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1088 Words

CAIATHON

BY MELODI CODA LAINE

There are people depending on me. People *depend* on me. All 15,000 of my Instagram followers, in fact. Some of them have me convinced that they need me, actually. They're obsessed with me. They wanna know my birthdate and time (June 17, 2007 at 5:06 PM); if I have any siblings and what they're up to (my older sister, Soul, just graduated with her masters in education and gets married to Matthew next fall); who I'm dating and how our sex life is (my boyfriend, Kai, who is totally fucking hot, by the way, makes me feel really good and I make him feel really good, to say the very least); where I am and what I'm doing... Sometimes, like when Kai and I are together, I keep them in the dark. But on a night like this? They've been with me all day. And right now at this exact moment that I capture Caiathon enter the stage, I feel electricity course through my veins. I know I've been sent by God to do His work. I look down at my screen and see a message fly into the comments of my live.

UR DOING GOD'S WORK.

A message from Him Himself.

He's changed his clothes since the meet and greet. (It hadn't gone that great, if you were wondering. As suspected (read: unsuspected), he didn't take too well to my probing questions. I just wanted to get to know him more. Get inside his head. Understand why he got back together with that bitch, Fiora. Hell, I'd be better than her. He wasn't convinced, so I gave him the option for him and Fiora to have a foursome with Kai and I. That was the point at which I was removed. (I was live streaming that conversation, by the way. My fans, and everyone else, really, were on my side. They're not mad that he rejected me (and me and Kai), but they think he's a little stupid to have. I, obviously, agree.))

He went from a plain black tee and jeans to a plain white tee and jeans. He's relaxed, in his element. Singing and vibing to his own beats. His hair is so perfectly faded into his beard and beads of sweat come down his face, some a slow trickle, others treating it like it's a race. Have you ever come from just looking at someone? From just hearing their voice? Front row center has never looked, sounded, or *felt* better.

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Being an influencer has its perks when you love small artists. I put my hair up, my glasses on. I choose a shade of (deep) red lipstick from my purse and apply it to my bare lips. Confident he won't recognize me from the meet and greet, I enter Caiathon's after party, phone recording in my pocket.

The music is loud and the bass so low it sends ripples through my blood. The room is dark but with accents of orange light, I can tell the venue is fairly large and there are so many people here. I see other rising artists I adore, but my eyes scan the room for one person: Fiora.

"Fiora! Hi! Let me introduce myself. I'm Sabrina, @SabrinaSmith. It's very good to see you again. Have you had a drink yet? Personally, I'm just sticking with the champagne." She's perfectly confused and too afraid to ask if she knows me. I got her where I want her.

"The champagne is good, isn't it? I've had it before, but I'm not drinking at the moment, so I'll pass."

"Oh. That's fine. Please, have a seat, I'd still love to talk." I pull out a chair for her. "How are you and Cai doing? I know after the breakup and everything...? It must've been hard? And now you're back together..." She stares down, then to me, back down and to me again, her

eyebrows furrowed and I know what she's about to ask, so I stand quickly. "Hey! I love this song! Dance with me?" I put my hand out and we're on the floor. As she moves, I realize the pictures do her no justice. She's hot. "Where's Cai, anyway?" I say, trying to speak over the music. "Been looking forward to an interview. But he disappeared into the bathrooms and hasn't been back since." Her expression goes dull. The rumors are true then. "You don't think he's...?" She stumbles away from me and towards the bathrooms. I pull out my phone and tweet from my anonymous Twitter account (22,656 followers and counting) to tweet.

WHAT IF I TOLD U THE BATHROOM IS A
NICE PLACE TO DO IT WITH A DRUNK
CAIATHON

I attach to the thread a photo of the party and rush to Cai.

He's still sitting lonely in the corner. "Cai? Hi. It's Sabrina. Sabrina Smith? I don't know if you remember me. You gave me an interview a while back?"

"I do look like I want to do an interview right now?"

"No. In fact, it doesn't sound like you're capable. Well, what's wrong? Are you okay? You look kinda lonely." I sit closely beside him. He all but leans into me (I'm wearing his favorite scent).

"Fuckoff, will you?" I don't. I just sit there. I give him the time he needs to accept my presence. I rest my head on his shoulder and just sit there. Sit there until I can feel he's fully relaxed once again.

“Cai. What’s —”

“You fucking bastard!” Fiora comes out of nowhere (read: comes from the bathroom, as expected) screaming. Well, it’s more of a squeal.

“Fiora, nownot — now.” he says.

Fiora is bawling. “Christ! How many times??” She shoves his phone to his face. I can see my tweet already has 70k likes and 27k retweets. “I’m done,” she sobs and stalks away. I put an effort into turning my smirk into a neutral expression with a touch of confusion and sadness in my eyes. I pull out my phone to play along.

“Is it true, Cai? You slept with someone tonight?”

“You — Wouldyou shuthe fuckup?” I do. But surely I won’t leave him in his time of need. I’ll wait for him to sober up, or, to nearly poison himself. I’ll let his crew know I’m taking him home, and they’ll let me because he’ll be clinging to me. And when we get home, I’ll patiently wait for the tweet to come true. (Except we don’t have to do it in his bathroom).