

Alex Anderson gave the head bouncer his bleary-eyed stare before producing his press card and thrusting it in the air.

"If you don't let me in this fucking place within ten seconds I'm gonna do a food review on this shithole saying that I found spunk in your rocket salad."

"Look at my press pass dickhead, I ain't pissing about."

The balding bouncer pulled his microphone up from his collar and said: "Tell the boss the AA is here."

They both stood there in silence before the giant of a man heard something in his earpiece and said: "for fuck's sake" to himself as much as anyone else and then whispered "come on through," to Alex.

As he opened the cordon in front of the guest list que he gave the younger, scruffier hack the 'if only you weren't a journalist I'd beat the shit out of you' glare that Alex loved to see. Alex called his ex-girlfriend, who he'd bumped into that night but was cowering in embarrassment around the corner, and they walked through the cordon, she wasn't as impressed as he thought she should be.

He'd blagged himself into another opening night of the 'next big thing' in Birmingham's nightlife scene and puffed his chest up as he opened the door into the club. He let the mixture of dry ice, sweat, perfume and wet paint race up his nostrils and he scoped the place in one glance.

No friendly faces just the same old faces. New club openings were usually the same in the second city, same people, same music, even the same places with just a different decor and a different name.

He looked over at Charrelle, she looked good in a club, tall, elegant, even regal when her face stayed still. Alex hoped she would start sweating soon. He liked nothing more than seeing glistening drops of perspiration running down her brown back, starting between the shoulder blades and disappearing towards her arse, preferably during sex but dancing in a club would do.

She was wearing jeans that sat on her hips perfectly and when whenever she bent forward the top of her bum said hello to the world.

Her top was red and backless which combined with the flimsy bra she was wearing gave anyone who wanted to look long enough an eyeful of her 34d breasts.

Alex had taught her how men found her attractive and she knew it despite not thinking it herself. He knew there probably would be no sex tonight as she held too many grudges from an Atlantic ocean of water under the bridge but he smiled when remembering the old mantra 'get em drunk and touch em'.

Charrelle knew what to do, he didn't have any money until he tapped the owner for some cash, so she'd have to get the first drinks. She smiled and walked past him to the bar and waited until he did what he always did; "Stop smelling me you weirdo," she said with a grin. He didn't reply, just watched her wiggle past then slightly slapped her arse.

She would take ages to be served and he walked towards the other room hoping he'd see someone he liked. He remembered the days gone by when he'd know most of the people in a club but now there wasn't much chance of seeing any old friends.

Black, white, Chinese, rich, Asian, filthy rich, skint and pretend rich pushed past as he ambled out of the bar wishing he knew someone.

And then he saw them.

Standing where everyone could see them and where they could see everyone. They were above the fray and not in the way but close enough to beckon anyone walking past. They were standing on a raised floor laughing with a bottle of champers in an ice bucket looking like they were in a world of their own.

Alex's stomach turned and he grinned because Murky and Dreggsey had ventured in to town. Two old friends, two jokers from the same pack, two peas from the same filthy pod, two gold-mines of dirty tales to tell. Both looked smart, Dreggsey especially, with cream collars separating a black jumper from his chocolate brown face, he looked groomed and always seemed to have a smile.

Murkey, the smaller of the two by six inches, was wearing a fitted suit and his hair had been skinned perfectly that day. Alex always had thought the pair should be ambassadors for Birmingham. They were a mix of everything; black and white, north and south, Villa and Blues, the two had formed a friendship better than anyone he knew.

Alex watched them and wondered how many women they'd already tried to chat up, how many numbers they'd got and how many rejections they'd already laughed off.

He knew it was going to be a great night and texted Murkey 'DBC in da house' and watched as Murkey showed Dreggsey.

They both swivelled around to see which member of the Dirty Bastard's Club had come to have fun then Alex took a step to the left and their eyes lit up when they saw him.

Without saying anything they all put two fingers under their nose and did the DBC salute whispering 'fingers get further' beneath their breath. He ran over and they hugged each other and Alex went to grab the champagne until he saw it was a bottle of Blossom Hill.

"They can't see what the bottle is from down there," Murkey said with a grin pointing to the birds walking past.

Dreggsey jumped in "I fuckin knew I'd see you up here tonight do you ever go home? We're up here looking for a bit of strange."

"You fuckin owe me Dreggsey! Remember the last time I was wallowing in your fuckin dregs." Alex said with a smile.

Dreggsey's eyes bulged out of his sockets and he grabbed Alex by the balls.

"Oh I'm sorry for setting you up with a bird and letting you bum her in my bed after 20 minutes, god forgive me if I ever do that again, I didn't see you fucking complain."

With a high pitched shout Alex replied: "Fuck off Dreggsey I'd just finished work and you lot were lagging and again you had a bird with a spare part tagging along who needed entertain-

ing so yours didn't piss off. So I had to pretend to be drunk in your living room dancing around like a nob waiting for you to stop making shit fuckin cocktails.

"That's the second time I've been a co-pilot for you remember Cheltenham?"

Dreggsey let Alex go "Ahh now she was a moose I'll give you that one."

Murkey was crying with laughter, "Ha Ha I've heard both sides of the story now Dreggsey! You phoned me the next morning saying you'd sorted him out properly after the work and well both get a night out on the AA for that one. Get him a drink Alex stood up for the DBC to help you."

"This can't be right," Dreggsey said with a smile, "Have some Blossom Hill, its Rose you know."

The DBC had originated five years before as the majority of the 30 strong crew settled down with their mrs and the quiet life leaving those left to become a kind of band of brothers destined to move from one bird to the next revelling in their sleaze as their twenties gave way to thirties.

The Great Barr grapevine would exaggerate their escapades as faithful friends lived their fantasies through the DBC's tales of debauchery. Alex saw himself as an honorary member as he'd had relationships interwoven with the sleaze but Dreggsey and Murkey were full time members of the DBC.

Never without new homemade porn on their mobiles, never without a text message to discuss and usually never without a woman somewhere fall back on for the all important ride.

"You guys will never change man, if it moves you fuck it, ain't it time you settled down?" Alex said with a grin.

"Ohh he's off again Dreggsey pretending he ain't DBC to the core, what about you? If its black and it sweats you nail it, that or promise to put it in the paper, who you with tonight?" Murkey said.

Alex said to himself as much as to his old friends: "Shit forgot all about Cherrelle?" Alex spun round and there she was standing behind them with a grin and a rum and coke.

"How long you been standing there?"

"Long enough," she said.

"So this is the famous Dreggsey and Murkey is it, I saw the picture with the three of you smelling your fingers, very classy, how old are you again?"

"And this is the famous Charrelle?" Dreggsey and Murkey said in unison.

"We've heard the stories he never shuts up about you."

It was a nice touch and Alex stood back to watch the show as Murkey took Charrelle's hand, kissed it and then flipped it palm side up.

"Your palm says a lot about you Charrelle," Murkey said.

Alex watched as Dreggsey leered down Charrelle's top as she leant forward to hear her fate from Murkey, they even work in tandem he thought.

"I can confidently say you've wanked a few off with these elegant fingers and your hand makes Alex's nob look small."

Charrelle looked like a rabbit caught in headlights as the three men laughed around her, she wanted to walk off but knew she would feel even stupider but then a huge grin flashed across her face as she said: "That's as far as we get with quick draw over there," as she nodded to Alex.

A tinge of regret pulled at Alex's heart as he wished he'd brought out Charrelle before, she looked good and a voice to die for, classy but naughty, when he was younger he had her record a voice message on his phone: "Sorry Alex is busy at the moment, giggle giggle get off Alex," those days were over though he thought as he looked across the club.

He'd met her six years ago when she was a nubile 18-year-old and he'd taken advantage of her eagerness to impress a man of the world. But he winced remembering the frenzied oral sex and day-long role plays were a thing of the past now she had become a woman.

As Dreggsey and Murkey were discussing her bra size Alex still was looking for someone, not letting her flirting distract his quest. He spotted the gaffer walking through the throng of sweaty clubbers and decided to make his move.

"Wait here you three I'm off to get some money," he said as he set off to go the long way round so he would pass the gaffer coming the opposite way.

"There he goes Severn Trent himself that fucker's just a running tap," Dreggsey shouted.

Alex could see the fortysomething gaffer's big head above everyone else's coming towards him and as they passed he grabbed his hand.

"Fucking hell mate you walk round here as if you own the place," Alex whispered into his ear interrupting the bar manager's conversation with his boss.

"When are ya going to give my doormen a break Alfie? They fucking hate ya!" the gaffer said.

"When they treat me with the respect I deserve gaff don't they know the pen's mightier than their pork swords, did you see the spread I gave this place yesterday? That would cost you £500 advertising if you paid for it and you haven't even finished painting the gaff yet have you gaff."

"What do ya want ya tramp!" the gaffer interrupted.

"Fifty quid, my dog just put my bank card in the wash," Alex replied.

Grabbing a wad of fifties from his Luis Vitton suit jacket pocket the gaffer held them in front of Alex whose heart skipped a beat as he saw the cash.

The gaffer's thick fingers peeled one off and pushed it into his hand; "Ya should have asked for £100 I'd have given it ya, ya bad prat."

Alex slipped the fifty into his pocket; "I don't want to be greedy my friend, see you later."

When he got back to the others he noticed they were by the far wall, Dreggsey and Murkey had cornered Charrelle who managed to be laughing as well as have a horrified look on her face.

"Leave her alone you pair," Alex said as Charrelle looked at him in bewilderment.

"I was just explaining," Murkey said; "about how much of a slag I'd be if I was a woman."

"Let me guess, you'd be a proper slag!" Alex said.

"You're fucking damn right I would be!" Dreggsey interrupted: "I would be too!"

"I'd say to myself, right Murkey where can I get some old school cock from and after giving it out to all my mates to see whose got the best moves I'd have a proper good wank!"

Charrelle saw her chance; "If you're a woman you can't have a wank it's not the same for us."

Murkey ploughed on: "I'll tell you what I'd do I'd get the wacker from the van, lock the door, log on to www.gaymortalcombat.com and you fuckin would not see me for weeks, I'd be just putting industrial equipment up my gash and trying to lick me tits."

What Alex loved about Dreggsey and Murkey is they could always amaze each other after all these years.

Dreggsey's eyes were forcing themselves out of his sockets he was laughing so much and then Alex watched as the pair spun around the club pretending to be on an industrial pneumatic drill whilst licking imaginary breasts.

Alex found himself coughing up phloem he was laughing so hard as Charrelle wished he'd bought her out more often but kind of understood why he hadn't.

"I'm fuckin loving gaymortalcombat Murkey where do find that mate?" Alex asked.

"I just made it up," Murkey replied there was silence before Dreggsey said: "Fuck me we are sitting on a goldmine, memo to self GAYMORTALCOMBAT.

"What about you Severn Trent what would you do if you were a woman for a day."

Alex thought about it for a second: "I'd get all the members of the DBC together and have a cum catching party, in fact I'd turn up in nothing except one of those cones that dogs have on

their heads to stop them scratching their ears so then if I missed any jizz I could catch it in me cum catching cone soes not to waste any."

All three just stared at him in silence as he felt proud that he had retorted with a off-the cuff tale.

Then as the silence continued he prayed for a laugh.

Dreggsey and Murkey high fived each other and shouted "DBC is still alive and well. "There's more than two of us left because Severn Trent ain't bent."

The two of them started tickling Alex singing "Severn Trent ain't bent! Severn Trent ain't bent!"

Charrelle looking troubled then said thoughtfully, "What about the dog would he catch too much cum if he's got the cone on as well."

The three DBC members looked at her in shock and said together;

"Animals? you bad weirdo! but we like ya!"

"Anyway you two we're off to find some strange meet you in about an hour," and in an instant they made their way through the crowd touching bums and whispering in ears as they went.

Charrelle and Alex bought double rums and downed tequilas then went to the next room. It was dark, small and smokey, despite the ban, with an empty dancefloor in the middle. Everybody was standing on the raised flooring on the outside and this is where the two headed.

Charrelle was drunk now and letting Alex feel her bum, touch her sides and kiss her neck, they both knew unless something strange happened there would be no sex but Alex lived in hope as he'd conquered her before.

They danced and frolicked, laughing at each other and the fashionistas around them. To Alex Charrelle just encapsulated sex appeal and he was never without a hard on when he could see or smell her.

She had started sweating now and her coffee coloured black was glistening and unable to control himself Alex grabbed her by the waist and licked between her shoulderblades.

Smack!

"You fuckin tramp why do you do that!" she slapped his face without a smile.

Alex savoured the taste and said: "Because I still love you."

Charrelle responded: "You're a fuckin journalist and that's the best you can come up with, 'because I love you' well it means nothing to me now, nothing you say does and as usual it's all too late."

He wasn't going to apologise because when he felt it he said it and couldn't see the problem with that.

"Bab, I'm not apologising for still loving you, it's out of my control," he said with his eyes widening.

"Yeah, how many women have you said that to this week?"

Alex wasn't surprised or hurt and was just thinking what to say next when out the corner of his

eye he noticed Murkey and Dreggsey approaching.

Murkey had jumped on Dreggsey back and was trying to lick his neck as Dreggsey was pretending to ride a horse. "Weirdo!" they both shouted as they laughed off into the distance.

Alex laughed as Charrelle shouted: "See even your mates think you're weird"

Alex snatched her arm, pulled her close and whispered into her ear "Why do you have to take everything so seriously, it was just a joke, are you on reds?"

She glared at him for being the child he was but then the teaser for an old tune they used to dance to blared out the sound system. All was forgotten as they shocked out on the dancefloor, dancing, touching and then playfighting.

Every so often a mobile phone would light up punctuating the darkness and Alex would smile as either Dreggsey or Murkey would punch in another bird's number.

After half an hour of forgetting their worries and dancing Alex and Charrelle went to look for the other two.

They found Murkey wagging his finger at an embarrassed Dreggsey who was looking at the floor; "DBC tut tut tut" he kept on repeating until he saw Alex and Charrelle.

"Listen to this Alex I've just caught Dreggsey being a player hater! I'm after her in the red over there and he is supposed to be backing me up then I go for a piss and he's moved in got her number and is explaining how I've got a mrs and kids."

Alex and Charrelle laughed at the disgust of Murkey before Dreggsey shook free his hang dog expression and fought back.

"Woah hang on a minute, A she's a mut, B it was a joke, I knew he was there, B err she's a mutt I didn't even want her number, look at her."

They were shouting that loud that the plump girl in the red dress had heard most of it and had a look of pain on her plain face.

All four shut up and sidled away before laughing again.

"Dreggsey remember remember," Alex said before Charrelle joined in,

"Don't be a player hater be a player congratulator."

Then Murkey piped up. "I'm hurt I really am this is as bad as when you kicked me out of your bed when you were having that threesome."

Dreggsey laughed "They didn't want you in there you fool despite saying you'd just lick them out." Turning to Alex he added: "You know what he did then? He jumped up and pointed at us individually and shouted wanker, wanker, wanker then walked out in a sulk."

Alex and Charrelle laughed as Murkey grinned back at them with the cheekiest of his smiles. Before the conversation could carry on a bouncer ushered them out of the door and told them to leave, as usual they were the last to go.

Wandering around Chinatown feeling the cold wind blow into his face Alex thoughts turned to Charrelle, after all the laughter would she give him what he wanted, just a taster of years gone

by, he didn't even know where they were going or how they would get there but he wanted to stay close.

Charrelle held her coat tightly and was determined to get home as early as possible. She didn't want to sleep alone and as Alex would pay the taxi so she wanted him near.

She hailed a taxi driver, flirted with him and showed him her cleavage to get him to let her in. Once snuggled in the back seat she shouted Alex who ran out of the shadows and dived in.

As he slammed the door shut he remembered Murkey and Dreggsey, "what about them?" he asked looking around the packed streets.

Charrelle pointed into Mr Egg and there they were, in their element. Murkey was holding the palm of a forty-year-old with more metal around her neck than scrapyard could take in a month and Dreggsey was leaning up against the wall showing another old bird his pecks with one arm and nicking her chips with his other hand.

"Let's go mate," Alex told the taxi driver.

"I fuckin love them pair," he said as leant towards Charrelle and trying to touch her.