

Chapter 12

"Your loss then". Turning my back on him and the rest of them I danced my way onto the dance floor. Dancing through the crowd I found a space and let the music take over. Closing my eyes I ran my hands through my hair my hips working the beat. I didn't care that I was dancing on my own I felt free, I felt sexy. And I didn't care who was watching.

As soon as I felt the hands on my hips my eyes opened. The guy grinned at me. He didn't want to touch me he wanted to dance with me. So I let him. With my hands I motioned he move back, turning round I dropped down in front of him. Running my hands over the top half of my body I threw my arms up, he took my hands pulling me too my feet. Spinning me around I inched closer to him, our hips moved together.

With my hand on his chest I moved him back. Turning around I rocked my hips taking myself to the floor I grabbed the back of his legs. I didn't realise I had caught the attention of others on the dance floor. Spinning my head I slid forward the front of my body connecting with the floor. Lifting my bum in the air I fell into a split. I couldn't help but smirk at the crowd that was gathering around us. Bringing my legs together I held my hand out for him to grab and he did, pulling me up I rocked closer to him.

I was to caught up in the music, to caught up on the dancing to realise what was going on. The crowd parted like the red sea. I stopped moving. The song playing suddenly forgotten about. Grabbing a hold of the guy I was dancing with I pushed him behind me.

"That hunk of meat your boyfriend?". He whispered in my ear. "Knew you'd have a hottie here as soon as your little ass hit the dance floor. He's smoking". He whispered. "I'm Jordan". He grinned as Jake was fast approaching.

"Leah". Swallowing the lump in my throat I had no idea what was about to happen.

He wasn't happy. His hands were balled into fists and his teeth were clenched.

This reminded me of what happened earlier today.

He stood directly in front of me but he was glaring at Jordan. He had no right. He wasn't my boyfriend, he didn't get a say in who I danced with.

"Move". He growled causing the hairs on my arms to stand.

Jordan decided to take it upon himself and take the lead on this one and I didn't know if he was going to walk out of here in one piece.

"Your hot little girlfriend has some moves on her". Oh god he was trying to get himself killed. Nostrils flaring he took a step closer. "Wow hot stuff I don't need you busting up this beautiful face. Back off macho man I ain't interested in your girl. More chance of me trying to take you home". He winked and I laughed.

Jake's reaction was priceless.

Jordan took both my hands in his. "Seriously girl you can dance. You had every guy and girl in here glued to that sexy little body of yours. Hit me up if you ever want to go out". Slipping a piece of paper into my bra he kissed my cheek. "Hope you pick up that phone". Winking at me he disappeared through the crowd.

The music was blaring, people were dancing around us but he was still stood hands balled and glaring. I wasn't going to let him ruin my night. I had just danced in a club in front of hundreds of people. He wasn't getting to ruin my buzz. I wouldn't allow it.

"Excuse me". As I went to walk past him his hand shot out and he grabbed my arm.

"You're playing with fire little one". Feeling his breath fan against my neck a shiver rocked through my body. He was to close. "Shaking your little ass for all these guys".

What?

Moving back I grabbed my arm out of his grip and glared at him. I was dancing for me, I was dancing because I love it. I wasn't dancing for any guy. He had some nerve. His hot and cold attitude was starting to piss me off.

Again I tried to move past him but he wouldn't let me. What was his deal?

"Jake get out of my way". I said trying to see if I could spot Alanna in the crowd.

"Come dance on me like that". Every time he moved closer I took a step back. "Come dance your little ass on my dick. I mean if you're giving them out". He smirked.

I felt the pain as soon as my fist connected with his face. Now I was angry.

A growl tore from his throat, his eyes growing dark. Wiping the blood from his nose my eyes fell onto his lips. I needed to get away from him. "You'll regret that princess".

"Stay away from me Jake I mean it". Pushing past him I ran towards the booth to collect my things. I wanted to go home. He had managed to ruin my night and now that the adrenaline had left my body I think I might have just broken my hand.