

Dance Dance

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Submitted: June 24, 2008

Updated: June 24, 2008

Naomi's perspective.

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1 - Dance Dance Baby

Naomi's POV

I've always went to school dances. If your wondering, no, I didn't enjoy them, no, I never had fun, but yes, it had always given me an excuse to leave our boring house, so I went. Maybe something would happen. Although I always wondered, I never thought it actually would, but I was mistaken.

I was leaning against the cold brick wall with my arms crossed over my Green Day shirt watching all the pre-teen freshman girls in there tiny pushup bra's and giddy attitudes, dance their heads off, wondering how they could be having fun in such a depressing environment. It crossed my mind that maybe it was just me, but I shook the idea away. I sighed and looked to my sides to see if I was the only one against the wall, and surprisingly I wasn't. I didn't recognize the boy, but he was gorgeous. His shaggy sandy brown hair fell in his eyes, which were emerald green, and a has covered his head. He had a slender figure and was rather tall. His eyes were piercing through me with his head faced to the ground. I turned bright red and looked away.

About two minutes later, I felt a hand on my shoulder. He bent down to my ear and whispered if I wanted to dance. I nodded my head in agreement as he quickly grabbed my sweaty hand and lead me to the dance floor. Teasing To Please by Cute is What we Aim For was blasting through the speakers and his armed snaked around my waist as my arms wrapped around his neck. I laid my head on his shoulder. It was amazing dancing with...I didn't know his name!

"My name is Patrick Stump, and you would be?"

"Naomi Rhodes."

He smiled; his smile was so pretty. His lips looked so soft and full and kissable. As I was thinking that, he leaned down and pressed them to mine. I felt fireworks go off inside of me. They were soft and full and kissable! I never wanted that moment to end, but sadly he pulled away. The song was coming to an end and I rested my head on his shoulder again. His heart beat was slow and even. I knew mine was rapid and unstable because I was starting to like him. I mean, he did just kiss me. The song finally hit it's last notes, and all of the people there flooded from the small cramped room. It was the last song, so he led me out of there as well, me feeling like one of the giddy preteens.

Without saying another word, he pulled a sharpie out, wrote something on my hand, kissed me again, and disappeared into the dark. As I looked at my hand, I saw seven digits and his name, and smiled. I would be calling Patrick first thing when I woke up in the morning. ***