



“Afterglow: The Midnight Neon Bash”

Just when everyone thought the night was done — boom!

A neon explosion of color and sound took over. Guests showed off glowing face art, the DJ spun magic, and suddenly the celebration had shifted gears.

Between the beats, the laughter, and the flashes of light, everyone forgot the clock. The night wasn't ending — it was evolving.

A perfect, pulsating afterglow of the day's love and madness.

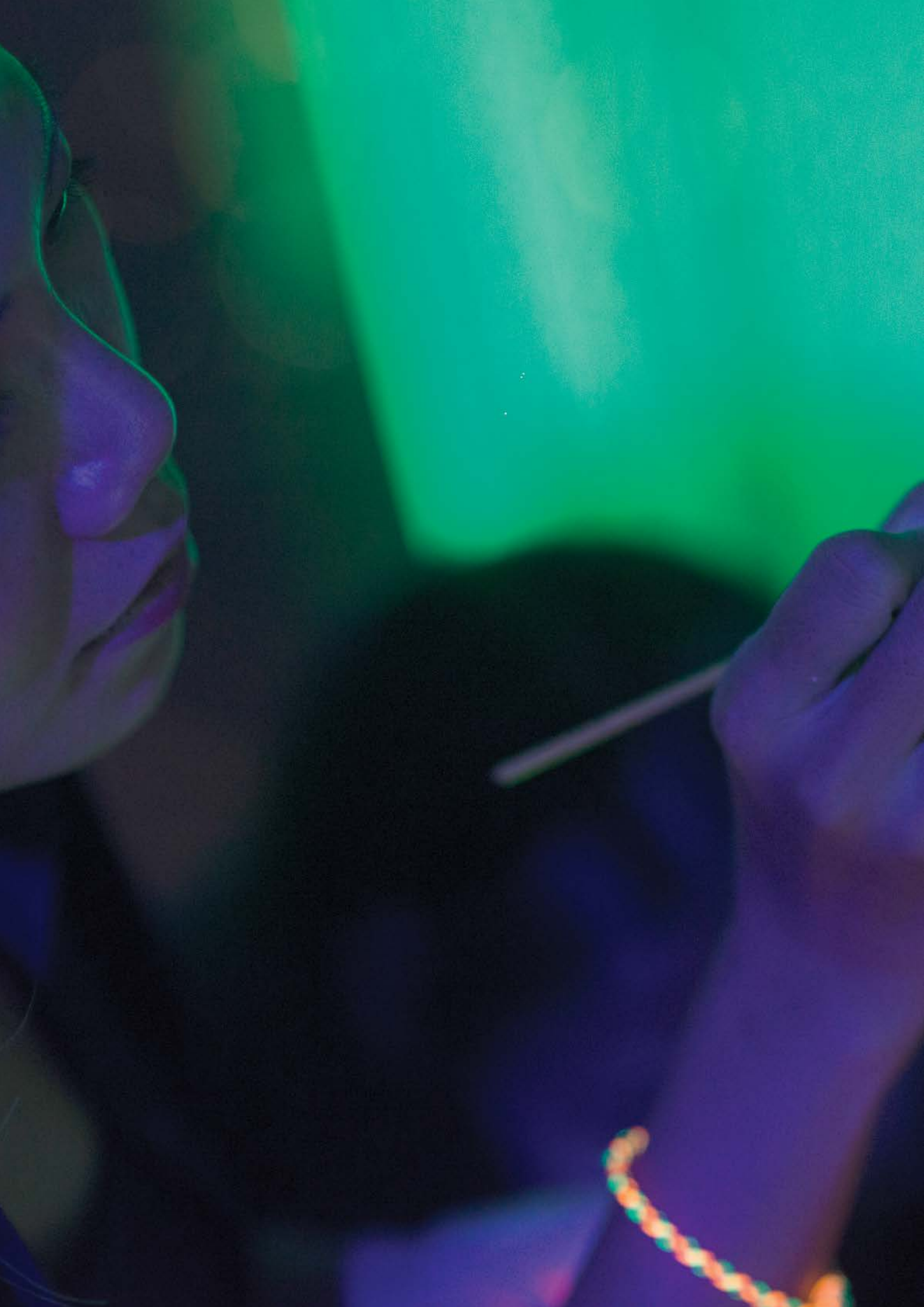
The rhythm went on till sunrise, because love (and good beats) don't come with a curfew.





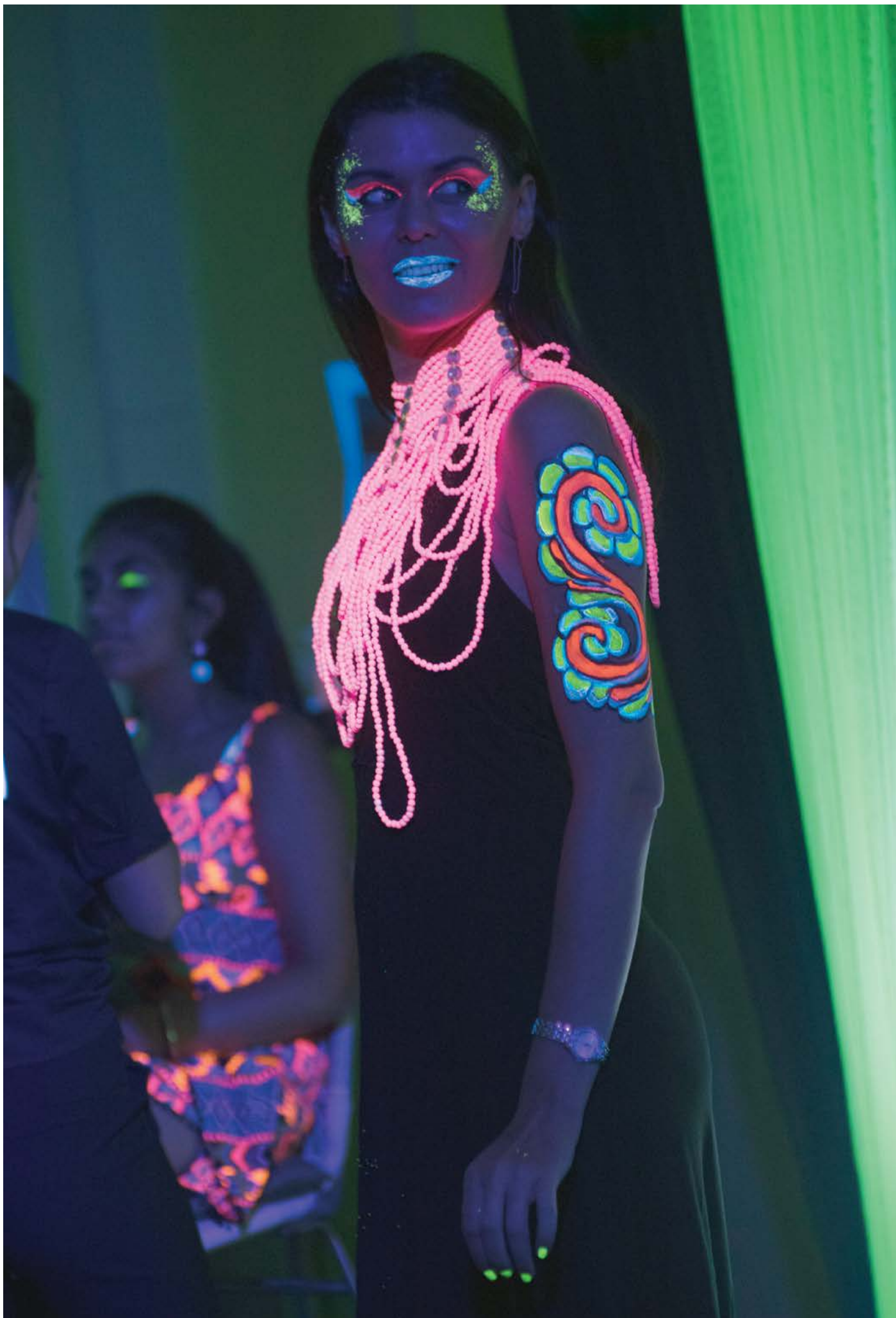








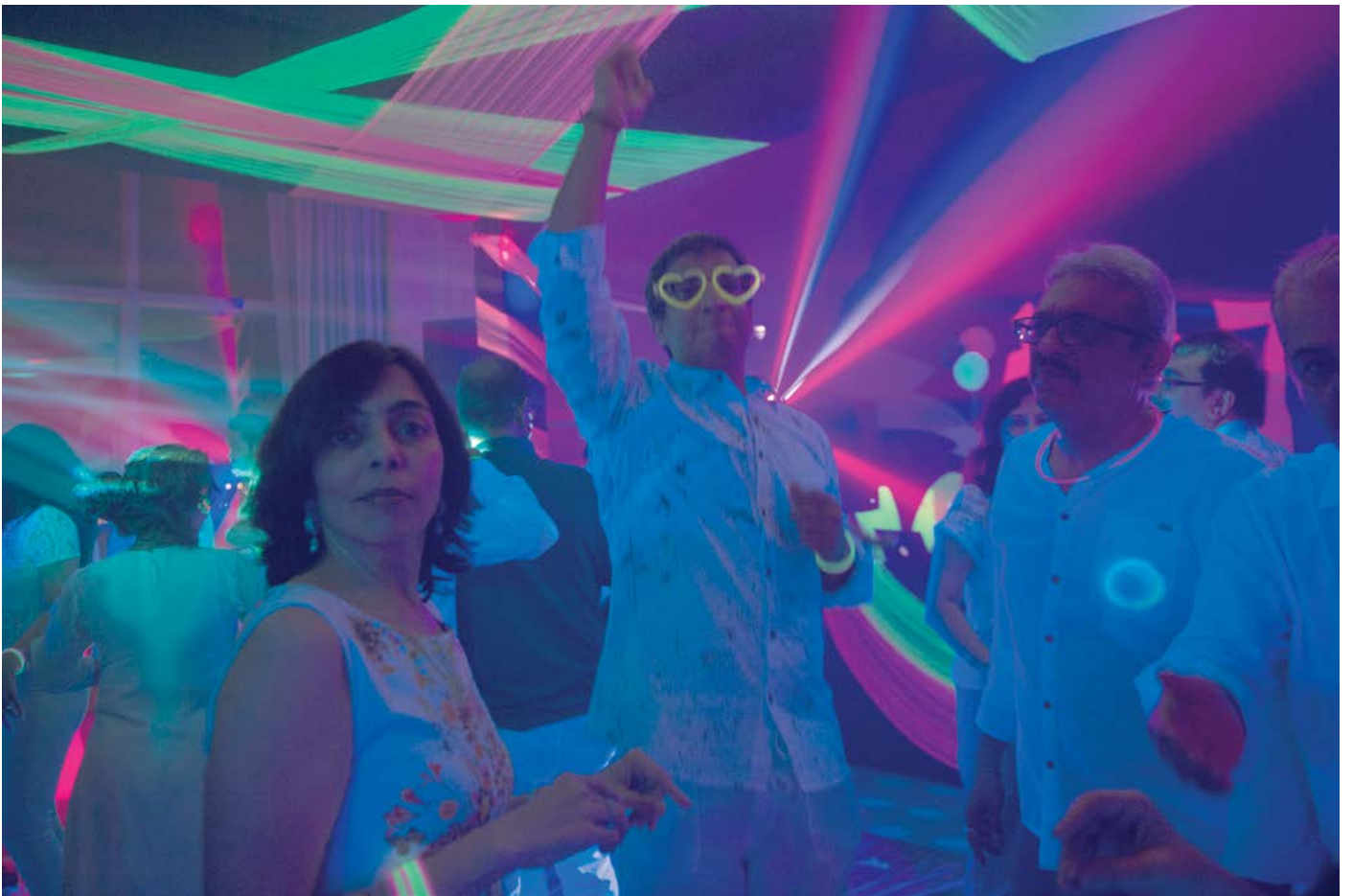






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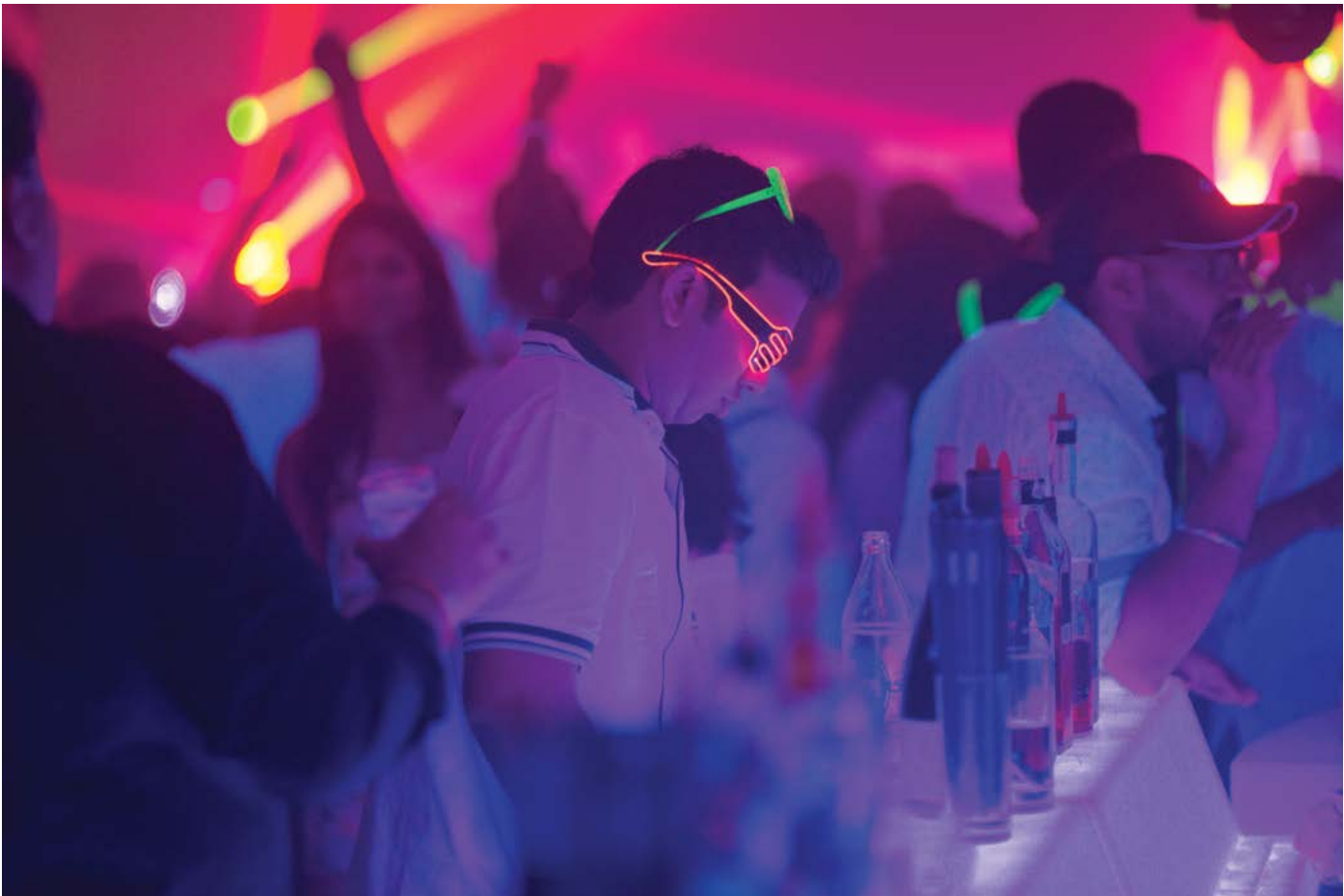






















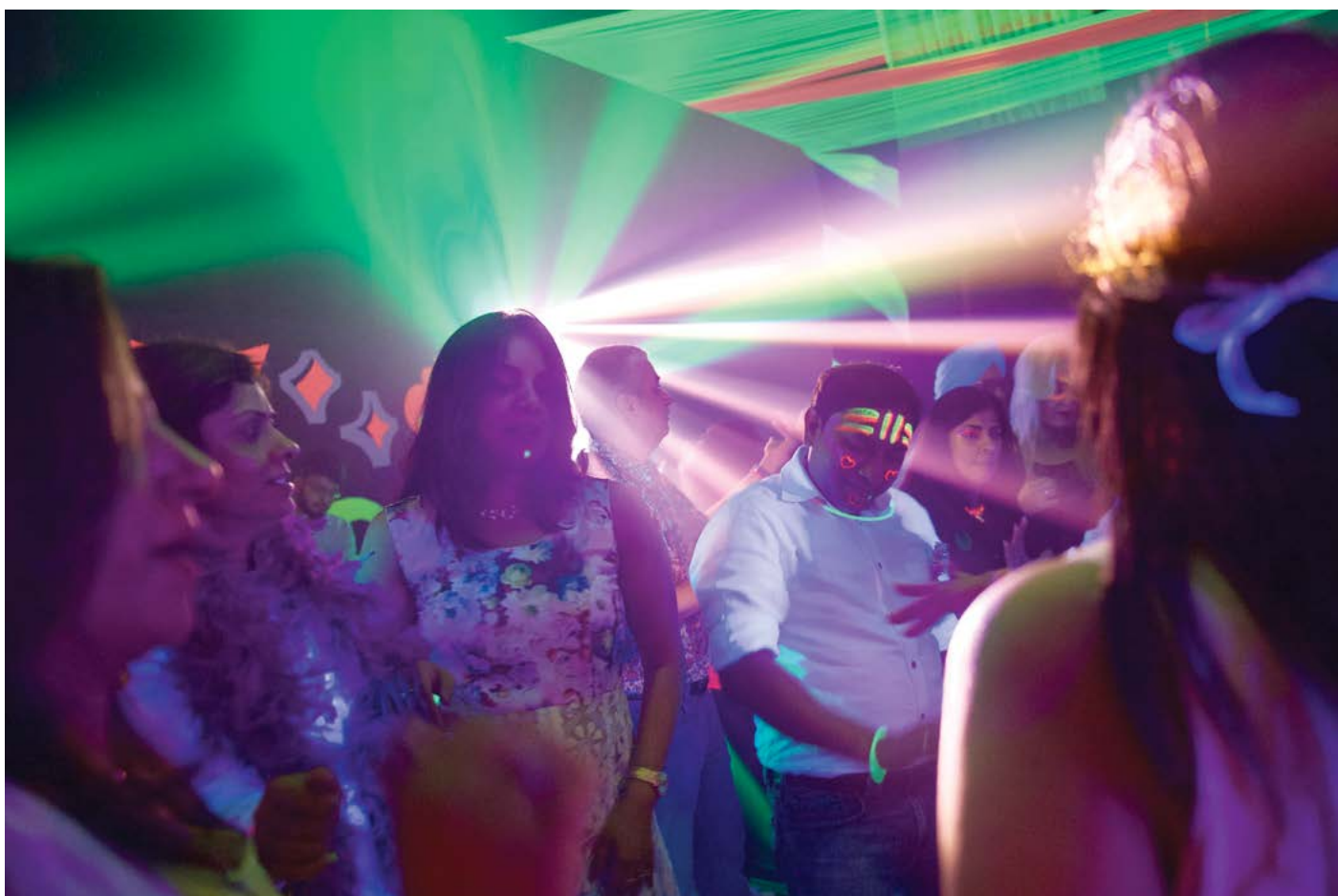








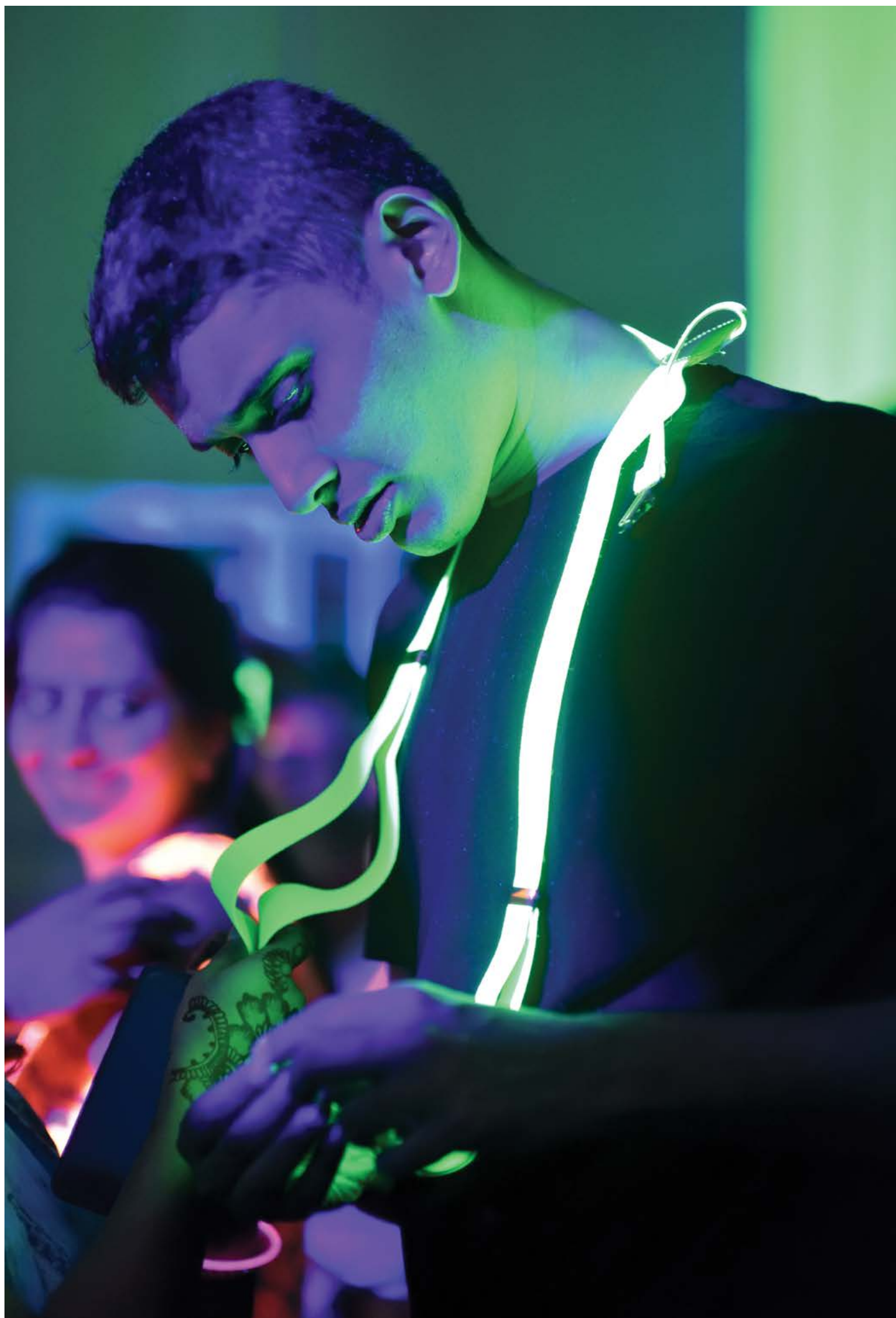






















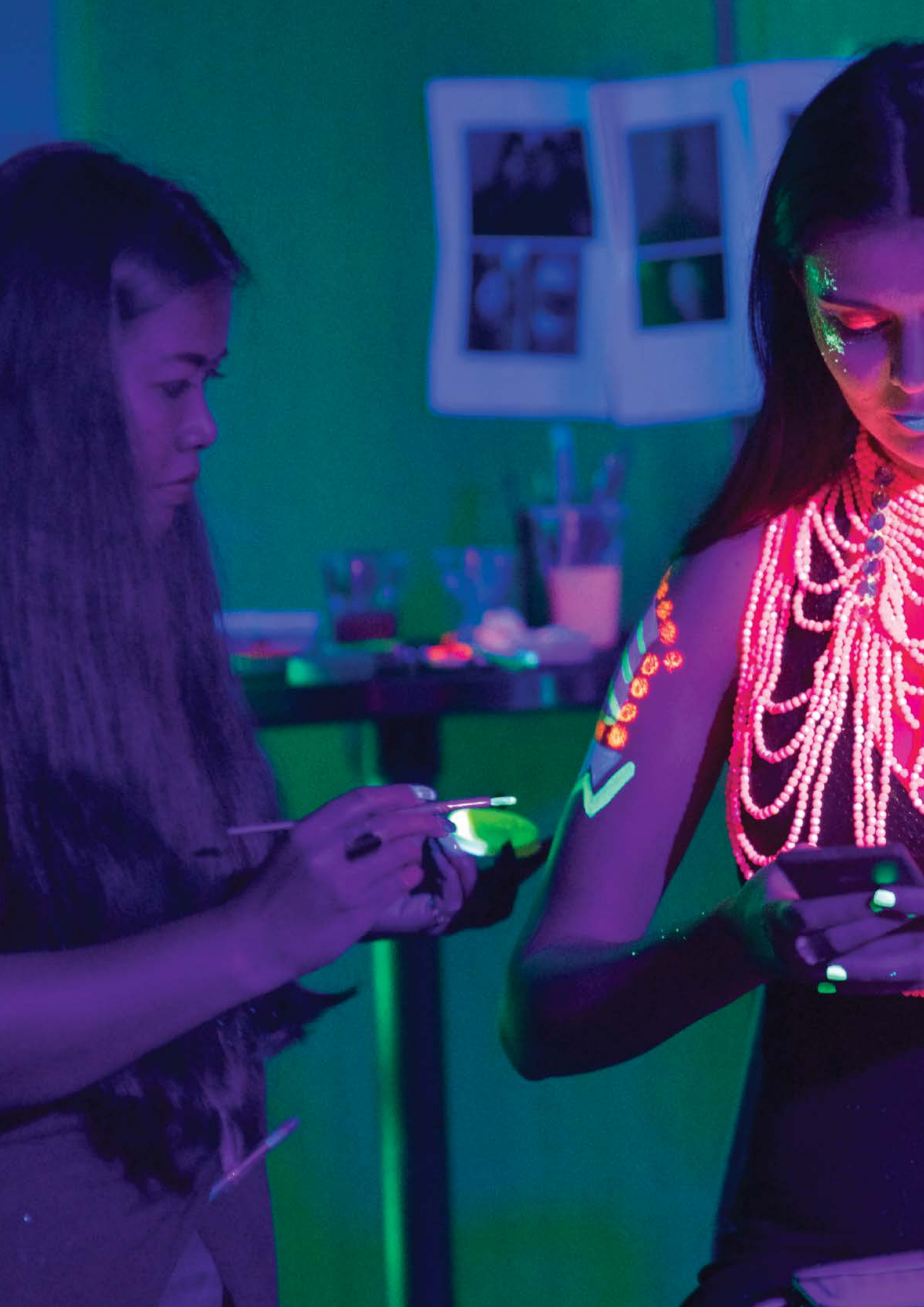


















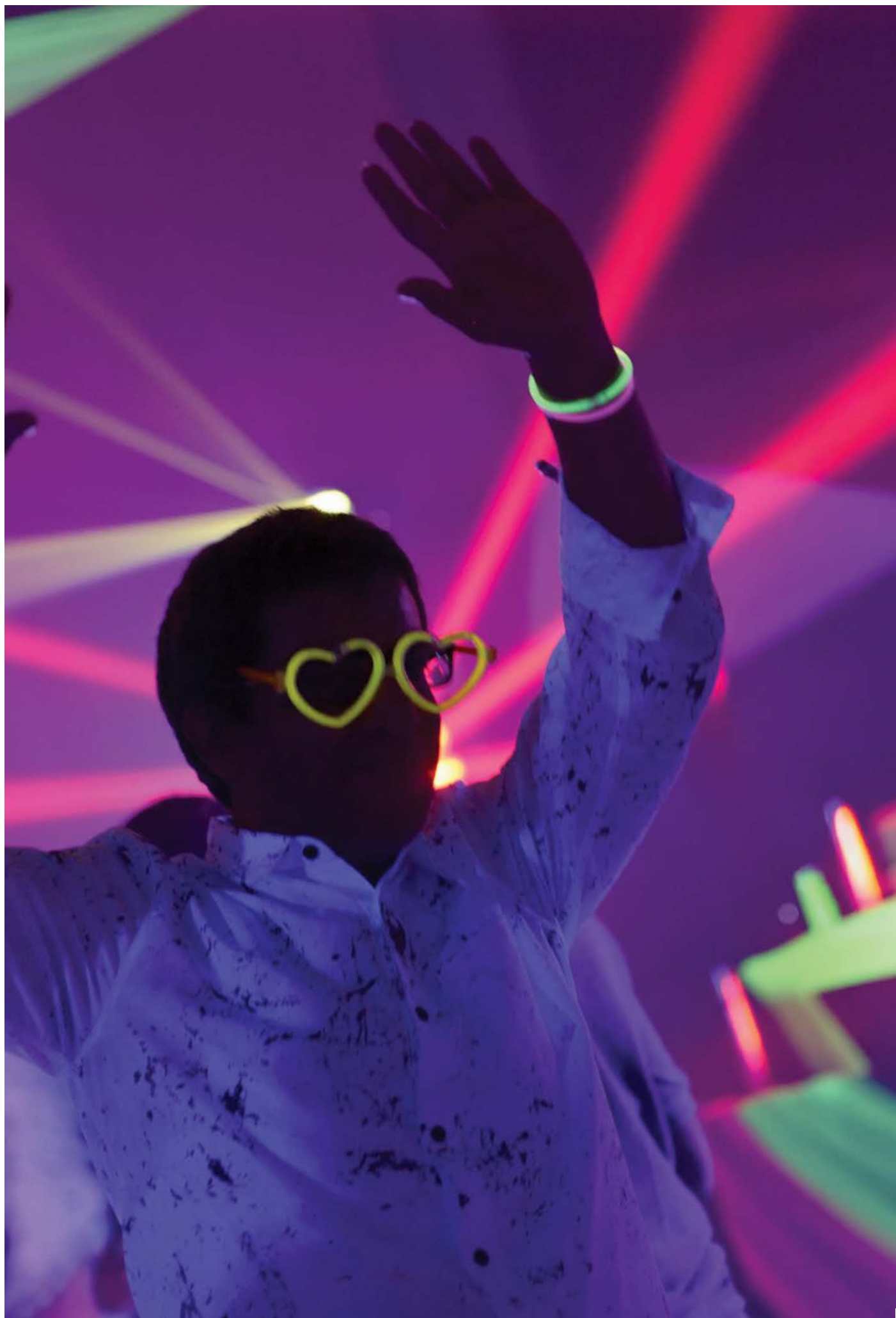


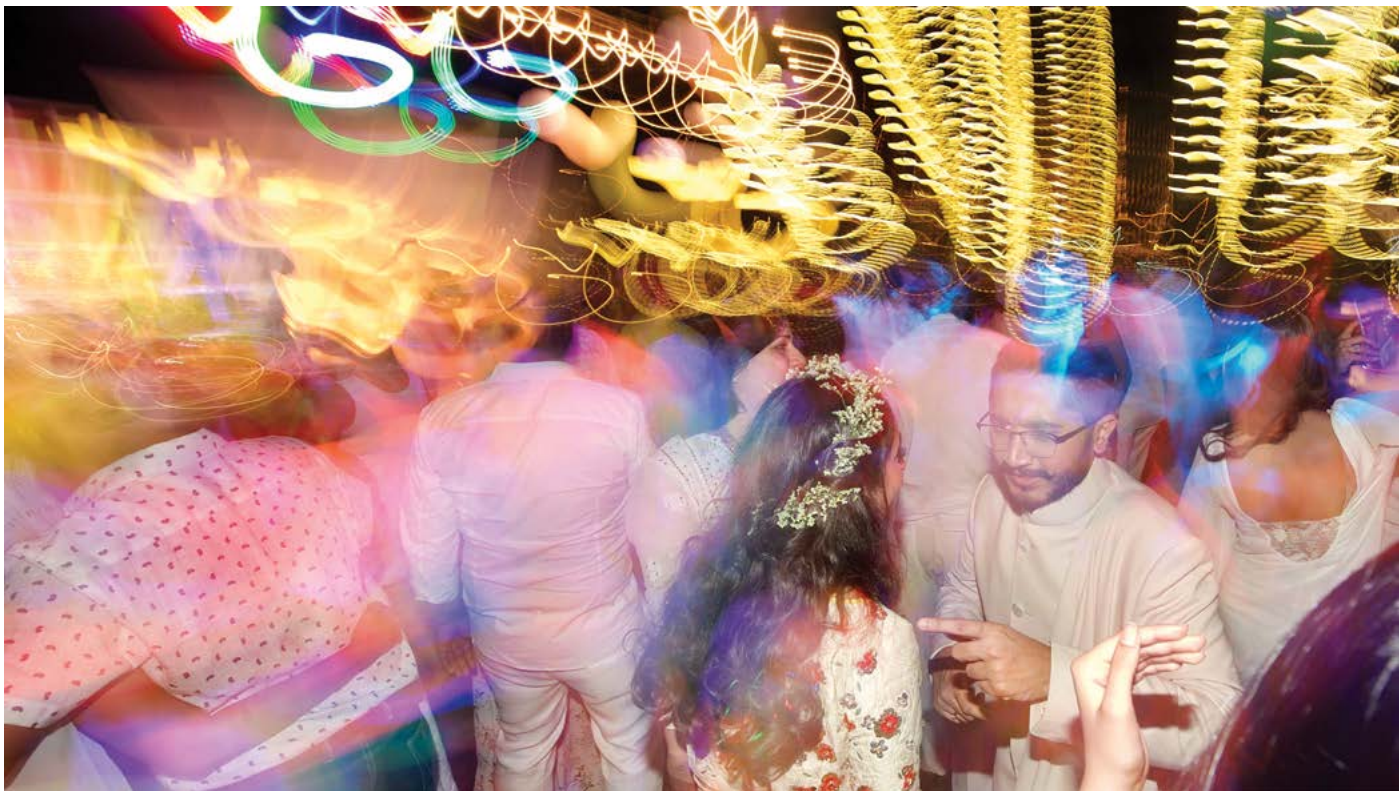


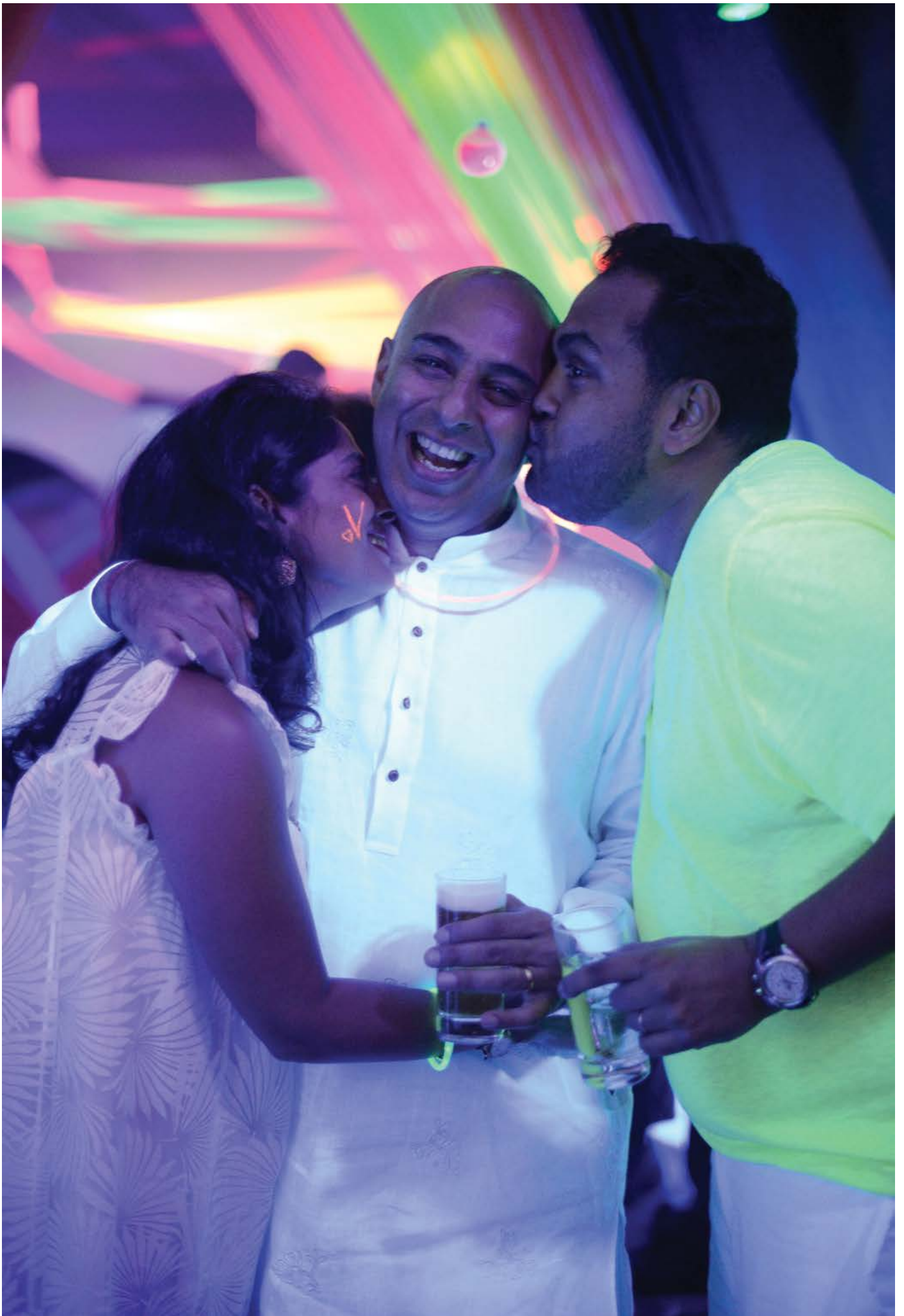












































“Neon nights — where time blurred and joy refused to fade.”



It was the kind of night that didn't need filters or edits — it was already perfect. The bass thumped, laughter rose, and everywhere you looked, faces were lit up in shades of blue, pink, and wild joy.

Time stopped making sense somewhere between one song and the next. Every dance move was a declaration, every smile a spark. Paint gleamed on faces, drinks glowed in hand, and memories were made faster than anyone could capture them.

It wasn't just a party — it was a mood, a rebellion against sleep, a celebration of now. When the last beat faded and the lights softened, everyone knew they'd lived something that would be talked about for years — that one night when everything, and everyone, shone brighter than ever.