

# Adventurous Love

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Submitted: August 28, 2005

Updated: August 28, 2005

*Ahsjaru has a typical and boring life except for her best friend. But upon entering Sophomore year, she meets someone who could change her life forever. Yet, as this happens, is there a jealousy from a closer person?*

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# 1 - Intro Chappie

A.N: I do own the characters of this story. Just lettin ya know. And it is light shoujo ai. It is my first attempt at a shoujo ai story, and I had to write it to get it out of my system.

If you do not like shoujo ai content, then I suggest you do not read. If you do like or just have no opinion of it, please enjoy.

## Adventurous Love

It was a crisp morning in September. August had just passed by and the fall air already seemed to cover the city. The morning sun had only risen a couple of hours prior to the time and students attending Oyuki High made their way back to the school for the start of a new year.

Much to the surprise of many, I enjoyed the first day! Even the second. And the third. Actually, I pretty much loved school! Some find that odd, but I love learning. Yeah, I love books too. I'm a pretty good example of a book worm.

Oh, pardon me. I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Ashjaru. If you can't pronounce it, it's no big deal. No one normally can. Let's see. About myself. Hmm. I'm 15 and a half and kind of tiny for my age, in nearly everything except a brain. I am mistaken for an elementary school student sometimes. It gets old fast, trust me. I have long, straight aqua hair which is almost always worn with a hair band. Sophisticated and stylish is what my best friend says.

I was walking down the side walk on the way to the start of Sophomore year, a book in my hands, my best friend at my side.

Ah. My best friend for twelve years. Her name was Kitomi. Pretty. Popular. A real woman most of the guys referred to her as, for reasons only guys would think. She was 16 and she was tall, at about five foot six inches. About three inches taller than myself. Her long blonde hair was back in a ponytail, as was her most common style to wear. She always used a purple scrunchi, too. It was the one I gave her on her 13th birthday.

I guess you could consider our friendship almost sisterly. Well, that's how I see it. I'm not sure about Kit. But then again, how many older sisters put their younger sisters in charge of planning their lives and remembering whom they have dated in alphabetical order..... There have got to be a few, right?

The school grounds were just in front of us. Her bright blue eyes glimmered as she eyed the crowd of students building up outside of the school building. Each person obviously waiting for the first bell to ring.

I shyly tucked a strand of my sea green hair behind my ear. I didn't like crowds very much. I sometimes feel like an outsider. And yet it's funny, for normally all eyes were on me. Kitomi, being as popular as she was, always turns the crowds' heads. It doesn't even matter what gender they are! Me being at her side always gives me that inferior feeling.

She smiled brightly as we walked over the grass lawn out front. The boys turned their attention on full

gear, almost ready to bow at the blonde girl's feet.

Laughing merrily as the crowd of men and woman stepped aside, leaving us a passage of clear walking, Kitomi turned to me. "Ru, get your nose out of that book. Class does not even begin for another 20 minutes or so." I looked up. Ru. It was a nickname she gave me when we were seven. "Save your last minutes of summer doing something fun!"

"But I am, Kitomi. I love reading." By then, the two of us had arrived at a bench underneath a cherry blossom tree. It had been christened ours after Kitomi had dated a Wood-shop student and he built it. Yeah, the perks for being popular.

Sighing heavily, the taller of us stretched on her back over the bench, her legs dangling off the other side. I sat off to the side, her head resting on my right leg. "You really shouldn't do that, Kit." I warned with laughter while watching some guys eyeing her. "Our school skirts don't give much coverage, you know."

She raised a hand and brushed off my comment while letting her eyes close. "Let 'em stare." She couldn't help but smile at her next words. "It's a simple view of what they can never have."

I shook my head and went back to my novel. Reading was a simple joy of mine. Nothing to intense. Heh. I guess that's really the story of my life. I've lived such a prude life that the only thing of intenseness I've had was Kitomi and her wild love life. I snickered out loud causing my taller friend to blink and eye open.

"Whatcha laughing at? Is the book good?"

Deciding to close up the novel, I rested it on my lap. "Oh it's nothing. And yes. The book is quite good." I glanced at the clock tower in the distance. Still ten minutes before the bell rang.

After surveying the area around the bench and tree, I noticed that the crowds of high school students were finally giving me and Kitomi space. I swear, we get more gangs of onlookers following us than the biggest hotshot movie stars! It's the quiet time I love the most, though.

Gently leaning my head onto one shoulder I closed my eyes, taking in the cool morning air. The sun was only partway up and so the dew on the ground was still there. Such a sweet scent. If it had been a different time and place, I could have just drifted off to sleep.

There was a shift of weight on my leg and I could tell Kitomi had moved. Then there was an increasing warm feeling right in front of my face. I knew, from years upon years of this stunt, that my slightly older friend had placed her face close to be opposite of mine. Her eyes watching me, the uneasy feeling I would get. I'd always crack and finally open my eyes and look at her.

But today... I've always wondered how long her attention would stay on me until her A.D.D. kicked in. If her A.D.D. pull is too strong, then she'll break and say something to get me to open my eyes. I kept my eyes shut.

A few seconds later, my hypothesis was proven correct.

Kitomi whined in annoyance and finally spoke. "Ashjaru, I know you know that I am here."

I smirked and opened an eye. "How can you know that I know that you know that I know you know I know you're there?" She blinked. Sorry to say, but she really was the stereotypical dumb blonde.

"Er....Sure." She moved away from being directly in my face and took her spot back of sitting beside me on the bench. "Anyway, what do you have planned for this year?" Her smile was bright and boisterous.

I simply smiled and looked ahead of us. "Well, I'll probably be joining the chess club again but that is all I have thought about." Kitomi made a joke gagging sound.

"Chess club again? Why don't you come and try out for Cheer Squad with me?" I shook my head. Me as a cheerleader would never go over right.

Some younger students passed us, each one stealing glances in our direction. Freshmen. It was funny, I had to admit, how they had never been in the presence of such a popular person before. The younger crowd's reactions were always great.

"And what about a boyfriend?" I blinked and turned my attention back to my ponytail styling friend.

"What about?"

She giggled. "A boyfriend silly. Now you know I have dated so many of these boys that I could easily hook you up with one. They'd love you!" I blushed. I mentioned I was prude before, right? Like the most prude person you would ever meet even!

"Kit, you know I'd only want someone who loved me for me. Not just some random boy." She pouted. Typical face that could win many hearts over.

"Fine. But you have never had one-

"-because I am so busy!" I interrupted.

"-and you should really take up the offer if someone likes you. I'm sure there's someone who does." I knew she was trying to be helpful, but in my mind I still had so many studies to do, work to keep up with, organizing Kitomi's life....

Brrrrriinnng!

The loud clanging of the main bell brought us back to our attention. Finally, summer was officially over and school was in session. I grabbed my book and stood up. "Looks like it's the death hour," I said mocking my friend's dislike for school. "Are you coming Kitomi?" Almost all of our courses were together. 7 out of 9 classes, I believe.

She had come to stand by me but turned to look over to a group of kids. "Naw, you go ahead. I'm going to go see if Keith will walk me to class." In an instant, she was off with the tall auburn haired Senior.

Shrugging, I turned and continued my way towards the front steps of the school. Bunches of people brushed by me, knocking me around. It's like I wasn't even there if Kitomi wasn't around. I sighed and kept up my slow and easy pace.

Upon reaching the main doors, most of the students had already gone into the building. It was much easier to travel by then.

I stepped into the hallway which was jammed full of my fellow high school scholars. Knowing where my first period class was already, I made my way down a more empty hallway. With less crowding, I decided to go back to my book.

Not even completing the first paragraph, I found myself bumping into someone and being knocked to the tile floor. "Ahh!" was my feeble cry as the cool flooring made a hard contact with my bottom.

"Oh, I'm sorry," came a smooth voice from above me. I looked up. Normally I could have been on guard for anything to come into my sight. Anything, except this time.

Two deep navy eyes starred into mine. Those eyes were nearly covered by short blue hair falling over them. It took me a moment to realize the hand offer to pull me up. I took it and was plucked up to my feet. Nervously, I brushed off my skirt, trying to avoid eye contact with this person.

"Hey, this is yours right?" I looked towards the palm of one of their hands which held a book.

"Oh... th-thank you." I took the book and clutched it to my chest before daring to look up at the stranger in the hallway. Who was this guy? I could easily tell that his height was maybe an inch or so lower than Kitomi's. His head was topped with semi short blue hair that laired somewhat over his face and he wore blue jeans and a sweatshirt. "I don't want to be impolite. My name is Ashjaru. Are you new?" I silently cursed myself for speaking out like that. The only time my quiet nature can be over ridden is through nervousness.

He tilted his head and smiled. "Kayel. And yes, I'm new here." Kayel's hand was extended. Hmm.. Kayel. That's an odd name.

I returned the smile, though I was still shaking slightly with nervousness. There was something about...

I extended my hand and received a friendly hand shake. That was when I noticed it. The sweatshirt that Kayel was wearing had an unusual creasing near the upper torso. I inspected it with subtleness, hoping that Kayel wouldn't take notice. Wait a minute. Guys wouldn't-

"I was wondering, my first period class is gym." I looked up to face Kayel. "Could you tell me where the girls' locker room is located?"

I nearly fell over from realization. "What?"

Kayel blinked. "Er.. The girls'.. Locker room?"

She's a she! Oh goodness. I was blushing madly. How could I have mistaken her for a guy? Wow, I feel

so dumb.

Kayel furrowed her brows in confusion. Oh gosh. I probably making a fool of myself. Only then did I realize I was stuttering. I shut my mouth and simply nodded. "It's down hallway E and to the left."

The blue haired girl thanked me and then said something about hurrying to class. Class! I almost forgot. I said a quick goodbye and dashed off for my English Lit. class before the second bell could ring.

Once I was into the next hallway, where there were still bustling students making their way to class, I placed a hand on my cheek. It was warm. I could only guess how red my face must be. A simple little pink blush could turn into a beat red color against my pale skin.

My feet plodded along until I entered the medium sized classroom and took a seat near the window. Students were sitting on their desks talking and chatting about the summer's gossip. Kitomi was not among them, so I figured she was going to pull her `Arrival 1 minute before the bell' routine.

Placing my novel on the desk corner, I pulled out a notebook and proceeded to organize my desk. But the whole time, I couldn't get that meeting with that girl out of my head. Kayel. She was so... different. She must be a tomboy. Maybe she was a gangster at her old school? She had that rebel look. Or it's because she wasn't wearing our school uniform. Oh goodness, Ashjaru! You barely had a normal chit chat with her and you're assuming all of this? Chill!

And yet, even though we only had that small chat, I felt like I should find out more about her. She was intriguing. Hmm.. Like a good book that you can't put down! That's probably why I am thinking about this so roughly. Yeah. She's a good book.

"Ashy!" A hand frantically waving in my face pulled me out of those thoughts. "My gosh, can you say `space out'?"

I gently shook my head, letting my aqua hair wisp about my face. "I'm sorry, Kit. I was just thinking of an interesting conversation I had in the hallway before...." Kitomi immediately piped up after my voice trailed off.

"Oh, do tell." I really did not want to. At least not until I found out more about that Kayel girl. Kitomi being Kitomi would ask never ending questions and be expecting answers. How could I answer when all I knew about the tall blue haired teen was her name?

Lucky for me, there was a ringing sound and a teacher entered the classroom. "Take your seats. Take your seats."

My popular friend sighed and gave me a look of `You're telling me later' before taking a seat diagonally behind me.

The first day's lesson began shortly after that and things were going smoothly. English Lit. is one of the fastest moving classes for me. I had finished copying down the notes on the chalk board within a minute and waited as the other kids took their time. Our teacher took a seat at her desk in the front of the room. Hmm. She must really think it's going to take a long time to take these notes.

Deciding to grab a small break since given the chance, I gazed out the window to my left. From being on the second floor of the three floor school, the view was not bad. I could over see the front lawn all the way down to the track and football field.

I blinked, my eyes clearing and soon squinting. Out along the tracks were the girls of first period gym. Each one dressed up in the blue school gym shirts and shorts.

Off to the far left side of the group stood a girl with short blue hair. "Kayel," I mouth to myself inaudibly, a smile pulling at the corner of my lips. I soon found myself resting my chin in my hand and watching her closely. There is just something about that is almost.... alluring.

"And now moving on to proper use of proverbs." I can hear my teacher say and reluctantly I drag my gaze away from the glass. Suddenly, I found this class to be moving.... extra.... slow.

A.N: Sorry if it was a bit long, but I hope you got a good intake of the characters and all.  
Character names: Ashjaru (Ah-Jah-Rue), Kitomi (Kitt-Oh-Mee), Kayel (Kay-eL)

Comments are nice, but not required. => I hope you liked chapter one.