

Pixies in the Mist by Rasta Musick

EXCERPT

The cigarette smoke from other patrons was so thick it was visible, adding a haziness to the already dim lighting. Like a fog or mist. Jake squinted as he focused on the woman. She was drinking alone. Her hair cascaded in beautiful locks, and the ruby-red of her lips was tantalizing as she pursed them to drink from her glass. Despite her beauty, something else urged Jake to approach the woman. The sight of her sent a shock through his body. A voice in the back of his head told him that he'd always regret it if he didn't take the chance to approach her.

Kenneth mentally cursed his slow reaction time and rushed to grab Jake's shoulder before he got too far. "Yo, Jake. She's bad news. Let's go somewhere else."

Jake waved off his warning. "Come on. It's just a woman in a club. I'll be fine. Besides, I've got a good feeling about this one."

Jake turned to keep walking, and Kenneth had to resist the urge to wrestle him to the ground. Kenneth took a step forward. "You don't get it. This isn't a good idea. We need to leave."

Kenneth grit his teeth as Jake shook his head. "I'm going to talk to her, that's all. There's something about her. I feel like I'll regret this if I don't do it."

"Seriously, Jake. Let's go somewhere else." Kenneth grabbed Jake's arm again, pulling him toward the door.