

# Yaoi Stories

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*DEAL~These are a list of my little fantasies. n-n Oh em gee, I am obsessed~<3*

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## 0 - Dillon's Story

So there I sat, looking at *him* with my puny, green eyes. I was bewildered as to why I'd asked him to talk to me about my grades. Obviously, as valid victorian of this year's Junior class, I had no right to ask Mr. Psalms about my grade. Psalms-he was the smartest man I've ever met. He knew so much about literature...it amazed me to see him in action-the glint of power in his blue eyes. They contrasted so beautifully with his dark hair.

Although Mr. Psalms-actually Spencer Psalms-had only moved to our school this year, I was already deady in love with his strong facial features. He was still young...but far from me. A good ten years stood between me and this beautiful man. I knew he was unmarried and currently not dating...he was so perfect. How could I-a stupid little 16-year old boy-ever catch his attention? Not happening...but I'd try so hard just for a glance...I can't imagine my life without him now. He's like my own secret eye candy.

He's not the only reason I turned down so many girls to the spring dance and winter formal...but the other reason led to him. I still remember-when he moved here. His crystalline blue eyes so eager to meet us all...I remember so vividly, the look in his eyes when he saw me, how he lingered...it was probably only me. Or, atleast, I know it was only me. There were plenty of non-male people for him to go all pedo over-Jenna, Kaitly, Hadley, Marien...all girls of course. I would never seduce this guy enough to like men-not to mention, *me*. He had his eyes set on women for 26 years and counting-a.k.a it was his birth right to be straight.

The sudden bell startled me.

Classmates of mine-and a few seniors-tramped out quickly, eager to get home after the long day. Slowly, I stood, opening my messenger bag and sliding books carefully into it. The originaly idea seemed impossible now, I needed to make an excuse about my grades. I heard the door slam and I jerked my head up-showtime.

Spencer approached his desk and sat on the edge, fidling with a red pen. His smile resurrected the cocky half-grin I'd immagined so vividly in my dreams. My heart leaped in my chest as he spoke smoothly. 'You wanted to speak? Grades, right? I suppose I made another mistake in grading...' His face turned a bit confused and disappointed-I couldn't bear to let him stay that way. 'Actually,' I bit my lip, starting to back down, 'There was something else...' I looked away, peeking through the blue amongst my dark, black-brown hair. It was unmistakably messy and it contrasted horribly to my olive skin. I felt more and more childish by the moment.

'Yes? What is it then?' I looked back up to him, blushing now. I managed to wedge myself a bit atop my desk, playign with my hands. 'Maybe I shouldn't talk to you about this...' I bit my lip, watching Specer's head cock adorably. 'I...' My breath caught. '*Just say it, just say it,*' I mocked myself. 'I think I'm gay.' I cringed at the last word, itchy prickles running accross my neck. Spencer flushed, 'Oh...I see, maybe I should contact Miss Haden-she's the school therapist sortof...' Spencer seemed to stumble over his words, trying to act like a real teacher. He reached for the phone, but I knew I couldn't stop now. 'No, I...I mean, there's a reason I told *you*.' I looked at the floor as I heard the phone being set back down.

I heard a creak and I looked back up, seeing Spencer seated next to me. He set a gentle hand on my knee and I couldn't seem to suppress the shivers. 'Why me, Dillon?' I let out a slow breath, 'Because of you.' I looked across the room, watching as Einstein stared at me in a silly way. My hand reached up to rub my elbow nervously. Spencer pulled his hand back, 'What do you mean?' I blushed fiercely now-there was no way to go back. Great-I was about to blow both our lives in just a few words...

'Spencer...Mr. Pslams I mean...no...Spencer...'

I looked up at his misunderstanding face. 'You're the reason I'm gay.' '*Two lives, five words...*' I looked up shyly, expecting an angry expression and some talking to-instead, I was met by a friendly smile. His glasses glared, so I couldn't see his eyes...but I was sure this was sincere. 'I'm flattered, truly, but there's a few problems with that, Dillon.' I nodded, 'You're my teacher. That counts for 99% of those problems.'

Spencer laughed and raised his eyebrows, 'That doesn't help much...but what I mean-you're not taking *my* feelings into consideration.' Spencer gave me a serious look. Why was he so cute?

'Okay...whatareyourfeelings?' My words ran out like a wild dog and now I just felt stupid. How could I spill that one out-the answer was obvious. My eyes curiously wandered to his face and suddenly, his hand was atop mine. 'Dillon...I'll be honest. You're...' Spencer bit his lip as I looked at him expectantly. 'You're very...my type, but I'm your teacher and *only* your teacher.' His hand fell off mine and he took a step back. 'You should go home.'

I nodded silently and gathered my things, leaving inconspicuously.

# 1 - Feelings From The Inside Out

I was a bit disappointed with myself for even thinking about telling Spencer...Mr. Psalms my confession. The fact that I had the nerve to...I sighed hopelessly. Spencer hadn't even looked at me for the past week and a half and I was starting to think I'd done something really wrong. Other than telling him I was gay, of course. I was walking to his class, just as the bell rang and I flushed, seeing everyone sharply in their seats. Suddenly, a figure collided with me. While papers fluttered in the air, Spencer had wrapped his arm around my waist, stopping me from falling. The moment seemed to stop...there I was, inches from Spencer's face in a cloud of white papers swirling. Romance instinct told me to lean up slightly...part my lips...

Realizing the whole situation-that, I may add, was happening in front of the class-I straightened up and then bent down to help with papers, attempting to cover my cherry red face. *'He probably thinks I planned this...stupid stupid stupid.'* He touched my hand and looked to me, a genuine smile on his face, 'Let me get it...' I sighed, pushing back a few stray strands of hair and getting up. I handed him the papers I'd picked up and walked to my desk, head down. Some of the class snickered and warned me that I was in trouble-but they didn't know the half of it. The only good thing about this whole situation...he looked at me. He caught me with his arm. He could've grabbed my shoulder...let me fall... *'I'm overreacting...all he said is that I'm his type. It doesn't mean he wants me to be his type.'* I'd been scribbling hearts with demon and angel wings all over my paper before a large chested girl who sat next to me-Diana-leaned over my shoulder. 'Very good.' I blushed a bit and dropped my pencil, mumbling, 'Thanks...I guess...' She smiled in a friendly way, my immediate reaction was to smile back just the same-almost like unintentionally mocking her.

'Don't worry about that whole thing that happened...once I ran into Ms. Morean and her dreaded cup of coffee. Ow!' She winked and offered another toothy grin like that of a young maiden sharing her favourite gossip. I just nodded and laughed a bit, 'I didn't see him coming...I suppose I looked pretty stupid, huh?' Diana laughed full out and then straightened up when Spencer came in. 'Heads up, Dillon, Mr. Psalms was the stupid looking one-he like totally groped your waist for a second there...it was...*gay.*' Diana muffled a huge laugh in her sleeve and all I could do was blush and think of a million reasons why a *girl* would think that. There's no way Spencer actually, intentionally 'groped' my waist, but the thought of it made me a little weak in the stomach area.

Spencer had to tell people to stop laughing *atleast* 15 times and he didn't look at me for the rest of the period. Which stunk. *A lot.*

As the bell rang, people dashed from their seats-they'd had things ready for atleast 5 minutes now and had planned their escape route for 10. I, on the other hand, took my time packing up my things and getting up to leave. I had little to no reason to rush out and Spencer knew I was slow about moving, so he usually ignored our short, 30 seconds together. I kept my head down today, though, hoping Spencer wouldn't even notice me, like all the weeks before, but I was cursed.

As I began to cross the doorway, an arm trapped me in. I turned to face him, my love. I quickly noticed his dark slacks and rolled up button-up as casual Friday wear. Today, his hair looked a bit edgy, flipping

every which way-only making it more perfect against his pale skin. 'Dillon.' The door swung shut, forcing me to stand there with him, my head still down. I felt a small tear reach the corner of my eye, 'Yeah...am I falling behind or something?' Spencer reached out with a long, pale finger and pulled my chin up, causing my dull eyes to meet his brilliant ones. 'No.' I sighed, pouting a bit. 'One word answers annoy me, okay.' His hand pulled me further forward as he grazed his lips gently across mine. I couldn't stop a shiver from crawling up my spine mercilessly. 'Okay.' Spencer smiled teasingly and suddenly, I didn't know who he was. I grabbed the front of his shirt, about to pull him down for more, but I stopped. 'Spencer...I...' I blinked a few times. '*I what?*' I pushed him away and stumbled back a step.

'I'm sorry. I shouldn't have made you think about this...'

I pressed around him, reaching for the door, but he stopped me. 'You didn't. I knew.' I frowned at him, I couldn't help him. His aura said pity and pity was the last thing I wanted from this beautiful man. 'Why did you kiss me?' Spencer pulled his arm back and shifted his weight, folding it across his chest. 'You're not listening Dillon.' I looked away, I felt like the mature one suddenly.

## 2 - Just Inside Out

I just stood there, staring him down. I should've been rejoicing...but I was suspicious. Your teacher doesn't mysteriously kiss you a week and a half after you admit that you're totally in love with them. The chance is cut into one in a trillion when you're both guys. I sighed hopelessly. '*He's probably trying to catch me on tape for evidence or something...*' That thought got me nowhere.

'Spencer...I'm listening-what I'm not doing is *understanding*,' I said, my lip jutting out into a pout. Spencer reach out and touched my cheek gently. All I could do was blush and look away. 'Dillon...this isn't the first time I've had thought about you...' I looked at him-I somehow didn't believe that someone this beautiful would want me. Just the plain old guy with some colored hair. What was so special about me? Ask Spencer.

'So...' I looked away, not knowing what to say. 'You're gay?' Spencer seemed to turned red, 'Well no...' I rolled my eyes and walked around him, grabbing the doorknob, but failing to open it, due to Spencer turning me around. 'What?' There was my stupid, five year-old pout again. 'You don't have to be *gay* to like guys.' I looked at the ground, '*Wow how stupid of me.*' I noticed Spencer beginning to fidget, but I wasn't going to let this go. 'So you're bisexual.' Spencer turned pinker, 'No...' 'I don't think there's anything else, sweetcheeks.' I patted the side of his face twice and turned to open the door again, but he caught my arm. I turned to face him, glaring, daring him to tell me he was straight.

'I'm...'

My eyebrows raised impatiently, my foot was suddenly tapping and my heart was thumping to the beat of some gushy love song. 'I'm Dillon-Sexual...I guess...' He shrugged, turning red from the neck up. All I could manage was blushing. 'Right,' I mumbled. Spencer sighed and let a hand wander to his hair, running it through a few times hopelessly. I could tell he was stressed but nothing was adding up. 'Dillon...I can't explain this to you without sounding like some creepy pedophile.' At that, I let a pfft-laugh emerge. 'Don't laugh, I'm serious. We're almost ten years apart and...' I knit my eyebrows, somehow, my tiny brain didn't undersand what he was getting at. 'Is this a joke?' Spencer narrowed his eyes and leaned over me, an arm on either side so I couldn't move. 'I'm risking my entire future for you and a spot in jail. I'm also doing this in a school. You think I'm joking?'

His peppermint-smoke breath suddenly intoxicated me. What was I thinking? A teacher would really go so far to plant a camera and catch me trying to get him when he was the one coming onto me? Logical. '*Not...*' I didn't know what I was doing, but I leaned up, gracing our lips together ever so slightly. This would never work. Why I'd even started this mess was a mystery, but with every step he took toward me...ever glance...it made me melt. Something made me want this more than humanly possible. Another part of me told me to take a moment, evaluate the situation and ases a solution. '*Stupid logics...*' I reached up a cautious hand and I was about to touch his soft hair, but his arm wrapped around me and I let it drop.

When he finally let me breath, he was stone still, looking at my eyes with some mix of relief, sadness and...love? 'I'm sorry.' So I just wrapped my arms around him to let him know it was okay...whatever he

was apologizing for. I was stupid for letting myself let this happen. If that made any sense. I also had no damned idea what was going on in this guy's head. I didn't know what his story was. I didn't even know what he meant, still, by not being the first time he'd thought about it. Was it me that he'd thought about before? I hoped.

'Spencer,' my voice cracked slightly at the 'en'. He pulled back and took a bit of a half-step away. His eyes were muted, but kind. I looked down, flushing immediately at the sight of his face. Somehow, it was easier-hugging him and not having to see his face. 'My mum will be worried if I get back to late.' I rubbed my arm a bit, the flush going down a bit. He nodded and kissed my forehead-something I'd imagined only in my dreams. Especially since it was Spencer doing it.

I turned and opened the door, trying to ignore all the teachers and keep my head down-maybe they wouldn't notice that I'd just exited Mr. Psalm's room completely flushed. I hurried pulled my bag closer around my shoulder and took a step into the late afternoon breeze. I took a deep breath and loosened my uniform tie. The only good thing about the uniforms were that all you had to wear for definant was a light blue or white button up, a short, black tie and a light weight, hoodless half-zip when needed. I pulled on the sky blue sweatshirt and admired how the white and black stripes along the side made me look leaner-in a manly way. The wind blew against my slim-fit denim trousers, willing me to walk even faster and avoid all front-roads.

### 3 - Premonition

When I got home, I wasn't surprised at the anxious stomach I'd obtained. I was sure that Spencer would take it back wholely and appologize. Then I'd be stuck in the awkward post-phases of tacher-student love affairs. Typical. Instead of wallowing in the pain of imagining him gone, I drowned in the thoughts of our kiss...or rather kisses we'd shared earlier. I was still confused about everything he'd said...but the feel of his lips against mine. I shivered with sweet reminiscents.

I turned in my desk chair and flicked on the reading light, bending over my homework. There was no way I could work...I was having horrible premonitions about how Spencer would suddenly ignore me...*again*. It felt like I should be talking to him on the phone...or *something*, but this wasn't teenage romance. It wasn't even romance. It was...a 16 year-old boy provoking his teacher. I let my head fall into the palm of my head as I wracked my brain for answers. I finally wrote down some half-@\$\$ answer and shoved my homework back into my desk. I had a whole weekend to daydream and a whole weekend to do homework. It wasn't going anywhere.

After waking up on my desk-to a blaring desk light I might add-I yawned and sat up, rubbing my head wearily. Yesterday's love affair seemed like a distant dream and I was positive it was. After showering, I was sitting on my bed, drying my hair when suddenly, my mum called. She sounded a little angry when she did so. 'Dillon! You have someone on the phone.' I sighed and got up, leaving the towel on the bed. Who the hell could it be? None of my friends would call me on a normal basis. I picked up the phone in my room. 'Got it mum.' When I heard her hang up, I spoke again. 'Yeah? Who is it?' The next thing I heard made me smile-like when a kid gets done with a doctor's appointment and finally gets their lollipop. That kind of smile. 'Hey Dillon.' Spencer sounded surprisingly happy.

'Hi.' It was all I could muster.

It felt weird-talking on the phone with a teacher, but it explained why my mum was mad. She obviously thought I was dropping behind in my grades. I started to pick at 'fuzzies' in my towel, suddenly self conscious even though I knew he couldn't see me. 'So I just wanted to make sure you were alright. After that...and to make sure...I guess...that you weren't going to take anything back...' I almost laughed-how couldn't I? I'd been the one worried he was kidding around with me and now-I was talking to him on the phone and he was making sure / wasn't kidding about. 'No regrets, you?' I suddenly felt confident-those words weren't spontaneous. They were perfect. 'None.' I could just tell-the way he spoke-that he was smiling and suddenly, I was too. 'Back to one word answers, huh? Don't you have some major paper correcting to do?' Spencer and I laughed simultaneously, causing me to lighten up. I leaned back across my bed, closing my eyes peacefully. Maybe everything might be okay after all.

'Actually,' I heard clinking in the background-maybe he was making food? 'I was just busy thinking about you.' I blushed a bit. 'Not the first time a teacher has had me on their mind.' I smiled to myself and I could tell he was too. But maybe for a different reason.

'Spencer?'



'Uh-huh.'

'What did you mean by...?' I mustered up all my power for a macho voice. "*This isn't the first time I've had thoughts about you.*" and '*I can't explain this to you without sounding like some creepy pedophile.*?' I could hear Spencer's gentle chuckle on the other half of my phone, but some part of me was itching to find out. 'Well...I...kindof...' Suddenly, I was knitting my eyebrows in frustration at him. 'You kindof?' I heard him sigh and I didn't like where this was going.

'Well, you remember when I was newer here, right?' I stifled a short laugh. 'Yeah, yesterday, right?' 'HA HA. Anyway...I remember you. Something inside me flopped and you were on my mind all day. I couldn't seem to...stop thinking about you. It was weird for me. As far as I knew, I was straight. Now though...it's like no girl interests me. Then when you confessed to me...I was so scared I would do something I would regret. Loose my career. *Hurt you.*' My breathing felt like a came to a stop suddenly. I had no idea why this never crossed my mind, but suddenly, it was hitting me like a ton of bricks. His eyes lingering wasn't my little mind playing tricks. It was real. That friendly smile, when I told him...it was relief.

'Oh. I see where creepy pedo comes in.' I could almost hear Spencer's frustration and nervousness. 'So you're not...like mad or anything? You still don't...regret it?' I simply smiled to myself a bit. 'Not really. Actually...not at all.' There was an expected 'phew' on the other end and then relief swarmed my body too. 'I should go.' 'Yeah, I should explain this to my mother, how you were asking me about a literature fair and all...' Spencer laughed and we hung up. Natural.

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Okay, so I've started watching OSHHC and I LOVE the twins. Like obsession love.

\*3\*

Sorry, thought I'd share my yaoi love....x]

## 4 - Butterflies and Pretty Guys

Monday finally approached and I was dead happy. How else was I going to see Spencer? It was dangerous just to stay after with him...if we were seen in public, we'd both have a hell of a time getting out of that one.

I tossed off my blankets and sat up, cradling my head in my hands. 'Ughn...' I couldn't seem to sleep ever since Saturday. A feeling tugged at me. *'It's a dream, it's a dream,'* my mind threatened me constantly. Coping with it was hard. I was suddenly getting headaches all the time and refusing food-DEFINANTLY not something I would do normally. *'It's a dream...I'm definant, but I remember so vividly, I can feel his lips on mine still...'* The door burst open at that moment, revealing my gorgeous, looks-too-young-to-be-my-mum mum. 'Oh, you're up already, that's good.' I was startled by the loudness of her voice, but calmed when she walked over-basket on her hip-to tousle my hair. 'Get ready for school, dear.' I nodded and headed for the shower, yawning horribly.

I came out, towel on my still bare shoulder, pants loose around my unbelted waist and a toothbrush in my mouth. My lazy eyes dared me to turn on a light, but when I turned it on, I repelled and turned it off once more, opting to open the blinds instead. I hadn't done any of my homework and if luck had it, teachers wouldn't notice and I could just slip the sheets into the inboxes later. I sighed and walked back to the bathroom, spitting and rinsing my brush. I examined my poreless face and sighed. Most people envied me-clear skin and all. But I kindof hated myself...I was so plain, so *average*. Then I smiled to myself-remembering.

When I got to school, I couldn't help the yawns overtaking me. I was so tired...being up all night with Spencer on my mind didn't help. The truth was only 7 periods away anyhow. With that, the bell rang. *'6 periods...'*

There was a tap on my shoulder and I turned to meet a familiar face. 'Diana!' Her dark hair was pressed in neat curls against the side of her face, framing the attractive shape. She was wearing a simple pair of dark wash jeans and a henly, but she looked clean and sharp. She looked like any other girl-which always made me wonder why she wasn't one to hang with them. 'Hey Dillon, mind if i walk with you today? I think we have a few classes together.' She smiled shyly, so I nodded reluctantly. I was used to just walking along side Holley Jaye or alone. Holley Jaye was the only person I could relate to for a long time. Then we lost almost all contact as she became more popular, though we still talked on the phone and walked together occasionally.

It was a short 2 halls to Ms. Mennale's class. When we got in, Diana sat next to me. *'I don't remember me inviting her to be my BEE-EF-EF.'* I chuckled inwardly, remembering Holley Jaye's impression of all her popular friends. She didn't hate them, she just thought they could be pretty dumb at times. 'So...' I jerked up, looking over to where an expectant Diana sat. I sighed and looked at my hands. 'What's new with you?' 'Well...' she paused to look at me devilishly, 'I'm thinking about adding purple into my hair.' I laughed and then smiled, 'Cool, do it.' She smiled, seemingly satisfied, 'I really like your's by the way...it looks nice with your skin tone.' I sunk into my chair-people seemed to like commenting on the blue. 'Thanks...'

The seemed to pass slower, having Diana around, but I kindof liked it. I didn't get that creepy itchy neck feeling when people looked at me. Instead, I was preoccupied with the crazy girl who seemed to like following me.

Finally, the day approached Spencer's class.

I couldn't help but blush when I felt Spencer's eyes on me. The only thing that was able to break the creepy trance was Jarred Kimble's lingering snicker. He was the biggest @\$ in the entire junior year. His mum was a teacher, so he was able to pick on anyone without being caught or punished. I sighed and proceeded to my seat. After the hour ended, Diana urged me out without me being able to visit with Spencer. When we reached the door, I couldn't help but speak, 'I'm really starting to love Psalm's-'

'Dillon...' I turned to meet Spencer's gaze and waved Diana off, 'See you later...' I turned back to Spencer and offered a quizzical glance. 'I was going to come back after I got my bag...sorry...' Spencer shook his head and pulled me in. 'You can't tell her,' Spencer warned. I scoffed, 'Tell her what?' Spence sighed and looked away, 'You were going to tell her about us, weren't you? You can't...it's bad enough that it's even happened...but...'

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Sorry this keeps taking forever! I'm trying to start my manga up, but I'm having a hard time with it and ugh...hope you guys are still reading though!

Next half will be up soon! Don't miss it, it's really cute!

## 5 - Sinking

I knit my eyebrows for a moment. What was he talking about? 'Why are you so naive, Spencer? You think I would tell? Now that I finally have some part of you all to myself...I would blow that away on some girl? You think I'm corrupt?' I covered my mouth and shook my head, looking to the floor. Spencer's face looked so hurt for some reason, 'I'm sorry, it's just...I hate that you assume that.' I looked up to his sickeningly beautiful eyes. I felt a hand touch my shoulder gently. Then he pulled me into a hug-I didn't expect it. I stood there for a moment, stunned. Spencer showed affection...but it always seemed so...*lusty*? Instead of laying limb like some retard, I wrapped my arms around him. 'Sorry, I just thought you were about to say...' 'I love Mr. Psalms'? Pfft, right...' He seemed to tense for a moment and then pulled away.

He rubbed the back of his neck nervously-the only way I could tell he was nervous was how he always made that twitchy-mouth face. It was easy to see if you studied him like I did. "Creepy stalker" came to mind, making me smile inwardly. 'What's *that* smile for?' Spencer prodded. I pulled my messenger bag over my shoulder and, without looking at him, spoke, 'Nothing. I'm going to go say bye to Diana.' I watched Spencer knit his eyebrows as I swaggered out the door.

I stopped by my locker and soon was greeting by Diana. 'What was that about, Dillon?' I shrugged, 'Some literature fair or something...' Diana laughed heartily, 'Teachers...' Her laugh almost reminded me of a grandmother or one of that character, Santa Claus. It kindof made me smile. 'So you take the bus, right?' I looked up and shook my head, 'Walker. Unfortunately...' She smiled half-heartedly, 'Well...I was thinking about stopping at the library, is your house around there?'

I nodded reluctantly.

Soon, I found myself walking down the cold street next to her. Diana's hair had been whipping about, so she tied it up. 'So...Dillon...' I looked over to her, watching her look at her feet and bite her lip. 'Do you...y'know, *like* anyone?' I looked forward, suddenly feeling horrible, 'I like pretty much everyone, except the jocks. Otherwise, everyone's really nice.' Diana chuckled quietly, 'I know, I mean...like*like*.' I squeezed my eyes shut. I'd been afraid of that. 'I'm not sure...' Diana looked up at me-I could see from the corner of my eye. 'Do you like...' I heard a thick breath emerging from her and I knew what she was about to say. 'I'm gay,' I said suddenly. I covered my mouth, shaking my head. It was all I could have thought of the stop that sentence. I wasn't good at dealing with relationships...or rather, *girls*.

I looked over to her, stopping because she had. 'That's...' My stomach ached, I was afraid of how she would continue. She looked up, a quiet smile on her face-to my surprise. 'Adorable. I love gay guys.' She suddenly seemed so upbeat and bouncy-which surprised me. 'That's not like girls at all...' She laughed aloud, 'You'd be surprised at the number of yaoi addicts...' I knit my brows, unaware of what the hell yaoi was. Though, I was sure it was related to guys and gayness...

We took a turn and ahead lay my house and the library-five solid blocks apart. I tried to smile at her, 'Well, see you later I guess.' She nodded, the ponytail bobbing as she skipped off toward the door to the library. I watched her walk in, happy as can be, but when she closed the door, I could see through the

tainted glass that her head hung suddenly and her skip disappeared. I felt bad, but so relieved to be left out of a conversation like that.

I walked the few icy blocks to my house, still surprised at myself for telling her. '*Would she tell anyone? Blurt it out? Write creepy stories using my name?*' I shivered at every thought-especially the last one.

Suddenly, I was very very scared.

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His thoughts are ironic, no?