

[size=2]Brandon continued watching the goings on, shaking his head and taking another sip of beer. Man, there is no way I am getting out there and making a fool of myself. He watched as Nikki danced a slow dance with somebody. As he took another swig of his beer, Kat came up to his table.

"Hey, Brandon, why aren't you out on the dance floor?"

"It's like I told you before we left the island; I'm not that good a dancer. I'm content just to watch." Kat sat down beside her friend.

"Have you ever tried?" Kat asked.

"I tried, once, and believe me, once was enough."

"Please, give it another try." Reluctantly Brandon stood up, and together he and Kat walked onto the dance floor. As they began to dance, one thought ran through Brandon's head.

What if I step on her feet? I'll never live it down. Unconsciously, he looked down at his feet, being careful to avoid Kat's toes. This worked fine until...

"Brandon, what are you doing? I'm up here, not down there."

"Sorry, Kat," Brandon replied sheepishly. He turned his attention to his dance partner instead of his feet.

"Brandon just re... ouch...relax. You're do...oww...doing fine."

"You're kiddin' Kat." Brandon pulled away from her, his face turning a bright red. "Look I'm sorry I stepped on your toes. I warned you I was a lousy dancer." Brandon started to walk away. Looking back at Kat he said, "Maybe you'd better find yourself another dance partner."

Kat gripped his right hand. "No, Brandon, wait. If I lead, and you follow, would you try again?"

"I don't know, Kat. It's the guys that are supposed to lead."

"That's true, but you need some help, and I do have dancing experience. Who's going to notice anyway?"

Brandon glanced around. Scott and Virgil were sitting at their table, talking between themselves. Of the birthday boy, there was no sign of him and the others were engaged in activities of their own.

I guess no one will notice. "Okay Kat, I'll do it." He followed her back onto the dance floor and allowed her to lead.

After the song was over, Brandon escorted Kat back to her seat, thanking her for dancing with him and apologizing for stepping on her feet.

Kat smiled. "See, that wasn't so bad now, was it?"

"I guess not," Brandon replied, a relieved smile on his face. "I was just scared. When it comes to dancing, I've always had two left feet." His face brightened even more as he thought of something. "Maybe you can give me dance lessons when we get back to the island?"

"I wouldn't mind doing that during our down time. After all, if you want to attract women, you need to learn how to dance."

"That's true. And I appreciate you being my teacher."

"No problem, Brandon. It's what friends are for."

Brandon had reclaimed his table and was watching the others try their hand at karaoke. He couldn't help laughing at their singing attempts. Man, this is hilarious. If only I had an audio recorder.

"So, Brandon," a male voice said, coming from behind him, "you think you can do better?" Brandon turned around in his seat and looked up at Christopher.

"No, it's not that at all, Chris. It's just...just..." Brandon dissolved into another fit of laughter.

"Well then, how about you put your singing skill to use?" Christopher said, a wicked gleam in his eyes. Brandon wasn't one to back down from a challenge.

"You're on." Brandon got up, going over to the karaoke machine. He flipped through the song list, found a tune he liked and showed it to the DJ.

"This should be good," Christopher said as he took his seat. The others soon joined him and it wasn't long before the strains of the song began.

After a few opening bars, Brandon started singing.

"Get your motor runnin'
Head out on the highway
Lookin' for adventure
And whatever comes our way..."

Everyone was surprised at his singing voice. It was powerful, but not to the point that it overwhelmed. There was one point where Brandon's voice cracked slightly but he was so into the song that he failed to notice.

At the table, everyone was talking at the same time. "Where did he get that singing voice?" "He told me he couldn't sing that well." "Well" what do you know about that" "You go, Brandon!"

Brandon finished his number with a flourish and went back to the table.

Christopher clapped Brandon on the shoulder. "Brandon, mate, you surprised me. For that performance, I'll buy you another beer."

Post by MagicMaster8 on 07/10/2004
