

Enzo glances around the room at the motley crew they've assembled. It was almost nice to see all of his old friend's smiling faces, laughing with each other as they recounted tales of the good old days.

"Remember that time when Ronnie got stuck up on the roof of the bar?" One of them got out in between sputtering laughs. "We all booked it out of there so fast the poor guy didn't know what to do with himself!"

The rest of the small crowd bellowed with laughter at the memory, and Enzo turned his attention to the man of the hour. Henry McConnell just recently got engaged and it's all most of these people could talk about. Several of their old friends wouldn't leave the man alone talking about his fiancé, what the wedding was going to be like, and all kinds of other sickening topics that made Enzo think they were just sucking up to be groomsmen. He could see Henry enjoying every last second of it though. He'd always been the type to thrive in the spotlight even when it pushed Enzo further and further out of the social circle. Enzo was surprised they even invited him at all tonight. It's not like he'd bothered to attend any one of these horrible events in the last few years.

Henry threw his head back and laughed at something one of his future groomsmen said. The charismatic man as always. Enzo shook his head as he turned to get a drink from the bar.

Henry couldn't take one more comment about venues, or menus, or how there had to be an open bar, and he'd be crazy if he didn't get an open bar, and no one wants to go to a wedding if there isn't an open bar. He casually excused himself to go hide in the bathroom for a few moments of peace and quiet. He needed to regroup and clear his head.

Ever since the announcement of his engagement, everyone he'd ever spoken to seemed to want to be his best friend again. He saw right through the painstakingly performed act every time. He knew that they were all just trying to get a free vacation since he was going to be having a destination wedding. It was his fiancé's dream and since he had the money to make it happen it seemed like the right thing to do.

Henry personally couldn't care less about where their wedding took place. He had no interest in flaunting his relationship in front of everyone that he knew. He would be perfectly fine with it being a small private affair, but the world he lived in prohibited that. Henry had been born into a world of money. Elegant parties thrown by his parents, fancy dinners every night, maids and cooks, everything that people with a normal amount of money would make endless fun of him for.

As he got older though, he cared less and less for these tedious events. He wished he could simply disappear into the background. Growing up, he and his best friend Enzo had played pranks on his parents at their parties and done things to show their distaste for the people gathered. Enzo had not come from money, but Henry had always invited him to the events so he wouldn't be quite as alone. They had met at the private school they both attended, (Enzo on scholarship), and they had been best friends all throughout grade school.

Now he was older though and there was nothing he could do besides accept the position he was born into. If it weren't for working at his father's company and accepting his parents' help to put him through college, he'd be living on the streets somewhere.

Henry glanced up at himself in the mirror, deciding it was time to go back out and join his friends, and walked out into the crowded room. Looking around he caught sight of Enzo himself

standing by the bar observing everyone. He was surprised that Enzo had even come tonight. The two of them had a falling out after Henry decided to accept money from his parents. Enzo thought it was stupid that he would throw himself into the life he had destested since he was a little boy, and Henry sort of agreed, except he didn't see much choice in the matter.

Enzo felt like Henry was throwing away his friendship with him in favor of the lavish parties and endless amounts of money, and he walked away never to be heard from again. It was a long shot to invite him to the engagement party, but there he was, looking just as put out as he always had.

Enzo felt eyes on him and turned his head to see Henry gazing at him. They held eye contact for a minute before Enzo turned to walk in the opposite direction. Just because he came to this ridiculous party didn't mean he had to speak to him. He stopped at the buffet table and swiveled around just in time to see himself face to face with the man he hoped he wouldn't have to talk to.

"Hi," Henry said, looking like a deer in headlights. Enzo frowned at this. He was the one who chose his fancy life over his friendship with Enzo, so why was he suddenly acting like everything was fine.

"Where are all your money-sucking leech friends?" Enzo asked. "Aren't those the type of people you like to associate yourself with nowadays?"

"Still always the optimist I see."

"And you haven't changed one bit," Enzo gave him a once over. "Still working for your father?"

"Unfortunately."

"Unfortunately? This is what you wanted, is it not? Fancy job, fancy wedding, fancy life?"

"I did what I had to do. You knew I was terrible in school, I wouldn't have been able to afford college let alone succeed in it. My life would have been over," Henry explained. "You never even let me get a word in on the subject before you accused me of being shallow and money-hungry myself. I never saw you again after that. Figured you had your own stuff to sort out and left you alone. I didn't want to drag you into this world anymore if you didn't want it."

"You still chose this over me."

"And I regretted it every day since I watched you walk away."

Enzo studied him for a moment. A pleading look on Henry's face.

"Can I get you a drink?" Henry asked. Enzo looks at him for a moment more, guilt washing over him for the obvious pain he put Henry through.

"Fine," Enzo says, his eyes darting to the ground.

"Good," Henry states as he leads Enzo to the bar.