

Love's Twist

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I wrote this thinking of me and my boyfriend. I love him so much.

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Chapter 1 - Our Meeting

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I feel his presence in the room, the room of hundreds. I won't dare look up, knowing that when I do my eyes will land directly on the sweet face of the figure. I want to, very badly, but I can't. Not if I want to breathe. God, I know he's getting closer because his scent is carrying itself throughout the room. No one seems to notice, but I am sure I look excited. I am trying too hard to ignore him.

I'm sure he is glancing my way. I still won't dare look up. His scent is warm under my nose. It fills my head and makes my chest gets tense. I'm so attracted. Too attracted.

The figure is standing beside me. I know he's soon to say something, something so sharp it will make me go into an asthma attack; even though I do not have asthma. His voice will echoe throughout my body.

His gracefulness already plays in my mind. I know what he'll do, even when I know well that his every move is unpredictable. The figure's shoulder and arm is only centimeters away from my own. I know by now I look nervous, and in truth I am. And as I had pictured, he comes to stand in front of me. I feel it, him looking down at me, smiling faintly to himself. He must think he's invinsible. To me, he is.

"Love," he says to me.

I can't help but, look up. My eyes meet him and I cannot look away, mustn't look away, will not look away. He's seized me, has his arms around me and I'm sure he is greatly aware of it.

"Hello," I say, very much whisper.

He reaches up with his right hand and lightly brushes my cheek. He has most definately gotten me now. My heart completely stops, my breathing stops, but I'm very much awake, alive.

In public, as I know that everyone in the room has turned to watch, he embraces me; wrapping his arms around me. He's so warms and his scent is so strong, so comforting. I don't want him to ever let go, but he does. Only to caress my cheek again, cupping my chin in both his hands and kiss me ever so lightly on my lips. My heart does a tramatic flip, then holds steady again, not feeling my own pulse.

He steps back, to see me. He looks me up and down. I feel hot in the cheeks, where I am sure I am blushing furiously. He loves that. He takes my hand to kiss, but now does not release. Turning, he saunters forward, holding my hand in his palm, motioning for me to follow. I only look to the floor as we pass through the room. Every eye is on us, whispers heard. I know he is taking it in too, but he remains calm. My love.