

Four Weeks and A Baby by Monica Vansa

Chapter 6 A Martini For The Girls

Thirty minutes later they were in a long line waiting to get inside the club. A bouncer was at the door checking I. Ds and coordinating the line.

From outside, the music drifting out from the club was at a low ebb, but what it lacked in sound it made up in colour as the building was caked in an ever-changing light and on top of it read 'Seven Dials' in bold letters.

Cars pulled up at all angles, people arrived geared up in party clothes. It was a busy night, even for a Thursday night.

Paige turned to Naomi. Her nerves getting the best of her. She was wearing a red gown which had most of her back on display, a little slit on her thigh, and on her legs were a pair of high heels which propelled her height, so she was almost as tall as Naomi. Her blond hair had been pulled down to rest on her shoulders and her face contained minimal make-up, aside from her lips, which were really glossed up.

"If I go in there and I get real nervous, or God forbid, scared. That's it, I am backing out of telling him anything."

"Touché." Naomi blew her gum and burst. "Let's get in first." Naomi had her eyes covered in eyeshadow and her lips painted red. The woman liked to wear heavy make-up. Which somehow always suited her with her black sleek hair. Naomi wasn't a natural black-haired but knew how to rock one as if she was born with it. She was a blond girl like Paige and while Naomi was tall and on the slim side. Paige was petite and curvy.

To say the club was a buzz was an understatement. It was filled with people and the changing laser light flickered out of everywhere, and nowhere bouncing off colors in the shades of blue, green, red and yellow.

The two girls made their way over to the dance floor. They were holding hands, so they wouldn't get lost in the crowd.

"I'm guessing since your boss is a rich bloke he would be the type to stay in the VIP area," Naomi pointed. "And judging by those bouncers over there and that rope I think that's the VIP area."

"You think so?"

"Yeah. We should to stay close," she said next. "So we can easily spot him in case he comes out or something like that. And look, there is a balcony over there and a bar

below,” this she said with a different kind of voice a sexy and sassy voice. Naomi smirked. “Which by the way has a fantastic vantage point. We should stay there,” Naomi explained. No sooner had she finished saying this that she dragged Paige there.

It was hard to hear her over the noise in the club and the thumping music vibrating off the wall, but Paige followed her regardless, and they took a seat by the bar.

Naomi leaned down, so her cleavage would show. And Paige almost rolled her eyes, but the bartender there followed that action with his eyes and a smirk to his lips.

“What would you ladies be having?”

“A Martini for myself, and give her,” Naomi pointed to Paige. “Whatever would knock her loose she is too rigid for my liking,” she jested.

The bartender’s eyes trailed to Paige, lingered on her for a moment, and then went back to Naomi.

“How would you like it?”

“Dirty.”

This time the bartender did smile, and Paige leaned on the counter. “I’ll have a sex on the beach and don’t listen to anything she tells you.”

He smiled. “On it.” And turned towards the counter mixing drinks.

“What do we do now?” Paige asked. She couldn’t believe she came here. She was here. Good lord, she didn’t think this true. At the time, the idea had sounded sassy. You know, like all those girls who would jazz into a club and do whatever they wanted, she had wanted to be that girl. She had felt the thrill of it then, but now all she felt was a little off balance.

“Relax, Paige! We just came, let’s have fun.”

The barman turned to them, pushing two glasses towards them. “A dirty Martini and a sex on the beach. Ladies?”

They collected their drink and turned towards the dance floor, putting it to their lips. Their actions mirrored by one another. Paige breathed out a sigh of relief as she felt the liquid sip into her body, hoping its fire would quell her jumping nerves. She was beyond nervous. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea.

A warm hand on her arm caused her to jump unconventionally. And she turned and saw Naomi conspicuously leaning over her. What was remaining was for her to curve a hand over her mouth to complete the look. “Look Paige, the guy in a black jacket over there,”

Naomi pointed with her mouth. "Has been checking you for over five minutes now. I think he is interested."

Paige looked down at her and scowled. "I thought you said I was here to flirt and talk with my boss, why are you showing me, other guys."

"I just thought you might want to know," she made a cute face and shook her shoulders. "That they were checking you out, Mami" Naomi grinned. "Besides, it's not like we can get into the VIP area and check whether your boss is there. We don't have that kind of money! So for the meantime, while we are here waiting let's just have fun. And by fun I mean fun."

Paige scowled Naomi was pointing with her mouth again. This was a hopeless case. With the way things were going, they would never find her boss here.

"So what are you going to do about him?" Naomi drawled taking a sip of her Martini as she watched the guy.

Do about him what?" Paige asked with wide-eyed. "Where you even serious right now?"

"Yes," Naomi drawled.