

2006

Rockstars



Mini Ace

Twisted Sensitivity

1/1/2006

Rating: PG-13

Disclaimer: I own NOTHING! ☹

"C.C. damn it, come on, we gotta be on stage in five minutes!!" Bret said.

"Hang on!" C.C. yelled from his dressing room.

"Screw the pink lipstick C.C. we gotta go!!" Bobby screamed through the door.

"But-"

"No buts!"

"Fine, let's do this thing!" C.C. said coming out of the dressing room dressed in all pink.

"Sheesh C.C. we can see you coming a mile away." Rikki said while adding a cab hat to his own ensemble. C.C. stuck his tongue out childlike while putting a pink scarf around his neck.

Hotel Room Two Miles Away...

"Chell, are you ready?" I said as I put on my Poison leather jacket on and checking the time.

"Yeah, let's go." We arrived two hours early so we were guaranteed our seats in the front row. Fortunately, we got them right in front of Bret's mic stand. Two hours and fifteen minutes later a voice came over the system.

"Poison fans, are you ready for this??"

Everyone screamed, "Hell yea!"

"Then let's welcome Poison to the stage!!"

"Oh my god!!" I screamed as Rikki ran on stage twirling his bottle rockets.

"Oh shit, Ronna look at C.C.!!" I almost died laughing. I couldn't believe he was in all pink.

"Ready?" Rikki asked raising his sticks up in the air.

"Always," Bret said before singing, "I want action to night, satisfaction alright..." Rikki crashed the drums while looking into the crowd, spotting Chell and I.

"Now there are two ladies who are real Poison fans." I had no idea that Rikki was attached to me. Chell didn't know that Bret wanted to call of the concert and take her home with him. Rikki and Bret both hoped they had backstage passes. Eventually the band played the last song, Chell and I headed for the line to go backstage.

"Chell, I'm so nervous about meeting Rikki!"

"Well sis, I'm nervous about meeting Bret." Finally the band was ready for the meet and greet.

"Bret, hey Bret, there's those girls we wanted to meet."

"Well, let's go meet them."

"But what if she thinks I'm ugly?" Rikki said wringing his hands.

"Hey bud, read what her shirt says."

"It says *I love Rikki*."

"I highly doubt she thinks you're ugly." Bret said as they made their way towards them.

"Ohh Chell, Rikki and Bret are coming over here!!"

"Just calm down, it'll be ok. I promise."

"Hello ladies!" Rikki said as he came to stop in front of me. I could smell the Axe he was wearing.

"I do believe you have an advantage over me." Rikki said.

"R-really?" I managed to stammer.

"Yea, you know my name, but I don't know yours."

"Oh, my name is Ronna."

"Well, Ronna, are you hungry? The boys and I always go out to eat after the meet and greets. If you two can wait about thirty minutes you're welcome to join us." Chell and I looked at each other then back to the boys.

"Sure, we'd love to."

"Alright, you can sit in those chairs over there."

"As we started to walk towards the chairs C.C. put his arms around us and said, "Why hello cuties!"

"Hey," Bret and Rikki yelled, "She's mine!!"

C.C. threw his hands in the air and yelled, "Oh my God, I'm sooo sorry!!!" and darted towards a circle of groupies. Chell and I talked 'til Bret and Rikki came to get us. We went to Deny's for dinner. Of course, C.C. and Bobby hit on every hot woman that walked passed our table. Rikki and Bret had their arms around us at every chance possible and ignored all other women. That says a lot, especially for a rockstar. When Bobby and C.C. were away from the table flirting, Rikki and Bret asked us to go on tour with them. Three months later we found ourselves engaged to rockstars.

We decided to have a traditional double wedding. Our wedding colors were Poison's grabber green and white (figures huh?) Chell and I both wore satin and lace wedding gowns with veils. It was hard to keep the boys in tuxedos but they made it through the ceremony. The reception was held at a dance hall and all six of us put on more comfortable cloths. We partied well into the night. The next morning Chell and Bret left for Hawaii, Rikki and I for Paris; C.C. begged to go with us, I mean full out on his knees begging. But we left him on his knees at the airport. (C.C. on his knees may not be a good thing, he worries us.)

Seven months later, I was pregnant. We had a bouncing little boy named Gene. Two days after Gene was born, Chell found out she was pregnant. Bret and Chell also had a little boy and named him Paul. You had better watch out when you get these two together, especially when the members of KISS were at the house. However, that's another story.

The End