

New Year Romance

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A short story about my new year celebrations with some of my closest friends.

Published on
Booksie

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It was here. Finally the day I have been waiting for for months had rolled around. 30th December 2012. Today was the day that my German friends were arriving. I couldn't contain myself; I was far too excited to see Dominik, Anja, Kerstin and Fabian. I had known them only five months and it felt like a lifetime, the relationships I had built up with them in that time could only be compared to the relationship you have with someone that you've known for years.

Finally, I was sat at the airport waiting for the moment that the four of them would walk through the arrivals door with huge smiles on their faces when they saw my mum and me. I could scarcely believe that it was now, after 5 months of constant messaging and Skype calls, I would be seeing the people I loved most in the flesh. Suddenly I was nervous, why was I nervous?! I knew them all so well and I knew I had nothing to be scared of. Then I saw them, Dominik towering above the rest of them beaming at me. My face cracked into an enormous grin; at last I could see the boy I loved in person. We threw ourselves at each other and hugged each other like there was no tomorrow. I breathed in his familiar smoky musky smell and sighed contentedly. I had missed him so much and having him back in my arms was the best Christmas present that he could have gotten me.

We all walked back to the car park, Dominik and I talking animatedly about our shared love of Harry Potter and The Big Bang Theory and just generally catching up on the events of the past few hours where we had been unable to message each other. We had a two hour journey from the airport in Glasgow to our friend's house just outside Aberfeldy so we spent the journey teasing each other about being shy in front of the others; we both knew that we would only be shy for a little while. Two hours seemed to be two seconds and as we pulled into the drive at Alan's house, I was suddenly aware of just how quickly the next five days would pass. Having moved all the luggage including my own from the car, we moved into the rooms that Alan had prepared for us. My room was large and totally filled with junk. Even though there was still plenty of room for my (not so) small bag and my various other parts of pipe band uniform the room was still cluttered with old coffee tables, towels, and even a chest freezer. We all congregated once more in the living room and sat down to a small afternoon drink and to watch the concert DVDs of the German brass band that the four of them were in that Dominik had brought with him. I could hardly concentrate on the beautiful traditional German marching songs that were blaring from the TV with Dominik sitting right beside me. As the first notes of my favourite tune that the Speilmannzug play began to drift from the speakers, I felt a hand slither around my shoulders and pull me close. Dominik knew that this was my favourite tune and I could feel him smiling as I buried myself deeper into his side and began to hum the tune under my breath. We sat on the sofa cuddling into each other for hours, and I could feel his head getting heavier and heavier until his head was resting on my shoulder and he was gently snoring in my ear. I cuddled into him a little more and proceeded to fall asleep on his chest, the slow movement of his chest rising and falling with his breathing lulled me into a deep sleep.

I woke up to find Fabian taking pictures of us sleeping. At five o'clock in the morning, it was never a good idea to take a picture of me, especially if my hair resembles that of a highland cow. After the rather disgusting photos had been taken, I retired to my bedroom having hugged everyone and said my goodnights. I was exhausted; the excitement had taken all the energy out of my body. I flopped down onto the bed and fell asleep within seconds. The unwelcome sound of my alarm a few short hours later sounded, the strong

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Glaswegian accents of Twin Atlantic could be heard everywhere in the house. It would be safe to assume that I was not popular when my alarm went off. After our cooked Scottish breakfast, we all gathered once again to watch another of the concert DVDs, which for me meant more cuddling and laughing every time I saw a much younger Dominik on the screen. He was not impressed with my giggling at the look on his face when he was playing the drum kit on the DVD but I couldn't help myself. I couldn't help but feel like this was a totally natural thing for us to be sitting on the sofa with our arms around each other and laughing at a DVD. It seemed completely and utterly normal.

Hogmanay was calling, and that meant time to work. Being part of a pipe band meant that on the one night of the year that many people don't work, we had to work. It also meant that we couldn't have a drink until we had finished. Donning my kilt, hose tops, flashes, brogues and spats I busied myself by thinking about who would be the first person I would hug or kiss in 2013. An hour later, I was in the car once again dreading playing after the bells had rung in the New Year. I had never played at the New Year celebrations and I anxiously wondered what it would be like. If I messed up, I would never hear the end of it. The nerves began to kick in the closer it got to midnight and it didn't matter how many times I was told to relax and that I would be fine, I was still shaking.

The work aspect of Hogmanay passed in a blur and soon I was back on Alan's sofa with a cider between my knees and my rather flamboyant banana covered pyjamas on, with my hand resting on Dominik's knee. As it got closer to four o'clock in the morning, the room emptied until it was just Dominik and I cuddled on the couch. Our ciders had long since been drunk and our fingers had laced themselves together, his thumb caressing mine with a gentle touch. The feeling of total adoration was pulling at my heartstrings, and I knew as I leaned against his chest again that he felt exactly the same way.

After two nights of hard partying, I found myself once again walking home to my own house hand in hand with Dominik. We had moved everyone to my house for a few days as it was more central to all the parties that we had been invited to over the coming days. We walked slowly down the street at two o'clock in the morning, his warm hand heating my cold one. Every so often I could feel a soft kiss on the top of my head, and I smiled and looked up to his face and kiss his cheek. We arrived at my front door too soon and as I stood on the doorstep and opened the door, he pulled me close and hugged me and kissed my cheek. We then proceeded to fall backwards into the vestibule and landed against the hall door. It instantly killed the romantic mood and we both laughed off the slight awkwardness that followed. It was only when I was in my room heading towards my bed that we had any time alone together. He pulled me close again and kissed my cheek, to which I kissed his and then kissed his chin. I pulled away ever so slightly and looked into his eyes. He leaned in and planted a soft kiss on my lips which I returned. The sparks flew in my stomach as we kissed; it was like nothing I had ever experienced. My first kiss.

His final night in Scotland came altogether too quickly and we once again were snuggled on Alan's sofa. We were alone, and I could feel his hand making its way down my back and into the back pocket of my jeans, to which I responded by running my hand through his already messy hair and he leaned in for another kiss. This one seemed more romantic, as he continued to kiss me, our mouths parted and his tongue slipped gloriously over mine. It was perfect. Totally perfect. This continued for the rest of the night, until we fell asleep once more on each other.

Saying goodbye to him after such an amazing week with him was hard. The tears streamed down my face, as he told me not to cry and that he would Skype me when he had time after work and university. It was then that I realised that I loved him. I still do, I love Dominik.

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