

## Chapter 59 House Party

Lila's POV

We could hear the music a mile before we even got to the house. It was so loud, and it wasn't anything I even recognized.

The house was packed when we got there; there were students from the academy inside and outside. Most of which I recognized.

I supposed if we got in trouble, at least we'd all be in it together. It's not like they could suspend all of us.

Rachel draped her arm through mine and pulled me through the crowd of students who were already drinking and dancing. Becca trailed closely behind us, seemingly nervous.

Like me, Becca wasn't much of a partier.

But after the week she had, I couldn't blame her for wanting to let loose.

We made our way inside and I instantly smelled beer.

The music was making my brain rattle because of how loud it was. Ryan had the lights dimmed and everybody was drunk and dancing

This was nothing like the school dance.

I felt like I was at a frat party.

"Ryan!!" Rachel screamed as she ran to meet up with her boyfriend.

Ryan looked genuinely pleased to see her and wrapped his arms around her as soon as he saw her and gave her a tight embrace.

Soon, they were kissing face.

I knew that would happen sooner than later.

They finally broke their embrace, and he looked over at me with a kind smile.

"I'm glad you made it!" He shouted over the music. "There are drinks in the kitchen! Help yourself."

"Don't mind if I do," Becca said, making her way toward the kitchen.

I went with Becca into the kitchen. Ryan had coolers of beer all over the place and I groaned at the imagery. I wasn't a beer drinker, and I wasn't sure if I would even like it. I didn't like the smell of it that's for sure, but I supposed it was better than being completely sober the entire time.

I wanted to get a little tipsy so that maybe I could loosen up a little bit.

I grabbed a beer and popped it open; Becca was already chugging her first one and I couldn't help but roll my eyes at my excited friend.

"Slow down Becca," I warned her. "Don't forget, we have classes tomorrow."

If we showed up to Professor Enzo's class hungover, he'd lose all respect for me.

I couldn't help but think about how I woke up in his arms this morning and my face instantly

grew warm. I didn't have a chance to talk to him about it and I wasn't even sure if it was something he'd want to talk about.

My heart was beating heavily in my chest at the very thought of it and I shook my head to get the thoughts away.

I took a couple of sips of the beer, and I was already starting to get a small headache. I knew it wouldn't take much to get me tipsy because I really don't drink.

I started to follow Becca back out into the living room because she kept saying how badly she wanted to dance.

"Okay, let's go," I chuckled at her eagerness when one of her favorite songs came on.

I followed closely behind her, shoving my way through all the drunk students and then I ran straight into somebody that nearly knocked me to the ground.

He came out of nowhere and I gasped when I looked up at the familiar face.

"I can't believe you actually came to a house party," Scott laughed. "Who are you trying to impress?"

"Get out of my way, Scott," I said to him, about to walk past him, but his broad body blocked me.

"Isn't this scene a little too fun for you? You are a natural party killer. That's exactly why I broke up with you. Because you don't know how to have fun."

"If I remember correctly, I was the one who broke up with you," I said, raising my brows.

I kept my voice calm; I didn't want him to think he was getting into my head. I knew he was just drunk; I could smell the beer on his breath

"Do you really think I didn't know you were in the hallway when I was making out with Sarah?" He asked with a laugh; my face reddened at his words. "I knew you were there. I wanted you to see it. That was my way of dumping your boring ass. You wouldn't even let me kiss you. Do you know how pathetic that is?"

"And where is Sarah now?" I asked, folding my arms across my chest.

"She's returning to school next week," Scott scoffed. "And once she returns, we will be the 'it couple' and you will have nothing."

She's returning to school already?

The thought gave me an unsettled feeling in the pit of my stomach, but I wasn't going to make that known to Scott.

"Well, isn't that nice," I said to him. "As fun, as this is, I have a party to enjoy."

"Why don't you just go home and let us have a good time? You're such a buzz kill," he muttered.

"Scott... step out of the way," I said to him, keeping my eyes locked on his.

"Or what? You'll tell my mommy on me?" He laughed. "Why did I ever date you?"

I opened my mouth to say something, but another voice from behind me spoke first.

"Because she's beautiful, funny, charming, and not to mention incredibly smart. The question is, why did she ever date you?"

I turned to see Brody standing there, staring at Scott with an annoyed look on his face.

"What the hell are you doing, man?" Scott asked, narrowing his eyes at Brody.

"Speaking up," Brody answered. "You can stand there and say all that shit about Lila, but maybe you should look in the mirror at yourself and question your worth. Lila is going somewhere in this world, and you will be going to house parties and getting drunk any chance you get. Catching you cheating was the best thing that's ever happened to her."

My face reddened and I fought the smile that desperately wanted to appear on my lips. Brody was standing up for me; I could stand up for myself, but it was nice knowing who had my back.

"You're supposed to be my friend," Scott said, sounding a little hurt.

"I'm not friends with assholes," he muttered. "Now, if you'll excuse us."

Brody offered me his arm, which I gladly accepted, and we shoved our way past Scott and toward a more secluded area where the couches were.

"Thank you," I said to him as we sat down. "You didn't have to do that."

"I couldn't just let him talk to you like that, Lila," Brody said with a faint smile. "And plus, I meant what I said... all of it."

I wanted to say something to him about the words he had said to Scott. It was clear how Brody felt about me, and I didn't want to lead him on.

"It was incredibly sweet of you," I said to him kindly.

"I want you to know that even if nothing happens romantically with us, you'll always have a friend in me. I'll always be here for you, Lila. Because you deserve that."

"I'll always be here for you as well," I say in return as I take a few more sips.

I started to get lightheaded quickly and I could feel that I was beginning to get drunk.

"Want me to get you another drink?" He asked with a crooked smile.

I glanced over at Becca who was dancing with a group of people and was already drunk. I glanced at Rachel who was with Ryan, but she looked at me and wiggled her brows when she saw I was sitting with Brody.

I might as well have a little more fun while I'm here, so I accepted his offer to get me another drink.

By the time he returned with another beer, I had already finished the one I was working on and I was incredibly tipsy.

Once I started drinking the new can, I was borderline drunk.

"Let's dance," Brody laughed when he saw how drunk I was getting.

I accepted his hand and the two of us began to dance like nobody was watching. A couple of times I nearly fell, but thankfully Brody was there to catch me.

I lost track of time during our dances and drinking, and it felt like the room was spiriting. But I started to smell something incredibly odd.

It smelled like burning.

Brody smelled it too because he was frowning and looking around the room curiously.

Then, I heard screaming, and I was shoved into Brody's arms when people began to run and scream.

"The house is on fire!!!!"