“Bling bling,” Kayla sung the hook to one of the summer’s anthems as she strut her stuff through the club’s crowded VIP section in a sexy black mini-dress that fit her just right. Tonight was her night. She and best friend Chante were painting the town red in celebration of Kayla’s show being number one in urban radio for the second quarter that year. In addition, her show was going to be syndicated. Not only would the New York market enjoy Waking Up With Kayla on Blazing 99; Philly, Atlanta and Miami would also have that privilege. She was blinging from her hoop earrings down to her wrist stopping at her ring finger, and she knew it. Every time Lil Wayne said, “Bling bling,” Kayla stuck her tongue out of her mouth, did her wrist dance, spilled her drink and blinded the wannabe bitches with the light from her diamond jewels.

“That’s my jam right there,” she said to no one in particular. Kayla stopped in her tracks and began doing a two-step. The remains of her drink fell to the floor, barely missing her Gucci mini when she threw her hands up and began popping her thing.

“Girl, you looking good,” Kayla dipped all the way down to the floor and back up again, “won’t you back dat ass up.”

“Shorty is tight,” Kyle responded in observance of his boy’s eye contact on Kayla’s ass.

“That she is,” Shawn responded as he sipped his drink and watched Kayla’s performance.

Kayla opened her eyes to find Shawn staring at her rump as it jiggled. Embarrassed at getting caught, he quickly turned his head. She shook her head and stared back at him with squinted eyes. You want a show? Fine. I’ll give you one, Kayla thought.
Her almond-shaped eyes locked with his as a sexy smile crept up on her face. Her tongue ran across her top lip as her fingers ran through her hair. Shawn watched in amazement as did his friend Kyle, and a few others who had gathered around the bar. Kayla rubbed her hands across her breasts, down to her thighs. Her hips swayed from left to right. Her thumb and index finger formed into an “L” after she pulled her finger out of her mouth.

“Loser.” She walked away, laughing.

“That chick had you going, didn’t she?”

“Yo, when she had her finger in her mouth, all I could picture was her sucking my dick.” Shawn snapped out of the trance that Kayla had put him in.

“No need to imagine anything. You can’t afford her.” Kyle nodded his head “hello” to some women passing by.

“Why not? She’s probably some broke broad on the come up, chilling in VIP,” said Shawn.

Kyle grabbed the hand of a tall honey-brown young lady, wearing a red dress like a glove. She tossed her reddish-brown weave over her shoulder as she introduced herself to him.

“Then why the hell would she be interested in your ass? Bartender. Alize for the lady.”

“Man, I could fuck shorty if I wanted to.” Shawn scanned the crowd for Kayla.

The lady in red shook her head at Shawn and Kyle before walking away with her drink.

Disappointed he wouldn’t have the pleasure of getting between redhead’s thighs, Kyle resumed his conversation with Shawn. “Did you see that girl’s ass and her lips?”

Shawn ignored Kyle and continued to scan the crowd for the light-skinned cutie that had his man standing at attention. He found her.

“I bet you one-hundred dollars you can’t hit that.”

“Make it two-hundred dollars and it’s a bet.”

“Alright, bet.” They shook on it.

“I need you to play a little interference if you see Tasha.”

“Have I ever let you down?” Kyle grinned, extending his short brown arms in the air. “You know I got you.” Kyle placed his empty cup down on the bar and struck up a
conversation with a brown-skin bombshell standing beside him, ordering a drink. “What’s your name, beautiful?”

“Chante. And you are?”

Shawn knew his boy had a lot of game. He shook his head and began his quest for Kayla’s panties.

Shawn stood back and watched Kayla as she turned guys down. He admired the Gucci Goddess as she danced by herself. She was gorgeous in a LisaRaye type of way. Light-skinned. Brown eyes, with a mole above her gold-tinted lips. Her tits had to be at least a C-cup. Shawn couldn’t wait to play hide-and-seek with her nipples, watching them disappear in his mouth. The ass was just right, fat like he liked it. He wondered how he would feel inside her with those thick thighs wrapped around him.

Kayla observed Shawn watching her. She didn’t notice how handsome he was. Her gaze met his stare. He smirked. She smiled, motioning for him to come dance with her.

_Damn, he looks good_, Kayla thought as Shawn approached her on the dance floor. _Who said light-skinned men were going out of style?_ Shawn’s hazel eyes had twinkles of gray in them. His sideburns were neatly trimmed with his Caesar haircut. If he didn’t have a mustache, he would look like a teenager. He was a cross between a thuggish Terrence Howard and Laz Alonzo. He was fine!

Kayla quickly sized him up as they grooved to the music. He stood over six-feet tall. Her five-foot-eight frame fit into his perfectly. His stocky build made her feel safe and comfortable in his arms. She twirled around and began to shake her ass as Mystikal’s forceful voice demanded. She rubbed her butt all over Shawn. Once she felt his johnson, it was on.

“Shake ya ass. Watch yourself. Shake ya ass.” Kayla bent over, grabbed her ankles, and shook her cheeks from side to side as the song instructed. Shawn loved it.

“What’s your name, beautiful?” He placed his hands on her hips and pumped her harder.

“Kayla. What’s yours?”

“Nice to meet you, Kayla, I’m Shawn.” He blushed, realizing Kayla was leaning more into his erection.
“And I’m Tasha!” A redbone female with stringy jet-black hair interrupted, pushing Shawn aside.

Their smiles vanished.

The last person Shawn wanted to see was Tasha. Kyle was supposed to be watching his back. How did he look being busted with the next victim while on a date? Under normal circumstances, Shawn wouldn’t have cared, he would have played it off like he was really just dancing, or didn’t care about the chick he was dancing with. Technically, he didn’t give a damn about Kayla, yet he had $200 riding on her panties.

Shawn had no intention of making Tasha long term. None at all. She was not his type in any shape, form or fashion. The woman was ignorant, ghetto, had no class whatsoever, and was always begging for something, not to mention she gave him head the same night he met her at The Whole in the Wall Bar. She sucked him good, too. Her nickname should’ve been Superhead. The girl was good! Her mouth was like a vacuum, which Shawn wanted to experience a few more times before he cut her off.

“Who the hell let this cheap trick in VIP?” Kayla slurred. She looked around, expecting answers.

_I’d wipe the floor with her ass._ Kayla quickly assessed the situation and observed the poor quality of Tasha’s dress and shoes. Her handbag had knockoff stamped all over it.

“Who the fuck do you think you’re talking to? Aïn’t shit cheap about me,” Tasha said, believing she looked good. She turned to Shawn. “How the fuck you gon’ bring me here and you dancing with this simple bitch?”

“I know this low-budget bitch didn’t just call my Gucci-covered ass simple.” Kayla pushed Shawn aside to get into Tasha’s face. “Baby, your whole fucking outfit is cheap, from your cheap-store dress, your plastic shoes down to your Canal Street bag.”

“You heard what I said, you simple bitch. You don’t want it.” Tasha’s neck rolled as she spoke.

Through the crowd, Kayla noticed her best friend quickly approaching the scene.
“Girl, beat it! I am too cute for this bullshit,” Kayla responded.

“Kayla, is there a problem?” Chante asked, removing her diamond hoop earrings.

Kayla smirked. No matter what, Chante always had her back. Kayla was glad Chante arrived when she did. Truth be told, Tasha probably would have kicked Kayla’s ass. One would not describe Kayla as a fighter; instead, she was more like a punk with a whole bunch of mouth. She would defend herself, more than likely she’d end up getting beat up in the process, but she wouldn’t run from a fight.

“There’s no problem, Tae Tae.” Kayla took a step closer toward Tasha. “You might want to remove your Rainbow tag from your cheap-ass dress, trick,” Kayla slowly whispered in her ear before walking away.

“What the hell are you smiling at?” Tasha grabbed Shawn’s face, pulling it around to face her. “Ain’t nothing funny! How you gon’ bring me here and you sitting up here practically fucking some bitch on the dance floor.”

Shawn stood staring off into thin air, still in a daze. His smile spread wider as he imagined Tasha and Kayla ripping off each other’s clothes in a sexual frenzy. He envisioned Kayla’s bare ass resting on Tasha’s face as Kayla played with her own nipples and sucked his dick.

“Shawn!” Tasha screamed. “Boy, you hear me talking to you.”

“What?” He snapped out of it.

As Tasha gave him an earful, he scoured the crowd that had gone back to dancing, looking for Kyle. It was no shock to him that Kyle didn’t have his back. Bastard. Shawn was somewhat amused by the festivities. He would have preferred it end with propositioning both women to have sex with him at the same time.

Still, Shawn was glad the bickering ended when it did. He was getting tired of hearing the word bitch. Kayla was sexy and her being the bigger person turned him on even more.

Shawn pulled Tasha off the dance floor. Kayla had his dick rock hard. He wanted to bang her, too, yet he knew that wasn’t going to happen. So tonight, Tasha would be the light-skinned
woman with the beauty mark and long brown hair with bangs and expensive taste that shook her ass all over his dick. There was something about Kayla that intrigued him. Before he left the club, he would make sure he got Kayla’s number.

“Tasha. Tash, baby, calm down.”

“No, Shawn, I do not appreciate this. How you gon’ bring me here and do that?”

“Tasha, it was just a dance…”

“Can you believe that crap?” Kayla swallowed her shot of tequila.

“What crap? Are you referring to that tacky heifer you were arguing with and the cutie on the dance floor?” Chante held her chest after swallowing her shot of Jose Cuervo.

Kayla nodded.

“After all that, did you at least get his number?” she asked, bopping her head to the music. “Did you give him yours?”

“Fuck him.”

“Now it’s fuck him? You’re just mad his girl interrupted before you could.” Chante laughed, pulling Kayla out of the booth where they were sitting and onto the dance floor.

“I’m not you. I wouldn’t have fucked him the same night I met him.”

“Never say never.”

As they danced, Kayla couldn’t help but stare in the direction of Shawn and Tasha. They were all hugged up and occasionally kissing.

“Excuse me.” Kayla’s dance partner had been trying to make small talk with her the moment their dance began. Kayla’s mind was definitely someplace else. After several attempts he walked away.

Chante followed Kayla’s eyes.

“Kayla, snap out of it. It was a dance. Apparently, he came with her cheap ass, which means his ass is cheap, too, and he’s going to leave with her. Don’t trip. What can his broke behind do for you? Did he even buy you a drink?”

“It was a dance, but it felt like we were making love.”
“I bet it did!” Chante reenacted Kayla’s routine of grabbing her ankles and shaking her butt cheeks left to right for emphasis. Her dance partner enjoyed the quick reenactment.

“What else could you do to a song called ‘Shake Your Ass’?” Kayla giggled as she danced in front of her friend.

“You could be with a baller right now; instead, you’re daydreaming about some broke man that likes girls that wear clothes from the Rainbow Shop. What the hell is the Rainbow Shop? Where is the Gucci Goddess I know?”

“I’m still here in my Gucci pumps.” Kayla laughed. “Who was I dancing with?”

“That guy from the Knicks; I think his name is Allan Houston.”

“Why didn’t you say that when I was dancing with him?”

Chante rolled her eyes and continued to dance. Kayla laughed and went searching for a barmaid, hoping to run into Allan. Maybe he would like to dance with her again, or better yet, she would run into Shawn.

“I can’t take you anywhere,” Chante said, holding up Kayla’s hair as she hurled into a garbage can.

She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. “Don’t act like you’re not drunk either.” Kayla quickly put her head back in the garbage can and motioned for Chante to hold her hair.

“I am not drunk. I have a buzz and I’m good. I can’t help if you can’t hold your liquor like I can.” She pulled Kayla’s hair tighter. “But you are excused since you will be heard not only in NYC on Blazing 99, but also in Philly, Atlanta and Miami.”

“That’s right! I worked hard for this.”

Kayla high-fived Chante, barely missing her hand and almost losing her balance as she held the garbage can to keep her steady.

“Tae Tae, I’m ready to go home.”

“Kayla, I know you are not calling it a night. I’m about to head over to this after-hours spot called… What’s the name of it again?” Chante asked her male companion.

“The Basement,” Kyle answered.
Chante smirked. *He must come up with names of places a lot,* she thought. Chante had no intentions of going to an after-hours spot. She was going to get her freak on. She just didn’t want Kayla to know.

“I’ll pass.” Kayla rolled her eyes. *This chick really thinks I’m stupid.* “I’m getting in a cab and going home. Call me later.”

Kayla stood outside the club alone as a nice, cool August breeze blew through her hair and onto her skin. The air felt so good moving along her scalp. She thought fresh air would do her some good, yet everything she put down was coming back up, once again.

“Hey, beautiful,” someone said from behind.

Kayla looked up. It was Shawn! “Hi, handsome.” She wiped her mouth with her hand. “Where’s ya girlfriend?”

“I had to put her to bed.” The thought of Tasha butt naked and fast asleep after he put it down made him grin.

“Well, what are you doing here?”

“I came to try to catch you. I kept calling the club to see if you were still here.”

“Really. Why?”

“I wanted to apologize for what happened earlier.”

“Apology accepted. Bye.” Kayla attempted to flag down a cab.

“You are beautiful when drunk,” he said.

“Thank you.” Kayla failed again at flagging down another cab.

Now that Shawn had conquered Tasha’s wild behind, he was onto the next. Once Kyle called to say Kayla was still at the club, he knew Tasha was a book that he could discard.

Kayla was his next title to read. She was a beautiful shade darker than vanilla with long, soft chestnut-brown hair. She was sassy and stylish. Something about her face and voice was familiar, too. He just couldn’t place it. All he knew was there was something about this woman he just had to have.

“Kayla, can I get you a cab?” he asked.

“I can do it myself.” She failed for the third time. “You better go home to your girlfriend? I would hate for her to wake up and find you not there.”
“She’s not my girlfriend.” He shook his head and stuck his arm out to flag down a cab for her. “Can I call you sometime?” A cab immediately pulled up to the curb.

“No.” She closed the cab door after getting in.

Shawn motioned for Kayla to roll down the window. “If I gave you my number, would you call me?”

“Maybe.” She blushed.

Shawn pulled out a pen from his inner jacket pocket with a slip of paper. He wrote down his number and handed it to her. “Make sure you use it.”

The cab pulled off. Shawn stood there smiling, already expecting Kayla’s call.