

EXCERPT SEVEN

The club was packed. Mesha and Spencer took Fatima and Dominique to Millennium, the hottest club. They arrived early enough to get a good seat.

“You want something to drink?” Ty asked Fatima.

Spencer overheard and offered to buy a round for everybody. The DJ was on point; Spencer nodded his head to the beat.

“Mesha, go ‘head. You and yo’ boo should go out there and dance,” Dominique urged.

“Nah, that’s all right. My baby know dancing is not my thang. Ain’t that right, boo?”

Spencer ignored Mesha.

“You dance?” Spencer turned to Fatima, shouting across Dominique.

Fatima scoped out the club, not paying any attention to what was going on. Ty patted her leg then pointed to Spencer.

“Excuse me?” Fatima asked.

“I said, do you dance?” This time Spencer gestured they go to the dance floor.

“I can do a lil something.” Fatima mimicked some 90’s moves.

“Then let’s do this!” Spencer smiled.

They made their way among the other dancers. After the third song, Fatima attempted to head back to her chair, but Spencer insisted she stay.

He was enjoying himself way too much, Ty thought. Finally, a slow song came on, and they made their way back to their seats.

“Whew. It’s hot in here.” Fatima fanned herself.

“Here you go.” Spencer handed her a napkin.

“I thought y’all was gonna dance all night,” Mesha said somewhat playfully.

“Yeah, your girl sure can dance. I was trying to keep up,” Spencer said.

Spencer used a flyer on the table as a makeshift fan. Ty wondered if he was aware of just how much he stared at Fatima. Ty definitely noticed.

A few hours and several shots later, everybody felt good. Fatima kept her drink limit to three. Needless to say, she was much less inebriated than the others.

Ty and Fatima sat next to each other. As the night went on, Ty got more relaxed. She started off with small strokes to Fatima’s thigh and progressed to gentle massaging.

“Dance with me,” Ty whispered in Fatima’s ear.

Fatima didn’t hesitate. She followed Ty’s lead, and didn’t even remove Ty’s arms from around her waist. She seemed to like it. They rocked their hips from side to side, moving closer to one another with every rhythm. All eyes were on them, but they were too absorbed to tell.

“Get a room,” Mesha blurted out when they returned to the table.

“We just might,” Ty retorted as she and Fatima’s eyes stayed locked on one another the rest of the night.

Graig, who sat next to Kaydi, leaned into her and asked, “What’s up with them?” He and everyone else at the table noticed how intimate Ty and Fatima had gotten.

“You know … fresh meat.”

“I thought the two of y’all were … you know.”

“Naw, we just cool.” Kaydi flagged the barmaid for another drink.

“Uh, y’all seemed more than cool when I heard y’all last night.” Graig pressed.

“You know how it is. Shit, we were both horny. Period. All that other mess you talking, you can dead that, B.”

Graig ordered her another drink and paid the big-busted lady. Graig and Kaydi clanked their glasses together and threw back the shots of tequila. Out her peripheral, Kaydi saw the new lovebirds or predator and victim as she liked to call them, and took action. She was a completely different person when intoxicated. She shed that reserved shell and became the life of the party.

“Get hype, everybody!” She pumped her hands in the air. “Or like y’all say down south, let’s get crunk!” She skipped to the dance floor and all but Fatima and Ty followed. She captured the attention of spectators, for her movements mimicked no one else’s in the club. She rocked her hips to the rhythm then switched it up by combining a B-girl flair, showcasing her New York roots.

“Wow. Did you know she could dance like that?” Fatima was also enamored.

“Yeah, she only do it when she’s been drinking, though.”

“Let’s go out there.” She tugged at Ty’s hand.

“I wanna do more than dance.” She slid her hand up Fatima’s skirt.

“Maybe later … if you’re a good girl.” Fatima winked and led her to the crowd.