

S3 D13 DM / will stay away from Cargo as part of a lapdance.

Mohlenhoff followed his ex-wife to a dark VIP room. He sat down with his legs spread and waited patiently for Pang to take her shoes off so she could begin the lap dance. He felt like was in trouble. He just did not know for what reason.

In the middle of the process of taking her shoes off, Pang turned and handed him a card with a photo on each side.

“Seems like a threat to me,” Pang said. “Someone is warning me off owning The Old Free State. Someone who knows me really well.”

“Well, it wasn’t me. And there...are plenty of people...who know how obsessed you are with that paper.”

“Nothing has changed on that front, has it,” she said.

Mohlenhoff grinned and shook his head.

“Nope. Not that I know of. The paper is still not for sale. Everything seems the same with the paper. They’re still working on a huge new building just off of Main Street downtown.”

“Interesting. There's more going on than just this card, though.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yeah. I just got done having what I thought was a interview. Turns out it was a warning from the Coleburn Historical Society. I’ve been banned from ever returning to town.”

“Because of the novel.”

“Yes. Because of the novel.”

“What are you going to do about Yongsan? Don’t you have to pick him up on Friday?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, I’m willing to pick him up for you, so you don’t have to risk it.”

“Nah. I’m good.”

Finally, Pang was ready. She straddled him and began to rub her crotch against his.

“To what do I owe this honor, Brown Sugar,” he said.

“Ugh. Stop calling me that. I just thought I’d be friendly. We need to catch up. We have so much to talk about.”

From the inflection in her voice, Mohlenhoff knew his fears were right. He was in trouble. And it was very unusual for Pang to give him a lapdance like this. Their sexual activity was very irregular these days. The only consistent time they made love was once a year on Christmas Eve. Otherwise, it was whenever Pang happened to be horny and was willing to tolerate him in her bed for a night.

“Ok, what’s up?” Mohlenhoff said.

“What do you mean?”

“This is very out of character for you.”

He kept trying to adjust himself but Pang was being so frenetic that it was difficult for him to do so. It was almost as if Pang was *trying* to hurt him.

“You know I saw everything you did with Bleu in the jacuzzi. How could you? She’s one of my best employees. She usually doesn’t do shit like that.”

Uh oh, Mohlenhoff thought.

"The last thing I need is rumors swirling around the club about people having sex in our jacuzzi. Do you realize how much trouble I could get into because of your shenanigans? The Richmond Times-Dispatch would have a field day. I'm already a lightning rod for owning the place in the first place."

"I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. It won't happen again, I promise."

Pang was now facing away from him. He tried to adjust himself while she was changing positions, but she was too fast for him. He was beginning to feel real pain as Pang continued to grind herself against his crotch.

"Brown Sugar, I mean, *Union*, will you please let me fix myself. You're about to break my dick off."

"I have a date tonight," Pang said, continuing to grind.

"Ok? Congrats?"

Pang leaned back and put an arm around his neck. He reached up and cupped one of her breasts.

"Who's the lucky guy? Anyone I know?"

"It doesn't matter. All you need to know is he has a career and focus. Two things you would know nothing about."

Mohlenhoff chuckled.

"Impressive. You're moving up in the world. Maybe he'll be husband number four. You're going to be a regular Liz Taylor before it's over with."

Pang's third husband Jake Esselstyn died while on duty as a Navy SEAL. It was during their brief marriage that her son took her late husband's surname. Pang went back to putting all her weight on his crotch.

"Don't come to Cargo tonight," Pang said. "I don't want you crashing my date. Please, just give me this."

"Why do I have to change my plans because you need to get laid?"

"*Hajihmah*," Pang said in Korean. "I can't believe you. I just gave you a great lapdance for free. All I ask is that you stay away from Cargo."

She had a point.

"I promised some friends of mine I was going to meet them there tonight. But they're just kids. In their early 20s. They can survive, I guess."

"And promise me you won't show up at my apartment late tonight looking for somewhere to crash. Find the nearest cheap motel and sleep off your booze instead of ruining my plans."

"Ok, ok."

Despite the pain involved, Mohlenhoff came. Pang finally eased up. He shoved his hand down his pants and let out a sigh of relief when his position was sorted out. Pang rolled off of and sat next to him on the couch in silence.

"Was it good for you?" Pang joked.

He did not laugh.