

Concocting a Love Potion (Writing Exercise)

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It was a daily writing exercise to which I had to write a short story of true love. I had to include dialog, make them kiss, and mess with their mind. I didn't so much mess with their minds, but I want to know what you think.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/SasukesChick/52682/Concocting-Love-Potion-Writing-Exercise>

Chapter 1 - Concocting a Love Potion (Writing Exercise)

2

1 - Concocting a Love Potion (Writing Exercise)

A girl stood on the rail road tracks, her arms stretched out to her sides. Night had come quickly and all was still. No, a train wasn't coming. Only silence could be heard.

"Hello?" she called.

The girl felt a presence. A presence of another being that she longed to meet.

"Why?" a voice asked.

A boy came out from the nightly shadows, formed from the train station. He had brown hair coming down to the ears, one ear pierced, wearing an Alesana t-shirt, and black baggy pants. She, of course, became uneasy, yet comfortable around the figure. She could feel his eyes staring into hers, for her own were locked on him. She couldn't move for the moment. When she thought for a second, looking him up and down, though still fixed on his eyes, she realized that his eyes were black. She couldn't see the color of them, but knew he was human.

"Why?" he asked again.

Finally, not knowing what to say, she ran the other way, fleeing from his gaze.

Days gone, the boy stayed in her mind. Friends left her alone at breaks and teachers scolded her for not paying attention. All of her was set on this boy, this mysterious boy. His picture was still fresh in her brain.

Attempting to escape from it all, she climbed up in a tree near the train station. Thinking not too deeply of him, her eyes examined the scenery around her. There. Being sure of herself that it was the boy, she spotted a figure lurking the shadows of the train station. The sounds of a train filled the air, defenning the girl, but not breaking the engrossed watch of the boy. She slowly took a deep breath and looked away, deciding on whether to approach him. If she did, she wouldn't know what to say. She wanted to hear his voice though, his one syllable questions. Why? The girl looked back at the area in which the boy had been walking, but she couldn't see him. The train hadn't passed completely and the wind had began to pick up. Being a little chilled, she hugged herself lightly and closed her eyes, wishing for the boy to come back into view.

The train was gone. The horns and the noise of the many wheels along the track began to fade out and she opened her eyes, looking below her. She still couldn't see him. Slow breaths were felt on her neck. The skin becoming excited itself. Again, not becoming scared, but nervous. Her heart began to beat faster, harder. She looked beside her and found her face just centimeters apart from a boy's, the boy's. Oh, she was startled, her eyes wide. He lifted her chin with his hand and looked into her eyes. His were hazel.

"I'm stealing you," he whispered and quickly pressed his lips against hers.

Her eyes were closed once again, deepening the kiss. Secretly, she had longed for this. Her first kiss. Her first kiss with what she was sure to be, her first love.