**Morning Star Cafe**

A stranger sat at her table claiming to be her soulmate, which was weird because she had just sold her soul to the devil last year. “No, you must be mistaken because I don’t actually have a soul. You should get clever points for that awesome pickup line though. ,” I roll my eyes and go back to reading my book, hoping that he gets the hint. Too bad, he was cute. He clears his throat and seemingly pulls a paper out of thin air. “Yes my dear you do because I am the one you sold it to .” Waving the piece of paper in front of my face, I can clearly see my name. Oh, could this be my first stalker? “Do you really expect me to believe that you are the devil? ” “Pleased to meet you, my name is Samael, but you can call me Sam.” He holds his hand out like he expects me to shake it. Okay, proper much? He must be the son of one of the regulars. I ignore it. “ Right, Sam, if you really are the Devil you would know that the deal was my soul for success. I am still playing at this shitty coffee shop for the elderly.” He laughs . ‘All good things love. All good things.” “All good things my ass. Do you know how tedious it is to play every night for only fifty bucks? Mind you, to zombies that just drool into their tapioca pudding! They wouldn’t know good music if it bit them in the depends. I want my own stage . I want my name in bright lights, I want thousands of people screaming for me, but im still stuck here as a community college dropout and a constant disppointment.” I haven’t used a good trauma dump on anyone in a while, that was therapeutic. If I tell him about my childhood now he should be running for the hills. He only smiles and pulls out a book of his own, Dantes Inferno, and it looks to be old and well read. “Did he get anything right.” He smirks as his eyes flash yellow and reptilian. Whoa. I suddenly remember that he said that I was his Soulmate. “Why do you think that I am your soulmate? I’m ordinary, not Demonic, not Angelic, just human.” “You sold your soul to the devil, that’s not your usual human thing.” “Oh really, so no politicians or celebrities have ever really done that? I didn’t think that it would work. I was drunk and sad because I had just been dumped by my fiance.” “Oh, celebrities and politicians try to sell their souls to me all the time but I have never been interested.”

“Why me though?” “Well, I was kicked out of heaven for questioning God, you were kicked out of the church for the same thing. Your name is Lillith and I do have a fondness for that name. Your ex’s name was Adam. It was too irresistible of a coincidence to resist.” We were rudely interrupted by a Broad that looks like she saw the civil war in living color.

“Young lady, are you the guitar player and singer that works here?”

“ Yes ma’am, that is me. How may I help you?” “I was wondering if I could make a request?” “Of corse.” knowing damn well It’s going to be something terrible. “Moon River, Breakfast at Tiffany’s has always been my favorite movie.” Surprised, I smile. “Mine too.” She walks off looking pleased. “It looks like I am in time for a show.” I get up and head to the counter to let Mike the barista know it is showtime. “Hey M do you mind if I play now?” “I wouldn’t care if you set the building on fire with me in it.” “Ha, okay, thanks.” I go to the back room and grab Delilah, my guitar. I shake my head, everything’s biblical today. I set up by the front window when a woman walks in while having an argument on the phone. “How the hell was I supposed to know that he would take that much molly?” None of my business. “Hello everyone. My name is Lillith Ann and I am here to entertain the masses.” I look over to Sam. He’s talking to the old woman like they have known each other long. He looks up at Me, smiles, then rolls his hand like he is saying get on with it already lady. I start strumming.

*“Moon River, wider than a mile I’m crossing you in style some day Oh dream maker, your heart breaker Wherever you’re going I’m going your way Two drifters, off to see the world, There’s such a lot of world to see, We’re after the same rainbows end, waitin round the bend, My huckleberry friend, moon river and me.”*

There is small polite round of applause before I go into my regular set. Forty minutes pass and it looks like Mike has had enough espresso to fuel an elephant to the moon. “Thank you everyone, once again, my name is Lillith Ann and im here every night . Tip your waitresses, and goodnight.” I walk back over to my table where Sam is still hanging with Granny. “Son, you’ve been alone enough . It’s time.” Hey soulmate, I see you and my new bff has have become chummy. Ma’am, I hope that I did you proud.” Oh yes, that was very beautiful dear. I absolutely adored it and all those other songs too. You should be on the radio!” “Thank you ma’am, maybe someday. ” “If my timings right, it should be pretty soon. By the way, Please call me Gaia. Ive been watching you for a while.” Gaia? Where do I know that name from? What is my life? I look over at her and I notice her eyes are glowing bright blue. “Are you two related? ” Yes dear, this is my son.” Oh God, literaly. M rushes to the table. “Hey Lil, this lady left this card for you.” It says Bez Mcgraw, Queen B Music Bitch A.K.A. Music Producer La. Ca. a bunch of heart emojis and a cell number. I turn it over. GIRLLL I don’t know where the hell you have been, but you NEED to call me!!!

Five years later…

“And the grammy for album of the year goes to: Lillith Ann with her debut album” Phosphoros. ” The auditorium erupts in applause.” First of all, I would like to thank God which I know its cheesy but it’s the truth. Second, I would like to thank Satan.” The croud laughs. “Ha ha jk I mean my husband Sam, he’s been with me since the beginning, and the only one I want with me to the end.”