

"No! You're going to go in there with me and have fun!" She replied. Ugh. I didn't want to do this. Sierra opened the unlocked door, and we walked in. Inside there were probably 100 teenagers dancing around to blaring music with drinks in hand. I saw a keg placed in the middle of the living room, looking like a centerpiece to the whole party. I made a mental note to stay far, far away from it.

"I'm gonna sit right here," I told Sierra.

"Whatever, I'll be over there," she said, pointing to the dance floor. I watched her walk off, and I couldn't help but feel a little like a loser for just being a bystander to a party I probably should be participating in.

"Hey," I heard a voice say.

"Uh, hi," I awkwardly responded. A tall boy, with chestnut brown hair, green eyes, and about my age had approached me.

"I'm Chris," he said, flashing a megawatt smile. I melted a little inside. I wasn't used to male attention.

"I'm Laila," I replied, smiling back, but then realizing it looked more like a twisted smirk (oops).

"Do you want to come outside with me?" He asked. I should have said no, I mean I'd never met this guy and all of a sudden I'm willing to go outside alone with him? It was a stupid move on my part. He was charming, however, and I didn't hesitate to leave the bustling party to go outside. We walked outside together, and I noticed that he made quick glances at me, and I returned them. His yard was pretty big, with a few trees that perhaps created soothing shade in the summer months.

"So, how do you like the party?" He questioned.