

*From the Round Table.*

Club:

The dance floor is sticky with spilt drinks and sweat, the passage of too many feet and not enough air. Nix glances over at Nisha on his arm, both of their coats already discarded in the stuffy heat of the club. Alex and Sin promised to meet them here, both able to get away much faster than the rest. Nix grimaces as his shoe makes a squelchy ripping sound and he prays that further up and further in is something that resembles class instead of crass.

Nisha gives a little giggle when she sees Nix in the flashing lights, skin sparkling with glitter in time to the beat. He cannot hear her over some mash-up of 80s and current dance beats, but knows what she is thinking. He drops his eyes and runs a hand sheepishly through his hair. Liam had gotten him all worked up in the room and Nix had not even noticed the shimmer powder in his hands until he was grabbing his coat for the door.

Come on, he mouths against her ear, a shout that is drowned still, but faintly recognizable. Their hands twine together, the link to keep them together in the crowd. Somehow, Nix still finds himself touching everyone like the one time he went to a rave. Each touch somehow feels more real and solid, bright and hazy as he slides through a sea of bodies and too slick smiles to the table farthest across the floor. A glance at Nisha helps make the situation more surreal, like he has been slipped something already.

Nisha presses quick kisses to the boys' cheeks, simple spoken greetings forgone in favor of something actually tangible. Alex hands her a half full drink that she knows she should question, but does not have the heart to bother with at the moment. The headache that she will likely have tomorrow is much preferred to the headache that is building with every pulse of the music. She leans into Alex briefly, feeling body heat multiply insanely. She tries to ask him how he can stand it, the sounds and the relentless pulse.

Selective hearing, he smiles with a shrug. Pseudo-deafness that comes and goes, she remembers belatedly and cocks an eyebrow. His grin only widens as he tugs on one of her braids as she is pulled off onto the floor by long, chilled fingers.

She nearly laughs when she recognizes the tall Sin as her partner on the floor. Dance majors are not meant for clubs, she tries to communicate with a look. Something gets lost in translation, or perhaps the boy does not particularly care, because she has only served to wind him up further. They are at the center of the dance floor, surrounded by a crush of people. She casts an eye back to the table, sees Nix give a great grin and one big flailing maneuver that manages to mean "have fun" and "he can dance" and "watch out for the arms" all at once.

Scared, he asks at her ear, only just catching the percussive lull, the lead-in beat that always makes her heart skip a step.

She rocks up into him hard, a hot smile at the ready for the jolted joy in his eyes. Are you, she asks with the same sly smile. Tonight is going to be fun.