

## PRT 361- "...The More They Stay the Same"

It had been a week since I started my affair with Paolo and, while we didn't sneak off to my apartment everyday, there were several occasions where we snuck off to one of our dressing rooms for a quickie in between takes. Our affair was certainly one of pure physical attraction, because as much as I liked Paolo, it was clear to me that an actual relationship wouldn't work with us. The idea that he had a wife did bother me...but I just kept telling myself that it wasn't any different than what I did with Jon and I was fine with that. Somehow that didn't make it right.

Anyway, I was in the studio finishing up a mix of 'Criminal' when I decided it was time to call it a day. Everyone else had already gone home and I decided I needed to do the same. I was almost home when I remember I was out of milk and a few other things so I headed to the store. I went in and grabbed a cart. I decided that I wanted a treat. I deserved it after all my hard work. I went to the cookie aisle and grabbed a pack of Nutter Butters. I put them in the cart and was about to turn the corner into the next aisle, when I nearly had a head on cart collision.

"Oh god, I'm so sorry." I said as I noticed who the driver of the other cart was, "Jesse! Hey!"

"Michelle? Wow. Hi!" he said as he came around his cart and hugged me.

"It's so good to see you." I said.

"Likewise. I heard about what happened. I'm sorry."

I shook my head, "Thank you, but I feel I'm the one that should say sorry. We had something amazing and you went to Australia and I just ended it without warning."

"Yeah, to say I was shocked and hurt would be an understatement."

"I know. I'm surprised you don't hate me."

"Oh, Mich, I could never hate you."

"Really? You think we can still be friends?"

"With benefits? I'm kidding, I'm kidding. I don't expect us to pick up where we left off."

I looked at him, "What if we could pick up where we left off?"

He looked back at me, "Are you serious?"

I nodded, "I still like you and I'm back to dating around again. I do miss you."

"I miss you too."

"Meet me at my place in an hour?"

Jesse nodded, "See you then."

If it seemed a bit like I was trying to get back everyone I'd been dating before RJ that was probably because I was. I wanted to make RJ a blip in my life and completely move on. He had devastated me and I was ready to put that whole mess behind me.

And so, right on schedule, Jesse and I met up and wasted no time picking up where we had left off. With him it was more than just physical but it wasn't quite as deep as what I had with Rocky either. Jesse was fun and I did care deeply for him, but I guess we just didn't have the history I had with Rock.

After we made love he held me in his arms. I rested my head on his chest.

"That was amazing." I said.

"It was. I forgot how great you are." He said.

I smiled, "Thank you."

He continued to hold me until his cell phone rang. He reached over and picked it up, "Hello?...Oh, hi hun...I got sidetracked but I'm on my way...ok...see you soon." He hung up, "Sorry, I need to go. I'm supposed to go to my girlfriend's house tonight."

I sat straight up, "Girlfriend?"

"Ye-ah, didn't you know?"

"No, I didn't."

"We've been dating publicly. I thought you knew."

"But you said you wanted to pick up where we left off," I sighed, "Oh no...you mean you want to have an affair with me?"

“I thought you figured that out. God, Mich, I’m sorry.”

I closed my eyes and took a breath, I liked Jesse and it wasn’t like I wasn’t already seeing a man with a wife. A man with a girlfriend wasn’t any worse, “It’s ok. I was just shocked. If you still want to see me that’s fine.”

“You’re sure you’re ok with it?”

“Yeah, it’s ok. You should go. Call me later.”

Jesse leaned over and kissed me, “Will do.”

After he left I laid back in the bed. What was going on? How did I keep becoming ‘the other woman’? Ugh, this was annoying.

I decided I needed to get out so I got dressed and headed to the Viper Room. I needed to listen to music, dance, and just generally have some fun. I walked in and the first person I saw was Mina. I sighed and went to the other side of the bar to order. I wanted to avoid my ex-best friend at all costs. I had a couple of drinks then I went to the dance floor. I had having a great time moving to the music when I felt a pair of hand grab my hips from behind and start grinding up against me. I started grinding back against whoever it was.

“You’re hot.” The man behind me whispered.

I smiled and turned around. To my utter surprise I saw that the man was Jon. Yes. That Jon.

“Jonny...” I said.

“Hey baby.” He said.

I smiled and hugged him, “It’s so good to see you.”

“I’ll bet it is. I told you pizza boy couldn’t do it for you.”

“Newsflash, he left me.”

“You’re too much for him to handle. You need someone like me.” He said as he pulled me into his arms and kissed me. I had almost forgotten what it was like to kiss Jon...that is completely and utterly amazing.

The kiss finally broke and I just looked at him for a second. Finally I spoke, “Ready to relive the good old days?”

Jon smiled, “That’s my girl!”

And so Jon and I spent the rest of the night partying like it was 1991. We got so drunk it wasn’t even funny. I know I drank a lot, danced a lot, and made out with Jon a lot...but at some point I got so drunk that I don’t recall the details of what actually happened.

The next thing I did remember was waking up next to Jon the next morning. We were naked, which gave me a pretty good clue about what happened. Last time I got drunk and woke up to a naked man I ended up married. I looked at my hand. No ring. I looked around the room. No marriage license. OK, good. That was the last thing I needed...to re-marry my married ex-husband. Ugh. No thank you.

I was getting dressed when Jon woke up.

“Morning beautiful.” He mumbled.

I smiled, “Morning.”

“Last night was amazing.”

“You remember last night?” I asked.

“Yeah. You don’t?”

“Nope. But past experience tells me it probably was amazing.”

Jon smiled, “Good to know. So what does this mean anyway? Are we on again?”

I sighed, “I guess we’re on as we were before I married RJ.”

“Good, because I’ve missed you so much.”

“I know. You always say you miss me.”

“Because I love you Michi, you know that.”

“I know you do, in your way.”

“What does that mean?”

“Nothing, nothing. I’m just hung over and feel crappy.”

Jon nodded, “You should go make some coffee.”

“Yeah, I’m gonna.”

I made coffee and breakfast, which helped me feel a little better, then Jon headed out. He was hard at work on his own album.

So for those keeping score I was now having affairs with 3 men and also dating 1 other. Wow...just call me home wrecker. What was I doing anyway???

I ended up going to the studio to work on my own album. I wanted to re-record the guitar part on 'I Wish I Was Wrong' so that Mina wasn't on the album at all.

I walked into the studio and found Raye and Lita already there. Serena had some promotion of her own upcoming album and wouldn't make it to the studio.

"OK, we ready to do this?" I asked.

Raye sighed, "I guess so."

"You can do this."

"Mina already nailed this."

"Yeah, and Mina isn't part of this group anymore so we need to re-record."

"Fine, fine."

Lita and I sat at the board monitoring Raye while she played the guitar.

"She's good." Lita said.

I nodded, "Yeah."

"Are you ok Mich?"

"I'm fine."

"You don't seem fine."

"I am. I'm a little sick of the fact I have to fight you guys on the battlefield, but other than that I'm fine."

"You could stop the Sailor War."

"Gladly. All you have to do is get rid of Venus."

"What?"

"Strip her of her power and I'll call off the war."

"We can't do that and you know it!"

"Then war on."

"Michelle, you're being stubborn and ridiculous."

"Hey, it takes two people to start a war. Your leader is in on this too."

"I know. Mina is just as stubborn and ridiculous as you."

"There you have it."

Raye finished up her recording.

"Nice job." I said.

"Thanks." Raye said.

Lita sighed, "You know, we haven't done anything fun in ages...and I'm dying for some Moroccan food. Want to go to Tagine?"

"That sounds so good." Raye said, "You in Mich?"

I nodded, "Yeah, sure."

Tagine is a fairly popular restaurant in Beverly Hills that is also co-owned by Ryan. Yeah, ex-boyfriend Ryan. You see where this is going don't you?

We got to the restaurant and found a table. We ordered and while we waited for our food we made small talk. We were discussing the recent tabloid headlines (that is the flood of celebrities that had recently died) when I saw Ryan walk in. He wasn't at the restaurant all the time, but of course he would happen to show up that night. He saw me and my friends and walked over.

"Michelle? Hey you!" he said as he leaned down to hug me.

"Hey!" I replied.

"I haven't seen you since filming on our movie wrapped."

“Been busy. Shows to film, albums to record, and companies to run.”

Ryan laughed, “I know the feeling all too well.”

“How have you been?”

“Good, good. I heard you’re a single woman again.”

I smiled, “Yeah, I am. Not really worth talking about. Have you seen any rough cuts of the film?”

“No. And I understand the release date got pushed back from later this month to the fall.”

“Oh wow. I’ll have Holly look into that.”

“So what brings you to my little corner of Beverly Hills?”

“The food of course.” I smiled.

“Lita wanted Moroccan food, so here we are.” Raye said.

“Oh, right, Lita, you’re a chef aren’t you?” Ryan asked.

“Eh, a pastry chef I guess...but I’ve never had any formal training.” Lita said.

“Can you cook food other than pastries?”

“Lita is one of the best cooks ever.” Raye said.

“How would you like a cooking lesson from our sous-chef?”

“Seriously?” Lita asked.

“Yeah. It’s a slow night so the head chef can handle most of the orders. After you eat come on back to the kitchen.”

Ryan said.

“Oh my god, that’s awesome. Thanks Ryan.” Lita said.

“No problem. And Michelle, after dinner you want to go get some coffee and catch up?”

I smiled, “I’d like that.”

And so, after dinner, Ryan and I went to Starbucks and talked for hours. Finally I invited him back to my place and... you know.

So, current score: I’m seeing five men. Three have significant others they are cheating on with me and two are actually single...and I am quickly earning back my ‘slut of Sunset’ title.

Oh but wait, there’s more to this story...we’re not done yet.

The next day I was cleaning the kitchen and trying to decide what to eat when there was a knock on the door. I walked over to answer it. I opened it and saw Hunter standing there. To say I was shocked to see him was an understatement.

“Hunter...what are you doing here?” I asked.

“I’ve tried to stay away but...I heard about you and RJ and I had to check on you. Are you ok?” he asked.

I made a face, “I’ve been better...but you could have called to check on me. What are you doing here?”

Hunter sighed, “I think you know.”

“Have you left Ronny?”

“No.”

“So what are you doing here?”

“I wanted to be here for you.” He said pulling me into his arms.

I wanted to fight him...so bad...but when he held me I remembered why Hunter was the great love of my life. As safe as I felt with Rocky, there was something about Hunter...when he held me I felt like nothing in the world could touch me. I looked up and saw in his eyes what he wanted but I didn’t want to go there. OK, that’s a bold-face lie. I SO wanted to go there, but I knew it was wrong. He had a girlfriend. I was really getting sick of being the ‘on the side’ chick. Of course any resistance I may have had melted away the second he kissed me. Once his lips touched mine I was his to do with what he pleased. And he did. And it was great. I’d slept with five different guys in less than two weeks but none of them could compare to Hunter. Hunter truly was the great love of my life and I felt every bit of that love and passion in the way he kissed me, touched me, held me, and made love to me.

And when we were done he held me. I rested in those wonderfully strong arms and looked up in to those crystal blue eyes into that face I’d burned into my memory.

This was bad.

“Hunter, this was a mistake.” I said.

“Why?” he asked.

“Her name is Ronny, that’s why.”

He sighed, “I know, I know. I’m with Ronny but Mich...you know there is something between us.”

“But you’re seeing Ronny.”

“Can you honestly tell me you didn’t just enjoy what happened or that you wouldn’t do it again?”

I sighed, “No.”

“Ok then.”

“Does that mean you want it to happen again?”

“Of course.”

I paused, “Ok.”

He kissed me, “I love you Mich...I’m glad we had a chance to straighten this out but I need to go. Ronny is expecting me.”

“Oh, ok.”

He got dressed and headed out.

I stayed in bed and just started to cry. What was I doing?

Updated score: 6 men. 4 that are having an affair with me, 2 that are single. And yes, my name is Michelle and I’m the slut of Sunset.