

Chapter 022|I'm the lucky one to have you

~You shout it out

But I can't hear a word you say

I'm talking loud, not saying much

I'm criticized, but all your bullets ricochet

Shoot me down but I get up.

Titanium - David Guetta

Loud music blaring through speakers, people making out, grinding against each other or just hanging out.

The smell of alcohol and sweat was strong in the air even as I recognized a few people while I and Law

made our way through the throng of people outside who held matching Cobalt blue disposable cups.

I ignored the looks I got as more people recognized me by the second and I was grateful a lot that some people around weren't from our school. I suspected they were from JFK another elite school in Todo Santos because Titiana didn't seem like the type to invite anyone who wasn't high and mighty to her house. Average won't even do and by the impressive whips on the garage which was almost filled up despite how impressively large it was, it could be a workshop, I was amongst the privileged.

Law squeezed my hand and my chest warmed remembering he was right next to me as we walked inside the house. He loves me, God he had admitted he had fallen in love with me within how long? 7 days and as crazy as that sounded, I felt bad I had just gawked at him and not replied. He deserves an

answer, any answer.

"Law?" My voice was almost a hush but I didn't know how he do it. Pick up my voice even though it was barely a whisper because his brilliant eyes were now on me.

"Look__" I licked my lips nervously.

He grinned at me. "You don't need to say anything and I didn't admit my feelings because I wanted to get a reply from you. I just wanted you to be aware of where I stand with you and why I'm with you. I don't need any misconceptions."

I nodded slowly.

"Besides that, there is something else I want you to know."

I tilted my head a bit to acknowledge I was listening to him despite the blaring speakers that were sickeningly loud inside the house.

"I'm the lucky one to have you, not the other way round." He kissed me on my forehead again aware that he had almost everyone's attention the minute he had stepped inside the house That was Law Tyler's super powers that I knew irritated him but it couldn't be helped. I couldn't help myself from gawking too. Yet he had kissed me like it was a damn statement and snaked his arm around my waist because I was his girl and then we walked further into the house aware that now they saw me too. I wasn't just the loser that had faded into the background next to Law Tyler. I was watched, sized up, and thought about and it felt good even though I was sure it wasn't all niceties going on in their heads and on their minds.

I tried to act like I didn't feel intimidated by their

designer gowns and flashy heels even as I noticed Titiana who was owning every second of being the girl of the moment in her Barbie doll getup. Gold coloured pair of Prada heels, a sequins gown, her face was caked up with the high of being exhilarated and of course makeup. On her hair was a big fucking intimidating pink bow like she was a fucking present and if this was meant literally, I wasn't so sure the receiver of this parcel won't scream obscenities because Titiana wasn't just a bitch who was compelled to be one, she controlled the ones who were just wannabes.

The ones who got to roll with the system and join them if we can't beat them type like Julie who was on a half scholarship program but had done well by keeping this secret of hers so well. And as a reward, she was almost headed to the third chain of the populars in the social chain, was dating a mean Basketballer who last I heard about hits her but buys

her lots of presence. She was at the other side of the room, dangling her very new latest model iPhone which I could tell was one of those extravagant presents that makes up for the evident black eyes she had on last week and all the times she has to lie about tripping on her legs and landing face down on the floor to explain the big bump on her forehead or the visible huge fingerprints that spread from her jaw to her eyes.

But Titiana wasn't that kind of a girl, she was an unapologetic witch that owned every of her demonic plot which I had no doubt was giving her the orgasm, her football captain boyfriend couldn't give her though I must add this was her longest lasting relationship and I could tell it wasn't because of love. Nah, people like Titiana with so many mummy and daddy problems bigger than their fake ass don't fall in love. They don't even know what that is but venting on the world for their unfair life and keeping people around

them like trophies? They aced bookkeeping.

So that's the only reason she had kept Jason for so long. she needed to move to a bigger thing, a guy with a better whip, greater looks, nicer body. It was a game, a chase and with the smile, she was sure as hell not directing at me because I totally don't dig chicks and I was sure that Titiana was as straight as her mother rigid lined up appointments with lots of mental therapists and shrinks, I could tell her eyes were on Law Tyler. I mean my boyfriend? Not happening bitch!

I straightened up and cleared my throat to remind her I was right next to the guy she was ogling like a freshly baked chocolate whipped dessert. He was holding my hands for crying out loud.

"Hey, Prude...nt," she gave me a fake one-chin curved smile which was totally weird and looked like

she was about to have seizures and panic attacks altogether. "Didn't expect you to show up at my party."

"Why?" I gave her a patronizing smile tilting my head to the side daringly not minding that if Law's appearance and kiss hasn't gotten us enough attention, I was on a road trip to doing just that, "Because you had asked me a few hours ago not to?"

The music was turned down even as she fixed me a smug and devilish grin, the type she gives before saying something deliberately and outrightly evil.

"Maybe because I expected you to be beside your mother who scrubs and mops to put food on your plate or wait?" She gasped a little, "This one is good. How about you just stick to the side of your imprisoned crack addict of a no-good older brother."

I heard the slap. Saw the look of disbelief in her eyes

before feeling the stinging pain of just how much impact my hand had made with her chin to realize that I had slapped her and going by the astonishment on everyone's faces, nobody had seen that coming not even Law Tyler who was still standing beside me. He got me. He had told me he did and it felt good to know he was keeping true to his words.

I had the option of reminding her that although my family wasn't the most perfect, hers wasn't. Wanted to remind her that her father had been fucking her best friend when we were in Junior high school and her mother had attempted suicide thrice, the last time her daddy dearest had berated her to get it right just once. I didn't because it was an insult to my mom who wasn't popping pills regardless of how hard life got us and my brother who had made a few too many bad choices in his life. I didn't because we were just poor and that was just a financial situation, it didn't mean we were bad people or committed a gruesome crime

so I took a step back away from her making sure I looked her right in the face when I told her the next words that escaped my lips.

"I wish someday you might look in the mirror and hold your gaze, the way I'm holding yours without flinching but until till then I wish you could drink makeup, then there just might be a chance you'll be beautiful on the inside."

An oblivious drunk teenager tripped on the sound system and an upbeat dance hall music came up even as I tugged Law's t-shirt in my arms, "This is my song!" I screamed dragging him to a dark corner of the room aware that more than a hundred pairs of eyes were on us right now.

Static energy clung to my hoodie even as Law held my waist, dragging me to himself.

"I'm proud of you. You did good, Il mio fiore di loto. I'd have clapped if not that I was way shocked."

"I feel sick," I muttered fisting his T-shirt around my hand, "Take me out of here."

He chuckled, "As your chauffeur for the night, I'm up and ready to get out of here."

We make jokes about how the place smells like sins and drugs decided to birth a child as we both stepped out of the house not at all minding the chilly weather condition which was better than spending a minute more with those icy cold hypocrites.

Lesson learnt, Law. Could we face being a teenager 101 another day? I was tempted to ask. We go to school with these scumbags already I didn't see the point of bonding over weekends too.

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