

Todd and Alana – it takes two or *three* to tangle.

I arrived at Table 5 and realized I had beaten Alana there, as usual. Alana was always running late. It didn't matter if she was just a bystander or the guest of honor. Alana would arrive when Alana was ready. Although it didn't bother me when we were "just friends," now that we've taken our relationship to the so-called next level, yeah, it kinda gets under my skin a bit. But I'm a man, and men know when to pick their battles, and this was one of those times when it's best just to stay off the battlefield. Ever since Alana moved to Chicago a year ago and into the middle of me and Kai's relationship my simple yet boring life became a little more turbulent. As a divorce lawyer I see most of my excitement in the courtroom, not in my own personal life, and that's usually how I like to keep it. But situations change, especially when you factor in how your fiancé was not only cheating on you, but cheating on you with your best 'female' friend, shit just isn't the same and that boring life I once led is now a 60 minute episode of Law and Order.

Alana finally arrived, 15 minutes late. Of course, I was already seated when she walked in so the hostess escorted her in my direction. I would have waited to start drinking with her but it had been a long day at the office, which included two preliminary hearings back to back. So, needless to say, I needed something to take the edge off. Although, I thought to myself, I can think of a few other things I could use to take the edge off right about now, but I will hold that thought for later. As I watched Alana walk toward me I couldn't help but notice how damn sexy she looked. It never ceases to amaze me that whatever Alana puts on she looks good, and tonight was no exception. She wore a form fitting ribbed light pink tank top with a matching pink paisley skirt that

stopped mid thigh and hugged her hips ever so nicely. I never really noticed before just how sexy Alana was – okay, I’m lying through my damn teeth, but when I was with Kai, I didn’t look at Alana that way as much. I was content with Kai, she kept me satisfied and now that she is gone, well, now my full attention is on Alana.

“Hey, baby,” Alana said as she planted a soft kiss on my lips. She smelled good. “I know I’m late but I had to finish up a call. Are you mad?” Alana said as she sat down across from me.

“Nope, but I do expect some compensatory damages for having me wait,” I said in my flirtiest manner.

Alana leaned up on her elbows, and threw on a seductive smile. “And what do you propose, counselor?”

“Well, for starters, a little extra attention later on.” I said.

“And if I decline?”

“Well, then I will just have to file an appeal,” I said.

We continued to stare into each other’s eyes, before we both laughed at our silly seductive role play.

“So,” I asked, “what’s such big news that you had to meet me for dinner instead of talking at home?” I was actually hoping to turn in early that night. But when Alana wanted something, Alana kept pushing until she got it.

“Well, I have some very exciting news, baby, and I wanted to celebrate with you!” Alana said as she beamed from ear to ear.

“Well what is it?” I asked again. “And please don’t make me guess, I am not in the mood for that.”

“Oh, you suck at that anyway.”

“What?” I said, feeling a bit offended at Alana’s assessment of my guessing ability.

“Kidding,” she said. “Okay, so remember how a few months ago I got a call about maybe doing a movie?”

“Of course.”

“Well, they called yesterday and want me to be in a new indie film shooting right here in Chicago. Me? Can you believe it?” Alana asked. “Well, I’m sure you can, but wow, I didn’t think it would happen so fast, right?” Alana said in an overly excited tone.

“Wow, that is great!” I exclaimed. “You’re going to be in a movie?”

“Yep.”

“On the big screen?”

“Yep.”

“Damn baby,” I said, grinning, “that’s amazing!”

“Well, I am one amazing bitch!” Alana said as she smiled from ear to ear.

“I think we should order another bottle of wine to celebrate,” I said.

“I could think of a few things we could do to celebrate,” Alana said as she gave me a seductive wink.

“Damn, you must be reading my mind,” I said with a smile.

“One of my more popular traits. Order that wine, I’m gonna go to the ladies’ room.”

“Coming right up,” I said.

As Todd flagged down our waitress, I headed toward the back of the restaurant.

Halfway to the bathroom I noticed a woman staring at me, the same woman that was

staring at me when I walked into the restaurant, and the same woman who had continued to stare at me while I dined with Todd.

I walked past her table and she gave me a small smile. I returned her pleasant gesture and kept on stepping.

In the bathroom, as I began to touch up my makeup I noticed a few women entering, three to be exact, and the last one was the woman I exchanged pleasantries with a just a few minutes before.

The woman entered the restroom but did not enter a stall, but stood a few feet away from me adjusting her clothing before proceeding to play with her hair, shooting a few glances at me. I looked away, then back at her, and noticed she was staring.

“Do I know you?” I asked.

“Why do you ask?” the woman replied with a smooth yet confident tone in her voice.

“Maybe because you’ve been staring at me the whole time I’ve been here.”

“Well,” she said, “you’re a very beautiful woman.”

Of course I am, I wanted to say, but I have learned that some things are better left unspoken.

“Thank you,” I said.

The woman stepped a few feet closer to me and extended her hand, “My name is Jessica, Jessica McCoy.” Jessica was a striking looking woman with a short Halle Berry cut that looked as if she just stepped out of the beauty salon. Not one strand of hair out of place. Her skin was a silky dark chocolate and she was a bit on the thick side, although she wore it well. One thing that stood out about Jessica was that she had the whitest and

straightest teeth I had ever seen, and the way she smiled from ear to ear, I'm pretty sure she was quite aware of her thirty two pearly assets.

"Nice to meet you, Jessica," I said.

"And you are?"

"Alana Brooks."

"The pleasure is mine, Alana Brooks."

"Right," I said as I finished up, taking a final glance at myself in the mirror before I began to head out of the bathroom. Jessica continued to talk, catching my attention once again.

"I'm new in town, just moved here from New York," Jessica said. "Job transfer."

"I see," I said, responding with not a trace of enthusiasm in my voice.

"Maybe we can hang out sometime," she said, "and you can show me the city."

I stopped and turned around, thinking that was pretty bold of her, seeing that I just met her like five seconds earlier. But there was no need to be a bitch about her sudden desire for me to be her Chicago tour guide. I took a very polite tone with this Jessica woman. "I'm a busy woman so that probably wouldn't work for me."

"Well, if you change your mind here's my information," Jessica said as she extended her business card my way. I looked at it briefly before taking it, out of pure politeness, of course. I smiled, looking down at the black print.

"Hmm, assistant district attorney," I murmured. "Impressive."

"I think so," Jessica said.

"Well, Jessica, the ADA, welcome to Chicago and although I am flattered by your subtle advances, I think you failed to see one minor detail."

“Which is?” Jessica asked with a smile.

“I have a man.”

Jessica looked me up and down then connected with her eyes. “Of course you do. That’s why I gave you my card.”

Jessica smiled then passed me as she headed out of the bathroom. “You have a good night,” she said.

I stood there for a minute trying to figure out what had just happened, not sure if I liked what just went down. I threw her card on the counter and headed out the door, back to my date with Todd.

As I poured the wine from the new bottle that I had just ordered, I noticed Alana heading back to our table. I couldn’t help but to notice how confident she looked as she strutted across the restaurant.

“What took you so long?” I asked. I slid her newly filled glass toward Alana as she sat back down across from me.

“Oh, I ran into an old friend in the bathroom,” she replied very non-challantly. “You know how that is.”

“A friend from school?”

“No.”

“Another Victoria Secret model?”

“No, honey, just a friend I met through a friend.” Alana said as she smiled looking kinda uncomfortable, then glanced quickly behind her.

“Oh, okay,” I said as I picked up my glass of wine.

Alana turned again and looked across the room, staring at something or someone, so much that I turned around to see what she was looking at. Alana's gaze led me to a woman, sitting at a table with some nondescript guy.

"Is that you're friend?" I asked.

"Um, who?"

"That woman who is staring at you," I answered as I looked back at her again. "Quite seductively, I should add. Is there something you need to tell me?" I couldn't believe what I was seeing, Alana flirting with a woman while at dinner with me.

"Are you flirting with her?" I asked.

"Baby, please!" Alana protested.

"Well," I said, "don't act like it would be a first or anything."

"Okay, fine, she made a pass at me in the bathroom, but I told her I was here with my man and I don't get down like that."

"Any more, you mean."

"What?" she asked.

"You meant to say, you don't get down like that any more."

"Whatever, Todd. Are we gonna go there?"

"Ah, apparently we should, Alana," I replied. "I'm not going to go down the same damn road as I did with Kai."

"Listen, baby," she said, "if I ever get with another woman, which is highly doubtful, you would know. Actually, you would be involved."

"Involved in what way?" I asked.

"Like, you know, a threesome," Alana half-whispered.

“Really?” Just hearing that magic word, I felt my penis getting hard. I have never had a damn threesome before and, although I think it was wrong on many levels what Alana and Kai did behind my back, damn, they could have asked me to join in, at least once.

“You wanna do a threesome baby?” she asked.

“Well, it’s not like I *don’t* want to do one,” I responded with slight enthusiasm, although trying not to sound like that was the ultimate goal of life.

“Okay.” Alana smiled at seeing me get a little excited.

“Of course, no strings attached,” I added, “and I don’t want to come home one day and find you fucking her in our bed. It’s all or nothing.”

“Please, baby,” Alana said. “I told you, that one-on-one lesbian shit is so in my past. But a nice juicy threesome is very much in our future.”

Alana glided her foot up my pants leg and began to massage my very hard penis.

“You like her?” Alana said as her eyes drifted over to Jessica, who was now preoccupied with her dinner date. I slowly turned around to catch another glance, a better one.

“She’s not bad,” I said, “but I think we can do better.”

“Is that so? Well, let me look around for ‘us’ and see what I can wrangle up.”

“I like how that sounds,” I said.

“Then strap up, cowboy,” Alana smiled, “‘cause you ain’t seen nothin’ yet.”