

A Life in Hollywood

Chapter 17 - Lady Gaga

Osiah bounced lightly on the balls of his feet inside the small private gym tucked behind the hotel, the kind of no-frills spot that catered to fighters and early risers who didn't want the glossy bullshit of a big chain place. The air smelled like old leather, sweat, and faint bleach from the mats. Fluorescent lights buzzed overhead, casting sharp shadows across the scuffed floor. He'd found this spot a couple days ago after asking around—perfect for blowing off steam without dealing with tourists or paparazzi sniffing around.

He'd been boxing on and off since he was a kid. Started in the neighborhood gym back home, where his dad would drag him after school to learn the basics and burn off energy. It stuck with him through high school, then got more serious in college before that blown-out knee ended his football dreams. It wasn't pro level, never would be, but it kept him sharp. Kept the constant low-level frustration from set life from building up into something ugly. The controlled violence of it, the focus it demanded—jab, cross, slip, counter—it cleared his head better than any run or lift ever could.

Gloves laced tight, mouthguard in, he circled the heavy bag. Sweat was already starting to drip down his back, soaking through his shirt. He set his feet, took a breath, and fired off a combo. Jab-cross-hook, pivoting his hips for power on the hook. The bag swayed hard, chain rattling. He followed with a body shot, digging in with his lead hand, then slipped an imaginary counter and came over the top with an uppercut that made the bag jump.

"Again," the trainer called out. The guy was in his late fifties, built like a fire hydrant with scarred knuckles and a gravelly voice that sounded like it'd been through too many rounds. He ran these early morning sessions for whoever showed up—boxers, MMA guys, stressed-out suits looking to hit something. No ego, just work.

Osiah nodded, reset his stance, and went again. Jab-cross-hook, double jab, cross. His shoulders burned nicely, the familiar pump spreading through his arms. He mixed in some footwork, circling left, then right, keeping his head moving. The ache in his old knee was there—a dull reminder from that sophomore year injury—but it held. He powered through, driving a knee into the bag like it owed him money, then followed with short elbows in close.

"Watch that lead foot," the trainer grunted, adjusting Osiah's angle with a light tap on the shoulder. "You're loading up too much on the hook. Nice power though. Kid's got hands."

Osiah grinned around the mouthguard, breathing steady. "Old habits. Football legs don't forget easy." He threw another set—jab, body hook, overhand right—feeling the sweat fly off his brow with each snap. The bag thumped satisfyingly, the sound echoing off the walls. He could feel the

tension from the last few weeks melting out of his shoulders, the endless coordination of extras, lighting cues, and schedule headaches fading with every strike.

After fifteen solid minutes on the bag, the trainer waved him over to the pads. "Time to move. Light sparring. Don't gas yourself."

They started with focus mitts. Osiah slipped a jab the trainer threw, countered with a quick hook that smacked the pad loud. "Good," the older man said. "Keep that chin tucked." Osiah pressed forward, working combinations—jab-cross, jab-cross-hook, slipping the return and firing a body shot. His feet stayed light despite the knee, years of muscle memory kicking in. Sweat poured down his face now, stinging his eyes, but he kept the rhythm.

They moved to light sparring rounds next. No hard contact, just touch and flow. The trainer was crafty, using his experience to make Osiah work. A quick jab came in—Osiah slipped outside and countered with a hook to the pads. They clinched up close, working short elbows and knees in tight. Osiah's breathing got heavier, but he stayed controlled, using angles, not just power.

"Alright, reset," the trainer said after the first round, both of them circling. "You're smooth for someone who doesn't do this full time. That knee holding?"

"Barely," Osiah admitted, wiping his face with his forearm. "Old football bullshit. But it works when I need it."

They went another round. Osiah feinted high, went low with a body shot, then slipped a counter and landed a clean hook. The trainer nodded approvingly. "Not bad. You've got that calm under pressure thing. Most guys get wild when they start breathing hard."

"Set life trains that out of you," Osiah said with a short laugh between breaths. "Hundreds of extras, one wrong move and the whole take's fucked. Learn to stay even."

The trainer chuckled. "Explains it. Alright, one more light one. Give me what you got."

Osiah pushed a little harder this round, combinations flowing smoother now that he was warmed up. Jab-cross, slip, uppercut, knee to the body pad. His muscles felt loose and warm, the post-workout buzz starting to build even as his lungs burned. By the end of the hour he was drenched, shirt clinging to his chest, shorts heavy with sweat. He pulled off the gloves, towed down his face and arms, and chugged a full bottle of water. The familiar endorphin high settled in—clear head, body humming, ready for whatever the day threw at him.

He grabbed his bag and headed toward the car in the lot outside, still catching his breath, legs loose from the session. The desert morning air felt good on his skin as he stepped out.

His phone rang just as he reached for the car door handle, the screen lighting up with Taylor's name. Osiah was still breathing hard from the session, chest rising and falling, sweat cooling on his skin in the morning air. He answered on the second ring.

"Hey," he said, voice rough and a little winded.

"Osiah! You sound like you just ran a marathon. Working out?" Taylor's voice came through bright and teasing, that mix of high-energy pop-star sparkle and the softer, more intimate tone she always slipped into with him. He could practically hear her smiling.

"Boxing," he replied, leaning back against the car for a second. The metal was already warm from the sun. "Clearing the head after the gym. Heavy bag, some sparring. Felt good."

"Mmm, I bet it did. I can picture you all sweaty and focused. Bet those arms look nice right now." She laughed lightly, then jumped straight into it, excitement bubbling over. "Okay, so... the 1989 tour dates are finally locking in. New York kickoff, then London, Tokyo, the whole run. I want you there for some of it. Not forcing you to do the entire grind if it doesn't fit, but the big stretches would be amazing. You said you'd think about it?"

Osiah wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his arm and climbed into the driver's seat, starting the engine. Cool air from the AC hit his damp skin. "Yeah, schedules are opening up more than I expected. I can do some of them. New York and London for sure. Maybe Tokyo if the timing lines up right. I'm not promising every single show, but I'll be around when I can. We'll make it work."

Taylor let out a happy squeal that made him pull the phone slightly away from his ear, grinning. "Yes! That's perfect. God, I'm so excited. Just knowing you'll be there for some of it... it makes the whole crazy thing feel better. The arenas are gonna be huge, and having you backstage or in the hotel after? Yeah. I need that."

They talked for a couple minutes about the logistics—how some legs overlapped with other projects, how he'd fly in for the key runs. Taylor was giddy, going over specific cities she was most nervous about and how having a familiar face would help her unwind after long nights.

"Okay, also—there's this other thing," she continued, her tone shifting to something a little mischievous. "I might have already thrown your name at Lady Gaga for her Cheek to Cheek shows on the West Coast. LA, Vegas, that whole run. Her main producer's on maternity leave and they need someone solid who can keep the live shows running smooth without losing the vibe. I told her you'd be perfect for it."

Osiah laughed, surprised but genuinely amused as he pulled out of the parking lot. "Cheek to Cheek? With Tony Bennett? Sure, I'll do it. Sounds fun. Intimate setup, good music. Count me in."

"Wait, really? Just like that?" Taylor's voice shifted again, a little pout creeping in, playful but noticeable. "You had to think about mine but said yes to hers in two seconds flat? Wow, Osiah. I see how it is."

He chuckled, merging onto the road, one hand on the wheel. "Schedules matched up better, that's all. Yours is the massive arena tour with all the moving pieces. Hers is shorter, more

contained out here on the West Coast. Easier to slot in right now while things clear. Doesn't mean I want yours any less."

Taylor laughed too, the pout melting into amusement. "Fine, fine. I'll take it. But seriously, you're gonna be around Gaga? With those outfits and that voice and the way she moves on stage? I know exactly how your hands work, mister. You're gonna get your grubby paws all over her, aren't you?"

"I'm not really one to make the first move," he said, grinning as he adjusted the AC. The desert heat was already building outside.

"Oh please. We both know how that goes." She paused, and he could hear the shift in her breathing, the way her voice dropped. "You should get tested though. Just in case."

Osiah barked a laugh, shaking his head. "Me? You've had how many boyfriends? Maybe you should get tested."

"Almost none of them went far enough for that," she shot back quickly, but there was a clear smile in her voice, light and teasing. Then it changed—turning serious and slutty all at once, lower and breathier. "But if you do get your hands on her... describe it to me. Right now. Tell me exactly how you'd wreck her backstage before a show."

He heard the soft rustle of fabric on her end, sheets shifting, her breathing already changing. She was touching herself.

"Alright," Osiah said, voice dropping as he settled into the drive, keeping one eye on the road. "I'd start right after soundcheck, when she's still buzzing from running through the set and wearing that tight little stage outfit—the one that hugs every curve. I'd pull her into a quiet dressing room, push her back against the wall, and get my hands on those thighs first. They're thick as hell, strong from all the dancing and performing. I'd spread them open wide while I kiss down her neck, bite just enough to make her gasp and arch into me."

Taylor moaned softly, low and needy. "Mmm... keep going. Fuck, I love when you talk like this."

"I'd drop down on my knees, yank those panties aside, and eat her out right there against the wall. Tongue sliding deep inside her, sucking hard on her clit while she grabs my hair and grinds on my face. She'd be soaked already, dripping down my chin, those powerful thighs squeezing around my head. I'd taste how turned on she is, smell that sweet musk mixing with her perfume. Then I'd stand up, spin her around, bend her over the makeup table, flip that skirt up over her ass, and slide in raw. One hard thrust, all the way to the hilt."

"Fuck... yes," Taylor breathed. The wet, rhythmic sounds of her fingers working between her legs came through the phone clearly now, slick and steady. Her breathing was getting heavier. "Tell me more. How does she feel?"

"Her pussy would be tight and hot, gripping every inch as I stretch her open. I'd grab those wide hips and fuck her deep, steady at first, then harder. Her ass would ripple every single time my hips slam against it—thick, soft flesh bouncing and jiggling with each thrust. I'd watch her face in the mirror across the room: mouth hanging open, eyes starting to roll back, that wild hair all messy across her shoulders. I'd reach up and pull her hair back, arching her more so her big tits spill out of the top of whatever she's wearing, bouncing heavy with every stroke."

Taylor's moans were getting breathier, faster, the wet squelching louder as she fingered herself. "God, yes... I can see it. Keep going. Don't stop."

"I'd reach around and rub her clit while I pound her, feeling her get wetter and wetter. She'd cum hard the first time, pussy squeezing and pulsing around my cock, squirting a little down her thighs and all over the floor. But I wouldn't slow down. I'd flip her onto the couch, throw her legs over my shoulders, folding her in half so I can drive even deeper. Balls slapping loud against her ass, mauling those fat tits the whole time—squeezing them, sucking on her nipples, watching them bounce and slap together."

"Oh shit... I'm so wet," Taylor whimpered. Her voice was breaking more, the sounds of her fingers frantic now. "Tell me how you cum in her. I need it."

"I'd keep pounding her like that, deep and rough, feeling her cum again—screaming my name, nails digging into my back, whole body shaking. Then I'd fill her up. Thick loads pumping deep inside her, pulse after pulse while she milks me dry. I'd pull out slow, watch my cum leak out of her swollen pussy, and make her clean me off with her mouth. She'd suck every last drop, swallowing it all down with that hungry look in her eyes."

Taylor cried out sharply, voice cracking. "Oh god—I'm cumming—fuck!" Her moans turned into loud, broken whimpers as she rode it out. The wet squelching intensified, then a clear, messy rush as she squirted hard. "Shit... I just made such a mess all over the sheets. Soaked everything. I'm such a slut for this."

Osiah chuckled low, voice warm with amusement. "Yeah you are. Filthy girl."

She laughed breathlessly, still panting a little. "Guilty. God, I can't wait for you to be here."

The drive from LA to Vegas was the kind of straight, empty stretch that let your mind wander. Osiah kept the windows down for the first hour, warm desert air whipping through the car and drying the last of the gym sweat on his skin. The old knee felt decent today—no sharp twinges, just a familiar low hum from the boxing session. He'd popped a couple ibuprofen after the workout, but mostly it was the movement that helped. Music played low through the speakers, some old soul tracks mixed with newer stuff he'd been meaning to catch up on. Nothing too loud, just enough to fill the silence without demanding attention.

He thought about the call with Taylor as the miles ticked by. Her excitement had been genuine, that mix of pop-star hustle and the softer side she showed him. Slotting in the Gaga shows felt

right—shorter run, West Coast, good people involved. The 1989 tour would be chaos, but he'd make the overlaps work. For now, this was a clean change of pace after the Avengers grind.

By the time he hit the Strip, the sun was beating down hard, turning the pavement into a shimmering haze. The Cosmopolitan looked sharp as always—modern lines, that upscale casino energy—but the Chelsea Theater inside had its own intimate feel. He parked, grabbed his bag with the notes and headset, and headed in. The house crew was already there, a tight group of pros who knew their space. Osiah spent the next couple hours walking every inch with them: checking sightlines from the stage to the seats, mapping backstage flow for quick changes, testing how the lighting rigs moved without catching cables or costumes. He crouched low to eye potential blind spots, stood on marks to simulate performer sightlines, and asked practical questions about power runs and quick-reset timing.

"Looks solid," he told the lead tech, a guy named Mike with a clipboard full of diagrams. "The transitions between numbers are gonna be tight with the jazz setup. We keep the stage clear for Tony and Gaga's movement, but give them room for the band cues. No surprises on the quick changes?"

Mike nodded. "We've got it dialed. Two minutes max between most pieces. You keeping us honest on the cues?"

"That's the plan," Osiah said. Everything felt professional and contained. No massive arena chaos like the 1989 tour was shaping up to be. This was doable—focused, musical, the kind of gig where you could actually hear yourself think between setups.

He was leaning against a tech table reviewing some handwritten notes on his phone when Lady Gaga walked in for rehearsal. She was in full casual mode—black leggings that hugged her thick, powerful thighs and rounded ass, an oversized hoodie that still couldn't hide the curve of her chest, hair pulled back in a simple ponytail with a few strands loose around her face. No stage makeup, just that raw, magnetic energy she carried everywhere. She spotted him talking to the stage manager and headed straight over, big genuine smile lighting up her face.

"Osiah Morse, right?" She stuck out her hand, grip firm and confident. "Taylor said you'd be the guy keeping us from falling apart out here. Huge fan of what you've been doing. Caught some of the Avengers stuff—those Sokovia scenes looked insane on the big screen. You were part of that whole machine?"

"Yeah, 2nd 2nd AD on Age of Ultron," Osiah replied, shaking her hand and matching the smile. Her palm was warm, callused a little from performing. "Mostly herding background actors so the explosions didn't eat everybody alive. Appreciate the vote of confidence from Taylor. She talks you up a lot."

Gaga laughed, that big, unfiltered sound that filled the space around them. It wasn't polished stage laughter—it was real, a little raspy, like she'd been singing all morning. "She's the best. Total sweetheart and a total terror when she wants to be. Come on, walk with me. I want to

show you how we're doing the transitions tonight. The flow's a little different with the live band and Tony's stuff mixed in."

They started moving through the theater together, Gaga leading the way with that bouncy, energetic stride. She pointed out spots on the stage, gesturing with her hands as she talked a mile a minute. "See here? After the opening number, we shift quick to the slower jazz piece. I need the mic stand reset exactly there so I can move into the piano section without tripping over cables. The lighting guy's good, but sometimes the cues lag if we're not synced."

Osiah nodded, taking mental notes and asking practical follow-ups. "We can mark the floor clearer for the reset. How's the band positioned? Any sightline issues for Tony during the duets?"

They clicked fast. Gaga was sharp as hell—funny, direct, and clearly passionate about every detail. While checking mic placements along the front of the stage, the conversation drifted naturally to the music itself. She was adjusting a stand when she glanced over at him. "You seem like you actually get this stuff. Most tech guys just want the cues clean. You listen to the music?"

Osiah shrugged, crouching to check a cable run. "Grew up with my dad's collection. Old jazz records, soul, standards. Ella Fitzgerald, Frank Sinatra, Billie Holiday—the way certain tracks just hit different when it's live. There's something about the space and the crowd that changes everything."

Gaga's eyes lit up immediately, that performer spark turning into real excitement. She straightened up, hands on her hips. "Exactly! That's why I wanted Tony for this so bad. The man is a living legend. You know he still practices every single day? The discipline is unreal. We'd run through 'Anything Goes' and he'd tweak one little phrasing until it felt perfect. It's not just hitting the notes—it's about feeling the song breathe."

She launched into a story about one late-night rehearsal where Tony had pulled out an old anecdote from his early career, comparing modern pop production to the raw club days. Osiah listened, nodding along, and shared a bit about his own memories—his dad playing scratched vinyl records on Sunday mornings, the way the horns on a Count Basie track would fill the whole house.

"Basie's swing is unbeatable," Gaga said, grinning wide as they moved toward the side stage area. "That big band energy mixed with the intimacy we're going for here? It's magic. I love blending the standards with my own stuff—taking something classic and making it feel alive again. The crowd last night was losing it during the slower numbers. You could hear a pin drop, then boom, they're on their feet."

They kept walking and talking, checking sightlines from different seats. Gaga asked about his work on the Avengers sets, genuinely curious about how the background coordination worked on those massive action sequences. Osiah kept it straightforward, describing the challenge of making hundreds of extras look like real panicked civilians instead of a crowd waiting for lunch.

“It’s all about the small details,” he said. “Eyes on each other, natural reactions. Same principle here—just smaller scale, more focus on the music and the performers.”

Gaga nodded thoughtfully, leaning against a seat back. “I get that. On stage it’s the same. One off moment and the whole illusion breaks. But when it clicks? Nothing better. Tony brings that old-school steadiness. I bring the chaos. Together it works.”

The conversation flowed easy as they wrapped the walk-through. She was sharp, funny, and completely open about her process—talking about how the jazz standards pushed her vocally in new ways, how collaborating with Tony felt like a masterclass. Osiah asked real questions, and she answered with enthusiasm, gesturing animatedly the whole time.

By the end of the walk-through, they were back near the main stage, the theater starting to fill with more crew for the full rehearsal. Lights were being tested, cables taped down, and the low hum of pre-show prep filled the space. Gaga gave him a solid pat on the shoulder, still smiling that big, genuine smile.

“You’re gonna be good for us here. I can already tell. Welcome to the Cheek to Cheek crew, Osiah.”

Before he could respond, Tony Bennett joined them a few minutes later. The legend moved with that easy, timeless grace—sharp as ever in a simple light blue button-down shirt, slacks, and polished shoes. Even in casual mode, he carried himself like someone who’d seen every corner of the business and come out the other side with his dignity intact. Osiah didn’t hold back the respect.

“Mr. Bennett, it’s an honor. Your phrasing on ‘I Left My Heart in San Francisco’—still the gold standard. The way you let the notes breathe on the bridge, it’s never been matched.”

Tony chuckled, warm and humble, waving a hand as if to brush off the praise. “Call me Tony, kid. And thank you—that one’s been good to me over the years. These young ones keep me on my toes, though. Keeps the old voice honest.” He glanced over at Gaga with a fond smile. “Lady here pushes me in all the right ways. Makes me dig deeper.”

Gaga grinned and hopped up to sit on a nearby speaker crate, chin resting in her hand like she was settling in for story time. “Tony’s been full of them lately. Go on, tell him about how we worked out the arrangements for ‘It Don’t Mean a Thing.’”

Tony leaned against the edge of the stage, relaxed but engaged. “Ah, that one. We sat down late one night after rehearsal—Gaga had this idea to blend the swing with a little more modern edge, keep the energy but make it feel fresh for the crowd. I told her, ‘Alright, but let’s not rush the intro. Let the horns breathe.’ We must’ve run that opening section twenty times, tweaking chords, adjusting the tempo just a hair. She’s got an ear for it, I’ll tell you. Most singers today want everything big and flashy right away. This one understands the spaces between the notes.”

Osiah nodded, genuinely interested. “That patience shows in the recordings I’ve heard. It’s not just hitting the high notes—it’s about the storytelling. My dad used to play your records on repeat. Said it was the only music that made driving through traffic feel worthwhile.”

Tony laughed softly, eyes crinkling. “Your dad had good taste. Traffic’s where a lot of good listening happens. Reminds me of the old days on the road. Back when we’d pile into buses with the band, no fancy planes or tour managers with apps. Just miles of highway and whatever station we could pick up. One time in the fifties, we were heading to a gig in Chicago and the bus broke down outside some small town in Indiana. Middle of nowhere, raining cats and dogs. Instead of sitting there frustrated, the whole band pulled out instruments—trumpets, sax, even a battered upright someone dragged from a local bar. We played for two hours straight on the side of the road while the mechanic worked. Folks from the town came out with umbrellas and coffee. Turned a breakdown into one of the best impromptu sets I ever did. Music has a way of fixing things when you let it.”

Gaga was nodding along, grinning wider. “See? That’s what I love about him. Every story has a lesson in it.”

Tony continued, voice steady and rich with memory. “The war stories are the heavier ones, but they shaped everything. D-Day... that was something else. I was in the infantry, landed on Omaha Beach with the 255th Regiment. The noise, the chaos—you can’t describe it right to someone who wasn’t there. Bullets whizzing, men shouting, the cold water weighing you down. I saw things that still come back some nights. But even in all that, music was there. After the worst days, we’d gather whoever was left and sing. Old standards, army songs, whatever kept the spirit up. One evening near the end of the fighting, a few of us found an old piano in a bombed-out village. I played for the guys—Cole Porter, some Gershwin. For a little while, it felt like the war was somewhere else. That’s when I knew performing wasn’t just a job. It was a way to remind people there’s still beauty left.”

Osiah listened closely, asking real questions without pushing. “How did you go from that to the stage after the war? Must’ve been a hell of a shift.”

Tony’s expression softened with recollection. “It was. Came home, used the GI Bill for music school, but the clubs were the real teacher. Small joints in New York, then bigger rooms. The first time I recorded ‘Because of You,’ I was nervous as hell. Thought nobody would care. But the response... it snowballed. Touring with the big bands taught me timing, how to read a crowd. Then the solo career took off. There were dry spells too—changing tastes, bad management. But you keep showing up, keep singing from the heart. That’s the only way through.”

Gaga chimed in, voice warm. “He’s underselling it. The man’s performed for presidents, troops, everyone. And here he is still tweaking chords with me like it’s his first gig. It’s inspiring as hell.”

They talked for a good while longer, the conversation flowing naturally between music history, performance craft, and the small details that made a show feel alive. Tony shared another lighter anecdote about a disastrous early tour where the band’s bus got lost in the mountains

and they ended up playing a surprise set at a roadside diner to pay for gas. Osiah shared a quick set story from his own early days wrangling background on a low-budget film where everything that could go wrong did—power outages, rain on an outdoor night shoot, actors improvising wildly. Tony laughed heartily, clapping him on the shoulder.

“You’ve got the right mindset, kid. Keeping calm when the machine tries to eat itself. That’s rarer than talent these days.”

By the time they wrapped the conversation, the full dress rehearsal was ready to roll. The chemistry on stage was electric from the first note. Gaga’s voice soared through the jazz standards with raw power and playful flair, while Tony’s smooth, legendary delivery anchored everything with effortless class. The band was tight, the arrangements breathing just right. Osiah watched from the wings, making small adjustments—signaling a quicker mic reset here, a lighting cue tweak there. The rehearsal ran clean, energy high.

That night, the actual show at the Chelsea went off without a hitch. The crowd was packed tight, buzzing with anticipation from the moment the lights dimmed. When Gaga and Tony took the stage together, the place erupted. Gaga’s voice filled the intimate theater during the opening numbers, powerful yet intimate, blending her signature style with the classic jazz swing. Tony complemented her perfectly, his phrasing rich and timeless. The duets hit especially hard—the crowd swaying, cheering, completely locked in.

Osiah kept the crew moving smooth backstage. Quick costume fixes between numbers happened like clockwork, lighting cues landed on point, and no one stepped on anyone else’s toes. He coordinated the transitions with quiet efficiency—hand signals to the stage managers, quick checks with the sound crew. The energy from the stage fed back into the wings; everyone could feel it was a good one.

When the final notes of the encore faded and the house lights came up, the applause was thunderous—long, loud, and full of genuine appreciation. The crowd didn’t want to leave.

Backstage, the whole team erupted in celebration the second the house lights came up. Champagne bottles popped open with loud festive cracks, foam spilling over onto the floor as crew members laughed and cheered. High-fives and backslaps echoed through the narrow hallways, the air thick with relieved laughter, the sharp clink of plastic glasses being passed around, and the lingering buzz of adrenaline from a show that had gone off perfectly. Someone cranked up a small speaker with a victory track, and the energy felt electric—sweaty, exhausted, but deeply satisfied.

Gaga, still riding the high in her stage outfit, moved through the crowd like a force of nature. The sleek, sparkling number clung to every curve of her body like it had been painted on—hugging the full swell of her heavy tits, cinching at her narrow waist before flaring out over her wide hips and that famous thick ass. The fabric shimmered under the backstage lights with every step, catching on the sweat glistening along her collarbone and the deep valley between her breasts.

She gathered everyone in a loose circle near the main dressing area, her cheeks flushed, eyes bright, that signature Gaga warmth radiating off her.

"Listen up," she said, her voice warm but commanding, cutting through the chatter with effortless authority. She raised her glass, the sparkling liquid catching the light. "Tonight was magic. You all killed it out there. The transitions were seamless, the sound was crystal, and the way the lights hit every beat—perfect. I felt every single one of you holding it down. These next shows in LA, the Wiltern, The AXIS—we're taking this exact energy everywhere. Across the US, then out. Thank you for the work today and everything still coming. Let's keep making it special. To the Cheek to Cheek crew!"

The group cheered loud, glasses clinking together in a messy toast. Gaga moved through them immediately after, pulling people into tight hugs—genuine, full-body squeezes that left crew members grinning ear to ear. She laughed with the lighting tech about a near-miss cue, slapped the sound guy on the back for keeping her mic hot through the big swing number, and shared a quick dance move with one of the backup singers. Her body moved with that post-show looseness, hips swaying naturally, the sparkling dress shifting and sparkling over her curves.

Later, after most of the crew had cleared out—some heading to the after-party at the casino bar, others packing up gear—Gaga found Osiah near the catering table. He was nursing a glass of red wine, still in his work clothes, reviewing a few notes on his phone. She came up beside him, a little tipsy from the champagne and the show high, her cheeks flushed a deeper pink. Without hesitation, she leaned against the wall right next to him, her body pressing in close. The side of her heavy breast brushed his arm through the thin sparkling fabric, soft and warm, while her thick thigh pressed lightly against his leg. She smelled like stage lights, sweat, and that signature sweet-spicy perfume she wore.

"You really get it," she said, voice low and appreciative, turning her head to look at him directly. Her hip shifted a little more, pressing her curves firmer into his side as she got comfortable. "Most ADs are all business—cues, marks, keep it moving. You actually listen to the music, the vibe, the way the songs breathe. Taylor wasn't kidding about you. She said you'd make things feel easy, and damn if she wasn't right."

Osiah took a slow sip of his wine, feeling the heat from her body against him. "Just doing the job. But yeah, the music helps. Tonight had real swing to it. You and Tony locked in on those standards—felt alive."

Gaga smiled wider, her full lips curving as she took another sip from her own glass. She shifted her weight again, her thick ass brushing the edge of the table as she angled more toward him, her breast pressing softer and fuller into his upper arm. A faint warmth was building low in her belly, a subtle heat stirring in her loins from the post-show adrenaline mixing with how steady and attentive he was. She crossed one leg over the other, the movement making her thigh rub lightly against his.

"Alive is exactly what we were going for," she said, laughing softly. "Tony brings that old-school soul, and I try to match it without losing the fire. God, that duet on 'La Vie en Rose'—I get chills every time we hit the bridge. You were watching from the wings, right? Did the lighting on that one feel right to you? I thought the soft pink wash worked, but I always second-guess the romantic stuff."

"It landed perfect," Osiah replied, nodding. "The way it caught your dress during the slow build—made the whole thing feel intimate even in a packed house. You commit hard on those quieter moments. Doesn't feel forced."

She let out a pleased hum, her body leaning in a fraction more, the soft weight of her tit now resting comfortably against him as she gestured with her free hand. The heat in her loins deepened a little, a slow, warm pulse that made her shift her hips subtly. "Thank you. That means a lot coming from someone who sees the whole picture. Most people just say 'great show' and move on. You notice the details."

The conversation drifted easily into films as they stood there, bodies close in the quieter backstage space. Gaga's eyes lit up when she mentioned her small role in *Sin City: A Dame to Kill For*. "It's wild being on that set. All the style, the shadows, the way everything looks like a living comic book. Robert Rodriguez knows exactly what he's doing with the visuals. I got to play this fierce, over-the-top character—lots of attitude, some singing. It was a blast, but it made me hungry for more. Real acting, you know? Not just popping in for a scene."

Osiah nodded, sipping his wine while her thigh stayed pressed warmly against his. "You brought real presence to it. The voice and the look worked together. You've got the range to do a lot more."

Gaga grinned, cheeks flushed deeper from the wine and the lingering show buzz. She turned slightly toward him, her full breasts now pressing more deliberately into his side as she leaned in, the sparkling fabric sliding against his arm. The heat between her legs was unmistakable now—a low, building ache that made her bite her lip for a second before continuing. "Exactly. And god, I want to do a full musical. Something big, where I can sing and dance and completely disappear into the character. Not just perform—*become* her. Like the old Hollywood musicals, but with modern edge. Big numbers, emotional ballads, the works. Think I could pull that off without it feeling gimmicky?"

"You've got the voice, the presence, and the way you commit on stage," Osiah said, meeting her eyes. "The industry needs that energy on screen. Go for it. You'd own it."

She laughed softly, the sound warm and a little husky, her body pressing closer still. Her thick thigh rubbed against his as she shifted, the heat in her loins flaring warmer, making her acutely aware of how close they were standing. "You're good at the pep talks too. I might keep you around."

The second show rehearsal the next day started strong. The Chelsea Theater buzzed with focused energy as the crew ran through the set list one more time. Lights were dialed in, the

band warmed up with loose runs through the swing numbers, and Gaga was in full rehearsal mode—pushing hard, determined to make every transition tighter than the night before. She wore a practice version of her stage look: tight leggings that clung to her powerful thighs and the generous curve of her ass, a cropped top that showed a strip of toned midriff, and heels that clicked sharply across the stage with every step. Sweat already glistened on her skin under the work lights, making the fabric stick in places that highlighted every movement.

Osiah stood in the wings, headset on, coordinating small adjustments with the stage managers. He watched her work through a big dance number—a lively, upbeat swing piece that required quick footwork, spins, and sharp arm movements synced with the band. Gaga attacked it with everything she had, hips swaying, ass flexing and bouncing lightly with each pivot, her heavy tits moving under the cropped top as she threw herself into the choreography. Her thick thighs powered every step, muscles visibly working as she nailed a series of quick turns across the stage.

"Again from the top," she called out, breathing hard but grinning. "The spin on beat four needs to be cleaner. I want it sharp so the lights catch the dress right on the big shows."

The band kicked in again. Gaga moved with them, voice strong even in rehearsal as she sang through the number. Osiah signaled a slight lighting adjustment to catch her better during the peak, and the crew responded smoothly. She caught his eye mid-spin and gave a quick thumbs-up, her body turning with fluid power, ass rounding out beautifully as she planted and pushed off for the next move. There was a growing warmth low in her belly as she performed—part show adrenaline, part the way Osiah's calm presence in the wings made everything feel steadier. Her loins felt a subtle heat building, a low pulse that made her push harder, enjoying the way her body responded to the movement and his steady gaze.

Halfway through the number she went for a fast, flashy turn. Her heel caught an edge on the stage marking tape that hadn't been fully smoothed down. The twist was awkward and sudden. Her ankle rolled sharply, and she went down hard with a gasp of pain, landing on her side.

"Shit—" she hissed, immediately clutching her ankle, face twisting.

The music cut off. Crew members started moving toward her, but Osiah was already there fast, kneeling beside her on the stage. "Easy. Let me see." His voice was calm and steady, cutting through the sudden tension. He waved the hovering crew back with a firm gesture. "Give her space. We've got it."

Gaga nodded through the wince, extending her leg toward him. Osiah's hands were steady and professional as he gently took her foot, pressing carefully around the joint to check for swelling or obvious damage. His fingers worked with practiced precision—years of fixing athletes on the football field and sore actors on set guiding every touch. He applied deep, targeted pressure on the right spots around the ankle and lower calf, then slowly stretched the foot and calf muscle, easing the tension without forcing it.

Gaga winced at first, teeth gritted, but slowly relaxed as the sharp, stabbing pain dulled into a manageable throb. She let out a long breath, her thick thigh resting against his knee as she shifted to give him better access. The heat in her loins hadn't faded completely despite the injury—it mixed with the relief from his hands, making her acutely aware of how close he was, how warm and capable his touch felt on her skin.

"Fuck, that feels better already," she muttered, managing a laugh through the lingering discomfort. Her voice was a little breathy as she looked down at him. "Taylor really wasn't kidding. She said if I had body pains, come find you. Guess she knows what she's talking about."

Osiah kept working the area with firm but careful strokes, thumbs pressing into the tight muscles around the ankle while supporting her leg. "You can perform tonight, but it'll sting. Three to four weeks to full recovery if we stay on top of it. It'll mess with the Wiltern shows a bit, but you should be solid for The AXIS."

Gaga shook her head, jaw set with that stubborn determination she was known for. Sweat still clung to her neck and chest, her heavy tits rising and falling with each breath inside the cropped top. "I'm not canceling. We'll make it work. The crowd's already bought tickets, and this show means too much to phone it in."

Osiah nodded, respecting the call. He helped her up carefully, letting her lean her weight on him as they made their way off the stage. Her thick thigh pressed warmly against his side with every step, her curvy body leaning into him for support. The heat in her loins flared again at the contact, a deeper pulse now mixed with the adrenaline and pain. They got her to her dressing room, the door clicking shut behind them for some quiet.

Osiah guided her to the treatment table, helping her sit and then lie back so he could elevate the ankle. He kept working it with steady hands—firm pressure, gentle stretches, massaging the calf and foot to keep the swelling down and the blood flowing. His touch was confident, knowing exactly where to press to release the tension without causing more hurt. Gaga watched him the whole time, eyes softening as the pain eased further. Her body felt warm all over, the earlier heat in her cunt now joined by a different kind of awareness—the way his strong hands moved on her leg, how close he was leaning in, the competence that made her feel taken care of.

She reached up suddenly, grabbing the front of his shirt with surprising strength, and pulled him down into a kiss. It was hungry and sudden, her lips soft but demanding, pressing firmly against his as the built-up heat finally spilled over.

"You've been so good to me," she whispered against his mouth, breath warm and ragged from the rehearsal. "All this help, the talks... take my body tonight. It's yours. Use it however you want."

Osiah kissed her back, deeper, tasting the lingering wine and the salt of her stage sweat. His hands slid down her sides, cupping the full, heavy curve of her ass through the thin robe she'd changed into after rehearsal. Gaga moaned into the kiss, her thick thighs parting as she pulled

him closer on the treatment table, her body arching up to press those soft, full tits against his chest.

Gaga's mouth was hot and eager against his, her tongue sliding in deep and wet as she tugged him harder. Her robe slipped open completely, revealing the lush, strong body underneath—the full, soft weight of her heavy tits with their stiff, dark nipples, the smooth curve of her stomach, and those thick, powerful thighs that flexed as she wrapped one leg around his hip. Osiah cupped one heavy breast, thumb brushing firmly over the stiff nipple, rolling it as he squeezed the soft flesh. She moaned right into his mouth, loud and needy, pushing her tit harder into his palm.

“Fuck, I’ve been thinking about this since you walked in,” she breathed, nipping at his bottom lip, her voice husky. “Call me Stefani. Not Gaga right now. I want to hear you say it while you’re inside me.”

Osiah's hand kneaded her tit harder, pinching the nipple until she gasped. “Stefani,” he said low, voice rough as he ground his hips against her. “You feel so fucking good already.”

She whimpered at the name, her pussy grinding against the bulge in his pants. Her hands worked his belt open frantically, shoving his pants and boxers down just enough to free his thick cock. She wrapped her fingers around him, stroking slow and firm, eyes widening as she felt his girth. “God, you’re so thick, I’m gonna love this stretching. Put it in me. I want it raw and deep.”

He pushed the robe the rest of the way off, letting it pool on the floor. Gaga was completely naked now, her body lush and powerful from years of performing—thick thighs that trembled with need, wide hips, and that famous ass that looked even better up close, round and full. Her pussy was shaved smooth, lips puffy and glistening with slick arousal. Osiah ran his hands down her sides, gripping her ass and spreading her cheeks wide as he kissed her again, harder, tongues sliding messily.

He lifted one of her thick legs, hooking it over his hip, and rubbed the swollen head of his cock up and down her soaked folds, coating himself in her wetness. Gaga whimpered, grinding her hips desperately against him, her heavy tits swaying with the motion. “Don’t tease me, I need it now. Put that thick cock in my pussy.”

Osiah pushed inside in one slow, steady thrust, burying himself to the hilt. Her pussy was tight and scorching hot, velvety walls gripping every inch as he bottomed out. Gaga's mouth fell open, eyes fluttering shut for a moment before locking on his, a low, guttural moan spilling from her throat. “Fuuuuck... I’m so full. You’re so deep already. Fill me up, stretch this pussy.”

He started moving, hips snapping forward in a steady, powerful rhythm. The wet slap of skin on skin filled the dressing room—loud, obscene PLAP-PLAP-PLAP sounds mixing with the slick squelch of her juices coating his shaft and dripping down her thick thighs with every thrust. Her heavy tits bounced heavily between them, nipples hard and dark, swaying and jiggling with each impact. Osiah grabbed one, mauling the soft, full flesh, pinching and rolling the nipple while he fucked her harder against the edge of the table.

Gaga's face was pure bliss—cheeks flushed deep red, lips parted in a constant moan, eyes half-lidded and glassy as she took every thick inch. "Yes—right there. Pound my pussy. Make it yours. Fuck, it feels so good." Her thick thighs wrapped tighter around him, heels digging into his back as she pulled him deeper. The table creaked loudly under them as he drove in harder, her full ass rippling and jiggling against the edge with every powerful impact. The smell of her arousal was thick in the air—sweet and musky, mixing with sweat and the faint scent of her perfume.

She came fast the first time, her pussy clamping down hard around his cock like a hot, wet fist. A sharp, broken cry tore from her throat as her walls fluttered and squeezed rhythmically, milking him while fresh wetness gushed around his shaft, soaking his balls. "Oh shit—I'm cumming! Don't stop—fuck me through it!"

Osiah didn't slow. He kept thrusting through her orgasm, grinding deep and rolling his hips to drag against that sensitive spot inside her, drawing out every spasm until her moans turned into shaky whimpers. When she started to come down, panting hard, he pulled out with a wet pop, spun her around, and bent her over the table. Gaga braced her hands on the surface, arching her back deeply and pushing her famous ass up high, presenting herself. He slapped one full, round cheek hard, watching the flesh jiggle and turn pink, then spread her open wide and slammed back inside in one rough thrust.

"Fuck yes," she groaned, voice breaking as she pushed back to meet him, her thick ass rippling and bouncing with every hard thrust. The wet PLAP-PLAP-PLAP sounds grew louder, filthier, her juices running down her thighs. Osiah reached around and rubbed her swollen clit in tight, firm circles, his other hand tangling in her hair and pulling just enough to arch her back more. Her heavy tits swayed and hung beneath her, nipples brushing the cool table surface with every rock of her body, sending little shocks through her.

"You feel that, Stefani?" he growled, hips slapping loud and wet against her ass. "Taking every inch like such a good girl. Your pussy's dripping all over me, creaming on this cock."

Gaga moaned louder, voice raw and desperate. "Harder—fuck me harder. Wreck this pussy. I want it deep." She came again like that, thighs shaking violently, her thick ass clenching tight around him as she squirted a little, soaking his balls and the floor beneath them. Her face, visible in the mirror across the room, was wrecked—mouth wide open in a silent scream, eyes rolled back, sweat beading on her forehead and dripping down her flushed cheeks.

He kept pounding her through it, hips snapping forward with deep, relentless strokes while her orgasm rippled and squeezed around his cock. Then he pulled out with a wet, obscene sound, flipped her onto her back on the treatment table, and hooked her thick legs over his shoulders, folding her nearly in half. The new angle let him drive even deeper, his pelvis grinding hard against her swollen clit on every powerful downstroke. Gaga's heavy tits bounced wildly between them, soft and full, jiggling and slapping together with the force of his thrusts.

“Stefani,” he growled, voice low and rough as he leaned down closer, folding her tighter. “Look at you taking this cock so deep. That pussy’s gripping me like it doesn’t want to let go.”

Gaga’s eyes were glassy, cheeks flushed dark red, mouth open in a constant stream of moans. Her thick thighs trembled against his shoulders as he drove in again and again, the wet slap of his hips meeting her ass filling the room. “Yes—fuck, I love it so deep. Pound me harder. I can feel you in my stomach every time. Don’t stop, fill me up.”

Her heavy tits jiggled wildly with each thrust, nipples hard and begging for attention. Osiah leaned in and sucked one into his mouth, biting down gently before laving his tongue over it, all while his cock kept slamming home. The table creaked loudly under them. Gaga’s hands raked down his back, nails digging in as another orgasm built fast.

“Gonna cum again—I’m gonna cum all over your cock,” she gasped, voice breaking. Her pussy pulsed hard around him, walls fluttering and squeezing as she came a third time, a broken moan echoing through the dressing room. Fresh wetness gushed around his shaft, soaking his balls and dripping down her ass crack.

Osiah groaned deep in his chest and buried himself to the hilt, grinding against her as he came hard. Thick, hot spurts flooded her pussy, pulse after pulse while he kept rolling his hips, milking every drop deep inside her. Gaga shuddered through another small orgasm, her walls milking him greedily, a soft whimper escaping as she felt him throb and fill her.

When he finally pulled out, a thick trail of his cum leaked from her swollen, puffy folds, dripping slowly down her ass and onto the table. Gaga’s chest heaved, her body shiny with sweat, but her eyes were still dark with lust.

She wasn’t done. Gaga sat up on the table, grabbed his shoulders, and pushed him back into a nearby chair with surprising strength. She straddled him reverse, facing away, and sank down onto his still-hard cock with a long, satisfied moan. Her thick ass spread wide around his thickness, cheeks engulfing him as she took every inch until her ass rested fully against his thighs.

“Fuck, I feel so full again,” she breathed, starting to ride him. Her ass rippled and clapped against his thighs with every bounce, the full, round flesh jiggling hypnotically. Osiah gripped her wide hips, guiding her faster, one hand reaching around to rub her swollen clit in firm circles while the other mauled her bouncing tits from behind, squeezing the heavy flesh and pinching her nipples.

“Goddamn, Stefani, your ass looks incredible like this,” he said, voice rough. He slapped one full cheek hard, the sharp sound cracking through the room as the flesh jiggled. “So thick and soft, bouncing on my cock.”

Gaga moaned openly, riding him harder, her pussy making filthy, wet squelching sounds around his shaft. “Slap it again—harder. I love it when you smack my ass while you fuck me.” She

ground down deep, ass flexing and rippling as another orgasm hit her, walls squeezing him tight while she shook and whimpered.

Osiah thrust up to meet her, gripping her hips and slamming her down as he filled her with a second thick load, groaning against her back. Cum mixed with her own mess, leaking out around his cock and coating his thighs as she kept grinding through the aftershocks.

They caught their breath for a minute, sweaty and sticky, her body still pressed back against his chest. Then Osiah stood, lifting her easily with him. He carried her to the couch across the room and laid her on her back, spreading her thick legs wide. He slid back inside in missionary, deep and slow at first, letting her feel every inch. Gaga wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him down into a messy, desperate kiss as he built speed again. Her heavy tits squished warmly against his chest, hard nipples dragging against his skin with every thrust.

“My pussy is still so sensitive,” she moaned between kisses, tongue sliding against his. “But don’t stop. Fuck me deeper. I want another load.”

Osiah picked up the pace, hips snapping harder, the couch creaking under them. He reached down and rubbed her clit while pounding into her, watching her face twist in pleasure—eyes fluttering, mouth open, cheeks flushed. She came twice more in quick succession, smaller but intense shuddery orgasms that made her thighs quake and her nails dig into his shoulders. Her pussy fluttered and squeezed around him each time, pulling him closer to the edge.

He groaned into her mouth and pumped a third thick load deep inside her, hips grinding as he emptied himself completely. Gaga shuddered with him, milking every drop with soft, satisfied moans.

By the time they finished, Gaga was a wrecked, satisfied mess—cum leaking steadily from her swollen pussy, her thick thighs shiny and slick, hair wild and sticking to her flushed face. She pulled him down for one last lazy kiss, smiling against his lips.

“Goddamn,” she murmured, voice husky and content. “Taylor was right about you.”

The Wiltern show a few nights later was intense. Gaga powered through despite the lingering ankle pain, leaning hard on the energy of the packed crowd and pure willpower. She killed it—voice strong and soaring through every jazz standard, stage presence electric as she moved across the stage with that signature mix of power and grace. The audience never knew about the injury. Osiah kept everything running smooth backstage, coordinating quick changes with military precision, making sure costume swaps happened fast and the pain didn’t show in her face or posture. The crowd stayed completely lost in the performance.

After the final encore, with the crew erupting into another round of cheers and backslaps, Gaga limped back to her dressing room, ankle wrapped tightly but clearly still sore. She was sweaty,

glowing from the show high, her stage outfit clinging to every curve. Osiah followed right behind with the treatment kit in hand.

“Let’s get that looked at again,” he said, voice calm and steady as always, helping her ease onto the treatment table.

She grinned up at him, a little sweaty and still buzzed from the adrenaline and the crowd’s roar. “You know what I really need right now?”

Before he could answer, she scooted to the very edge of the table, dangling her head off the side, mouth open and eager, tongue already flicking out. “Come here. Fuck my throat, I want it deep.”

Osiah stepped up, his cock already hard again from watching her perform and the way she’d been pressing against him during the earlier treatment touches. He fed the thick head past her lips, sliding deep as she relaxed her throat with a hungry moan. Her head hung perfectly off the edge, allowing him to thrust straight down into her warm, wet mouth. Gaga’s eyes watered immediately but stayed locked on his, wide and lust-drunk as he started face-fucking her—steady at first, letting her adjust, then harder, his balls slapping wetly against her forehead with each thrust.

“Fuck, Stefani, your mouth feels so good,” he groaned, tangling one hand in her messy hair to hold her head in place. Her throat bulged visibly with each deep push, the outline of his cock clear under the skin as she took him all the way. Wet, obscene gluck-gluck-gluck sounds filled the dressing room, mixed with her muffled moans and the occasional wet gag when he hit the back of her throat. Thick strings of spit ran down her face, dripping from her chin and the corners of her stretched lips onto the floor in messy puddles. Her heavy tits jiggled and swayed with every thrust, nipples hard and dark, bouncing enticingly upside down.

Gaga hummed and sucked greedily around his thickness, one hand sliding between her own thick thighs to rub her swollen clit in fast, desperate circles. Her pussy was already soaked, the wet sounds of her fingers joining the filthy symphony of her throat. She relaxed her jaw even more, taking him deeper, throat fluttering and squeezing around his cock as she worked to swallow every inch.

Osiah fucked her face faster, hips snapping forward with controlled power, watching her throat bulge again and again. “That’s it, Stefani. Take every fucking inch down that pretty throat. You look so good like this—eyes watering, spit everywhere, choking on my cock while you play with that wet pussy.”

She moaned loudly around him, the vibration shooting straight through his shaft. Her fingers rubbed her clit harder, two slipping inside her dripping cunt as she fingered herself in time with his thrusts. The sloppy, gagging sounds grew louder, wetter—gluck-gluck-gluck—spit bubbling from her nose and mouth, running in rivers down her flushed cheeks and into her hair. Her tits bounced wildly upside down, the soft flesh jiggling and swaying with the force of his hips.

“Gonna cum down your throat,” he growled, gripping her hair tighter, fucking her face with deep, steady strokes. “Swallow every drop like a good girl, Stefani.”

Gaga’s eyes rolled back slightly, but she kept them on him as best she could, moaning encouragement around his cock. Her fingers plunged faster into her pussy, thumb grinding her clit. When Osiah buried himself deep down her throat and came, pumping thick, hot ropes straight into her stomach, she swallowed greedily around him, moaning loudly the whole time. The feeling pushed her over the edge—her own orgasm hit hard, thighs shaking as she squirted around her fingers, a messy gush soaking her hand and the table beneath her.

She pulled off gasping when he finally eased back, thick strings of cum and spit connecting her swollen, messy lips to his cock. Her face was a wrecked, filthy masterpiece—cheeks flushed and shiny with spit, eyes watery, lips puffy and glistening. A filthy, satisfied grin spread across her face as she licked her lips, swallowing the last traces.

“Best treatment ever,” she rasped, voice hoarse but happy, still catching her breath. She reached up and stroked his softening cock gently, smearing the mix of spit and cum along the shaft.

Osiah helped her sit up properly, grabbing a clean towel to gently wipe her face and chest. “You’re a fucking mess, Stefani.”

“Your mess,” she shot back with a playful wink, still breathing hard, her heavy tits rising and falling as she grinned at him. “Worth every bit. I needed that after powering through tonight.”