
Take It to the Bank

Posted by dreamspeaker - 2007/08/12 01:15

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As is the case with most bars and clubs, The Bank was not particularly busy this late in the crawling morning hours of Thursday leading into Friday. The establishment was most energetic on the weekends, when the high-to-do folk of the day got their breaks from pencil-pushing and number-crunching. The ninth was probably the best day for Joscelyne Hirsch to arrange having a party.

They called it The Bank because of the fact that the building had once been a financial institution of the sort. Some high-aspired federal union had made the tragic mistake of building their place of business in the wrong areas of town, and over time it crashed. A local entrepreneur saw potential in other ways and decided to buy the building before anyone had the chance to bulldoze it into oblivion.

The owner left most of the building to its original design, only changing a few things here and there to better accommodate for a sound stage and dance floor, not to mention a couple of bars. It was a two-story dance club. The center of the second floor had been cut out and around, old offices renovated and transformed into private glass-walled booths that looked out over the ebbing flow and sway of a thousand arms and dancing legs. The glass was tinted to keep people from peaking in at private parties, but everybody inside could see out. Though it wasn't packed to overflowing this night, it was still nicely crowded.

Jos met her contact early in the evening, long before any of her invited guests arrived to share one of those private booths with her. She'd done her part of answering calls when they came in during the week, providing directions to the club itself and instructions on how to get upstairs to meet her. It was as simple as dropping a code-word into the ear of the doorman, who was safely tucked away behind a wall of glass much similar to what one would see when purchasing tickets at a movie theater.

Everything was set up and ready to go. All she had to do was sit and wait and enjoy the show of the swarming bodies below, and the feel of the bass beat tickling her toes through the polished stone floor. Soon enough her invited guests would flock to her position.

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Re:Take It to the Bank

Posted by ValentineShyre - 2007/08/27 13:49

She wasn't as good as most girls were with this part. Val had woken up early, showered slowly and made sure to use each and every pampering item she'd bought the week before. After the shower, with her hair in a towel, she'd danced around her apartment in her underwear. She can do that since the windows are covered. Her wet hair was dried, curled and pulled up with a few soft curls falling down her cheeks and over her shoulders. She took too much time putting on the slinky black dress that draped in the front down to her belly button and came up high enough to make her legs look longer than they were. The black heels she chose gave her two and a half inches on her height. Her makeup took the longest but she was happy with the result in the end. She'd taken such a long time with the overall appearance and hopefully she looked good. Eyeing herself in the mirror, a wink and a smile and she was out the door, a small purse tucked under her arm.

Her smile didn't fade the entire trip to the Bank. It wasn't too far from her place and the walk would be nice. Half an hour and she was standing outside the building, her head tilting back and looking over the club. She was a bit early but hopefully someone she knew would be here by now. Adjusting the short dress, she headed inside. Weaving in and out of nicely dressed party-goers, she chewed at her lip and took in all possible details nervously. She was bumped and nudged and it took a decent amount of time just to make it across the dance floor.

The doorman got his word that she'd been given earlier that week and she was being shown toward the booth Jos had gotten for the private party. She hadn't lost her smile. The club atmosphere made sure of that. Val took the last couple of steps and glanced around. Where was everyone? Maybe she was a bit early.

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