

# Valentine's Day Dance 2

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Jared and Anita, once again!

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â Oh Anita, you look so prettyâ says my friend Kelsey as she stand back.

â Thanks Kelseyâ I say, not believing her.

â No Problem! Now, letâ s go or weâ re going to be late!â

Kelsey grabs my hand and leads me out of her house and outside to my car. She sits in the back seat and I go to sit behind the wheel. Once weâ re both buckled up, Kelsey pulls out a CD from her purse and asks me to put it into the CD player. Itâ s our favorite CD. â In Uteroâ By Nirvana.

â Ready?â I ask once I press play, starting the music that brought back memories for both of us.

Memories that date back from our freshman year, along with our memories from Canobie, up until our senior year.

â As Iâ ll ever be!â she says, joyful like she always is.

I start the engine, back up out of her driveway and weâ re on our way. Today is our High school

Valentineâ s Day Dance. Before we can get there, we have stop and pick up Noah, Kelseyâ s boyfriend of three years. They are the cutest couple that I know of.

I pull up into Noahâ s driveway as he is walking out of his house. When he turns around I can see his familiar orange hair, freckles and smile. Heâ s dressed in a blue shirt, teal tie and dress pants. I can tell that he spent time polishing his shoes because they shone even with the sun setting.

â Thanks for picking me up guys.â He says as he opens the door to the seat behind me.

â No problem Noah. What are friends for?â

â Ha-ha yeah! You guys are the best.â Says Noah as he is puts on his seat belt.

Now that he is seated, I back up out of his driveway and finally drive to the dance. While weâ re driving I occasionally glance in the rearview mirror at my best friends in the backseat. Kelseyâ s looks gorgeous in her dark blue dress; with her shoulder length brown her, curled in tight curls. She and Noah are one of the longest lasting couples in our high school. When I look back at them, flirting with each other I feel both happy for them and sad at the same time. Here I am, a senior in high school, never been kissed, had a boyfriend and honestly Noah is my only real guy friend. If it werenâ t for Kelsey I wouldnâ t be going to this dance. She insisted that Iâ d go to the last dance of our high school years and I agreed, as to not hurt her feelings. Eventually I stop looking back at them all together. I was going to be alone at this dance and starting it off depressed was not something I wanted to do.

When arrive at the dance, it takes me a while to find a parking spot, but when I find one, I turn off the engine. The music stops and I unbuckle my seatbelt. In the back ground I hear Kelsey and Noah doing the same. We all get out of the car and huddle next to each other. After I lock my car, we head over to the school gymnasium for the dance.

Due to the size of our high school, we are asked to present our IDâ s at the dance, along with our tickets. We came at a reasonable time so Kelsey, Noah only waited in line for 10 minutes. When we walk in, the music is blasting through the speakers and there are lights flashing everywhere. The bass sends a pulsating sensation through my body, making my heart feel like it was about to come out of my chest.

â Weâ re going to get a drinkâ yells out Kelsey, loud enough for me to hear her over the music.

â Would you like anything?â

â No thanks. Iâ ll just go and try to enjoy myselfâ

Noah gets a hold of Kelseyâ s hand and leads her over to the table with food and refreshments.

When I see that they arenâ t looking, I turn around and head over to the bathroom. Surprisingly itâ s empty. I stand in front of the sink and stare at myself in the mirror. My long brown hair usually falls a little past my breasts but tonight itâ s curled, giving it loose curls. I gently run my fingers through my hair loosening up the curls even more. Next I stand back to see myself from head to toe. Due to my height, I cannot stand back far enough to see myself completely in the mirror, and I bump into the bathroom wall.

Discouraged I turn sideways and look at my body in disgust. Iâ ve always been heavier then all my friends

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and other girls at my school so I never felt like I really fit in.

My outfit consisting of a knee length dark red dress with black leggings, and sparkling black flats makes me hate my body even more than usual. I usually never wear dresses and wearing one makes me feel uncomfortable and even more self-conscious. Not being able to look at myself in the mirror anymore I walk back to the sink and let the water run. I cup my hands under the cool running water and splash some water on my face. The fact that I have makeup on doesn't stop me one bit.

After splashing the water on my face I look up. In the mirror I see me, an ugly, fat faced freak, with black eyes and a stream of makeup running down my face. I grab a towel from the dispenser and start washing my face. Once it's all gone, I splash some more water on my face once again and this time when I look up, all I see is the same old me. The me that no guy seemed to ever like or have any interest in. The me that I avoid looking in the mirror daily. The face that forced me to get rid of every mirror in my house. The face that brought me urges of suicide when looking at it.

I turn off the water and throw away the towels I used. Next I head over to one of the stalls and lock the door behind me, and then I hang up my purse on the hook. I take a deep breath as I get down on my knees and open the toilet seat. After I pull back my hair to the left, I use my right index finger to make myself throw up. At first it feels horrible but after a few gags, I begin to feel a bit better. When there is nothing left in my stomach to throw up, I flush the toilet and wipe my mouth with the back of my right hand. A feeling of shame floods my entire body as I lean against the stall wall. I begin crying, yet the only thing that comes out is sobs, not tears. Suddenly my conscious comes in.

Look at what you've stooped down to Anita. Get yourself up and get your butt onto the fucking dance floor.

I get up, get my purse and go back to the sink. In the mirror, I see my green pupils, and around them, red eyes. Immediately I look back down and turn on the sink yet again, to wash my mouth and rinse it out. When I'm done, I pull out a piece of gum from my purse and pop it into my mouth before heading out of the bathroom. As I'm heading out, a girl whom I've never seen in my life bumps into me.

"Watch it tubby" mutters the girls as she turns around to flip me off.

I just turn around and continue heading out of the bathroom and onto the dance floor, ignoring the comment I have just received.

Once I'm back I start looking around for Kelsey and Noah. As I'm walking around the dark room with flashing lights, I spot both Kelsey and Noah in the middle of the crowd. They're dancing really close to each other, occasionally kissing each other. My body freezes as I watch my best friends, passionately in love, dancing and making out with each other. The first thing that comes to my mind is; why can't I have what they have. Here I am, staring at my friends, with no feeling in my body, wishing that I was them. Instead of being happy for them, I'm jealous of them. It's been 3 years and I still envy them the same way I have the moment Noah asked Kelsey out.

Not wanting to interrupt them, I just go off into a corner, and stand watching over everyone dancing. After a while I get sick and tired of looking at everyone so I head over to get myself a glass of punch.

"Hey Anita" greets my friend Katie at the punch bowl.

"Hey Katie, why aren't you dancing?"

"Oh, I got thirsty haha"

"Oh that's not cool!"

"I guess. Well, see you around!" she throws away her paper cup and I watch her disappear into the crowd.

I decide that I'm not thirsty anymore and walk over to Kelsey and Noah.

"Hey guys, I'm going" I yell out over the music.

"Aww Anita! We just got here!" says Kelsey. I can barely hear her over the thumping of the music.

"Ya, but I don't feel good. I'll come back to pick you guys up once the dance is over."

"Oh Anita, you don't have to." says Noah.

"I insist guys. I drove you here and I'll take you home! Have fun guys."

We wish each other good bye as I make my way through the crowd and outside. Once outside, I sit down in front of a street lamp in the gym parking lot. The light shines down on me, casting a long shadow onto the

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concrete. Looking at my shadow, I let out a deep sigh, closing my eyes.

â Rough night?â says a voice from behind me. Immediately I open my eyes and see another shadow in front of me. Iâ m too afraid to turn around.

â Maybe..â I mutter, thinking that itâ s just some jerk about to make fun of me.

â Mind if I sit down next to you?â

â Yeah, go ahead.â I say to the stranger.

Before I know it, there is a tall guy, about 5â 11, with long dark hair sitting next to me. His hair is shoulder length with half his hair underneath, dyed red. Heâ s dressed in a black suit, and blood red t-shirt.

â Is everything ok?â

â Not reallyâ I say, still wondering the identity of who Iâ m talking to.

â Want to talk about it?â he says, turning his head towards me for the first time. I glance into his eyes for a second, just long enough to see their light blue color, and then look back down.

â You canâ t help me. No one can. Besides, youâ ll think Iâ m just seeking attention.â

â I promise I wonâ tâ utters the stranger as he places a comforting hand on my shoulder.

When his hand touches my shoulder, a warm feeling spreads through my body. No one ever cared enough to try and comfort me the way he is right now. I want to tell him everything but Iâ m afraid of what heâ ll say. I just met the guy and already Iâ m telling him all my problems. He seems like a really nice guy. Definitely not like the other guys at my school who donâ t know I exist.

â My name is Anitaâ I finally utter out, breaking the awkward silence.

â Iâ m sorry! I forgot. My name is Jared. Iâ m new hereâ he lets out a slight chuckle.

â I can tell. You wouldnâ t be talking to me if you werenâ t newâ

â Whyâ s that?â asks Jared, still placing his hand on my right shoulder.

â Not many people like me. Iâ m like the school laughing stock, or feel like one.â I mutter under my breathe as Iâ m holding back the tears.

â Why?â he asks, not afraid to know the answer.

â Canâ t you see? Look at me! Iâ m fucking ugly. Not to mention Iâ m fat.â I canâ t hold back the tears anymore so I just burst out crying. After holding it all in for a long time, it finally felt good to let it all out.

â Im sorry.. I.. canâ t lâ I say, taking breaths between words while sobbing.

Instead of Jared walking away, he scoots closer to me and wraps his arm around my shoulders, pulling up against his chest. My ear is pushed up against his chest, so much so that I can hear his heart beating.

â Oh Anita, Thatâ s not true. Youâ re beautiful. People are assholes.â Jared gives me a quick hug.

Instead of saying anything, I just continue listening to Jaredâ s rhythmic heartbeat and crying. My tears fall on shirt, leaving two small puddles on his shirt.

â I got your shirt wet with my tears.â I say, as I try to stop myself from crying anymore.

â Itâ s ok. Theyâ re the tears of a beauty queen.â

I continue telling Jared everything, from how I was treated in elementary school, to moments ago in the bathroom. Telling him everything took a huge amount of pressure off of my chest. The whole entire time I was talking, he had his left arm wrapped around me, and he sat there listening. Not like everyone else listened. Jared actually listened with care. Iâ ve never met him before and he never met me, but he is kind enough to sit down with me and listen.

â Well thatâ s itâ I say, after running out of things to tell him. â Thank you so much for listening Jaredâ

Jared gets up, brushes off the dirt from his pants and extends his arm to help me get up. I grab my purse in my left hand and reach out the grab Jaredâ s with my right hand. He firmly grips my hand and pulls me up.

After quickly brushing the back of my dress, I open my arms and hug Jared.

â Youâ re an angelâ I whisper into his right ear before placing a kiss on his right cheek. After doing so he hugs me tighter in his arms.

â Anytime sweetieâ

Jared lets go of me and holds his hands in mine. He then looks into my eyes for what seems like forever. His big blue eyes comfort my soul as they stare directly into mine with a look of compassion in them. When I

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realize that Iâve been looking at Jared I look down at my feet. For a moment I was comfortable at keeping eye contact but my lack of self-esteem kicks back, losing the moment of confidence.

â You really have no idea how beautiful you are, do you?â says Jared as he pulls me in closer. Our faces are just inches apart when he leans in to kiss me.

â Why donât you tell me one more timeâ I whisper under my breath before kissing him again.

"Let's go inside." Says Jared, after he finishes kissing me. I yearn for his lips to be back on mine and kiss him instead of replying.

"I'd like that." I say, after kissing him.

Jared gets a hold of my left Hand and leads me into the gym. When we walk in, the music is still at a fast and happy beat. We dance for a while. Jared makes a complete fool of himself. He starts dancing in ways that would make me laugh. At first I stand there, wishing he'd continue kissing me but it's not long before I'm laughing at him. Then as I'm laughing, something inside me forgets everyone around me and I start dancing like a fool with him. We're having a blast dancing together when all of a sudden the music stops.

â Alright gentlemen, get a hold of your special lady, weâre going to play something just for you love birds in here tonight.â

The next song that comes on is Hero by Enrique Iglesias. Jared stands right in front of me, wrapping both of his arms around my waist. I in return wrap my arms around his neck and we begin slow dancing. As we sway side to side, my eyes slowly begin to close and I rest my head on Jaredâs shoulder. While weâre dancing, Jared whispers all the things he likes about me into my ear.

When the song ends, I place yet another kiss on Jaredâs cheek then whisper into his ear.

â Youâre my heroâ We stand, wrapped in each otherâs arms for a few more moments before yet another boring pop song comes on.

â Ugh, letâs go. I hate popâ says Jared, turning to face the door. Once again we head out, this time I feel like we wonât be coming back inside.

â Why canât they play some Muse or Pink Floyd?â I ask Jared as Iâm leading him to my car.

â Youâre amazing Anitaâ

â Hmm?â I ask, hoping that Jared would explain himself. While weâre walking, I pull out my phone and text Kelsey.

Hey! Iâm parked behind the school. Meet me here a few min before the dance ends

â Not only are you beautiful, but youâre taste in music is amazing.â says Jared, when I put my phone away.

â Aww thanks!â

â No problem sweetieâ

â Hey Jaredâ ! How did you get here?â I ask, wondering if he was going to leave soon.

â My bother dropped me offâ he says, as I spot my car, pulling out the keys and unlocking it. I put my purse inside the car then close the door.

â So Jared, my friends will be here in a few minutes. Their names are Noah and Kelsey.â

â Alrightâ he says, wrapping his arms around me once more.

â Can I ask you something?â

â Anything Anita.â his caring eyes look into mine.

â Why me? Why now? Why so fast? You barely know me..â

â Do you believe in love at first sight?â

â Not until I met youâ I say, honestly. â Still, you donât know me Jaredâ

â I do Anita. I listened to you tell me everythingâ he places a soft kiss on my forehead.

â Didnât it scare you?â I ask, feeling embarrassed.

â Honestly, it made me want to be with you even more. Youâre so mysterious Anita. I want to find out what youâre all about.â

â Jared?â I ask, full of happiness.

â Yes?â his head tilts to the side as a curious look appears on his face.

â Iâm glad you movedâ

â Me too Anita.â his face goes back to a normal expression.

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We kiss each other. He then leans against the driver's side of the car, as I'm in his arms. Our tongues begin fighting each other in our mouths. Jared begins moaning between each kiss and I let out a sigh every time he bites down on my lips. He then moves his hands from around my waist, slowly up my back. Next he stops kissing me and pulls down my left sleeve, revealing my shoulder. Next he bites down on it. I let out a long moan.

"You like that?" whispers Jared into my ear. I nod and he bites down once more, this time closer to my neck. Once again I moan.

"Stop!" I say, once things start getting to sexual.

"I'm sorry! You're just so beautiful." he says, kissing me gently while fixing my sleeve.

I get into my car, still processing what just happened. I wanted to be with Jared, but I only met him hours ago and already we were going too far.

As Jared opens the passenger seat to my car, my phone rings with a text message from Kelsey, and I reach over to answer it.

It Reads: Hey! Noah and I will be there in a few!

Awesome! I have someone for you to meet! A few seconds after I hit send, she replies.

Who? I look at the text, and decide not to answer it. I want Jared to introduce himself to my friends. I glance over at Jared and see that he's also texting someone.

"Who are you texting?" I ask with an obvious curiosity in my voice.

"My brother. I just let him know that I'm getting a ride home."

"From who?" I say, sarcastically as I put my phone away in my purse.

"I was hoping you'd take me home." he says, tucking away his blackberry.

"If all taxi drivers looked like you, I'd take taxis everywhere." says Jared, placing a hand on my shoulder.

"Well if you put it that way! Sure I'll take you home!"

We both burst into laughter. Then, when I look in my rear view window, I see Noah and Kelsey coming towards us. When they walk over to my car they open the doors to the backseat and get in.

"Anita, I thought you went home!" says Kelsey.

"I was going to, until I bumped into Jared." I point to Jared as I say his name for the first time to my friends.

"Hey Kelsey, Hey Noah." says Jared, turning around in his seat to face my friends.

"Oh Jared, pleasure to meet you." utters Kelsey with her Bostonian accent. Noah just gives Jared the hello nod as if he didn't approve of him. I see Kelsey secretly slap Noah in the rear view mirror.

"Hey." mutters Noah, looking mad at Kelsey.

"Ready to go guys?" I ask, in hopes of cutting the tension.

"Yeah!" says Kelsey. Jared turns on my cd player and re-starts the CD.

"Oh no!" says Noah. Worried I look back at him in the mirror. "Now I'm in a car with THREE Nirvana fans..."

Everyone in the car starts laughing. Things are like they always are between Noah, Kelsey and I, even with Jared here in the car with us. I really hope that things stay like this. Two couples, one group of close friends with new memories and new adventures.

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Noah is the first one to be dropped off, followed by Kelsey.

Soon it's just Jared and I in the car. He instructs me on where to drive. While I'm driving, I'm trying to memorize what roads I'm on, so I could come back some other time.

"This one." says Jared, pointing to the grey home. I pull into his driveway and turn off my engine.

"Here you go!" I say, turning to face Jared. His bright blue eyes are barely visible in the dark.

"Thanks Anita. I had an amazing time tonight, well expect for one part..."

"What's that?" I ask, worried that I might have said something to make him mad.

"Having you drive me home! Aren't guys supposed to do that?" he lets out a chuckle.

"Ha-ha yeah they are, but you can drive me next time!"

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â I canâ t wait until next time.â says Jared, leaning in for a kiss.

I kiss him for a few moments before he opens his door and get out of the car. I also get out of the car.

Weâ re standing in his driveway, right beside my car, looking into each otherâ s eyes.

â I canâ t take my eyes off youâ says Jared.

â Same hereâ I say, admiring the way the moon shines on Jaredâ s face.

â When can I see you again Anita?â

â Text meâ I say, as I take Jaredâ s phone out from his pocket. I put in my number then return it to him. Then I kiss him one last time before going back into my car.

â Goodnight Anitaâ

I wish Jared goodnight as I get into my car and close the door. As Iâ m backing out, Jared is standing there, smiling at me. I wave at him as I drive down the street, on my way back home.

I get home at around midnight only to find my whole family asleep, so I quietly tip-toe through my house and into my room. After changing into my Pajamas, I take out my phone and set my alarm for the next day. To my surprise I have a text from an unknown number.

It reads:

Goodnight baby. Sweet Dreams

-Anitaâ s After reading the text I canâ t help but smile so much, that it hurts.

I reply back with :

Who needs dreams when I have you?

Immediately Jared texts back.

You are my dreams

-Anitaâ s I love your signature Jared

Not as much as I love you Anita

-Anitaâ s I lie down in bed, continuing to text Jared. Eventually I fall asleep texting him. The next morning when I awake, thereâ s a text on my phone from him, sent at 5am.

Morningâ beautiful

-Anitaâ s I get up out of bed with a huge grin on my face. For the first time in my life, my life is better than my dreams.

THE END OF PART 1

Thank you so much fro reading. I love you guys! I wish I could meet each and every one of you that takes time to read my stories. Without you guys and gals, they would be written. -Invisible Art

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