

The Runway

Party

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Chapter 1

"Hey guys, this is Marshall and my cousin, Sean. I'm sure you all recognize Marshall."

All of these women, gorgeous women to be fair, sitting along a long dining table turn their heads in our direction to get a good look at my boyfriend and I standing at the entrance of the room. Half of them wave, and the other half of them smile and greet us eagerly, "Hi!"

"Hi." I smile. Cassandra points at two empty chairs near the end of the table for us to sit in. When we go to sit down in them, I raise my head to look across the table, immediately noticing a woman about my age with long dark hair and a very beautiful face to compliment her, looking down at her phone with a not so cheerful look on her face. Well, until a woman with long honey blonde hair (and a beautiful face as well) approaches the table to sit into the chair beside her, the frown on her face quickly turns into a grin. I watch her from across the table for a while during this party, not because I'm attracted to her, but something pulling me to start talking to her. She never directly notices me watching, or maybe even doesn't know I'm sitting across from her at all.

I don't mean to be creepy, honestly, I don't know why I'm doing it.

At one point, the smiles on both of the women's faces fades into frowns when another woman with strawberry blonde hair approaches the table, almost as if they subconsciously know their fun time is now over due to her. She wraps her arms around the dark haired woman just above her chest, and kisses her on the cheek in almost a showy manner, before sitting down in the empty chair on the left side her. "Hey, Ayla."

"Hey, Bri..." The dark haired woman (now knowing her name is Ayla) responds with an anxious smile.

I watch this woman's (Brianna's) body language, as well as Ayla's, towards each other. Ayla's body language and facial expressions don't seem to be the most comfortable around Brianna, and Brianna's body language don't appear to be the most gentle with Ayla. Ayla is definitely more comfortable with the other blonde haired girl.

Was she just texting Brianna, and that's why she was kind of sulking at her phone earlier?

"Marshall," Sean asks, "can you get Cassandra for me?"

"Sure. Where is she?"

"If she's not in her room, she's most likely still downstairs."

"Okay." I get up, then leave the room to walk down the hallway to a slightly opened door near the end of it. I give it couple of knocks, gently, but hard enough for them to be heard from inside the room, "Cassandra?" I call lowly, hearing a couple of faint voices in the room. So I push the door open, just enough for me to fit my head through the opening to look into the room, not finding Cassandra, but something else. Something I myself wouldn't want a stranger walking into a room to find me doing, since I'm still not open about my sexuality.

In the bed on the opposite side of the room, a couple of topless women, one with dark hair and the other with blonde hair, are making out; Ayla, and who I'm pretty sure is her friend with the honey blonde hair, Natalia.

I retract before they catch me, quickly regaining my train of thought and remembering what Sean asked me to do before walking away from the room, feeling myself getting stiff, for some odd reason.

Chapter 2 • Marshall

I plop down onto the couch, after taking the time to unload my suitcase in our bedroom. "You're not going to unpack yet?" I ask.

"Uh, not yet..." Sean responds, "do I have to do it now?"

"I'm waiting on you so I can start doing the laundry."

"Okay," He sets his laptop down on the coffee table before standing up, "I'll unpack when I come back."

"Where are you going?" Really, after a month-long trip?
"We just got back home, Sean."

"I know, it'll be quick, I promise. I'll be back."

"Okay." I frown. Might as well start doing the laundry now before I forget about it. He leaves, and I go upstairs to start sorting out clothes. As I'm going up and down the stairs, the notifications sound from his laptop starts; every 2 minutes his laptop chimes, driving me crazy. "What the hell?" I go towards the table, almost immediately closing the lid of the laptop to make it shut up, until something in the back of my mind tells me to touch the touchpad to wake it up, and

look at the screen. And that is what I do, finding that these aren't just any regular, annoying notifications, they're texts. Texts from other people, and the further up I scroll and the more conversations I open to read all of the texts, I eventually murmur to myself, "He's cheating." I partially close the lid, mentally processing all of the shit I just read. This fucking asshole. "He's fucking cheating on me."

I take my phone out from my pocket, then take pictures and videos of all his texts and conversations before picking up the damn laptop, leaving my phone on the couch. He wants to cheat and use me? It's fine, it is fucking fine. I let the laptop fall from my hands, letting it drop into the pool. It's okay, I paid for the fucking thing after his last one died!

He's getting the fuck out of my house tonight. I go back inside, standing waiting in the living room for a lengthy 10 or 20 minutes before he finally returns, him noticing that I'm clearly pissed by the expression on my face. "Get your shit."

His eyes widen, "Are you... okay, Marshall?"

"What the fuck does it look like?" I respond, "NO, I'M NOT! You're fucking cheating on me, dipshit?" Like something just magically fucked up his vocal cords, he doesn't answer me, likely in shock because he didn't expect me to look at the laptop like all the other times I didn't, even though I kept hearing those same notifications sound until I closed it. "Sean, grab all of your shit and get the fuck out of my house!"

His face alters to an expression that I've never seen on his face the three years we've been together, and it's not a nice one. "You're really going to just throw me out?"

What else should I do?! "What the fuck DO YOU EXPECT ME TO DO, LET YOU USE ME?!" I raise one of my hands towards him, accidentally (but intentionally) bitch slapping him across the face.

He lunges at me, claspng me by my throat with both of his hands, both of our bodies getting thrown down onto the floor. "CALM DOWN!"

"GET OFF ME!" I scream, kicking my legs, this time (accidentally), kneeling him in the crotch.

He rolls off of me, clutching his crotch area and snarling in pain, "You fucking pussy...! MARSHALL!"

I bolt out the front door, leaving all of my shit and my phone, to run to a neighbour's house.

Chapter 3 • Ayla

She snatches my phone from me. "Are you fucking cheating on me, Ayla?"

I purse my lips, knowing I can't deny it and I won't, she has my phone and sees my text messages to my friend, Natalia. I respond to her with, "I am," trying to intentionally sound smug. Not because I want to piss her off, but because I've had it with her shit, and I've been planning on breaking up with her for months. I've been trying to gather the courage to finally do it properly, but I guess this is my chance to stand up to her.

"Why?" She asks, anger rising in her voice.

"What do you think, Brianna?" She knows exactly why. The only reason I've been holding back on breaking up with her is because of her explosive anger and her refusal to acknowledge that she's abusive.

"I don't know Ayla," She yells, smacking me on the side of my head, "that's why I'm asking you, smart ass!"

This is why. "You don't have to slap me."

She snatches a fistful of my hair, "I can do whatever the fuck I want, you're in my house!"

"Let me go... please!" I almost scream. Her clutch tightens as she holds my head down, letting her inner rage impend, likely trying to think of worse ways to punish me. I raise both of my hands, then scrape my nails across her skin, forcing her to release her grip on me. She lets out an excruciating shriek as I jump up from where I'm sitting. I make a beeline, or try to make one, towards another room with a door before I take a blow to my back, damn near my literal spine, with something hard, hearing it fall to the floor with not only a loud thud, but the sound of glass shattering. She threw my phone.

"GET BACK HERE, NOW!" She screams, "AYLA!"

I quickly grab my phone off the floor before running into the room, slamming and locking the door before Brianna can catch me to unleash her demon on me. But it doesn't work for long. I click the power button on the side of my phone three times, letting my phone begin the three second countdown to immediately alerting the authorities as she's trying her hardest to kick the door off its hinges, cursing and shouting in the process.

"Hello, 999, what's your emergency?" A dispatcher finally picks up my call as I start to notice the door is ready to give out due to Brianna's raging persistence.

This bitch is going to kill me, or she wants to kill me, either way isn't good! "My girlfriend is about to fucking kill me!"

"Okay, ma'am, what is your name? Can you give me a name, please?"

"Ayla," I answer shakily, "Ayla Cabre—"

"YOU BETTER NOT BE CALLING THE POLICE, YOU DUMB BITCH!" Brianna screams, still kicking herself into the door.

"Ayla, what?"

"Cabrera!"

"Okay Ayla, what's going on there? I'm pretty sure I just heard a woman screaming in the background..."

"Yes, that is my girlfriend, she's pissed at me and she's going to fucking kill me! I need the police!"

"I need you to calm down, Ayla. What is your address, ma'am?"

The door flies open. Brianna snatches me by my hair before I can reply to the woman, forcing me to throw my phone across the room to keep her from destroying it further and hanging up on the dispatcher. I let out an agonizing scream as she attempts to drag me out of the room by my hair!

Chapter 4

"Are you okay, Marshall?" Cassandra asks, immediately pulling me into a tight hug when she notices the tears welling in my eyes. "I'm sorry."

"I wish." I whimper. I hit him first, so getting my ass beat in front of my neighbours was well deserved, at least in my mind.

"I didn't expect you to get here so early, I'm about to host another party soon. So if you be want, you can go to one of the bedrooms upstairs now before it gets crowded in a couple of hours."

"I think I'll stay down here for a bit."

"Okay," she smiles softly, "whatever you want to do."

I walk into the dining room to approach the long dining table that was once full of people sitting around it, and will be soon, but for now, it's chairs are empty. Except for one chair, where a woman with long dark hair is sitting at, looking down at her phone. I sit into the chair across the table from hers. The woman is a familiar, beautiful face, Ayia. This time, I can actually talk to her. "Hi."

She finally raises her head to look at me, forming a weak smile with her lips, "Hey."

I know she doesn't know or remember me because she never noticed me sitting across from her during that party earlier last month. "Ayla, right?"

Her eyes widen. Didn't expect me to know that. She looks away for a second, probably deciding on whether to confirm it or not... "Yes," She responds with slight concern in her voice, "how do you know?"

"I was sitting across from you at that party last month." Should I tell her more? "I noticed you didn't really look excited about your girlfriend being there with you and your friend... Natalia."

Realizing that I was most likely watching and listening in that night, she replies with, "I wasn't... happy with her." She bites her lip before her lips sink down into a frown. "Brianna? She was abusive to me... I mean," She rubs her forehead, "I was cheating on her anyway, so I was mostly at fault there. She found out, and tried to kill me."

With Natalia. But I'm not going to mention that I walked in on them to her. "Ouch, I'm sorry, that's not right."

"I deserved it. I guess I should've just properly broke up with her instead of cheating. I was going to do that eventually, I had a plan, but that happened instead."

"You seem like a way better person than Sean."

"Sean? Do you mean Cassandra's cousin, Sean?"

"Yes, him." I sigh. "He was my boyfriend, he was cheating on me, we got into an argument. I started it. I hit him first, and he beat me in front of my neighbours. Honestly, I wasn't really happy with him, but I wasn't planning on breaking up with him at all."

"Oh my God, that's awful."

"I deserved it." I affirm. We look at each other in the eyes for a split second before giggling the small awkwardness out.

"Is your..." She points at me, "are you Marshall Kiazzer?"

"Yes, that me." I grin.

"I fucking knew it, oh my God." She chuckles. "You're gay?"

"I'm bisexual, I —" I pause, hoping she doesn't take what I'm about to say the wrong way. "Something was telling me to talk to you while you were sitting across from me during that party, and I didn't want to disrupt your trio, so I didn't say anything. And now that you're here, and we're alone for now, not only are you gorgeous, but you seem like a sweet person to me..."

"Are you about to ask me out, or...?" She smirks.

"Is the answer yes?"

"You seem like a sweet guy," She smiles, "sure."