You enter the bedroom behind her, with her hand still pulling yours. You hit the doorframe with your shoulder as you walk in, your equilibrium still flipped upside, trying to win a fight against vodka. [[You instictually close the door beind you.]]

You PROTAG A Shows up to the party with their best friend – nervous

Music is blaring – you got to the party an hour nd a half in – people are already drunk

Your crush and your ex are there – trying ot get with the crush but rejets you – end up getting with your ex because you see crush hook up with someone else

Include reference to copyright material – on last passage in actual work or in folio, it is up to me

Include the word music in every passage

No one has any identifying names

No quotation marks

You close the Uber door behind you, wishing you were still inside it, driving away with the driver. Your best friend is already walking towards the door, more excited than you for the night ahead.

You can hear the dull base of loud music from outside the front door.

You ready? Your best friend asks. He knows you were nervous about this party because the girl you've been talking to is going to be there. And you want to ask her out. But your ex is also going to be there. You've both arrived an hour into the party, deciding this was considered fashionably late. Your friend turns the door handle and walks inside the double story house of your mutual friend that you both went to school [[with.]]

As the blasting loud music washes over you, your nerves also wash away as you take in the scene in front of you with sensory overload. There are people near the door that you know, already greeting you hello. You admit to yourself that it is nice to see them, and you start to relax a little. Although the thought of seeing the girl you've been talking to you is keeping you filled with nervous energy, and the thought of seeing your ex is filling you with nervous dread. You and your best friend move through the house and locate the drinks table, and both grab a Corona.

You continue to go around greeting people, wishing your friend a happy 22nd birthday, and [[catching up with old friends.->friends.]]

There she is, away from the loud music. Outside talking with her friends, who you hate. Everything about her is wrong for you, but you feel the attraction nonetheless. You do really, really like her.

You knew each other’s name through mutual friends and social media, and you had looked at her Instagram account more often than you wanted to admit, but hadn't actually met until a 21st birthday party two months ago. You had both gotten along well and had managed to exchange numbers. You texted regularly every week. Talking to her felt like one of those crazy situations where you instantly get along with the other person. It was more than your physical attraction to her though. You both had a lot in common and shared similar views on life. She told you she was at TAFE and worked part-time. You knew all of her ambitions. There was one night where you had both stayed up late to text each other and she was telling you things she had never told anyone else, and you found yourself doing the same thing. You really did trust her.

But you knew around her friends it was a different story. You thought her friends were annoying and rude, with no actual personalities outside of their friendship circle. You wouldn't ever fit in with them.

Besides that, you thought you had a pretty good chance of her liking you back, as she seems genuinely interested in texting you, and you know she's not with another guy at the moment, even though you knew plenty of guys in [[your friend circle wanted to get with her.->her.]]

Your thoughts are interrupted when someone walks in your line of vision. Your ex. She hasn't spotted you yet. Or maybe she has and is ignoring you. This was the other person you were anxious to see. You had been in contact with each other on and off since you had broken up with her two years ago. A lot of the times you hated each other, and all the other times she was trying to get back with you, despite your numerous turn downs. You knew you should cut her out of your life all together, but you could never make yourself do it. Looking at her tonight though, you didn't feel the same resentment you felt the last time you were in a room together. Maybe you would actually be able to have a normal conversation tonight without trying to destroy the other persons feelings.

You finally swallow your ego and walk up to her. Hey, you say, trying to act casual. She greets you back, cutting off her dancing to the music, and you both give each other a quick hug, deciding to move past resentment and just keep the peace.

You naturally fall into a conversation, you have so much history between the two of you, it’s easy to get caught up. You know your both skirting around the fact that most of the conversations you've had in the past had led to hurt feelings and not talking for months, but tonight seems to be going smoothly, for now. She had changed her hair and gotten a new tattoo. You didn't know whether to feel annoyed that you took easy notice of this so quickly, or annoyed that the changes looked good on her.

[[Round of shots! Someone says as they grab your shoulder, lets go!->go!]]

One, two, three rounds of shots in a row later and you start to regret not eating anything before the party. You are dragged onto the dance floor and start flailing around with everybody to a throwback song that was #1 on the radio from when everyone was a kid. Your ex passes you a bottle of Bacardi and you down as much as you can tolerate of the horrible taste. You end up losing a round of beer pong, against her. She makes some flirty joke towards you that brings you back to reality. Nothing had changed with her. She was still trying to get back with you. And you didn't want to deal with it anymore.

<img class="story-image-smaller" src="./images/beerpong.jpeg" alt="beer pong" />

Suddenly you're not having as much friendly fun with her as you thought. You think back to the reason you wanted to come to this party, to ask your crush out, and realise you hadn't even said hi to her yet. You pull away from your ex, needing some distance, grab another bottle of something you don't even read the label of and walk outside, [[determined to make something happen tonight with your crush.->crush]].

Hey, you exclaim excitedly. Hey! She replies back, hugging you. It's the first time you guys have spent a proper amount of time together since you had started texting consistently, even though you have mutual friends. She doesn't stop for conversation though, and quickly goes back to talking to her friend group. You can't decide whether to retreat back awkwardly into the house and be swallowed by the music or force yourself into the conversation to get her attention. You know tonight is the night you need to tell her how you feel. You down the rest of your [[drink, place the bottle down and ask her if you can talk to her privately.->privately.]]

You gain the courage to hold her hand so you can pull her back and lead her towards a quieter part of the garden. Her friends are looking at you both questionably, but you power through your nerves. You're standing next to a tree by the back fence, and start to make small talk, the music now softly in the background. She engages with you, but quickly cuts to the chase and asks what you wanted to talk to her about. You take a deep breath, deciding confidence would come across the most attractive, and tell her you think she's amazing and you would really like to take her on a date. She's clearly shocked and takes a second to reply. She tells you that she's sorry, but she doesn't see you like that, and thought you were just a good friend to talk to. She isn't interested in being anything more with you. She walks away after patting your shoulder in a patronising way and goes back to her friends. You feel so stupid, and immediately want to return to your bottle for another drink, or just leave [[the party all together and go home to delete her number.->number.]]

You walk away, further along the fence line in the back garden where no one else is. You dry-heave but don't throw up. At least you still had some dignity in holding your alcohol. Your friend comes up to you as you walk back towards the house. Mate! It's our song, you've gotta come dance! You follow him forward blindly, not really caring about the song.

An hour later and the living room is packed, with everyone wanting to dance to the good music. The alcohol has tricked you into having a good time, the room not clear with your eyes half closed in a drunken state, caught up in dancing. Your group of friends all walk towards the drinks table, getting ready to do another round. Then you see her, your crush. Across the room, with her hands around some other guy’s neck, his tongue down her throat. You feel stone cold sober for a second, hating her and yourself for not being that guy. Maybe you were just a loser. Or maybe she was, for not choosing you, You turn away back towards the drinks table, figuring being black out drunk was the only way to get through the night and down three shots when your friends have all [[stopped after one.->one.]]

Someone appears next to you and downs another shot, your ex. You can tell she's drunk, and she seems to have forgotten she pissed you off earlier by being inappropriate. But you've forgotten that to, because now you want to get back at your crush, and honestly, you're more angry at her than your ex right now. You let your ex dragged you onto the dance floor for another song.

You start dancing against each other. I've missed you, she tells you. I know, you reply, not really caring whether it was true or not. You’re dancing so close to her you can smell that she still wears the same perfume, and a flood of memories hit you, that make you want to throw up more than anything. Your dignity has gone out the window, along with your self-respect.

Maybe you're a bad selfish person, but you know the only reason you have your hands on your ex's waist and are paying her any attention is in hope that you crush notices and gets jealous. You are craving any kind of validation. That the texts you had sent back and forth to each other meant just as much to her as they did to you. That she was lying, and that she was also into you. Your ex standing in front of you was validation enough [[that you were an attractive person.->person.]]

You could spend the rest of the night forgetting about her. Screw her, your ex was right here, clearly interested in you.

The next song starts playing, and memories come flooding back of parties you had attended together years ago, and how you danced together just like this to this song.

She kisses you on the lips and you don't pull away, happy to be feeling something other than jealous and sad. Incapable of thinking deeper about it, you feel a tingling in your chest from kissing her, the familiarity of it becoming intoxicating.

You open your eyes, still holding your ex against you, and see your crush across the room holding her drink, next to the guy she was making out with. She's looking right at you, with confusion written in permanent marker on her face. You smirk to yourself, satisfied, and return to your ex.

Your selfishness and need for revenge are an unfair combination. But with your ex's lips against yours again and the satisfaction of making your crush feel how she made you feel, you don't care how toxic you seem.

You return with your ex hand in hand to the drinks table, and down a few [[more, before she leads you up the stairs to the nearest bedroom.->'Teeth' passage]]

You enter the bedroom behind her, with her hand still pulling yours. You hit the doorframe with your shoulder as you walk in, your equilibrium still flipped upside, trying to win a fight against vodka. You instinctually close the door behind you, closing off the music, just for another song to be playing on the speaker in this room. The room is vibrant red, thanks to the L.E.D lights framing the ceiling.

<img class="story-image" src="./images/teethending.jpeg" alt="ending" />

She already has her top off, clearly wanting the rest of the night to go a certain way. She steps closer to you, holding eye contact. Her face overwhelms you. It’s the first time you've been this close to her in two years, and you realise what attracted you to her in the first place. She was objectively physically perfect in every way. Something still feels wrong though. We shouldn't do this, you tell her. I know, she says. Neither of you step away though. This can't be anything more than this, I don't want anything more than this, you say as clearly as you can manage, before you lean in and kiss her, your drunkenness drowning your common sense. She pulls you on top of her onto the bed, and you no longer care about what happens after this, or the consequences.