wants?

"Gentlemen."

"Hi. Can we help you?" Marcus rolled his eyes as Ty walked up and looked at her like she was the dessert on his dinner menu.

"Did you like my note?"

Marcus jumped, "Note? What note?"

Unmoved Ty continued his pursuit of her. "Yes, what note would that be, the one that has your phone number on it?"

"No baby, you're Ty right? Sorry, but the pictures on the web page do both of you no justice."

Marcus sighed a breath of relief as Ty got ready to bring it home. "Well thank you baby. But if it doesn't have your phone number on it then what note could it possibly be?"

The woman gave a slight smirk. "The one saying thank you."

"That was you?" Marcus blurted out.

Ty kept his composure. "Well we both don't know what we have done for you yet that would make you say thank you but I am sure we can be very accommodating."

"I was hoping that you would be." Marcus watched as she calmly walked to the small table in the tiny hallway that held the stations notes on it. Putting her hands into her coat pockets she pulled out two pairs of handcuffs and laid them out on the table.

Ty kept his composure. "Man baby, I know we talk all that wild stuff to you ladies on the radio, but here is not the time or the place. Maybe we can hook up when we are off the air."

that had walked in. With no where to run, Marcus gave up.

The woman walked up and traced her finger down Ty's face as the officers put him into handcuffs, "See baby, here is the deal. You have fallen into your own sickness. The music you play on this station has nothing to do with the actions I watched you commit last night. The encouragement you give to men about the women in those clubs, well baby, you just gave yourself away and now I am putting the both of you under arrest."

Ty had become furious. The officers did their best to restrain him. "Arrest me for what?"

"I am arresting you for the rape and murder of the victim outside Club Perfection last night." Ty gave her a confused look but she knew better. She returned his look with an answer. "Her name is - well was as of 20 minutes ago - Rochelle Clarkson. Not that you would care to know but just in case."

She turned to look at Marcus, whose face showed his guilt of attacking the woman until she was unconscious so that Ty could repeatedly rape her, "Maybe one day you'll find your own words to say."

Ty was furious. It took two officers to hold him back. "You've got nothing on us! Try me. You got nothin!"

She nodded to the officers take them both into custody and walked down the hallway. The guilt of not having done something sooner, like stopping what she witnessed before the young woman was knocked unconscious, calling the off duty police officer working at the club and telling them she had found them,

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