

Unthinkable Love

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Two teenagers from two totally separate areas of the social world come bonded together through a small school project. Little do these teens know that they are about to go through the unexpected feeling of love. Soon come struggles of survival for both teenagers.



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Chapter 1: Cassandra

~Cassandra~

Right when we walked in the school all eyes were on us, basically Deborah Luann; the tall, blonde, sun kissed beauty, A.K.A. "Head cheer leader". She was dating football player quarter back Jason Cooper, A hot, tall, nice guy. Deborah's best friend Jessie Armstrong was American too, with long Brunette hair, green eyes, flawless skin. She wasn't the tallest cheerleader out there but her attitude tells people don't judge her on size. She is dating a rich Sophomore Jake Law and he is Jason's best friend, then you have me. Full blooded Latina, long black wavy hair with red highlights, dark blue eyes, and with no boyfriend. I'm a chicka who takes her relationship life slow I've only had one boyfriend named Lucas Hill back in middle school.

'Cassandra, you have got to get a boyfriend soon" Deborah told me

"I will, eventually." I replied

"When, when you're fifty?" Jessie joked

"Ha! Who knows?" I laughed

"She'll have a boyfriend by then, right?" Deborah asked

Yah, probably" I hoped

"Ha! Probably" Jessie scoffed.

The school bell rang before I could reply to her comment

"Let's go girls" Deborah chuckled. The other students backed away and made space for us when they saw us coming. They weren't as afraid of me as they were of Jessie and Deborah because they knew I had a kind soul and heart, but Deborah and Jessie were basically cold and harsh to everyone except for me and their boyfriends. In Biology our seats were vacant because everyone knew those seats were ours. As we waited for the teacher, gossip was in the air. About a new boy named "Christopher Ramirez".

Chapter 2: Christopher

Christopher

As I walked to my first class "Biology" everyone gawked at me. I was different from all of them, they wore ripped up blue jeans, plain shirts and Vans shoes while I wore tight black skinny jeans, converse, band shirts and pocket chains. They were talking crap about me, I didn't want to hear about it so I plugged my earphones in and blasted **Black Veil Brides** and placed my black hood on my head, I stared at the ground. I finally reached the class door. Here it goes I thought to myself, and I pushed myself in there. Everyone's face turned into disgust and shock except for one girl. She seemed to be very curious about me. I headed to an empty seat in the front of the class and I felt her soft blue eyes on my back as I walked. Once I sat down I looked back at her, she smiled at me her smile was so damn perfect I felt my heart stop. When was I ever going to be that happy ever again? I thought to myself, I had to force myself to look away from her which was very hard to do. But the part that I hated was that looking into her face. I realized I was happy for that minute and I haven't been happy in three years. So I decided to look at her one more time, but she was no longer looking at me, she was listening in to her friends conversation with no expression upon her face, but her friends weren't paying any attention to her which seemed to crush me. The teacher came in and everyone shut their mouths.

" Good Morning everyone, today we will----Wait Christopher please take that hood off your head and take those earphones out of your ears" the teach instructed me.

I quickly did what he said to do so that way the attention would be off of me and put on someone else.

"Thank you." The teacher said to me "Now, Deborah? Would you be honored to come up here and read us your Biology research essay?"

"Sure!" she flipped her hair like she thought she was some freaking goddess or something, I could tell that diva loved getting her attention when she rose up from her chair, she made her body move like she wanted to be a supermodel.

"I did my research on "The everlasting Quantum wave" she informed us all

"Okay? Go on." The teacher said. As the diva spoke I took another look over at her friend, she was looking at the ground and it looked like she was deep in thought, I'd give my whole life to make her think of me, but she probably wasn't thinking of me I'm already known as the "Loner" anyway and because she looks to be one of the popular people, she was way out of my league. When I looked back up to Miss. Diva she was done talking.

"Cassandra Please read your research up here."The teacher told someone, Cassandra? I looked around and realized it was the angel I've been staring at, she rolled her eyes and got up, as she walked to the front of the class her black long curly hair moved side to side and as she passed I noticed her shoes. They were Converse like mine. I felt so lucky even though a million other people probably have the same ones.

Chapter 3: Cassandra

Cassandra

Great! This is complete torture! Not only do I have to say it to all the class, everyone is staring at me especially the new kid.

"I'm going to do it on the dangers of infections through physical relationships." I informed

"Why on that? You don't even have a boyfriend C" one of my classmates blurted out

"I can do it on whatever the hell I want." I told my classmate and I continued with my research speech. After I got finished everyone clapped.

"That was nicely delivered Cassandra" the teacher smiled

"Thanks Mr. Dawson" I said shyly as I walked back towards my seat. Class got out shortly after my part.

"Oh my god you totally rocked up there!" Jessie squealed

"No I didn't, I was a complete screwball" I blushed

"Well the new kid, Christopher I think his name is, seemed to enjoy it" Deborah laughed

"What?" I chuckled

"Oh come on. Don't tell me you didn't notice the way he kept on staring at you." Deborah said

"Uh no, I didn't realize" I lied

"I wouldn't suggest you like him though." Deborah informed me

"Why? What if I wanted to?" I asked just to see what she would say

"Cassandra just look at him, I mean he is wearing nail polish, black nail polish plus eyeliner. It's like G.A.Y. visited him or whatever" she continued

"Don't judge people by the cover Deborah remember what you thought about Jason? You first judge him as an evil harsh person." I reminded her

"Well Jason looked part normal, but this guy he just doesn't. He looks depressed and painfully shy. The only thing hot about him is his dark blue eyes." Deborah said

"You guys I'd love to sit and chat, but I think it's time to head onto the next class." Jessie said. I looked around the class was basically empty. The only people left in there was, the teacher, the T.A. Brad and the new kid

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plus us. Deborah took the lead like usual to walk out Jessie was second and of course I was last, I passed Christopher and he got up and followed us out. He was so close I could feel his breath on the back of my neck I felt my body shake. I split up with Deborah and Jessie because our class schedules were different from now until cheerleading practice. Christopher was still following me, I kept hoping that he'd go a different way but I was only one door away from my literature class and he was still behind me. He stopped when I did and I sighed as I opened the door. Oh this is great I thought to myself there were only three seats left open in the class. I decided to sit next to the door and Christopher sat next to the one right by me. Of course I thought. I took a glance down to the floor and I noticed Christopher's hands underneath his desk, his hands had scars on them and the scars went past the sleeve of the jacket he was wearing. He cuts himself? I asked in my head. If that was the case I know the pain he is feeling or somewhat know it, cause I used to do the same thing, wait no I take that back I still do that same thing occasionally that's part of the reason I don't allow myself to have another boyfriend in my life. I decided to look up at his face, and he was staring at me with a curious expression. I hoped he didn't see me looking at his hands all this time, he probably did though.

Chapter 4: Christopher

Christopher

CRAP! She probably saw the scars on my hands, but there is more where they came from. Now she defiantly isn't going to like me now. She probably thinks I'm suicidal which I am but that's not the point. Her eyes were still on me she wasn't easy to figure out. She had fear, curiosity, and worry on her face. It was hard to tell what exactly she was thinking that bothered me. I heard the teacher's voice and she looked away from me.

"Everyone listen up! today its poetry day so get your papers and pens out and start writing a poem about anything you want." That was all she instructed us to do. This should be easy I said to myself.

"Your light came un-expectantly

It set my darkness free

Whenever you come by me

It feels like I can actually breathe

I've never felt so relived

Not since my dad kicked me onto the streets

I love the way you look at me

And I need to have you close to me

To stop this bleeding that I feel

And hopefully heal the bruise that ruins my world"

After I got done writing I slowly put the pen down and wiped away the tear that sat in my eye. Writing that made me think of when my dad kicked my older brother Josh and I out cause he thought we ruined his relationship with his girlfriend. We had no choice but to go to our grandparents, but of course they couldn't take us so we both got sent to an Orphan center.

"Okay, it looks like everyone is done." The teacher said "I want you to hand off your poems to the person to the right of you" I looked to the right of me, Cassandra. Oh joy, this is going to be fun she is going to read the poem that I wrote about her maybe she might think it's about another girl. Or what if she knows it's about her? I was freaking out now I needed to take the drugs that I take when I feel like this but they were stashed away underneath my bed at the Orphanage. So I tried to do my best to calm myself down. Breathe, breathe, slowly I told myself to do. I think it was slowly working. I looked over at Cassandra again and she was ripping out her paper from the notebook. She sighed then handed it to me and I handed mine to her. Hers read:

Deep down my heart will always remain bruised

I will never be fully healed

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I will still feel abused

No matter how good I feel

That is what I get for loving you

I will never be the same again

I'm putting on this smile

To make it look like I'm past fragile

But it's not working as well as I planned it to

I can't hide what I feel

I wish none of this was real

I wish I left you when I still held my heart in the wrap and seal

But I unraveled the protection glue

Cause, I thought I knew

How I will feel when I thought I was, loving you"

Her work crushed me. Was this how she felt? Did someone make her feel like this? Or was she just making this up? No, this work is too good to just come out of nowhere.

I read the poem again, and again, and again. The hurt of this poem seemed to feel good like I knew how it was to experience this before, but I have never been in love with anyone before so it was impossible to know how she felt when she was writing this.

"Okay, I want you to put your comment on a sticky note about how you felt when you read each other's poems." The teacher said to us all. Sticky notes? I don't even have one. So I had no choice but to raise my hand and speak.

"Yes, Christopher?" the teacher called on me

"Uh I don't have any sticky notes." I said slowly

"Ask your partner to give you one then" she said to me

"Can I have one?" I asked Cassandra

"Sure" she said shyly and gave me one of hers

our hands touched for just a second, and I felt a blast of happiness flow right into me. She quickly looked

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away from me, and I felt myself smile for the first time in years.

I was falling for her way too quickly. It just wasn't right. But the more I told my mind that liking her wasn't right the more I grew attached to her. I doubt there is a way to stop this feeling now since I tried to end this and it just didn't work.

Chapter 5

Cassandra

I think I'm gonna be sick. Him! Of all people, why him? Why does my heart feel sad for him so much? I couldn't even find the courage to look at him again. I just wrote what I thought of his poem on my note.

"I thought this was extremely sad. Why did his dad kick him out? That's just about the cruelest thing in the world. But the words were painfully good. Nice job."

That's what I wrote. I looked over to his desk to see if he wrote anything on his note. The note was blank. Ugh! Just hurry up and write something already! I saw him pick up his pen and it hit the paper, but it only made circles. He was starting to annoy me.

"Can you hurry up and write something?" I asked him politely

"I already did" he said without looking at me; I felt so dumb now but I never saw anything written, he must have wrote it when I wasn't looking.

"Listen, I now need you to give your comments back to your partners so they can see if they have to make any changes or what not to them." The teacher instructed us. Christopher just set it quickly on my desk, still not looking at me and I just shoved mine towards him and I watched it fall to the ground. He bent down and picked it up off the floor like it was nothing. "Boys" I muttered under my breath.

I read off of his comment note: "It was great" and that was all I got! Gosh! I was burning up with anger inside me for a stupid reason all because he didn't give me a long response. I don't even like long responses so why am I getting mad at small ones? I moved my body to the other side of the room so that way I wouldn't be able to see his face and I automatically stared at my watch.

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