

Sexy Can I

There once lived a man fresher than any other man in the world, a man smoother than any other man in the world. A man so fresh and so smooth that lesser men couldn't even dream of being as fresh and smooth as he was. A man so smooth and so fresh that rain, when it touched him, just slid right off his body. This man was suave, uber-suave, and he knew it. His name was Raymond James, or "Ray J" for short.

Now, Ray J could have any woman he wanted, any woman in the world. All he had to do was go up to her and ask his trademark "Sexy can I?" in that silky smooth voice of his, and she would blush with glee and break out into a huge smile. She would be his for the night. If he met her at a club, he would dance and drink with her. If he met her somewhere else, he would wine and dine her. After dancing and drinking or wining and dining, they would chill for a second, then Ray J would take her back to a hotel. You know what would happen next. And all this would be done as smoothly, freshly, and suavely as possible, as befitting Ray J. Indeed, no woman ever resisted Ray J. No woman ever even *thought* of resisting Ray J. No woman but one, that is. Here's how it went down.

It was summertime and everybody was feeling sexy, but, unsurprisingly, none more so than Ray J. He was at the ANATOMY nightclub and ultralounge in Cleveland's famed Warehouse District. Bottles were poppin' and the place was really hoppin'. But Ray J had yet to find that special someone for the night. He was sitting at a table with some friends, which meant he might as well have been sitting alone. He was surprised that he had yet to spot a woman worthy of his attention, but he kept his cool demeanor. He was Ray J, after all, and cool was practically his middle name. In fact, "Cool" was his middle name. Raymond Cool James. Ray J. That was who he was. He was cool. He was fresh. He was *smooth*. He knew that a desirable woman would appear. It was only a matter of time.

And then it happened. A gap opened up in the crowd, giving Ray J a clear view of the bar. There, sitting alone on a bar stool, sat a breathtakingly beautiful, astonishingly attractive, superlatively sexy light-skinned African American woman. Beyoncé didn't hold a candle to her. Beyoncé didn't even *think* of holding a candle to her.

"Damn! I just spilled my drink when I seen her, she's so fine," one of Ray J's friends exclaimed, utterly captivated.

"I swear she's gonna make a n%&*@ fall in love," another friend remarked, equally beguiled. Ray J coolly nodded his head. He got up and smoothly sauntered over to the alluring woman, the *pelagus attractio*. He leaned against the bar, as debonair and urbane as only he could be, and caught her eye. He raised his chin in greeting.

"Sexy can I?" he inquired in his smooth, sonorous voice. His suave voice.

"Uhrm... Thanks," the woman replied, a startled look on her face. She turned back to the bar. Ray J was puzzled. No woman had ever turned away from his trademark request. This didn't make any sense. He was Ray J, she was sexy. What had gone wrong? He resolved to try again.

"Sexy can I?" His voice resonated across the bar, its richness permeating the air. The beautiful woman turned back to him.

"Thanks... again." She looked concerned, but then shook her head and once again turned back to the bar. She finished her drink, set her glass on the counter, and got up to go

dance, disappearing into the crowd of people. Ray J was left there standing alone in a state of complete bewilderment. This was all new to him. His freshness, his smoothness, his suaveness had failed. But he was Ray J. He was cool. He couldn't let this isolated incident shake him. And he couldn't give up.

He smoothly danced his way onto the dance floor. His moves were the freshest, smoothest, suavest moves out there, out anywhere. Some would even say they were dope. Most, actually. No, all would say his moves were dope. He was like an angel gliding around on ice. He was that cool, yet he still brought the fire. But while he had the moves, he had lost the girl he was movin' on. So he kept one eye constantly scanning the place, searching for that beautiful woman. She didn't go undetected for long. Ray J admired her from afar for a moment and then glided over to her, all smooth-like, almost like butter. Chocolate butter.

"Girl, how you shake it, got a playa like oohhh," Ray J opined in his smooth and resounding voice. He gave special care to the "oohhh" and made it sound like it was coming from multiple people, from multiple directions. But the beautiful woman just stopped and stared at him, exasperated.

"Look, what do you want?" she asked forcefully, a hand on her hip.

"All I wanna know is, sexy can I..."

"Ugh!" At that, the beautiful woman scowled and walked away, out of the club and into the warm nighttime Cleveland air, never to be seen by Ray J again. Ray J just stood there scratching his head.

"Man, was it something I said?" he wondered aloud. One of the beautiful woman's friends who had been dancing nearby and listening in on their conversation approached Ray J and told him something crucial, something he had overlooked, something he had never come across in his career as the freshest, smoothest guy on earth. She told him the beautiful woman's name: K'nai.

"Damn!" Ray J cursed. "I done goofed." And that's how it went down.

The End