

This is [Google](#)'s [cache](#) of <http://www.tuckermax.com/Stories/missvermont.htm>.  
[Google](#)'s cache is the snapshot that we took of the page as we crawled the web.  
The page may have changed since that time. Click here for the [current page](#) without highlighting.  
To link to or bookmark this page, use the following url: <http://www.google.com/search?q=cache:YHf24TuzrA4J:www.tuckermax.com/Stories/missvermont.htm+katy+johnson+site:tuckermax.com&hl=en&ie=UTF-8>

*Google is not affiliated with the authors of this page nor responsible for its content.*

These search terms have been highlighted: **katy johnson**

## BELLIGERENCE AND DEBAUCHERY: THE TUCKER MAX STORIES

### The Miss Vermont Story

This is the complete and unabridged story of my relationship with **Katy Johnson**, known to my friends and her fans as Miss Vermont. I normally don't like writing about the specific details of relationships or hook-ups for many reasons, but this is an exception. After putting up the giant hypocrisy that is [her webpage](#), she has to be ready for what I write.

I must prepare you, in advance, for what you are about to read...it is as ridiculous and surreal as anything I have ever written, and possibly anything you have ever read. This relationship was outlandish even by Tucker Max standards. You may not believe some of what is written here. To that, I can only tell you that I have several witnesses to most of the events here, and the wedding was, well, a wedding, so there were hundreds of people there.

Furthermore, this is a long story, because I didn't want to leave out any of the details, lest the story seem forced or less amazing that it really was.

And to **Katy**: Even though you haven't responded to the email I sent you, I know you check this site every few weeks. You are welcome to email me with corrections or additions to the story. If I got something wrong or left something out, please let me know and I'll be happy to change it. In fact, I'll go farther. If you want to write your own version of our relationship, I swear to my god, that I will post it, COMPLETELY UNABRIDGED, right next to mine. This is your opportunity to rebut anything I say here.

---

The summer after law school graduation, I moved to Boca Raton, Florida and took a job managing my father's restaurants. I wasn't

really expecting to meet a girl I would like, as the general intellectual level of South Florida is somewhere above "functionally retarded." After I had been in Boca about two months, I hadn't really had any sort of relationship other than emotionally uninvolved sex with morally suspicious girls, and I eventually resigned myself to vacant sex with the vapid idiots that infest South Florida.

One day I was at my gym, The Athletic Club of Boca Raton. It is a massive airplane hanger of a building; a gym, health club, spa, lounge and restaurant rolled into one. Basically, it's the type of place where guttural grunts and flexing underneath tight shiny shirts passes for foreplay. Welcome to Florida. For several years it's been the "in" place to workout in Boca, one of the primest meat markets in a town full of butcher shops. I usually tried to avoid peak hours and the throngs of scantily clad gold-digging whores positioning themselves for fifth husbands. Don't mistake me--staring at dozens of immense fake breasts spilling out of sports bras is fun for a while, but it gets old quick, especially when those breasts are attached to faces that tell the story vacant personalities do not. These women have circled the drain a few times, and no manner of plastic surgery or trips to the spa can hide that despair that years of whorish behavior and emotional prostitution leaves in the eyes.

I was in the free weight section of the gym, and one girl kept catching my eye, more for what she wasn't showing rather than what she was. She had a navy blue hat on, pulled tight over her face, a loose fitting white cotton T-shirt, and green basketball shorts. Not the standard Boca female gym outfit. Staring at her between sets, I realized that she was very attractive. By trying to hide that attractiveness, she became even better looking. The logo on her shorts said, "Vermont Law," which gave me the perfect in. My law degree would finally get some good use.

I approached her as she paused between sets, and asked if she had attended law school at Vermont. She told me she didn't, that she went to undergrad there, but that she was attending Stetson for law school. I told her I just graduated from law school at Duke, and the look on her face told me all I needed to know. It was about 7:30, she was obviously into me, so I decided throw my hat in the ring:

"So, what are you doing tonight?"

She lowered her head slightly and brushed her hair behind her ear, "Nothing."

"You hungry? Want to get something to eat?"

She looked up at me, her eyes bright, and said in an earnest, non-seductive way, "I am always hungry."

I swear to god these exact words came out of her mouth. I told her to meet me at Max's Grille at around 8:30. She agreed and I left. By the time I got to the restaurant, I had forgotten her name. Great. My family owns the restaurant (in case you hadn't gotten that from the "Max" in "Max's Grille"), so I got one of the managers to stand by the door with me until she came in. He introduced himself to her, she gave him her name right back, "Hi, I'm **Katy Johnson**." I'm sneaky.

I'll be honest: She looked amazing. You've seen her webpage by now, but it doesn't do her justice; she really is better looking in person. She wore a peach colored dress that might as well have been painted on her almost perfectly shaped body, full breasts taut against the upper lip of the dress, cleavage everywhere...I was excited. I have charmed my share of women, but I wish I had recorded my conversation that night. Anyone who has ever played sports knows the feeling of "being in the zone." It's when you have one of those transcendental games, where everything works, when you see the entire court, you are three steps ahead of everyone else, the game slows down while you keep going at full speed, everything you throw up goes in, and when you miss, the rebound comes right back at you.

I was having one of those nights. I was beyond good or bad; I was simply operating at a different level from everyone else. I was MJ

in the Finals. The conversation was great; I was hitting all her buttons in exactly the right way. One of the specific things I remember us talking about was that she was Miss Vermont, twice, and that she hadn't finished in the top ten in either the Miss America or the Miss USA pageant, and that she was very upset by this, because she had all sorts of endorsement and movie deals set up if she had only finished in the top ten in either, and now she didn't know what she was going to do with her life, as she was finished with pageants, which had been her entire meaning the past few years. She had even moved to Vermont and transferred to the University of Vermont during undergrad in order to establish residency there so she could be sure and win a state pageant, because she was unsure that she could win either of the Miss Florida titles. My comment up upon hearing this story, "Those judges were obviously idiots." She turned to me, placed her hand upon my arm, tilted her head, and said "Really?" I just looked at her, with a controlled smirk on my face, and didn't say anything.

I've had girls melt on me before, but had never actually seen it as graphically and completely at that moment.

So let's see...beautiful girl, been judged on her beauty all her life, depressed about being rejected from her life goal, completely lost her focus...does anyone else see where this is going? After dinner, we adjourned to a bar next-door called Gigi's and got some cocktails. We were sitting on the couches in the back, when she said to me, "I can't believe I'm doing this. I never drink this much." This was going to become an on-going theme in our relationship. I said nothing, because in this case, the best offense is no offense. She was searching for validation, and the best thing to do was not to offer it, but rather to make her work for it. Barely half-way into the drink, she said, "Tucker...do you find me attractive?" With this, she literally put her leg over mine and sort of halfway climbed on top of me, pushing her breasts in my face, "Do you think I'm hot?"

The next thing I knew, we were out in the middle of Mizner Park (the outdoor piazza where Max's Grille and Gigi's are located), kissing in the middle of the grassy median. It was really starting to get out of hand; I was pushing her dress up, she was undoing my belt, and we were quickly moving towards passionate humping. The only problem: It was Tuesday at 12:30, and though the park was empty, I really didn't want to get caught having sex under a gazebo right in front of my parent's restaurant. I begin telling her that we have to relax, that we can't do this here. Predictably, she thought I was playing hard to get; of course this only made her want me more.

In response, she desperately intensified her attack on my loins, slipping a hand down my pants, and bringing one of my hands up to her now-exposed left breast. I desperately tried to formulate a plan about where we could fuck. My apartment was a no-go (for reasons too long to explain here). She lived with her parents, so that was a definite no-go. Remembering that she drove, I asked, "Where did you park?" She pointed right behind us, and sitting there on the curb, not twenty yards away, was the solution:

A white Ford Explorer.

Without the third-row seat.

I did my best this one time to try and make my move romantic: "Have you ever hooked up in your car?" Hey--that's romantic for me, alright? She smiled, so I grabbed her arm, and we half-sprinted toward the car.

I have hooked up with enough girls to be able to make an educated comparison, and let me just tell you--I have rarely seen anyone so eager and enthusiastic about sex. Our clothes were off, in the back of a Ford Explorer, where there is not much room to spare, in less than 30 seconds. About a second after that she mounted me, and...I doubt I have to go into detail. If you've done something like this

before, you can fill in the blanks. But just to be clear, yes, I inserted my penis into her vagina and we had sexual intercourse. When we were finished, she said to me, "You have a lot of experience, don't you?" We eventually exchanged numbers and said goodbye.

The next day, around 11am, I got a hysterical message from **Katy**. She was distraught, nearly crying. I couldn't understand her message, so I called her, fully expecting the worst. Apparently, that morning her mother was looking in **Katy's** car for something, found my boxer-briefs on the floor, which I, in my post-coital stupor, had unwittingly left in her car. **Katy's** mom completely flipped out. Stormed into **Katy's** room, woke her up, called her a whore, a tramp, etc. **Katy**, to her credit, kept her cool, and told her mother that they were her workout underwear, and that she wore them under her shorts the day before at the gym and just forgot to bring them in the house. It was only after her mom bought the story that **Katy** called me in hysterics. Go figure.

For our second date, I invited her to my place and cooked for her. I forget what I made; I think it was Miso glazed Chilean sea bass and Asian baby vegetables. I orchestrated it, as per standard Tucker Max procedure at the time, so that she would arrive as I was in the middle of preparing and cooking the meal. This is a money move, because it allows me to showcase my cooking talents while the girl sits in the kitchen drinking wine and watching me cook. She was more blown away than most girls and, after a large glass of Mer de Soleil Chardonnay, came over to where I was standing, at the stove searing the fish, pulled my pants down, and went down on me right there in the kitchen. The fish burned, but whatever. She still ate well.

We saw each other somewhat consistently over the next few weeks. It was a relationship defined very much by sex. After our first two dates, it shouldn't be difficult to see why. She could not get enough of me, especially sexually, and I was a big fan of her always eager body. Contrary to what it may seem like from the story thus far, she was very inexperienced with sex. With me, she was experiencing a whole new world. For example, consider these VERBATIM quotes:

"I didn't know what sex was before you,"  
"You're like a disease. A Tucker sex disease."  
"You infiltrate me and my body craves you. You're an addiction."

She loved sex with me because I was apparently much better than anyone she had ever been with. She claimed that she had been with only 2 guys before me, and given the facts I observed over the next few weeks, I believed her. It has nothing to do with her outward persona--please. Fucking me in the back of a Ford Explorer five hours after meeting me demolished any ability for me to take her abstinence and chastity bit seriously. But there were numerous other things that pointed to her inexperience. She was very schizophrenic about sex. One day, she'd want to fuck every minute of every hour, not caring if we ate or slept. Two days later, she wouldn't come home with me after a date. It was like she couldn't resolve the battle in her consciousness, and vacillated between sides.

Most tellingly, she just didn't have sex like she knew what she was doing. There is a difference between an inexperienced girl reacting to her first real sexual encounters and an experienced woman acting inexperienced. I've been with both, and she was quite obviously the former.

For instance, after a few days of intense sexual activity, **Katy** was having problems with soreness and was waking up with nausea. I told her to go to a gynecologist, something that, much to my shock, she had never done before. A few days later she called me and left this message, "Tucker, I just got back from the ob/gyn and we need to talk."

Now tell me--what would you have done after that message? I freaked, and was busy orchestrating a complicated plan to throw her down the stairs when I finally got her on the phone. No, she wasn't pregnant, but, and again I am quoting, "My ob/gyn said the soreness is because of you. He said you need to be gentler with my pussy."

The next time we had sex I was less selfish and much gentler, and I guess it worked well, because she came so violently she almost passed out. When she regained her composure, she said:

"Jesus Christ, you are amazing. Where did you learn to fuck like that?"  
"Home schooling."

I had a wedding coming up in a few weeks, and I decided to invite her to go with me. My thought process was simple: She is hot, and is always pretty entertaining, both for my friends and myself. Plus, my friends had seen her old website, and wanted to meet her. The groom even wanted one of her action figures as his wedding gift, but she didn't have any. She agreed to go, and we decided to drive to the wedding, which was in the Outer Banks of North Carolina. Why drive instead of fly? She wanted to have sex in every state along the way. The trip was rather uneventful, except that we forgot to have sex in South Carolina. Sadly enough, the sex wasn't the highlight of the drive; it was this quote by **Katy**, "When I moved to law school, my mother was afraid I was going to starve. But then I had a pageant coming up, so she hoped I did starve." With a childhood like that, it's no wonder she's the way she is.

We got to the Outer Banks and the groom, my friend we will call "GoldenBoy," rented a bunch of massive, 6 bedroom houses on the beach for all of his friends. The pre-party had already started at his house, and when I got there I introduced her to everyone and started drinking. I pretty much ignored **Katy** and let all of GoldenBoy's friends from college throw game at her. Of course, by ignoring her, I only made her want me more. Women are funny.

Later that night, the ones who had made it in, me, Hate, BrownHole, JonBenet and ECredit were all collected at our house bullshitting before bed. **Katy** was already asleep. At one point, BrownHole got up to get a glass of water for himself and one for JonBenet, but on the trip back from the kitchen he accidentally spilled some water on JonBenet. When sober, JonBenet is a great guy, and everyone loves him. When drunk, he becomes demonic. This particular night, getting water spilled on him set him off, so he flipped a table over, grabbed the glass out of BrownHole's hands and fired it against the floor, the glass shattering all over the house. I busted out laughing and then went and woke up **Katy** for sex.

The next day at breakfast was when my friends got their first indication that **Katy** might be a little "different." PWJ had come in at like 3am (he got so drunk in the airport bar that they wouldn't allow him on his first flight, or the next one) and we were recounting JonBenet's little spat with the glass, when **Katy**, confused as to whether the glass shattered or not, said to everyone at the table, "Did it broke?" No one was sure what to say, and I just laughed and then ignored her. They got an even better indication of what she was like when PWJ asked what she read. The conversation went like this:

PWJ "I actually kinda like the Harry Potter books."

**Katy** "I do too! Don't you just wish they were real?!? I wish I could play Quiddich and meet Hermione and everyone!! It's just so . . .  
MAGICAL!!!!"

She was being serious.

PWJ "Uhhh, I guess...so what else do you read? Lot's of magazines probably?"

**Katy** "I don't read magazines; I just look at the pictures."

Later that day, she went for a walk on the beach with JonBenet and BrownHole. JonBenet came back early from the walk, erupting with laughter. He said that he was talking to **Katy** about me, and just blurted out, "Be nice to him, he has a big heart." He then continued to us, "I don't know where that came from? You are the biggest fucking jerk I know, hmm." I asked him where she was, and he told us she was still walking on the beach with BrownHole. At this information, the entire group broke down laughing.

Some background info, that later becomes very important: While in law school, BrownHole made his living eating my leftovers. Seriously. In the three years at Duke, he hooked up with at least three girls after I was through with them, and tried to get with just about every other one I was dating, most of the time even when I was seeing them. This never bothered me, because either I didn't really care about the girl, or if I did, I knew he had no ability to take a girl from me that I cared about.

The day dragged by as we nursed Coronas and watched James Bond films. Our favorite was "Gold Finger" because of the scene where Sean Connery is with some girl at the pool, and when some other agent comes along to talk to him, Sean smacks her on the ass, and tells her to "...run along now. Man talk." JonBenet bet me I wouldn't do this to **Katy** at the reception. I'm sorry, did you just call out Tucker Max? About disrespecting a whore? My friends know how to push my buttons, so fasten your seatbelts folks, good times are ahead...

**Katy** eventually came back to the house, and my friends quizzed her about her conversation with BrownHole, laughing the whole time, as **Katy** recounted the wonderful conversation she had with him, and what a good listener he was, etc. Eventually PWJ had enough and let her in on the secret,

"**Katy**, [BrownHole] is trying to hook up with you."

"No, he's being so nice."

Isn't blind naiveté charming? Like the idiots we were, we got so caught up in beer and Bond that before we realized, it was 5pm and the ceremony had already started. We threw on our clothes and got there just in time to see them take their vows. Like a bunch of assholes, we walked right in and sat in the pews, ignoring the people standing in the back of the church. Our entrance was made even more distracting by Miss Vermont's ensemble. She wore a red dress. Not only a red dress, a short, skin tight, strapless red dress. With sequins. And a push up bra. I heard one wedding guest whisper something about "the girl with the boobs." It made me proud. Not many people realize that "Here Comes the Bride" is taken from a Wagner opera involving a prostitute, but it was appropriate for Miss Vermont. PWJ had actually made it on time because he was playing guitar in the wedding, and was so distracted by our entrance that he forgot the music to "Canon in D" halfway into it. Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to my life.

After disrupting the wedding, it was time to ruin the reception. The reception was at a bed and breakfast that was only accessible via a long dirt road, so most people parked their cars at a gas station and took a van that was rented to shuttle people back and forth. **Katy** and I instead drove her Explorer there, and thus got a nice early start on the drinking. **Katy** is an utterly unaccomplished drinker, her skill akin to that of a 17 year old high school girl. Well, as soon as we got there, she followed my lead and got a martini.

Tucker "What are you doing? You can't handle your liquor. Be careful."

**Katy** "I'm fine. I can do it. Don't worry."

File this under "Obvious Foreshadowing."

Everyone poured into the reception area, and once the crowd was large enough, it was time to settle the bet. I was in a group with JonBenet, PWJ, ECredit and Hate. **Katy** came up and started talking to the group. After about ten minutes, JonBenet and I exchanged glances, I slapped her on the ass, and said: "Run along baby. It's time for Man-Talk." Thankfully, my friends held it together. She gave a slightly hurt look, an "OK," and walked off. They all immediately broke down laughing. I took my deserving place as King of the Reception! It may have been GoldenBoy's wedding, but I had won the crown!

For a while. Though it was funny at the time, this one act set off a remarkable chain reaction, catapulting **Katy** out of the "random whore" category and into the "remarkable whore" category, and leading all the way to this story. Here is how: After such a curt brush off by me, **Katy**, presumably to make me jealous, started talking to GoldenBoy's friends, the same ones that she was talking to the night before. They had no idea she was such a novice drinker, and fed her about 3 cosmopolitans over the next hour or so. I wasn't paying much attention, until she wandered over to where I was and said: "Is Man-Talk over?"

Oh Great Holy Jesus. Her speech was slurred to a degree that would make a dock worker blush. I just shook my head in a "I can't believe this is happening" sort of way, and turned away from her. Three minutes later, I hear a giant crash behind me, and turn to find **Katy** wobbling around, staring at a smashed martini glass at her feet. Someone behind me, I think it was JonBenet, said, "I guess it did broke."

It was 7pm. Dinner wasn't until 8:30.

All of GoldenBoy's friends quickly helped her clean up. I grabbed some chunky college girl that PWJ had been hitting on, who had a room at the bed and breakfast, and told her, "You need to look after her. She is already shit faced. Take her to your room and put her to bed." Then I refilled my drink and walked to a separate part of the party. I had to leave, because I was pissed at her and at myself.

Additional back story: When I asked GoldenBoy if I could bring Miss Vermont to his wedding, he and his fiance said it was fine with them, but GoldenBoy, knowing me as well as he does, solicited a promise from me: "Tucker, this is my wedding. You can't bring one of your typical 'girlfriends' and dump her in the middle of it because you get bored with her. She is welcome to come, but no scenes, okay?" I agreed and gave him my solemn promise on this. Now, I know what you are thinking, "Hey you're Tucker Max. If he can't take a joke, fuck him, right?" Normally, I would agree, but this is a different situation. GoldenBoy is one of my best friends on earth, and I am extraordinarily loyal to my friends, so I was genuinely distressed about this development. Of course, I was the main reason for the impending disaster, but still, I was upset about it.

After about an hour, I went up to check on **Katy**. She was laying on the girl's bed, barely awake, muttering the same thing over and over: "I never drink. I shouldn't have done this. I never drink. I just wanted Tucker to like me. I never drink like this." Oh man. This was just not going well. By this point, I have started to approach Shit-Housed, and am upset about breaking my promise to GoldenBoy. Burying these "emotions" in alcohol is my only way of dealing with it.

We all eventually sit down to dinner, with **Katy** still passed out upstairs. GoldenBoy and his wife have seated me at a table at the back of the room. It is quite obviously the "drunk, boisterous and embarrassing friends" table. The table is, along with me and a vacant spot for Miss Vermont, a very interesting cast of characters. GoldenBoy's high school friend, we'll call him "TheShepard," was across the table from me. He is a 6'4" huge Irish Catholic guy that can drink like, well, an Irish Catholic, and has repeatedly been arrested for breaking every type of law related to drinking, including public intoxication, underage consumption, disturbing the peace, bar fighting etc. TheShepard's sister, we'll call her PornStar, a hot redhead who can drink almost as much as TheShepard, was on my other side,

and the rest of the table was a motley crew of misfits and heavy drinkers. Strangely, I was the only one of the law school friends there. I guess the bride and groom wanted to avoid the destructive synergy that occurs when you get more than one of us together.

PornStar is loving me. With a hot girl paying attention to me, and gallons of vodka coursing through my veins, I am hitting on all the Tucker Max cylinders. I have the table in tears laughing, telling them the standard TMax stories, making fun of my passed out date, etc. PornStar came to the wedding dateless and had some very obvious "fuck me" eyes fixed on me. She was leaning towards me, seductively whispering something in my ear and concurrently giving me a glimpse down her sundress, a nice choice that was also without a bra under it, when all of the sudden, I felt a tap on my shoulder.

HOLY DRUNKEN WHORE, BATMAN--IT'S MISS VERMONT!

"Hi."

She was putting on her best obsequious, I'm -sorry -puppy-dog eyes. It was not working, because she was obviously still drunk.

Me "What are you doing up? Are you OK?"

**Katy** "Yeah. I'm sorry. I never drink."

"Well who would have guessed? People often pass out at wedding receptions...at 7pm."

"Sorry. I felt better, and I wanted-ted to come see you." She actually said, 'wanted-ted.'

"Are you still drunk? Oh fuck. Just go back to bed please. I'll wake you up when we leave."

She stayed. It actually made for a funny rest of the dinner, as PornStar glared at her, TheShepard quizzed her about her pageant life for the amusement of the table, and I sat back and watched it all. After dinner, all hell really broke loose.

The next few hours are somewhat hazy in my memory, but for some reason or another **Katy** and I got into a huge fight. This culminated in her coming up to PWJ, asking him for a hug, and then whispering in his ear "God, your heart is beating so fast." Her self-esteem wasn't helped any when PWJ just walked away, shaking his head. In the meantime, I was drowning my sorrows by becoming even drunker.

Little did I know, Goldenboy was pretty much unaware of the Miss Vermont theatrics, as the entire Duke Law crew was putting on such a show that my drama was pushed off stage. And believe me, it takes something special to do that. One of the older female guests brought a small dog to the wedding, and ECredit got the dog drunk. It was wobbling around, [it was] barking all slurred. Hate was dancing with old women, throwing them around the reception tent like it was an audition for a Gap swing dance commercial. PWJ was hooking up with a college freshman in her room in the bed and breakfast while her father was quizzing GoldenBoy about her whereabouts. But alas for PWJ, this little amorous adventure was broken up by her vomiting on his foot.

When Miss Vermont decided to have another drink just to piss me off, around 11pm, I just left. I took the keys to her Explorer and drove back to the beach house, where the post party was going to be. I didn't know this at the time, but PWJ and Brownhole had to convince her not to call the cops and report her vehicle stolen. Nice touch, **Katy**.

I got to the beach house, cracked a beer, and waited. And waited. And waited. Where the fuck was everyone? When people finally started pouring in, the reason for everyone's tardiness was conferred to me: Hate had crashed the van that was supposed to shuttle

everyone from the bed and breakfast to their cars. Apparently, the parents had got together, and picked the person they thought most sober to drive the shuttle van. Somehow, much to the dismay of the Duke Law crowd, they picked Hate, mistaking his brooding scowl of a face for soberness, instead of the pent up drunken rage that it is. He hit the accelerator and immediately drove the van into a ditch filled with mud. It stuck. With the bride, groom, and both sets of parents in the van. When they couldn't get it out of the mud (by this time everyone other than Miss Vermont, who stayed in the van, was coated in mud), they simply walked.

Nonetheless, everyone got to the house safely, and the real partying started. **Katy** was thankfully nowhere to be found, she had apparently passed out again, and BrownHole had taken her to the other house to put her to bed. PWJ came up to me and pulled me aside, "Hey man, wer frenz and stuff, an' dat gurl wanz me." He was pointing to PornStar, who was talking to her brother in the kitchen. "Ya gotta help me. She says she wont hook up wit'her brother around. Hook me up." I had already let one friend down that night and I was going to make it up by helping my other friend sleep with a girl I wanted to sleep with. I grabbed two bottles of Moet champagne, thrust one under TheShepard's nose, and said, "Let's see just how Irish you really are, tough guy. You're not the only one at this party who can drink."

I blacked out an hour and a half later.

[Side note: I have been told that I was spotted on the porch singing Irish drinking songs with TheShepard, making up my own words about all women being drunk whores and fornicators and what not. I was also told that I tried to tackle a mailbox on the walk back to my house. PWJ got the better end of this deal. [deleted] He can tell you the details from that story. It is very good, and involves hot tubs, bathrooms, and TheShepard's bed, but is not centered on Tucker Max, so it will have to be told elsewhere.]

The next day, I woke up in my bed.

My head felt like it had been run over. I was laying with my face over the side of the bed, and there were at least six towels laying on the floor under my face. As I rolled around the bed trying to regain consciousness and use of my limbs, I realized two things:

1. The room stunk. Bad.
2. There was vomit all over me.

I came out of my room, and found ECredit and Hate. Upon seeing me, they started laughing and shaking their heads.

Me "Dude, man...Did last night happen?"

ECredit "You missed the best part. After you came home and passed out, you started throwing up all over the bedroom, and Miss Vermont was running around the house yelling, 'Tucker is died! Tucker is died!'"

Hate "Does that girl know how to conjugate her verbs?"

Me [Laughing hysterically] "What did you do?"

Hate "I just yelled at her to roll you on your stomach and leave you alone. You do this all the time, you'd be fine."

**Katy** found me and started yapping at me about something. I just ignored her, took a shower, packed my shit, crawled in the back of the Explorer and went to sleep, awaiting the 16 hour drive home. [Another side note, especially if you are feeling sorry for **Katy** at this point: I did not find out about this until about a year later, but after she had her little hysterical fit about me dying, she went upstairs to BrownHole's room, crawled into bed, and hooked up with him. He swears he didn't sleep with her, but I have my doubts, considering that she is a shameless slut. This is almost forgivable. The next day as we were leaving, she left an autographed 8x10 pageant

picture in the sunroof of his car. Then, she called him a couple of times over the next few weeks, sometimes for advice about me, sometimes just to talk. She told him that she got his number from my cell phone when I wasn't looking. She tried to get Brownhole to fly her up to DC, but he wouldn't do it. His only goal is to follow me as much as possible, not to fall in love with them.] We pulled out, and I fell back asleep.

I was jarred awake not 30 minutes later as we got pulled over and got a ticket. The violation: going 70 in a 45. **Katy** wanted to get home. I drifted in and out of consciousness over the next ten hours. As we drove into South Carolina, I reminded her of two facts: The South Carolina State Police make their living with speed traps on Interstates, and we hadn't sex in that state yet. She ignored me, so I went back to sleep. I was awoken 30 minutes later by her hysterical sobbing. We got pulled over again, this time for going 95 in a 65. I told her to stop crying, that State Police don't fall for that shit.

"SHUT UP--THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT! MY PARENTS ARE GOING TO FIND OUT ABOUT THESE TICKETS!! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO!?!? THEY ARE GOING TO KNOW I WENT TO NORTH CAROLINA"

"When are we going to fuck? We're almost out of South Carolina."

"SHUT UP YOU ASSHOLE!!"

I didn't call her or anything over the next week, and just figured I had burned down another relationship, when she called me one day at work. She apologized for her actions at the wedding, and asked if she could see me again, that she had something for me. I told her to come by the restaurant, that I would see her. I alerted my staff that a crazy woman was coming and to possibly be ready to call the cops. She showed up in a skin tight white tank top, breasts thrust forward in a super miracle bra. Her yellow tennis skirt was nicely cut about five inches below her crotch. Her demure smile and Fuck Me eyes foretold the most dangerous and irresistible kind of seduction: sexual.

"Hey." She stood right next to me, placed her hand on my arm, her breasts ever so slightly brushing against me, "I'm sorry. I brought you something."

She handed me a framed picture that almost put me into shock. Let me attempt a description of this thing: A silver frame around a 5x7 picture of **Katy** and I at the wedding reception, me in my suit and her in her red dress, minutes after we arrived and before our first drink. Across the top of the picture, painted in white sparkle paint, are the words, "Alpha Male." There are little yellow streamers painted down the side. On the back, in silver paint, is this paragraph, "Tucker, Thank you so much for taking me to the wedding! You are the best! Love, **Katy**." I was completely befuddled. I had no idea how to react to this. I still don't.

This girl was either the stupidest female I had ever come across, or the shrewdest, most conniving person on earth. I couldn't figure out which.

We started seeing each other again, sort of. **Katy** tried to say it was purely as friends, but we were fucking again after about three days. This continued, in a weird sort of dysfunctional dance, for a few weeks. One day I even took her to a gun range. She had never shot a gun before, and so I taught her the basic Weaver Stance and A-frame Stance, how to load, fire and clear a pistol, etc. She was fascinated, and loved it so much she started going on her own, and eventually bought her own pistol.

One night two friends of mine were in town on their honeymoon, and I brought them to my restaurant for dinner. I also invited two really hot female friends of mine (both of whom were married at the time), and **Katy**. I had to work most of the time, but they all sat

together and had a great time, with me coming over to the table at various times to inject that special Tucker magic that always makes social situations that much more fun and interesting. At some point during the night, **Katy**, after a few drinks I'm sure, decided that she just had to taste me, pulls me off the floor (I was the floor manager at Max's Grille at the time) and into a bathroom stall, where she proceeds to pull down my pants and eat my member for dinner. As much as I was trying to ignore it, there seemed to be an increase in traffic in the bathroom, but whatever, I'm getting my dick sucked by Miss Vermont in the bathroom, they can wait to take a dump. We leave the bathroom, and back to our various posts. [Side note: I got in A LOT of trouble for that. A couple of the gay waiters told the general manager, who told my dad, and well, though my dad thought it was funny, he still got mad at me.]

Even though she was probably not going to last a long time, an event that night was what sealed Miss Vermont's doom. Giving me head in the bathroom got her some cool points, but she lost them all and then some when, talking to my two married female friends, she said, "I hope I look like you when I'm your age." At the time, **Katy** was 23. My two friends were 25 and 27, respectively, and both were, and still are, MUCH hotter than **Katy**. Tucker is a lot of things, and a drunk incident notwithstanding, loyal might be the biggest one. These two women are two of my best friends in the world, and to piss them off is the quickest way to get on my bad side. Karen's quote, "Who the fuck does she think she is? And HELLO--she's not looking so great herself. I guess pageants make your face a little leathery. Tucker, you can't fuck her anymore, I don't like her."

If they don't like a girl I am dating, she's out. I started ignoring **Katy** more and more, and then I met another girl (incidentally, it was Joanne Romanovich, the girl that eventually became one of the three or four defining relationships of my life, for reasons that will not be explored here, but just to let you know, the beginning of my upcoming novel revolves around her and my relationship with her). I was preparing to go to a wedding in Akron, Ohio (the one where I hooked up with the MILF), making it easy to ignore her.

After a few days of ignoring **Katy** and not returning calls, I thought **Katy** had finally got the picture.

I was wrong.

I left my apartment to go to the airport, and saw something under my windshield. At first, I thought it was a leaflet for a local band or church, but as I approached the car, I realized it was MUCH too big for that. I unfolded it, and realized it was a bullet-hole-riddled gun range target, the same one Miss Vermont had shot up while we were at the range. At first I was frightened for my life. Then I realized a note was written on the back. I'll transcribe it here until I actually scan it in:

"Thank you very much for taking me to shoot a gun! I had a mind-blowing experience! I hope you have a safe trip and have a really fun time at the wedding! I'm sure it won't be quite as eventful as the last one...(or at least you hope not!)

It is too bad that things are not better between us. Things were so perfect the first 29 days. Now all we do is fight and are mean to each other. You taught me so much and you have made me a much happier and more productive person! My gossip is a lot more juicer because of you!

I wish we were better together, so I guess it's goodbye. I don't want to make you mad anymore.

**Katy"**

Oh Jesus, what have I done?

Not only did I teach her how to shoot, I once had a conversation with this girl after watching a war movie about why the ambushes in the movie were technically incorrect and how to set up a good one, AND I described to her, in accurate detail, how to recon and snipe in a urban environment, another area that the movie was weak on.

I drove to the airport looking over my shoulder the whole way, fully expecting a hail of gunfire to break out at any moment. I must have circled the parking lot at the Fort Lauderdale airport 10 times trying to see if anyone was following me. After a week free of any sort of sniper attempts, I let my guard down. It was then I answered my phone without checking the caller ID, and lo and behold, it's Miss AK-47. She was just as happy and jovial as ever, and asked advice on how we could get back together. I swear to my god she asked me this.

My quote, "You want advice? Go find a really good psychotherapist, and get help, because you are fucked up."

She hung up and I haven't heard from her since.

---

thank god for her sake she's attractive, otherwise she'd starve to death.

Copyright 2002-3, Tucker Max. All rights reserved.