Angle's Started Story

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Table of Contents

Angle's Started Story Chapter 1

Angle's Started Story Chapter 2

Angle's Started Story : Chapter 1

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It started with the smell of Ice-Breakers, and the puckering of lips. It was a simple, little kiss that I was too nervous about to actually meet him half way anyway. A peck on the lips, that's all. It was nothing major, not even remotely serious; just a kiss... a simple kiss. The temptation was mixed with sudden bliss. Sure it didn't mean anything right? It was just my first. There is a first for everything right? My heart began to race. I could feel the blood pumping through my veins inside me, rushing to aid my ever beating heart. The tension was thick, almost blinding. I closed my eyes; it was too much for me. Those few seconds seemed like an eternity. Even though he had only pressed his... soft lips... against mine for a few seconds, I could have counted several minutes. The music had numbed down to a silent beat, thumping on a slower beat than my heart. Time had stopped for us, and for those moments it had, we were the only two people in the world. I was on cloud 9, unknowing of what was going on.ï¿½Was I over reacting to something as simple as a game that teenagers play? I'm not exactly the party type; in fact, no one had even ever given me more than a glance, or words that signaled I was cute. It was a sudden turn of events that I was even invited to such a party.

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"Are you okay there miss?" His question broke the silence. My face became deathly hot.

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'Am I in love?' I asked myself. *'Of course not, don't be outrageous! Love is something you gain over time.'* I argued with myself. I mean just because it was my first kiss doesn't mean anything right? I mean I'm sure this guy has had it in with every girl at thisï¿½party... right... it was just 7-minutes... of heaven.

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I remembered his question, "Y-yeah... I'm fine." I stammered, blushing dumbly. Blushing. Right. I knew that.

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"Alright then. We can get out of here now; you don't want the folks out there getting the wrong idea." He chuckled. In the darkness, hearing him talk was as if a bright light, guiding me forward. Forward. Right. The direction I was going.

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"Oh yeah... right... wrong idea." He stuck his hand to help me up. His left hand opened the locked closet, and we walked out as if it was nothing. Just another kiss... another number. I on the other hand, had to face a mob of girls asking me a bunch of shi- I mean crap load of questions. Aah parties huh? Gotta love em'.

Chapter 2

Chapter One

Have you ever bumped into someone on the street that you know, or rather wish you didn't know? That's how it feels to bump into popular and "Out-right gorgeous" Maria Westbrook. Those two initials spelt royalty at the school, and to even glance at her would mean that you had something against the way she was dressed, or how her make-up was smeared just above the eyebrows, or maybe her goody-two-shoes attitude in front of the teachers, and complete dictation out of the classroom. Never mind all that now though, back to the main point of meeting her randomly.

It was a warm day; the sun had just begun to shine over the dreary land, as if some graceful mother welcoming her children in the morning. Weird? Yeah, I thought so. It comes with my writing of poems.

Anyway, the ground was still wet... with water and stuff, you know? I just happened to be walking with my head down that day, trying more to focus on my new Nikko cell phone than the stuck up M.W. that was heading right my way. Instinctively, I looked up at the last minute, before colliding into this high head walking diva, sending her into the water bellow. Of course, like in every story or movie, she was wearing some really expensive clothing that was a little more than over priced, made out of zebra skin or something like that.

If I was to tell you the truth though, the cloths may have actually been expensive, but they in no way appeared any different than the normal dress you would wear to church. Sure it had a fancy name tag, but what does that matter when you get the same thing for about $100 less from the market store just down the street. Enough of my ranting, and back to the actual point of this prelude.

Maria, now soaked from head to toe, lying on her as-, I mean butt in water, was now franticly yelling as if someone had shot her dog, or stolen her purse. I personally would rather have shot her dog for how ugly that thing was. Anyway, some people come over to me asking what had happened to her, all I said was that she had bumped into me, and splashed water all on her pretty new dress. Got some dirty looks sure, but I never thought that I would have too... wait; I'll get to that part in a second.

"I can't believe you!" She yelled out, finding it hard to stand up in a dress that covered nearly all the way down to her ankles. I shrug my shoulders, and offered her my hand.

"Do you have any idea how much this dress cost?" She asked, full of rage. I shrug my shoulders one more time.

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