

# Love at Last

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*A story of the future i wrote for Language Arts last year. I like it, so i thought i'd post it.*

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**Chapter 1 - Love at Last**

**2**

# 1 - Love at Last

Why, I ask myself. Why did this happen to me? I finally find what it is I've been looking for, and now I lay here after 162 years of life and die. Zheng will be back soon after he returns from his earns. He makes me so happy just sitting by my side as I struggle to breathe. He reminds me of one I have all but forgotten in this world. His name was Joseph.

It was our junior year in high school and I had been having the greatest year ever. My grades were high, I was happy, and Joseph was with me everyday. I should have seen it coming, no can be happy forever. I can still feel the sensation of my heart stopping and feeling of cold tears running down my face. I have never been the same since Joseph left me and shattered my life and heart forever. I'll always remember telling him that I would never find love again, at least not in this lifetime. As he moved on without a care for me, I sank deeper and deeper into a depression I knew I could never escape.

Too afraid to commit suicide, I thought of another plan. There had been a brief mentioning of scientific studies that would be tested on volunteered human subjects, some dead, some alive. Seeing as how nothing could be worse than sulking in my tears, I decided that science would be able to destroy me with new and dangerous experiments.

The scientists asked that I first finished school and I would at least have to of been eighteen years of age to make this decision. I figured that would only be a waste, but I waited. For about ten years the scientists used me as a test subject on enhanced plastic surgeries. They paid me very well with money I did not wish to keep as I had only been searching for death. My worst fears had come true; I was the perfect, indestructible test subject. Every test had gone well on me and never did I get sick or ill in anyway. Every implant changed my image to the point where I could look in the mirror and no longer recognize myself. Perhaps my soul had survived all that time, but all that was left of my now missing image was this Barbie doll I stared at each day.

One day I was put up for a different test, one far more advanced than any plastic surgery. I didn't bother asking what it was, but only hoped this would be the one that would cast my life into death. In what seemed like an eternity, I had finally been released from the operation table. A scientist greeted me as I was recovering in the hospital. Nothing could have prepared me for what he said. Apparently the operation had been the first of its kind. I was told that I had undergone an operation that would prolong my life. He said that I would live to be some two hundred years old.

Many years had passed as everyone around me grew older and I alone was imprisoned in this everlasting life. One thought seemed to continuously cross my mind, was I dead or alive? I really didn't know anymore, it was far worse than burning in hell for all eternity. I had to move from my small town home to New York City as everyone around me would begin to wonder why I never grew older. The scientists still followed me to make sure things were going as they had planned. To my misfortune, everything was going just perfect. I didn't know at the time that this chance to start over and meet new people would be the relief I had been searching for.

New York was a world away from what I had previously known it to be. It seemed that the Big Apple was

also a victim to the technology of the future as I was. The buildings already hugging the streets were twice as high as they had been before. Looking up, I could see a second line of traffic hovering over my head. The future of hover-cars had begun. Even the people were different. Hair colors and skin tones reached from snow white to deep blue, and all the colors in between. No doubt these people were genetically enhanced to become what they were. At least here I would feel as though I belonged.

Among these people that were not so much like strangers anymore, I met Zheng. He was about thirty, the same age that I looked because of all my plastic surgeries in the past. He had a very tan complexion and about shoulder-length, straight, white hair. The moment I looked into his beautiful brown eyes, I knew he was different. As we grew closer, I tried to tell Zheng that I was a 149-year-old test subject, but every time he would just look at me and smile kindly. We were married by my 152nd birthday. Whether or not Zheng believed me or not, I'm sure it all made sense since when in my early 160's I became plagued by highly developed elderly diseases.

Now I'm here lying on my deathbed after all these years of sadness and despair. It's so ironic that now in my death, I am truly happy to have been given these extra years in my life so that I would one day find Zheng. I'll be all right; at least if I die happy Zheng will be happy too. I guess I was right about never finding love in my lifetime, but I never knew I would find love in the gift of a new life for my future and for myself. I can hear Zheng's voice. He must be back. I hope that he will come and sit by me as I fall asleep for the last time.

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Secretly Zheng has a strange resemblance to Bakura. But my teacher doesn't know that, bwahahaha! Some of the story is true, but the names are different. I do hope you like it! ^\_^ Reviews?