

Chapter9

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'I didn't have the heart to tell her that I really wanted to roam the place and check out where Harper was.'

I was numb. Just completely and utterly dumbfounded.

My brain was taking a lot of time to process what the fuck just happened. Throughout the ride home, I replayed the kisses over and over in my mind. How they felt and how they drove me to peaks of desire and ecstasy.

After I reached my home, I walked like a robot to my room, all the while ignoring my parents and brother. I plopped down on my bed and that was when it really hit me.

Harper Cain kissed me! And I Kissed Him Back! And I Liked It!

Twice, if you leave out that last peck.

After I freaked out for half an hour, I decided I needed expert opinion on this matter and that's why I called my two best friends on a conference call and told them everything.

Silence reigned for a few seconds on their ends and then they screamed. Like literally, I could feel cracks beginning to form in my room's walls and my eardrums being shattered. They were that loud.

They giggled for some time, fan girled a lot and fought over who was going to be my maid of honor in my wedding with Harper. They even foretold the names of our children because according to them 'we are so meant to be together'. Over dramatic much?! I rolled my eyes at their childish behavior.

It was a nice distraction. Their giggling and 'oohing' and 'aahing' certainly put me in a much lighter mood.

I mean, he had just asked me out for a party. It was not even a proper date. And before that, we hadn't even spoken two words to each other (if you exclude the short conversation we had in the janitor's closet). So what was the big deal?

But even then, I let them have their moment, because why not. It amused me to no end and de nitely diverted my mind.

The only reasonable decision my two best friends could come up with was to help me get ready for Harper's birthday party tonight.

So, at exactly seven, they came over to my house and dolled me up. They curled my straight hair into soft waves. They made me wear a chick ~~g~~irapless black hugging dress which rested just above my knees and accentuated my curves. Then, they gave me black pumps to wear with four inches heels and because of them, I now stood tall at 5'9". My makeup was light but my eyes were given a smoky look which looked very attractive.

They literally changed me!

After taking an hour on me, they both worked super fast and were ready in just half an hour. That was the fastest I had ever seen them getting ready. I swear, they were more excited about this party than I was.

And that was why here I was, sitting in the backseat of Samantha's car with Natalie sitting in the frd~~the~~nd with nervous anticipation.

I didn't even know why I was nervous, to be honest. I mean, like I said before, it was just a party. Nothing serious at all.

And it's not like I had never attended parties. I had gone to my fair share of parties, gotten drunk, danced like crazy, committed drunken mistakes which I regretted later and woke up with a killer hangover in the morning. Like I said, parties were not new to me at all. So, I didn't have the slightest clue as to why I was getting nervous.

Clenching my hands ~~into~~ into, I took deep breaths and tried to control my anxiety.

"We are here." Samantha said.

Harper lived in the richer part of the town. The insanely rich part of the town which was directly opposite to mine. I am not saying that I was poor or anything. In fact, no one was really poor in our little town but Harper, he was insanely rich. The society in which he lived in, was a sucker for guards and all kinds of security systems. On a normal day, normal people like me won't even be able to enter the society premises. We were only allowed entry because Harper was having a party. Talk about being royalty! I had no idea how his father turned out to be a man of such importance.

Natalie lived in this part of the town and her parents were super rich too. Samantha just lived outside the society and as a result, their houses were pretty close to each other. That really helped when we had to sneak in the middle of the night to go to each other's houses.

Harper's house was simply gorgeous. I mean, who even needs that much space? It was like six stories. The building before me, was styled like a mansion from the Victorian era, and looked ~~like~~ like a hotel. How many rooms were in this house?!

The lights on the ~~ground~~nd that oor were all on. The music was blaring and I wondered why his neighbors weren't calling the police. There were so many people milling around, drunk teenagers smoking in the front on the well-kept lawn, and inside, I could see silhouettes of teenagers dancing to the crazy music.

I could recognize many of the people from my school, Ridgeback High, and many others from Cormack High. Despite the cliché of teenage novels cliché, there was no enmity between our school and theirs. There were two high schools in the town just because there were too many teenagers to accommodate in one building.