

Snatch A Twin - Chapter One

By MzNotReallyKnown

Published on Stories Space on 21 Aug 2016



The Ladies from LesTwinsClique literally plots on snatching up one of the LesTwins

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/general/snatch-a-twin-chapter-one.aspx>

@1Lestwins4L just posted a sexy, and sweaty, no top on Laurent Bourgeois on IG, performing with singer Bey in Paris for the last night of her concert. Tylah shook her head as she ran down the steps of her oldersistersD'amieeh new house. "Hey Dami, I got housewarming gift for you," yelled Tylah as she plopped next to her sister, smiling ear to ear. Not even glancing toward Tylah, D'amieeh continued to concentrate on unboxing her favorite smoked black glass plates. "Don't start your shit Tylah. Help me unpack would you," she demanded as she carefully took the bubble wrap off the top of her plates. "No, but fareal. I do. You want to see it now, or you just wantme to tag you in it?" D'amieeh paused and turned to her sister with a confusedsmirk on her face. "Tag Me Tylah? Your housewarming gift is on Facebook?" "Nooo! It's on IG," she said so proudly, glancing back at her phone. Dami bust out laughing, "Girl, get outta here wit that. Come to me when you got a real gift." she chuckled "Nah, but I think you would want to see this, though." Just asD'amieeh'scell starts to ring, Tylah damn there pushed her sister's face through the screen of her phone. "LIKE IT!?" yelled Tylah whilebeing amused by watching her sister blush and quicklyslam shutting her eyes once glanced at the photo. "Girl you pitiful." she chuckled as she jumped up to walk away. "I thought you was over the obsession of them," sheteased as she did her Naomi Campbell walk,looking over her shoulder at her sister with the duck lips. "I am but don't tempt me, damn it!" D'amieeh mumbled as she hit redial on her cell. "Hello, did someone just called me?" hitting speaker phone, placing it on the arm of the sofa. "So it's official? You closed the Pittsburgh chapter and started a new one here in Toronto?" Rolling her eyes to the back of her head and letting out a sign, "Ow WoW, Wassup Chris." "Damn," he chuckles, "You don't sound too enthused." "Not with you I'm not. How you found out I moved up here anyway?" "Ahhhh, It's called Facebook. Everyone is congratulating you on your big move and the new career in dancing. Matter fact, when did you start dancing? You wasn't dancing when we was together." Dami still rolling her eyes as if she was purposely trying to roll them out of the socket. "I BEEN dancing, but you was never around to notice. Too busy watching them hoes bounce around on your lap in the bedroom I guess." "Come on now, don't start. That was two years ago. Besides, you said it yourself that you forgave me for that." "Doesn't mean I forgot!" she yelled as she snatched up her phone. "That ain't nobody but Chris ass." remarked Tylah as she shoved a

cupcake in her mouth while walking past her sister as she headed back up the stairs. "I'm saying, though...I want to see you. What part of Toronto did you move to? Are you close to me?" "Nope, we're not gonna start this Chris. Like you said, NEW CHAPTER!" "What you talking about? I was in Pittsburgh when all that shit popped off. Come on now. I've changed, and you know that." "BYE CHRIS!" D'amieeh hung up the phone and tossed it on the sofa. Stood in disbelief. "Ow, my gosh, damn fool." She chuckles to herself while grabbing little knick knacks off the coffee table, placing them on her corner floating shelves. Right before changing to another music channel on her TV, she hears a ding from her phone. Thinking it was a message from Chris, she snatched up her cell, only to see a post from Larry Bourgeois, the twin of Laurent who her crazy little sister tried to put her face through the screen to see. Dami has been a fan of Les Twins since 2008 and being that she spoke French, and a dancer herself, she would always watch a lot of European videos of dance battles on foreign websites that's made like American YouTube. But her obsession didn't start until 2009 where she spotted them giving classes in the Czech Republic. Visiting her cousin Radek, who is also a dancer himself, took her with him to a class they were giving. Dami was in all as she watched Larry and Laurents stick slim, overly tall figures walked into the room. Feeling a little embarrassed of her Tom Boyish cloths, she just stood off to the side quietly, leaning against the bright yellow wall. Couldn't help but to keep starring at young Larry, who was sitting on the small stage, dressed in all black, admiring his brothers dance moves while pushing up his prescription glasses. She was quickly distracted when Laurent came over to her and asked; "Vous Dansez?" Shy, shocked, and confused like she couldn't understand French, she just stared at Lau. "HEY!" he snapped his fingers "ARE, YOU, DANCING?" Laurent asked, sounding like he was teaching how to speak English other than dancing. "OW, No!... Je suis ici avec mon cousin." she said, pulling on he oversized t-shirt. Laurent pointed to a chair that was placed in front of the room, right next to the stage where Larry was sitting. "Ok, I need you to move. We need space here." Trying not to bring attention to herself, she did what Laurent asked. Soon as she set in the chair, Larry jumped down from the stage, turned to push his book bag under the chair where he was sitting. As he turned back around, D'amieeh was looking died in his face though she didn't even realize. Larry gave a big silly smile. "You no dancing?" he asked while snatching up his black RocaWear jacket that fell behind her chair. "Huh?" she frowned up her face cause she really couldn't understand Larry's terrible English. "Why you no dance?" he repeated while putting on his jacket. "Ow, I'm just here with him." she pointed to her cousin Radek. "Ow, Boyfriend?" "No, no Cousin," she corrected, giving Larry a shy smirk. "Ow ow ok... You should dance." he said as he started walking to Lau side. "Come, be on my side" he motioned her to join the others on the floor. But D'amieeh just smiled and shook her head. Another ding went off from her phone that snapped her back from daydreaming when she first met Les Twins. She glanced at her phone, and it was a group text message from Staci who lives in New York, letting people know who follows the hashtag #LesTwinsClique, that the boys will be staying in Paris after Bey's concert, for another week cause they will be having two workshops. Not long after the text message, Dami gets an alert email from Brittney about the workshop in Paris. It read: Hey D'amieeh, hoping your move to Canada went smooth. But listen, I know you will be heading to Paris in a day or two for your very first dance battle,

so me, Staci and a few other girl are going to meet you there. So excited to actually meet you guys in person. But I do have to feel you in on something. You know how we joke around bout #SnatchingATwin? Well, I think we want to actually try something of the meaning. No, not literally snatching a twin but... well, how boutwe talk to you in person about it. Just to give you a little hint,Remember peoplewere sayingthat Larry and Lau don't feel blackwomen are attractive??Ok, I'm done, more when I see. Be safe Luv, chow. "I swear." Dami chuckles to herself as she slowly takes a seat in front of her laptop. She pulls up a photo of Larry from a photo gallery and just gazed at it. "I can't see you in Paris... Please not be there, let something come up so yall could leave Paris be for I get there. Cause Lord knows, I will not be healed responsible for my actions." "Talking to ourselves now are we?" teased Tylah as she zoomed passed her sister, into the kitchen. "Nah, just thinking out loud." Tylah looked over her sister's shoulder and noticed her staring at Larry's photo. "Aww shit," she sucked her teeth. "I should have never showed you that picture of Lau. You about to break again girl? You know I almost had to 302 yo ass." she chuckled as she takes a swig of her grape soda. D'amieeh looked back and gave her sister a pitiful smirk. "Nah, I'm good girl." she said as she closed her laptop. "What the hell Chris want? All of a sudden calling ass." Still in thoughts of the email and seeing Les Twins, Dami didn't give her nosy sister much of an answer. "He didn't want nothing." she said as she got up from the table. "Good! Cause I'm hungry. Are you cookingor we eating out?Giving herolder sister a Not Bothered face expression.