



Fake It Until You Make It (Preview)

Within a lavishly decorated hotel space lined with tables polished to a mirror sheen with chairs neatly tucked away beneath them, the lights were glaring and the air reeked of wine and rosemary. It was easy to tell there was something big going on from all the well dressed people already mingling around tables stacked high with light snacks and drinks while the walls and floors were decked out in Japanese themed decor.

While most people might've been thrilled to be in attendance for a social gathering on this scale, some might be adverse to such an idea, especially when said individuals were forced to attend or had to conform to certain...restrictions...before they were allowed to set foot inside.

One such person had been Fred, a crackhead engineer living a modest life alone with the occasional visit from his one and only best friend; Leo. The two had hit it off in college, but while Leo had never quite set his two feet into designing cars like he had initially proposed to Fred, the latter was serious, kicking off his own business some time after graduating while Leo returned to his family's folds as next in line to inherit his folks automaker business which was beginning to become quite the popular name amongst the public.

With their paths diverged, Leo had tried many times to get Fred to join him, promising him the resources and time necessary to design and develop new automotives, citing his current business as a repairman a waste of his talents. But Fred wasn't going to have it, replying with almost the exact same answer every time the soon to be tycoon brought up the matter;

"Sorry dude, that stuff was your jam but I'm perfectly fine with things the way they are, no offense..."

Despite their disagreement on this one facet of their lives, the two still remained good friends, with Leo coming over to Fred's workshop with a drink in hand. Either to reminisce on the old days or to check up on him while he had time away from the family business.

While Fred wasn't one to mingle with members of what he saw to be a crowd too expensive for him, he wouldn't have said no to attending a gathering on Leo's behest; being that of a wedding ceremony for someone belonging to a family that had close connections to Leo's parents. So what exactly had turned him off to the idea?

A slip of the tongue, a failed excuse. And now Leo's mother was expecting her son to bring along a special she was dying to meet. And once the matriarch of the family had her say, there was no talking her out of it...nor was there any hope of surviving her wrath if she were to be disappointed...although that had probably been Leo's exaggerations on what his mother would do to him if she learned he had lied to her when the man had come to Fred not to drink or talk, but to beg. Prostrating himself before the startled man right outside his door with curious passersby raising their brow in concern and amusement.

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"Please! You've gotta help me with this Fred! If I don't turn up at the wedding next week without who I said I'd bring to my Ma, she'll kill me! Disown me even!"

And now as a hubbub of activity spikes near the entrance to the hotel, the result of that meeting was clear to see as Leo walks in to shake hands with the organizers and the family of the lucky couple before turning to find his family amidst the growing crowd of people. Taking his mother towards the attention as the startlingly youthful woman bobs with glee beside her son.

"Oh I never thought I'd see the day my little cub finds that special someone~ So? Where is she?"

"Jeez Ma...talk about motherly love...uhh, hold on, she's a little shy but she promised she'd...ah there she is, Felicia? Over here!"

"Hm? Oh my, isn't she a darling~"



Walking past the gilded entrance upon hearing Leo's was a waifish damsel sporting an olive green head of hair with a natural luster to its silken locks that brought attention to her roguish face bearing an air of cool maturity about it that seemed to suggest a more tomboyish side to her. But yet, those same features were painted over in a furious blush, further accentuating her feminine appeal with the way she tugs at the hem of her flowery dress while fidgeting with its left strap, clearly uncomfortable with the attention she was getting while struggling to make eye contact with both Leo and his beaming mother.

But beneath the delicate shell, the girl's mind was aflame with less than pure thoughts as she struggles with the many eyes she could feel beginning to latch on to her from varying points in the crowd, clearly interested in her looks. She wanted to bash those eyes in, but her promise to her friend took priority over her personal feelings as she finally comes to stand before Leo and his mother, curtsying in a twitchy greeting that earns her a wide smile from the accommodating woman and a sigh from Leo, hiding her scowl with a smile of her own.

'Fuck you too dude, I'm trying my best here!'