



Greg Mills can also be read at the [Bastard of A and C](#)

This is what happened: I was have a late dinner at the St. Petersburg Marriott with two very nice people from the vendors I'm working with on this project, crappy bar food (bumpkin me) and osetra caviar (Deeee-lish. Ordered by my more worldly and presentable work chums). We were chatting, watching the hotel lounge fill up with older German tourists fresh from the opera. Then the clock struck 11. And the HOOKERS came to work. There were four of them, each with a slightly different hook. The first to arrive, was a sort of frumpy gal in a cocktail dress, something that makes no sense given the temperature was approaching 0°F. I think she was going for the single gal sipping a wine spritzer at the bar. <

Then Lady Sherbert, the she-ape who was later to offer herself to me. Ick! She was wearing fruit colors that Ray Charles would find too garish, top off with trowel applied make up and Midwestern owl lady bifocals on a chain. Interestingly, she avoided the bar and went straight to the conversation pit in the front of the lobby.

Three was a spooky goth chick, who was certainly on an opiate of some kind. Who could blame her, really?

And fourth was a gal who was moderately better dressed than than the woman attacked me.

Now here's the weird thing. I think that the three who worked the lounge are on some kind of shift system, 10 minutes on, 20 off, usually spent in the ladies powderroom. I tried to get one of the women I was dining with to go into the Ladies to spy on them, but no such luck.

Hookers attack!!!! And a mild reassetment ,vis-a-vis St. Petersburg

Written by Greg Mills

(This is the fucking filled to capacity with older German couples lounge in the pansy-ass Marriott. Just so we're clear.)

So we finishing eating and I head off to the lobby, that I might catch the whore-free elevator to my room that I might rest.

Sadly, it is a slow elevator in the Marriott, not one of the Otis company's greater models. My waiting for the elevator in the well lit lobby of the regional flagship of a middle of the road hotel chain was disturbed by a flash of tangerine and fushia, puncuated by the fwap-fwap-fwapping of sour cream flesh. The smell of Giorgio filled my nose. It was Lady Sherbert, the ugliest whore in the St. Petersburg Marriott whore collective, ready to bring to BRING the GAME.

"Eckskoos me. Eckskoos me, baybee."

I suddenly develop a deep, newly abiding interesting in the construction and craftsmanship of the Otis Elevator Company of Toledo, Ohio. I stare straight ahead, admiring the copper doors of the slowest elevator east of Estonia.

My plane of view is violated by Lady Sherbert, dancing a little jig like she has to piss: "Let me come to your room. We party, yes?" Her massive forearms were rippling.

Me, trying not to laugh: "Uh, no. No thank you. I'm going to sleep."

The doors slide open, I get in, and suddenly the slab has stood in the doorframe of the elevator. Those doors weren't closing.

"We party. It will be a fon-taz-tica time. CHEAP! One hour!"

"Oh, no thank you. I would like to go to bed now. To sleep. So, good night and please move."

"Okay, baby. I come by later, yes? Gimme your room number, we party?"

"Won't be necessary, ma'am. Good night."

"Okay, good night. Have fun, baby."

"Yeah. Thanks."