

Eight - The First Party Part 1

I can't believe it's Saturday already! This week has flown by, and if you take Zander out of the equation, I'd say it has gone really well! I'm just trying to put him out of my mind, although I can never truly forget him. Tonight it is my colleague John and his roommate's party, and I'm wondering if Zander is going to be there. I'm undecided on whether I want to see him or not, and if Viv is with him then I definitely don't! She will probably try to seduce him into doing the horizontal tango with her, which I certainly don't want to be around to see. I am still going anyway though, as I can't let him hold me back!

I am strong independent woman. Most days anyway.

I am dragging Waverly to the party tonight, which she is quite nervous about. She isn't much of a social butterfly, but I won't leave her alone. She needs to talk to more people than just my brothers, her parents, Zander, Roxanne and me. I have decided to give Roxanne the totally awesome nickname of Roxie, which she hasn't grumbled too much about. She totally reminds me of a rock chick, and I wouldn't be surprised if one day she ended up on a tour bus taking the country by storm with her soulful vocals.

Roxie and Holea got ready with us tonight in our apartment. Both girls have taken 'hot' to a whole new level. Holea is wearing an eyebrow raising crochet top with leather trousers and stilettos. Her pink highlights look awesome twisted into a sleek bun, and her eyeliner makes her swallowtail eyes look brighter and appear larger. Roxie is wearing a white bandeau top without a bra, paired with black PVC shorts, which she has purposefully left undone exposing her lacy thong. Compared to them I look like the Virgin Mary, wearing mom jeans (but are still flattering on the bum), wedges and a silver glittery crop top that has an open back. I am not brave enough to dress too provocatively, which definitely surprises Holea and Roxie. Waverly is also dressed modestly wearing a snake print flare skirt to her knees with a big chunky belt and simple white crop top. She has put her wild afro hair up into a bun, and she looks gorgeous.

We have now arrived at the party, only three hours late. You could hear the thumping music and drunken cheers from the street below, and I wonder how long it will take someone to make a noise complaint and the police to arrive. As we walk in I am immediately hit by the stupefying atmosphere and darkness, as there are only neon lights lighting up the whole apartment. There are so many bodies jam packed in here that I immediately feel a little sweaty, which is mildly gross. Everyone is moving, talking and drinking causing a cacophony of noise. The music is escaping from every open window and door, and I fight the urge to cover my ears as it is so loud. We all link arms and squish through the crowds which is not a pleasant experience - I get bumped into more than once, and it feels like I can't move without being touched somehow. When we finally get into the kitchen there is a game of beer pong set up with a rowdy crowd cheering on the players. I feel quite sick as we pass a couple sloppily making out on one of the kitchen counters, but my attention is quickly bought by loud cheers, and looking over I see some girl twerking with her skirt only covering half her ass. This is certainly a step up from high school parties!

Glancing back at Waverly I see her eyes are open wide in disbelief, and I relate to her feeling of not belonging. The suggestive dancing, flamboyant drunks and general rowdiness doesn't really appeal to me. The music gets more intense and impossibly louder as we enter further into the room. My heart actually feels like it is vibrating, which cannot be healthy!

"What drink do you want?" Roxie shouts to me as we reach the drinks counter and she adds her own alcohol to the pile.

Of course, I am not technically allowed to drink in America, but it is legal in England, which is totally not fair!

"Not anything too strong please." I shout back, as this party is already pretty wild at ten o'clock, so I want to have my wits about me as we get deeper into the night.

"Try this!" Holea exclaims with a grin as she shoves a red cup into Waverly's hand and mine.

"Thank you!" I reply with a smile before I take a sip, immediately trying not to gag.

"What is this? It tastes strong!" I exclaim as Waverly makes the mistake of gulping it and immediately breaks out into a coughing fit. She isn't very experienced with alcohol!

"It's punch! Drink up - it's good for you." Holea winks.

With a shrug I decide to risk it, after all what harm can one drink do? The taste burns the back of my throat and my eyes water, but I shake it off.

"Hey isn't that your man?" Roxanne giggles to Holea as she downs her own drink, gesturing across the room to my brother Owen.

He is stood talking to his friends Ethan (who has a girl cuddled into him) and Sheub. Right at that moment, his eyes skim the room, widening slightly as he catches us all staring at him, but he smiles at each of us in turn before nodding at Holea who excitedly waves at him.

"Did you see that? We totally just had a moment!" Holea squeals although now he is staring at Waverly, giving her the secret smile he reserves only for her.

"Go get it!" Roxie teases as she hands Waverly and I another drink.

This one tastes stronger somehow.

"Ok! I'll see you later girls, hopefully sometime tomorrow." She giggles as she high-fives Roxie and with a sashay of her hips strides purposely towards my brother.

I try to keep the disgusted look off my face.

As she pushes through the crowds, Waverly steps and turns away from Owen's view, downing both the drinks in her hands. I hate the miserable look on her face, but she is doing it to herself. I wish they would both just man up and tell each other their feelings. They are just wasting time when it is so obvious they would be perfect together. I highly doubt that Owen will sleep with Holea, but if he does, I am going to hit him so hard he will feel it for years to come.

I can't help but look across the room for Zander, slightly relieved yet disappointed when I can't see him anywhere. I wonder if he will turn up when an arm is slung around my shoulder. I am relieved when I look up and it is just my other annoying brother Isaac.

"Hey Nell and Waverly you look nice, although I am surprised to see you here." He frowns, and I get ready to fight him demanding me to leave - he is way too protective over me. "Anyway I hope you have a good night, but please be sensible with alcohol and for my sanity don't let me catch you making out with some loser Nell. I promise he will never touch you again." Isaac threatens making me roll my eyes.

"Alright dad is there anything else I'm not allowed to do?" I ask sassily as I shrug his heavy arm off my shoulders.

"Don't try me Nell." He warns over the thumping music before turning his attention to Roxie and whistling under his breath. "Damn Roxanne... you look hot." He gulps as she rolls her eyes.

"Wish I could say the same about you." She retorts as she crosses her arms.

"Really... Cause the look in your eyes says you're coming home with me tonight..." He says suggestively making me gag.

"Eww! Keep it in your pants Isaac! Ugh, do you want to dance Waverly? I can't stay around these two for a moment longer." I grumble but they cannot even hear me, too caught up in each other's eyes.

"Erm yeah sure." Waverly replies as she looks not so covertly like a love sick puppy towards Owen and Holea.

"Hey Isaac!" A sickly sweet voice yells out over the music and straight into my ear.

I turn around to see Queen Bee Ava (who is also ironically head of the cheer team) slinking over to Isaac, trying to win his attention from Roxie, who captures it effortlessly.

Gosh, is everyone trying to sleep with my brothers tonight? I shiver at the thought. Turning back to Waverly, I am surprised to see her downing yet another drink. Is that her third? Fourth? Fifth? From the way she sways when a guy accidentally bumps into her she is definitely tipsy, and needs to slow down if she wants to remember tonight at all.

"Let's dance Nell! There is something sickening going on over there!" Waverly exclaims as she grabs my arm and unsteadily pulls me toward the living room. I have a hard time deciphering whether the room is actually moving or not from the amount of people jumping in it.

As we squeeze in between the sweaty, gyrating bodies, I begin to regret my suggestion, and automatically have a headache from the clamminess and brain-bursting noise in the room. It doesn't seem to affect Waverly though who starts energetically jumping and flailing her arms around. Giggling I join in with her atrocious, childish dancing, allowing my hips to rock to the beat, although I can't really show my moves considering I cannot move without being touched. In high school my family's parties were legendary, and we were famous for being the life of the party and amazing dancers. Now it is only Eden and I who dance, as the boys are too embarrassed and like to act 'cool'. Isaac is part of the soccer team now, which he is quite good at considering he is light on his feet, and Owen plays games on his Xbox. He is definitely my nerdiest sibling, and is strangely obsessed with Star Wars.

As I dance, I notice John eating some girl's face on the dance floor causing me to chuckle to myself. He is obviously a player. But then I see something that makes me freeze and my heart crack in my chest. Zander is dancing with Viv draped all over him, and I cannot deny that they look like a beautiful couple.

There is a physical pain in my chest as he laughs at something she says, and I'm sure that crack was my heart breaking.

Edited

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