

Castle House

By StrawberryPockyFan

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Rap is a self centered frat boy for P?T "Castle House" and a model for "L'Alta Vita."

Alma is a plain Jane college girl with no interest stupid college stuff.

However, both their situations change with a surprise encounter.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/StrawberryPockyFan/45309/Castle-House>

Chapter 1 - I Draw the Line

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1 - I Draw the Line

Soft beat techno music played in the background of "L'alta Vita. The letters LV were highlighted in white glowing letters to signify the posh, hipster Italian designer clothes that waited inside. To the left and right were novelty stores and onward down the mall was the food court. The overpowering odor of the latest cologne permeated the entirety of LV. Hopeful shoppers ranging from spoiled rich girls and over-sexed teenage boys to middle aged men looking to get "somethin" milled around the store. There were a few mothers accompanying their underage starlets as they oogled the lowest cut jeans and the blatant half nude photos of the models. One model, though he wasn't featured on the walls, was walking around being the good ambassador for the store. He would flash his cheesiest grin at them while pointing the direction of their desired purchase. Anytime he could get the chance, he would turn around and scowl. Smiling hurt.

Hey Rap! Quit flirting with the customers and gimme a hand! Mike isn't here and we got a new shipment, said Randy, the manager. Raphael, or Rap, as his co-workers call him, rolled his eyes in disgust and excused himself from waiting on a customer.

Pardon me ladies, but I'm needed for a moment. Carry on until I get back, won't you, he said sweetly with a wink in his eye. He turned and sauntered off. The older girl out of the two that he was talking to made a comment about his fine butt just within earshot. This made Rap snicker quietly. The younger girl slapped her friend on the arm out of embarrassment. Meanwhile, a college student ran into the store excitedly. She immediately ran to a rack full of screen printed t-shirts and began rifling through them. Each time she passed over a shirt, the bangles on both her arms and ears jingled. This as well as her day-glow attire and almost burnished complexion drew in quite a significant amount of attention. Rap came back from the stock room and as if by echolocation made a bee line toward this strange woman, dodging past other waiting customers including the ones he'd been previously helping.

Pardon me miss, he said while tapping her shoulder. She turned around suddenly making Rap shudder. She looked at him attentively yet vacant. Um, er, I noticed you were looking at our newest lineup of printed T's. Would you like an opinion about which one you should buy? he paused for a second. She shook her head no slowly and returned back to rummaging in the shirts. Oh, my name is Raphael, but you can call me Rap. If you need any assistance please don't hesitate to ask. He then went to find the people he'd just been helping but they already left the store. This gave him more time to stand around and look pretty. After all, that's the real reason he was hired. When you have flawless chestnut skin, a light build, and raven hair you're bound to be noticed in a white town. Rap was a rarity. Women were always jealous of how beautiful he was and men were jealous of his ability to get a chick whenever he wanted.

His statuesque position in front of the store was interrupted by something being shoved forcefully in his face. When he turned around the bangled girl was facing him holding up two shirts. She had one in each hand and looked between the two. This one or this one, she questioned while holding each one up separately. Rap looked at her and at the shirts. Personally, he thought, neither of them were her color, but then again, either of them would be more fitting than her glaring neon tube top. He pointed cautiously at the green one with pink letters that said Trippy on it. The woman smiled and bounced away happily

to make her purchase. She headed out of the store and down toward the other end of the mall. Rap walked back to the sales counter and sighed laying his head on the counter.

Looks like someone has a crush, huh? said Randy. He playfully punched Rap in the arm. Now, if only she d had blonde hair she would have been a bona fide Ganguro*. You shoulda gotten pictures! Rap grumbled in discontent.

Don t even make me think about that. I ll have nightmares about this you know.

* * *

Alma was laying belly down on a bench in the west quad of Young University. Propping herself up with her upper arms, she was quietly reading a new manga called *Land of Legendbox: Kiyumi s Revalation*. She smiled as her legs wistfully swayed behind her. A slight breeze was taking the edge off of an otherwise unbearably hot afternoon. She was getting lost in the beautifully toned pages of the book. Not to mention one of the main characters was an incredibly bishounen boy named Hataru. Daydreams were beginning to set in about the handsome hero when Alma was sat upon. Breaking from her grandure, she craned her neck to see who was sitting on her lower back. It was none other than her friend Jeanine. She was her closest friend on campus since she had to leave her other friends back at home. Jeanine was a bit too happy sometimes though. It was probably the way she dressed that emphasized her ecstatic personality.

Off my @\$\$, will ya? said Alma. Jeanine stood up and let her turn over. Alma stood up after a moment and looked at her friend. When did you get that? she asked pointing at Jeanine s shirt. Jeanine looked down and did a cute little flounce.

You like? I got it yesterday after class, she said. Alma gave her an odd look. *Well Trippy sure is appropriate*, she thought.

It s great Jean, sure is, uh, green, she paused for a second. Hey, so that s why you didn t join me for dinner yesterday! Louse. said Alma, slightly perturbed. Jeanine just shrugged and did a twirl.

So, what s up lady? asked Jeanine. You looked pretty into your book there- what s it about? She took a closer look at the cover. There was a picture of the heroine, Kiyumi with the hero Hataru. Ooh I see why you like it. Major bishie alert! she chuckled.

It s kind of an Alice in Wonderland type of story, but not quite, said Alma. She put the book under her arm to hide it now.

Hmm, just think Alma, we re on a campus of 20,000 students and a good sixty per cent of them are boys. Yet, somehow we can t manage to get one. We MUST go hunting! squealed Jeanine.

Ok, so at the moment I m real tired so I ll finish the chapter in a bit ^_^

* **Ganguro**, **Ganguro** is an alternative fashion trend among young Japanese women which peaked in popularity around the year 2000, but remains in evidence today. The basic look consists of dyed hair (predominantly blonde, but often of several colors) and a deep tan. Black and white eyeliner, false eyelashes, platform shoes, and brightly-colored outfits complete the *ganguro* look. Also typical of *ganguro* fashion are tie-dyed sarongs, miniskirts, and lots of bracelets, rings and necklaces.