

# True Love

By gazbeannie

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*Hey this is just a little short story. I hope you like it.*

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# 1 - True Love (short story)

## How they met:

Jeannie was outside her house sitting on the wall when Clinton, her crush came out of his house. Clinton got to her and then looked at her and she felt herself blush. "Jeannie?" he said.

Wait, how did he know my name? Had he always known my name? "Yes?" Jeannie asked curiously. I swear the sound of my knees knocking together was blocking out the sound of my voice.

"I think that you might have left something at our place when you were here with my sister." "Oh, did I? Sorry." I apologized.

"It's alright." Clinton laughed. "I'll just go and get it for you." he said and ran into the house. Five minutes later he came back out of the house with something small in his hand. When he got to Jeannie he opened his hand and she saw a small ring in his hand. "I don't remember taking that off. I thought I kept it on the whole time."

She took it from him and put it back on her finger. "Thanks. I thought that I kept it on though."

"Apparently not." he said.

"Nope. Where are you off to?" she asked.

"Down to the store. Laura wants something to eat and there isn't anything in the house so I have to go to the store and get something for her."

"Oh. Why can't she go down to the store herself?" Jeannie asked.

"Because she didn't want to and I've learned pretty quickly that whatever Laura wants, Laura gets." he said.

Jeannie laughed. You should tell her to come and live in my house. She'd soon learn that if you want something done, you have to do it yourself.

He laughed as well. You're quite cool. How come I haven't noticed you before? he asked, looking into Jeannie's eyes. She blushed and tried to hide her face in her long blonde hair.

## How he asked her out:

Jeannie was at home and watching TV when the doorbell rang. She knew that it wasn't Laura because she had gone to see her dad for the day and she knew it wasn't going to be any of her friends because she had already seen them and they had gone to the beach but Jeannie didn't want to go.

She stood up and went curiously to the door and stood in front of it for a couple of seconds before opening it. There, on the other side was Clinton.

Clinton? I thought you went to see your dad with Laura? she asked.

I don't have the same dad as Laura you know that. She said.

Oh yeah, course. So, what's the matter? You can't really be here to see me. Jeannie said.

Actually, I am. You don't mind do you? Clinton asked.

No. I just didn't expect it that's all. Jeannie told him.

Can we go outside? I don't want to tell you this in the house. he asked.

Tell me what? she asked. Jeannie suddenly became very nervous.

I can't tell you yet. Can you trust me? he asked. Jeannie didn't hesitate saying yes. She grabbed her keys and followed Clinton shutting the door behind her.

He sat on the wall outside her house and she sat beside him.

You can't say it inside the house but you can say it outside my house. she joked. Jeannie looked at him and he had a very serious look on his face. What's the matter? You look so serious. That's because what I'm about to say is serious and if you joke about it, I'll die. He said.

What is it? Clinton said nothing for a while and then he took the side of her face and said with a very serious look on his face, I love you so much Jeannie. Will you go out with me?

His hand felt like fire on top of her cheek and when she found her voice again Jeannie shouted YES!! as loud as she could without bursting his eardrums. The next thing she knew, she had Clinton's lips on hers and they were not letting go. He put his arms around Jeannie's waist and she put hers around his neck. When he pulled away, he said softly, Shall we go back inside. Jeannie nodded and they both went back inside her house. They both sat down in front of the TV and Jeannie fell asleep in Clinton's arms.