

Gabrielle, lost
By Lynn Case

(Excerpt from Chapter 4)

"Come on, have some fun!" She yelled out loud as she pulled Gabrielle out on the small dance floor flashing with multiple strobe lights and various colored lights dancing around the room and walls.

"Wait!" Gabrielle yelled back, but it was too late. She was now in the middle of the dance floor surrounded by a crowd of bouncing breasts and gyrating torsos.

Someone pushed a shot glass into her hand and everyone began yelling "Berlo, Berlo, Berlo!" Gabrielle would find out later that meant drink it.

Gabrielle threw that shot glass back and downed the clear sweet tasting liquid. Then someone from the crowd filled her shot glass up again and again and again. All to the yells of "Berlo, Berlo, Berlo!" each time it was filled. Before long Gabrielle found herself dancing to the beat of an old drum. She was bouncing around the dance floor with the rest of Gia's team.

It had been years since she had partied like this. Gabrielle didn't realize just how much she missed the loud music, the lights and the exhilarating sexual stimulation that comes from dancing in a group of people. Drinks being poured and drunk left and right as Gabrielle let herself go in the moment.

Once again she was the party girl of just a few years ago. She was always the leader of the party. The planner and the risk taker, the adventurous one to lead the way. Whether it was out drinking, dancing or just out partying with them all. Gabrielle lived in the moment once again. Not a care in the world. No one to answer to or for. Just one glass of wine after another. She was hip grinding with men and women alike.

"I need a drink!" She yelled at Gia from across the dance floor.

"Come on then. Follow me." Gia yelled back as she waved her right arm in the air for everyone to follow her back out to the main bar. She made her way to the front of the bar and leaned up against the dark solid wood delicately hand carved bar and waved for the bartender to come over. In which he did.

"Ci danno una bottiglia della mia miscela speciale di padri!" She yelled at him. Not realizing that they were no longer in the loud back dance room.

"Oops, sorry." She replied covering her mouth. "I just told him to give us a bottle of my father's special blend." She told Gabrielle.

"I know, I speak Italian, remember." She said with a laugh. "Your father's special blend? Is your father in the wine business?"