

“Isn’t it kind of silly, my being here? I mean it’s not like I can even dance.” Sara’s leg had been slow in healing. Not only had she broken a bone but she had torn ligaments in her knee as well. And that lonely night she’d fled from Drake had landed her right back on crutches. Sarah had worked hard and she was able to sometimes walk without the cane. But having no doctor to consult, she was far from being able to keep up with the people on the dance floor. Besides, this was no barn dance.

“You’re here to have a good time and relax!” Valerie yelled over the pounding electronic music. “You never have a good time, home after work every night, what is that?”

Sara smiled, “That’s me.”

“Yeah right, I see your inner dancing queen bursting to get out, I know,” she said pointing at Sara’s chest. “Next time some hottie asks you to dance just push a chair out.”

“Push a what out?” Sara shouted.

“A chair silly. You can insist on a chair dance.” Valerie then demonstrated by wiggling and doing some passable chair moves.

“You’re nuts!” Sara could only smile at her friend’s total lack of fear.

“Don’t knock it babe, think of the stilettos we could save, the asses we could protect from random grabbers, the nylon life extensions that would result!” Valerie’s dance moves finally shook the chair so hard it toppled, landing her at the feet of an unsuspecting man. Dark hair framed a kind face and a pretty substantial nose. He leaned down and held a hand out to Valerie. Once up, Valerie didn’t return to her seat for three songs. When she returned, the petite, voluptuous Italian girl was all smiles and glowing beneath a shimmer of sweat.

“Now Lily, I think what we have discovered here is a brand new mating ritual. You just pick the guy and I’ll push you out of your chair and then you pretend to be hurt.”

“Actually, that’s already a ritual. It’s how wolves choose their prey.”

Valerie threw up her hands in defeat. “Touché smarty-pants, nothing gets by you.”

“Some things do,” Sara said darkly.

Valerie frowned, “Enough club for you?”

“More than enough.” Sara stood gingerly, “Share a cab? It’s kind of late for walking.”

*Excerpt from “Hiding From Shadows”*