

Pietro thinking ^^

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its a pretty short fic about pietro and his feeling towards lance ^^ its a bit slashy ;) if you dont like it, dont read the fic! oh...and sorry for the mistakes 8)

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

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1 - Untitled

It was late at night but Pietro was still awake. He was thinking. Actually he wasn't thinking. He couldn't. His thoughts were in a whirl. He couldn't control them. He just lay on his bed and stared at the ceiling and at a tiny spider climbing into the corner.

- Lance. – he whispered. And then suddenly he hit his head. – No! I mustn't think of him! He is our leader, he is my team-mate but nothing more! Do you understand?

He sighed deeply. He had had a strange feeling for some time and he couldn't get rid of it. "Why must I feel it? – he thought – Why cannot life be simple? I should be thinking of GIRLS instead of Lance. I should fantasize about girls instead of Lance. Oh my frackin' god I AM fantasizing about Lance. But what could I do...? He is so...umm...I don't know... I just know that his hair is so silky and when lights are playing on it, this always makes me want to touch it. And his brown eyes are beautiful. When he is looking at my face I'm feeling I've blushed and I must look away because I'm afraid that he would notice it. And when he is smiling with his typical grin I feel I'm going to melt. I don't care what I should do, what I should feel or who I should care. I am not homosexual. Or I think I'm not. I just adore Lance and yes, I like him. I like him just like a friend or a leader. Or I don't...? I don't know. I just know that I have this feeling and that I feel is so embarrassing and unsettlingly. But besides, that it isn't that bad. Yes... I have never felt any feelings like this and I think I like it. I know I would never dare to tell him this whole thing and he would never feel the same and I think it is just a passing whim and it won't last a long time. But until it lasts I know I will be silly and I won't be able to sleep at night and I will be feeling happy sometimes and the next moment I will be feeling horrible but I don't care... I like him. I like him so much. I want to touch him and feel him. I want... I'm very tired... I think I'm going to fall asleep... *yawn* Lance... I love you...

Pietro fell asleep and while he was sleeping, he was smiling so he could have a very sweet dream.