

Lilas.

Amidst the pulsating neon lights and the thumping bass of the club, I don't feel like I t in. Ciara is chatting with her friends who are from wealthy families. They pulled up in expensive Porsche cars earlier and I am dressed in a simple, black, owing dress that whispers in the restless air. I'm not even sure how they can hear each other in this booming music.

"So, you guys are like sisters?" Owen asks, he is Ciara's boyfriend. He has blonde hair, blue eyes and a sharp edge over his jawline that could make him the center of every attention.

"Yes, and she goes to our college too." Ciara says.

"No way!" Alexa, another girl with auburn hair says as she gazes at me. I smile, looking at my cup that I haven't even sipped from.

"I'm a Sophomore at Lead." I say, their attention is on me and it feels a bit coarse.

"You are so cute! Is your body real?" Hector asks, he is a loud guy around the table that has been getting on my nerves due to the way his eyes eat my skin.

Alexa, Owen and another chuckle a bit at his question. I'm reminded that apart from my breasts, I'm blessed with a curvaceous lower body. My wide hips and my buttocks which look like a natural bbl are like a curse and blessing. I hate the way it makes men who I don't give a s**t about lust over me. Anyway, I couldn't be offended by Hector's words. Many women would go under the knife for my body type.

"Hey, be respectful!" Ciara says.

"Come on, he's just teasing her." Princess says, she is the last of Ciara's friends who is also Owen's sister. Ever since I arrived at the table, she has been looking at me with glaring eyes and I don't know what it is.

"Do you have a boyfriend?" Hector asks me and I place my hand on the glass of drink.

"Of course...she must! She is so beautiful, any guy would be lucky to have her." Alexa says and I smile at her compliment.

"Come on, Alexa...there's no need to try and make her feel special." Princess says and I glance at her. I can hear the coldness in her voice. It's best to pretend like I do not hear it.

"Princess, you are just jealous because you are at chested! Wasn't it recently you got lip llers? Alexa says and the Princess looks at her harshly."

"Ciara, I need to make a call." I say, getting up from the chair and brushing a loose strand of black hair behind my ear.

"Ciara, just look at her simple dress...it's not even a designer dress. Is she poor or something?" I recognize that to be Princess's voice as I walk away through the swarm of bodies. I don't know why I even agreed to come to this club party.

I should have stayed back, thinking of how I would adjust to college, at the same time work for Salvatore and those sinful lips of his. I should get a grip on myself. I have been single for the longest time and I have never felt the urge to have a boyfriend. Why am I attracted to a man that could literally father me? This is unlike me.

The rhythmic thump of the music seeps through the walls of the nightclub called Starplus, it draws passersby like moths to a ame. A queue of eager partygoers snaked along the sidewalk, their anticipation palpable in the air. It is a VVIP club.

I didn't even realize when I began to move along the sidewalk. An encroaching presence of a leering group of men who look like gangsters form a circle around me. I pale at their sinister gazes and my voice is nowhere to be found as they roughly deposit me into a black van.

I stay still, fear cripples me as my eyes are blinded and after half an hour, the vehicle stops. They take me out of the vehicle and I'm still blinded. All of a sudden, I hear the footsteps of a group of people and I'm unsure as to who they are. The people who are holding me let go of me and it seems like they are being fought.

My hands are quivering as I try to take the blinds off my eyes, trying to loosen it from the back of my head. The sound of punching and grunting men are all around me as I panic. However, I'm late as

the captor grips me once again. I am led down a ight of creaking stairs and I don't understand why.

Who is doing this to me? What have I done anyone? I don't even know anyone. I stumble on the uneven steps, trying to catch my steps, my mued sobs echoing in the oppressive silence.

A door clangs shut behind me and I nd myself enveloped in a chilling silence. The blind is taken off and I softly open my eyes.

"Lilas!" A pure metallic and gravelly rumbled voice says to me and before I look at the face, I step back in fear.

"Look at me." He says and I raise my eyes to look at him. The ickering light above cast eerie shadows but I know it's him. It's Salvatore. His prominent jawline, chiseled like the edge of a blade, exuding an unyielding resolve—who else would look like him?

"Are you okay?" Salvatore asks but I don't trust him. I move back, and I almost trip. In a sudden burst of reex, his muscular arm shoots out—one of his hands encircles my waist gently and the other is on my bum, a rm grasp. A faint smile tugs at the corners of his lips—he knows what he is touching.

"Lilas, are you even listening to me? Are you okay?" Salvatore asks while I'm pressed against his strong, steady frame, my breasts resting on his sturdy chest, once again.

"Um...Yes, yes, I'm ne." I say, taking off my hands that squeezed his muscles. All of a sudden, it all becomes clear and I look at my surroundings once again.

"You...you kidnapped me!?" I yell, pushing him far from my skin even when his closeness is all I need.