

Why is This Happening?

By DarkAura

Submitted: May 4, 2004

Updated: May 18, 2004

Sam and Danny have been friends since anyone can remember. Their friendship has grown stronger. It's up to a cupid to bring them together.

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/DarkAura/3219/Why-is-This-Happening>

Chapter 1 - Why Am I Thinking This Way?	2
Chapter 3 - What Was That?	8

1 - Why Am I Thinking This Way?

"talking"

'thoughts' (Only in Normal P.O.V)

[author's note]

~~~~~

## Why is This Happening?

### Chapter One: Why Am I Thinking This Way?

*Danny's P.O.V.*

Today's going to be another day of torture. Mr. Lancer getting on my case about being a clutz and other stupid things. Dash stuffing me in my locker and pranking me. Life sucks! And if nineth grade wasn't bad enough, I have to fight off ghosts! Why do I have to be the hero?!

I shook my head. At least my friends are there to help me out. I don't know where I'd be without them. Tucker and Sam have been by my side through thick and thin. We may not get along all the time, but we're as thick as thieves.

Meat, for example. I like it, Tucker's in love with it, and Sam wouldn't eat meat if it was the last thing to eat on Earth. But we still get along.

Tucker can be a bit self absorbed, but he's a good friend. He keeps a schedual for me so that I can fight ghosts *and* keep up in school. I'd probably would have flunked if it wasn't for him.

Then there's Sam. What *can't* she do?! She's a recyclo-vegiterian and doesn't even consider acting like everyone else to fit in! She doesn't care if she's called a freak. She *likes* being different. I admire her for that. She's pretty, too.

When I was dancing with her that night...I felt like...time was moving slowly. She looked beautiful in that dress she wore. The world was gone and we were dancing on air. I wish it could have lasted forever. But it did end. If it wasn't for Tucker's problem with that ghost girl, I most likely would of kissed her. But why...? Am I...? No way! She's my best friend!

Tucker's voice had broken my thoughts. I hadn't relised that I had gotten to school.

"Hey, Danny? Are you back to Earth with us humans, now?"Tucker asked.

"Yeah. Just deep in thought."

"Oh, really? About what?"

"Nothing." Tucker looked at me strangley.

"If you say so," he replied. "Hey! There's Sam! Looks like she's thinking, too."

I followed Tucker's gaze and saw Sam sitting on a rock, starring at the sky.

*Sam's P.O.V.*

At the dance. I danced with him. Why can't I get it out of my head?! Why can't I get *him* out of my head?!

I continue to stare up at the cloudless sky. It was the same color as his eyes.

No matter how hard I try.....I can't stop thinking about Danny. But why? I've never had this problem before. Could our friendship have grown stronger? Could I be...? No! And even if I am, he wouldn't feel the same.

Danny still doesn't have complete control of his ghost powers. When he sees or tries to talk to a girl he thinks is cute or likes, he gets nervous. If he gets too nervous or scared, he fazes through something. He's never even been a little nervous hanging around me. But...

Why am I thinking like this?! I can't! We've been friends since elementary school. It's just not possible!

Who am I kidding? I'm-AH!

Danny was staring down at me with a concerned look on his face. Tucker couldn't stop laughing at me.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"Um, Sam? There's a bee on your head."

I looked at Danny confused. Why would a bee... My thoughts trail off as I see a huge bee right above my forehead.

I panicked. One wrong move and it would sting me. It crawled around on my head driving me crazy!

"Stay still," Danny whispered, placing his hands on my shoulders to help me stay still.

He lightly blew breath at the bee. Thinking it was nothing more than the wind, the bee flew away. I went limp. If it wasn't for Danny holding me up by my shoulders, I would have fallen off the rock I was sitting on.

He quickly helped me to my feet. I made a mistake by looking into his eyes.

He seemed to stare back into my eyes. It was like he was searching for something. But what was he looking for...?

Something inside me is burning. I don't know why, but...I like it. I want it to burn more.

Why am I thinking this way?

The bell rings and I break eye contact with Danny.

"We better get to class," Tucker stated. "Or we'll be late."

I sigh. I've never been too fond of school. At least it was Friday.

*Danny's P.O.V.*

Tucker and I walked over to Sam, who was oblivious to the fact that there was a bee on her head.

Doesn't she hate bees?

She seemed surprised when she noticed I was standing in front of her. Good thing she wasn't too surprised. Otherwise, she might of aggravated the bee.

Tucker just laughed at her. I didn't think it was funny. She could get stung.

"What's so funny?" she asked.

"Um, Sam? There's a bee on your head."

Now she notices the bee. She sure doesn't seem too thrilled.

I walked behind her and placed my hands on her shoulders.

"Stay still," I whisper. Any sudden movements could aggravate the bee.

I take a deep breath and release it at the bee. It just thought it was a gust of wind and flew to a near by flower. Sam went limp. Good thing I was holding her up by the shoulders.

I helped her get to her feet and our eyes locked.

I got lost in her eyes. They were such a beautiful shade of violet...

Why am I thinking this way?

The bell suddenly rang. Sam looks down at the ground.

"We better get to class," Tucker stated. "Or we'll be late."

Great. School. Good thing next week is Spring Break. I hate school.

### 3 - What Was That?

"talking"

'thoughts' (Only in Normal P.O.V.)

[author's note]

~~~~~

Why is This Happening?

Chapter Two: What Was That?

Normal P.O.V. (no one's P.O.V.)

The three teens entered the school building. Unknown to them, a girl was sitting on the roof, watching them.

'Those two dazed teenagers must be Daniel Fenton and Samantha Manson,' she thought to herself. 'They would make a cute couple.'

She stood up and instantly appeared on the ground. She opened the school doors, unseen, and walked in. She looked around the halls for the group's ['group' meaning Danny, Sam, and Tucker] first class. She found it. Science.

'Perfect,' she exclaimed mentally. She remembered what Danny's file had said. 'A half-ghost with little

control of his powers. Must drop a lot of things. I can use that to my advantage...' The girl smiled to herself. She liked clumsy clients. Their much more fun.

What she meant by 'clients' are the people she makes fall in love. She was, after all, a cupid. What made her different from the others was that she didn't just shoot love arrows at people. Too boring. This particular cupid liked to have fun with her clients. She'd set up traps that set their emotions and hormones out of wack. It takes a few days, but once the two lovers admit their love, she shoots them with love arrows for good luck and leaves them alone. Cherry Blossom is one strange cupid...

She slipped into the room and observed the situation. Mr. Lancer was pairing the students into lab partners. Cherry concentrated and changed the list slightly so that Sam and Danny were lab partners.

When the experiment started, Danny's hand fazed out, causing the test tube of acid he was holding to fall. It hit the table and shattered. The acid had splattered into a solution near Sam. She was so freaked out when the solution exploded that she clung to Danny, who, by reflex, rapped his arms around her tightly.

"Mr. Fenton! Must you always drop something?!" Mr. Lancer shook it off. The bell rang, signaling the end of the period. Danny and Sam quickly, but reluctantly, pulled away from each other. The only thing either of them could think was, 'What was that?' Both, very flustered, meet up with Tucker and headed to Math.

Cherry grinned. She was winning at her little game. But something still bothered her. 'At the rate they're going,' she frowned in thought, 'it'll take at least half of next week before they admit their true feelings. 'Oh well. More fun for me.' With that, she followed them to Math.