

I FEED HER  
TO THE  
BEAST

AND THE BEAST IS ME



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JAMISON SHEA

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# TO THOSE WHO FIND FREEDOM IN BECOMING A MONSTER WHEN DENIED THE SPACE TO BE HUMAN

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## — AUTHOR'S NOTE —

Though I could probably wax poetic for pages on end about the purpose of “art” and what elements of the human condition I wanted to explore in *I Feed Her to the Beast and the Beast Is Me*, this book’s primary goal is to entertain. As a result, I want to make sure readers know what they’re signing up for by forewarning of some potentially disturbing content and topics that can be triggering, stressful, or just unenjoyable to read. Different strokes for different folks, you know?

Foremost, this book contains copious depictions of blood and features ritualistic self-harm (with the purpose of summoning a nonhuman entity). There are also descriptions of bones and corpses, body horror and an instance of body-shaming relating to ballet, non-graphic torture, and murder. Finally, there are references to classism and racism as well as parental neglect and abandonment that, while not graphically depicted, still permeate the work.

Now, let’s have some fun.



### **What do you crave?**

I lurched back, tumbling flat on my ass as a voice spoke from within my marrow. Muscles in my arms and legs trembled at the vibrations. The knife skittered across the floor as it repeated its question.

“P-power,” I stammered, blinking rapidly. “So they can’t deny me.”

My skin prickled. Still, I inched closer.

### **And what would you give for power?**

“Everything.” I prayed by clenching my bleeding fist against the shiver that rolled through me. Willing more blood to flow, willing all this to be true and more. And I meant it, I had to.

I wouldn’t go home with nothing.

“Take it,” I dared.

I crawled until the knees of my jeans were wet, until the tang of blood filled my nostrils. Until my hands were submerged in red and it had no choice but to take me.

Something hot and sharp gripped my ankle. Then the rock floor vanished beneath me, and I was pulled under, down into the void.







PART ONE

# DEVOTION



# CHAPTER 1

We were desperate to be the girl who dies, always. Eager to show how dolefully we danced, how prettily we perished, in every ballet, at every audition. In every room was a chance to have our graceful suffering acknowledged.

Today was no exception.

The clock ticked toward auditions for *Giselle*, and the hallway air was thick with desperation, with hunger. Pale ballerinas swarmed the studio windows, elbowing each other to get a better look at the demonstrating soloists, the judges, the board of directors, and our instructors. People who held our futures in their frowns got acquainted with the teachers who had watched us both soar and plummet for eight years straight, six of which I spent at the top of my class. They always told us that dancing meant sharing a part of yourself with your audience—well, now we were ready to give them everything. Once we crossed that threshold, none of us would come out whole.

*Take it*, the palm prints on the glass pleaded. *Have all of me, I'm offering.*

Fighting the urge to gawk at my executioners, I squeezed out of the crowd. With our final year at the Ballet Academy of Paris drawing to a close, every audition was more important than the last. Today, it was for *Giselle*, our last production before graduating, and next, for the company, *the Paris Ballet*, swirling in luxurious satin and tulle on one of the greatest stages in the world. What we gave today mattered because it was all they'd remember of us tomorrow. The girl who

claimed the heroine became who they craved in three months' time as an apprentice.

So my shoes had to be perfect, because now wasn't the time to over-compensate for a dead pair, and that mattered more than analyzing any judge. Madame Demaret, who taught for both the academy and the company, had said during our very first pointe class, "The shoe is an extension of your foot." And the best shoes required a delicate balance—rigid enough to prop you up but beaten into silence and the shape you needed. Firm but still broken. And always beautiful.

Just like the perfect ballerina.

"Of course they brought Joséphine Moreau to show us how it's done," Vanessa remarked loudly from the window, twisting the twinkling diamond necklace at her throat. "As if we don't get enough of her with *Cinderella* posters all over the city."

Keeping my head down, I focused on the pair of new pointe shoes in my lap. The soft pink satin was still unblemished, the scored soles and darned box not yet darkened from scuffs or worn away, fabric still neat on the sides and back where I'd stitched elastic and silk ribbon. I'd started customizing them the night before, working my nerves out in the crack and pop of the vamp and shank, rapping on the floor and shutting the tip in doors to reach that sweet spot. I didn't have diamonds or famous parents or a milky complexion to sway the world, but I had this. And by the end of the instruction period, when it was time for the judges to watch me, they'd be perfect.

And I'd be perfect too.

Girls like me didn't have any other choice if we wanted to belong.

"Last week, I heard someone in the locker room say that Joséphine kills lesser ballerinas and drinks their talent." Olivia, with her straight, dark hair in a neat bun, grinned from her place by the window.

"That's ridiculous," I muttered, turning the shoes over and giving

them a shake. Stories of broken glass, thumbtacks, and pins hidden inside before auditions were too abundant for it not to be habit.

And every month, there was another rumor about the new étoile Joséphine Moreau and her rapid rise to fame, stories dark, wild, or twisted. She was an urban legend made flesh, where everyone knew someone who saw something untoward. Seducing board members, handling large wads of cash, drinking blood. The only thing we knew for certain was that every door was open to her, and she had more opportunities than she could carry. She'd even turned down Moscow last month.

But it didn't matter what any of us thought of someone like her. Almost everyone who made it into the company also had a legacy name or an inheritance big enough to make you blush, while Joséphine had neither to pave her way. It was rare for a nobody to climb high society's ladder, and for Joséphine to reach so high so fast . . . that was terrifying for them. Enough to inspire endless gossip. People always manufactured excuses to deny us our successes.

"Obviously she's a witch," my best friend Coralie Baumé grumbled as she shoved her way through the thicket without a glance inside. "There's no other way. Even my mom loves her."

Her nose wrinkled with disgust before she turned her attention back to the sticky toffee bun in her hand. She was the only one with an appetite, easygoing in her poreless, ivory skin as she flopped down in a graceless heap beside me. Times like these never got to her the way they did the rest of us. Wisps of golden ringlets sprang free from her sloppy French twist.

I declined her wordless offer for a bite and smoothed back my already gelled hair, resisting the urge to point out that Rose-Marie Baumé wasn't capable of loving anyone but herself. In some ways, though Coralie descended from ballet royalty, she had it worse than I did being on my own.

Vanessa threw a scowl over her shoulder. “Coralie, you just hate her *because* your mom likes her. Your mom is wasted on you.”

The last part came out a dreamy sigh that made Coralie freeze mid-chew. No one saw the hesitation in her jaw, the blankness in her eyes, but me. It was there and gone in a flash.

“Anyway,” Olivia drawled, “I heard she’s a witch too. When she was in the academy, one of her classmates caught her stealing hair from a brush for a spell or something. She even tried to recruit Nina Brossard into her coven—”

“Was that before or after she was spotted bathing naked in the Seine under a full moon?” I quipped as I slid caps over my toes.

The hall fell silent, frosty. And when I raised my head, Vanessa, Olivia, and the others were glaring at me, making it abundantly clear that I wasn’t meant to be heard. Because I wasn’t like them, not in any way that mattered: rich, white, born with the moral high ground. Breaking the stark silence, Coralie threw her head back and laughed, exposing chewed, gross globs of toffee for all the world to see.

The metal door to the studio lurched open with a loud shudder just as I shoved on my shoes, and my heart skipped a beat. My classmates streamed out of the hall, chatter turning to whispers while I remained on the floor. The pointe shoes’ drawstrings and ribbons fell loose at my trembling fingertips.

“If Vanessa climbs any higher up my mom’s butt, she’ll get stuck.” Coralie sneered through a mouthful before licking the cinnamon and toffee from her fingers. “Ready to get this over with, Laure?”

I didn’t move. Too loose, not loose enough, ribbon bunching instead of lying flat, I stayed put, tying and retying my shoes, ignoring her and that open door, waiting for my pulse to steady so I could walk into that room and claim my future.

Small, warm hands closed over mine. Big, green eyes like a doll’s

inched into view. Eyeliner clumped in her long lashes. “Hey! Don’t be nervous—”

“Easier said than done, Cor,” I snapped through gritted teeth. “You realize President Auger and Hugo Grandpré are in there, right?”

Coralie cocked her head to the side and smiled. So innocent and amused, like she knew some secret to the universe the rest of us didn’t, and it made me want to shove her. “I know. And who’s ranked number one in every subject?”

My eyes fluttered shut. A flush crawled up to my ears.

“Well?”

“I am,” I mumbled, unwilling to look at her and her smug grin. It wasn’t that I forgot my rank, or that I had any other choice but to outperform when my scholarship was on the line. The problem was the same as ever: *What if rank wasn’t enough?* And certainly my calves could stand to be stronger. “But—”

She wasn’t done. “And *just* this morning, who did Madame Demaret call ‘a joy to watch’ and ‘a vision to behold?’”

A knot untangled in my chest. Always did when Coralie was here, hands in mine, radiant in the afternoon rays like some angel with words of affirmation to soften my edges. It was just the two of us in the hall, sitting on the floor, just like the day we met twelve years ago. We’d waited for our parents outside an empty studio, alone, late into the evening, and though her mother’s driver was the first to show, she refused to get up until my dad arrived from the construction site. And look how far we came. Together.

I sighed and pushed to my feet. Though my hands were no longer shaking, my heart still raced in my chest, but we couldn’t put it off forever. “Let’s go knock ’em dead?”

“And then bury them.”

Coralie looped her arm through mine, and we faced the massive

studio, inseparable. By the wall of mirrors, our classmates huddled with their things and took seats on the floor; and behind a row of tables, the board of directors perched stiffly in wire chairs, wearing bespoke suits, day dresses, and mostly pinched mouths. It wasn't until I was settled with my legs outstretched in front of me that I finally saw them all, the demonstrating soloists and the people who would judge me.

“Sabine looks good considering she was cheated out of *Cinderella*,” one of the boys observed, sending my stomach into free fall.

There, stretching with an ankle propped on the barre, was Sabine Simon, a recently promoted première with the Paris Ballet, graduate of the academy, and my ex-girlfriend. There was no mistaking her pixie face and butter-blond hair, her small frame and sugary pink leotard with ruffled sleeves. For them, President Auger and Director Grandpré, Sabine was the blueprint for the ideal ballerina, and so they always picked her for demonstrations, but for me, she was an inescapable reminder of how love and ambition couldn't seem to coexist. Time with her was time better spent perfecting my technique, and no love could withstand how ugly she was beneath the lacquer of ballet silks and perfect pirouettes. There wasn't any love that could withstand the ballet but love of the ballet itself. Not family, not yourself, and certainly not a doll-like girlfriend.

And in avoiding that eyesore, my gaze found Sabine's junior who had surpassed her, Joséphine Moreau. The newest étoile. In fact, the youngest ever to be promoted so, having managed to ensnare the judges and seize the honor of opening the upcoming season in *Cinderella*. Just before her rise, there was even an article interviewing current and former dancers from the company, some of whom moved to other cities because the board refused to promote any new étoiles for years. Former dancers blamed their departures on favoritism and bias, stalled careers,



forced retirements, damning exclusion policies the ballet would never admit to. Anyone who had walked the gilded halls of the academy knew it was more than coincidence how the roster managed to stay gold-plated. And that's what made Joséphine so noteworthy—she was the only new étoile in almost a decade, so special she couldn't be denied, so commanding she just *took* it.

She looked just like her flyers that had gone up the day before: hardly older than us, milky white skin, long neck of a swan, pink rosebud lips, the slenderest hips, legs for days, shiny chestnut hair. She was so coveted, they'd pulled her out of the academy early to begin her apprenticeship, and now she was filling seats, Grandpré reserving roles for her while she guest featured in Saint Petersburg, London, and Milan.

And with every kind of murmur attached to her name.

Joséphine stood in conversation with a tall and slender man, face fine with East Asian features and long, full hair bleached ash white. He wore an expensive-looking white suit fitted nicely to his frame, and when she said something to make him laugh, it became undeniable how handsome he was. Model-esque and hard to look away from. The two together, in intimate closeness, drew the eye: two beautiful people fully absorbed in only each other, the gravity of the room tilted toward their glow.

“Okay, he's not my type, but that is the most attractive man I have ever seen,” Olivia mumbled.

I rolled my eyes and swept the room.

The man in white easily ignored Rose-Marie Baumé, seated at the table and watching. Glaring, really. Coralie's mother, with the same flax-colored hair but smooth and a heart-shaped face, decked in jewels and dripping wealth, hands clasped before her and round lips pursed in displeasure. A look I knew well, of a bad smell, that designated otherness, that conveyed you didn't belong but it was uncouth to say so aloud.

Vanessa gasped. “That's the new board member! Remember I said I

ran into Joséphine at a bistro, and she was seeing a guy who looks like a model? Totally nouveau riche.”

“My mom said his name is *Ciro Aurissy*,” offered Coralie to our cohort with marked indifference, pretending to study her nails chewed down to stubs. “Won’t say what he does though. He just showed up one day, totally legit.”

“How could Joséphine have everything and *not* be a witch?” Vanessa lamented to a sour chorus of agreements.

What I found more interesting was that Joséphine never denied the tales of drinking blood and spells with hair, only adding to the aura of mystery around her. Fears of curses and dark magic psyched out her competition, making her nothing short of genius.

Ballet was warfare, after all.

Rose-Marie stared at both of them now: the guy far too young to be on the ballet’s board and the girl who skipped too many rungs of the ladder on her ascent.

There was an order to the ballet, a structure for who was featured and when. Étoiles then premiers, sujets then coryphées, and finally quadrilles, with apprentices in the gutter. When a role opened up, the ballet worked its way down the pyramid *except* where Joséphine was concerned. She’d sped through her apprentice and quadrille statuses in a matter of weeks instead of years, bypassing coryphée altogether as the youngest sujet ever. She made première and étoile look like a cakewalk with her competition cowering in her dust and Adonis incarnate at her side. Now together, they *really* got under Rose-Marie’s skin.

Suddenly I liked them a lot.

Because who were they, *Ciro* and Joséphine, but nobodies capable of upsetting the order of the ballet? How did they, so easily and completely?

Joséphine waved to a dark figure sitting behind the table. He was

the only other brown-skinned person in the studio aside from me, with dark hair piled on his head in some haphazard fashion, his black suit neat and working hard to obscure how young he also was for his place there. He scrawled into a notebook in his lap, brows knit in a contemplative scowl, and when he noticed her, he nodded in acknowledgment. Light fell on his broad face, exposing the beautiful sculpt of a strong, wide nose and melancholic downturn of his eyes. Striking, even, if you're into that sort of thing.

Which I wasn't.

Strangely, all the room's daylight appeared dimmer in that corner where he sat, like a photo gone fuzzy around the edges. Broken TV static and shade obscuring an image I had to squint to see.

I nudged Coralie. "Did your mother mention a second new board member?"

"Nope, why?"

"Does he seem *off* to you—?"

Turning back, I saw *Ciro's* nameless friend had returned to his notebook, face hidden again, pen moving fast. The eye-straining dimness adorning his frame was gone, leaving just a normal boy dressed in finery, nothing for Coralie to see. Just my imagination then, dust or something in my eye.

President Fiona Auger clapped her hands and strolled to the middle of the floor. Everyone sat quiet and still, arrested by the timbre of her soft voice. "Welcome to the evaluations for level eight's final production, *Giselle*. Let's get started, shall we?"



Watching Joséphine dance was like watching a sculptor carve, knowing they were onto something before the masterpiece even revealed itself

to you. She struck invisible lines none of us saw, tapping into currents in the music none of us felt. Her *sissonnes* were textbook, attitudes beyond reproach, and *pas de bourrée* as light as a feather.

To kick off the audition, Joséphine, Sabine, and some muscled male soloist I didn't know danced variations from the finale of *Giselle*. The man, a hero in mourning; Sabine, the vicious queen forcing him to dance until his death; and Joséphine as Giselle's ghost, adamant in saving him from beyond the grave with her love. His jumps, Sabine's turns, and Joséphine's grace set the standard, showing the board what proper soloists looked like before we students dared to try.

Even Coralie in all her pretend apathy couldn't resist staring, her mouth agape, transfixed by the spell Joséphine cast. The whole room was enraptured by her sorrow. We hung on every half-turn, hoping she'd save her duke. And when the music ended and she curtsied, not even flushed or breathing hard, not a hair out of place or a falling bead of sweat, we applauded loud enough to shake the walls.

My toes twitched in my shoes to get up and have my turn. Not just dancing, I wanted to fly and glide and spin like that. I needed to channel her, subsume her essence in mine. *Become* Joséphine, the board of directors soft as putty in my hand, ready to offer me everything.

Moving like that, Joséphine was untouchable. *That* was the kind of power I didn't know I wanted. To be undeniable.

"Very well done," President Auger said, clearing her throat and rising from her seat among the judges. Her silver hair was pulled back into its usual high bun so tight it lifted her brows, her navy pantsuit pristine, and as she returned to the center floor, she scanned our class with her falcon's gaze. Searching for mice.

Nearly everyone was afraid of her and the man at her side, Hugo Grandpré, the company's creative director. They shaped and shattered careers, though the sight of Auger's severe expression warmed me just

as much as it made me want to run. She'd presided over auditions for the academy all those years ago, grey eyes shining when she realized that I came alone, by bus no less. Eight years old but wholly devoted, shoving my way through a lobby full of dance moms with my chin high. Auger gave a single, almost imperceptible nod that said we shared the same drive, wore the same fierceness. That said she saw *me*.

When she told me I belonged at the academy, I marched back through the shark-infested waters of desperate parents bitter over their children's misfortunes, grinning victorious. Indestructible.

I wouldn't let her down now.

"While they have their break, students, please take your lines for individual evaluations."

Coralie was the first to leap to her feet, impatient while the rest of us tensed our shoulders. My paltry breakfast went sour in my belly as I shuffled up toward a place at the barre.

Before auditions, they liked to line us up to be evaluated, and we complied wordlessly, standing in first position, heels turned out and together, in our academy-issued uniforms of black leotards, soft pink tights, and matching buns.

All cuts of meat in a display case while they prepared a dinner party. The board of directors waited hungrily at their tables.

As they examined us, President Auger whispered to Grandpré, a muscular man with a shaved head and too-tight clothing, known for both his temper and creative genius. Our future choreographer if we were lucky. He scowled, disappointed with what he was served. He always seemed in a foul mood, whether I passed him in the halls or he was taking bows onstage. During the warm days of spring when all the studio and theatre doors were propped open to combat the stifling air, his screams of rage filled the opera house.

"From the top of the roster with Vanessa Abbadié," Auger mumbled,

prompting Grandpré to look at his clipboard and then at the first girl in the row.

In evaluations, we braced ourselves as they cataloged our parts for muscle-to-fat ratio, pitting the curve of my arms against Olivia's ruthless precision, loud enough for everyone to hear. Six months ago, it was Vanessa's emoting we had to strive for, worthy of every night on the main stage, but lately, the rubric was Joséphine Moreau. They wanted necks longer, teeth whiter, arms slenderer, hips narrower, and thighs shapelier. And we had only months to fix what he labeled as flaws before company auditions came along.

"Joséphine is the girl they should all kill to be," Grandpré grumbled loudly, his eyes shifting to the newly minted étoile on the floor, dabbing at her neck with a towel. "Raise their standards to be more like her." Only the air-conditioning whirring overhead gave him a reply.

And so we all studied Joséphine, lithe and pale and pretending not to hear. Not even two years ago, she was one of us, getting told to be like Sabine or some other older model that she studied and later moved on to replace. Maybe two years from now, one of us would be cannibalizing her. We hated her as much as we loved her, because she had our dream caught between her perfect, pearly white teeth, dangled in front of our faces.

The director lingered in front of Vanessa, and Auger offered like a merchant eager to sell her wares, "She has Joséphine's proportions."

And Grandpré stared at Vanessa for a long while, taking in every detail from her full, brown hair and dimpled chin to her long, muscled calves. The silenced dragged on, not even the professionals on the floor daring to make a sound. In the mirror, the only trace of life in Vanessa's face was in the upward twitch of her lips. The board sat up in their seats, squinting to estimate the width of her hips.

“Yes, but she’s too tall,” Grandpré muttered, waving a dismissive hand. Auger scratched notes on her roster. “Taller than the rest, so putting her in the corps may be difficult. She’ll stand out.”

Auger nodded. “What about pas de deux? Imagine her dancing Princess Florine with Alain—”

He shook his head. “Joséphine can do everything. We want versatile dancers who will shine in any role.”

And like that, Vanessa’s turn was over, her lips trembling toward a frown, and they moved on to the next.

“She reminds you of her mother, no?” Auger asked before Coralie.

Rose-Marie Baumé was one of the ballet’s greatest étoiles, who went on to become a model, cosmetics mogul, and chair on the ballet’s board, and my best friend was her spitting image down to the permanently flushed cheeks and perfect posture. The kind of disgusting beauty everyone craved, though everything about Coralie from her hair to her manners was wild, almost out of spite.

No one cared to notice the annoyance in Coralie’s set jaw as she stared straight ahead, daring them to say more. Auger couldn’t have chosen a worse attribute.

Grandpré hardly glimpsed her. “Yeah, we all know Rose-Marie’s daughter. Too many freckles, but she’ll be fine if you keep her out of the sun.” He said this directly to Rose-Marie, whose painted smile hardened. She narrowed her eyes at her daughter when he stepped aside.

Then came a nobody at the middle of the pack, a pretty face but too weak a turnout, and though Olivia Robineau’s turnout was near perfect, her waist wasn’t small enough. Leading the boys was Rémy Lajoie, too muscular, and Geoffrey Quý, bafflingly not muscular enough, but his broad shoulders were certainly appreciable. The girl before me cried when Grandpré said her hair was too short. But bodies mattered to them as much as our skill and devotion, and many talented dancers

were chased away over the years because of things they couldn't change. Or shouldn't have been asked to.

We didn't have the power to say otherwise. Still, I stiffened when my turn came.

"Laurence Mesny," Auger announced, using a small, cold finger to lift my chin, raise my eyes to Grandpré's. I was a puppet, waiting for strings to be pulled. Over her shoulder, the board watched on with muted interest. Ciro Aurissy's brow furrowed as he contemplated me. His friend didn't bother glancing up from his notebook at all.

"Final marks are in, and she finished at the top of her class in all areas. Astute, dedicated, with innate artistry."

I resisted the urge to smile in case I appeared confident. They didn't like too much confidence in a soloist.

Grandpré scanned me from head to toe, closing in on the remnants of kinky hair burned and gelled into submission, my complexion darker than the rest, shoulders wider, pulse racing in my throat. Over the years, I'd received every type of criticism veiled as critique, sometimes kind and occasionally cruel. Some found me charming, others boring. Depending on the day, I was too thin or not thin enough, simultaneously vibrant and dead behind the eyes, hair too big and expressions too cocky. I swallowed it all with a blank face.

I held my breath, both eager and reluctant to know what he saw. What if they wanted something I couldn't give? *Someone* else?

Finally Grandpré shrugged. "I guess."

Freed from the spell, I blinked rapidly and released the tension in my shoulders, though I didn't remember flinching.

"Her shoulders are a little too wide," he said before moving on, having had his fill and leaving me hollowed. After two steps, he glanced back and added, "And she could stand to be softer too. Not so uptight."

I tasted blood from biting my tongue.



*Uptight.*

No one looked at me now. Sabine turned back to her snack, Joséphine worked her calves with a muscle carver, and the board devoured the next poor girl down the bar. Even the dark-haired boy kept scribbling in his notebook, probably taking notes on our humiliation.

I mulled over that word in my head again and again while the rest of the critiques went by in a blur. Unseeing, unfeeling, my only sensations the tang of blood and ringing in my ears. Not sore from morning class, nor hungry from the breakfast I hardly stomached through the nerves. My knuckles popped in fists balled at my sides, because of everything I'd heard, this was a new one to fixate on.

Now I was too *uptight*.

And then, it was time to dance.