

Guts

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what are guts? what are they capable of? Simply giving you courage and keeping you alive? or can they do something else?

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1 - Guts

Disclaimer: Me no own DP or nothing. Me only own this story. I m broke other than that,

Thoughts

Talking

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Guts,

*What are guts? Are they the organs inside of you that keep you alive? Are they something that drives people to do certain things like courage? Does everyone have guts? It depends on what you mean by guts. If you mean the organs in your body that keep you alive than yes, every living thing has some kind of guts. If you mean the guts that are basically false courage, than who has them and who doesn t is more questionable. Is that all that all that guts are? Is that all that they do? Keep you alive and strut false*

courage? Or do they do something else?

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Light gray wisps of clouds covered a pale blue sky. Clouds hid the dimming sun most of the time. Rain had been threatening to fall for hours. A light wind ran through the city rustling the trees without effort. This was most likely to be the last of the sun anyone here saw for a while. In the park three figures could be spotted talking underneath the low branches of a tall oak tree. Two teenage boys were laughing at something while a girl the same age was sitting down and scowling at them both. The girl had black hair that reached her shoulders. She was dressed in a black sleeveless tank top with a purple oval in the center. She also wore a black skirt plaid with green lines that reached just above her knees, which were covered with purple tights. On her feet was a pair of large clunky black army boots. On each wrist was a black punk bracelet. Around her neck was a black choker. Her amethyst eyes glared irritably at the two boys cracking up in front of her. Okay guys its not *that* funny! Her voice was steaming. Yes it is! One of the boys responded, clenching his sides while laughing. His messy black hair falling over his closed eyes, which were an icy blue by the way, blocking view of his face. His arms covered the red oval on his white T-shirt. Baggy blue jeans and red and white sneakers completing the look. Next to him practically rolling on the ground was an African American boy wearing a red beret, yellow long sleeve shirt and green cargo pants that reached above his ankles. Brown hiking boots completely hid his legs. Inside one of those pockets was his precious PDA, his most prized possession. His glasses were slightly obscured from tears of heavy laughter. Seriously guys! Stop laughing! It really isn't funny! The girl was getting more and more tense the less they listened to her. Her fists were clenched at her sides, her eyes narrowed. After a while the boy with the hair in his eyes started to calm down. The hysterical laugh reduced to a low chuckle. Her hands unclenched, placing themselves across her chest. She was about to say *thank you* when she noticed the other boy still rolling around on the ground. She gave him a death glare, which got him sitting up, still laughing though not as bad. Are you finished? She asked looking at the two of them. The one boy had stopped laughing and nodded his head, his eyes closed in a gleeful manner, whereas the other brought his face to a calm and serious stare, looked at her and simply said No. Before rolling over on his side and beginning to laugh even harder, the humorous thought charging through his mind over and over again. Okay Tuck, it isn't that funny. The boy said taking a seat beside the girl under the tree. She smiled at him and he returned it happily. After about five more minutes the boy on the ground named Tucker or Tuck for short stood up and took a few deep breaths with a small laugh in between each one. He sat down on a rock in front of his two best friends, Danny Fenton AKA the public ghost enemy number 1 Danny Phantom, and Sam Manson, the gothic ultra-recyclo vegetarian who surprisingly came from a rich family. Her full name as Samantha, but everybody called her Sam, for their own good. Danny sometimes threatened the length of his life by calling her Sammy. Last time he did that he almost got a smack across his face. He didn't care because he took it all as a friendly game. Sam didn't always see it the same way, but when she did, she played along.

Tucker always got a kick out of it. Sometimes he would even ask Danny to call her that just to see her reaction. Hey, I m sorry but come on you gotta admit that was funny! Tucker was just getting over it. His hand was holding his side trying to resolve a cramp he had received from laughing so hard. Sam kept her arms crossed and glared at him. As funny as it was to them, it was on the contrary to her.

Before they had come to the park they had stopped by Sam s house or rather, mansion, to drop off her school stuff. Sam s mom had noticed them come by and, ignoring the boys, began to beg Sam to wear a pink and yellow frilly sundress she had bought. Sam being gothic said no every time. Finally her mom had to break out the secret weapon. It always worked when they were alone. But with her two best friends in the same room, well, it would be almost impossible to fight. Her mother said, Oh please Sammykins! Just try it on and I ll return it. That did it. Sammykins was the one name Sam hated the most. If anyone besides her mother called her that, their head would be off in a matter of seconds regardless of who they were. Sam had blushed furiously as she heard the boys snicker behind her. *They re never gonna let me live this down.* She thought, she had agreed to try it on but wouldn t come down the stairs. Her mother wasn t happy about it, but she knew she had only asked that she try it on. She never said she had to show anyone. After that Sam deliberately began the long humiliating walk to the park. Danny managed to keep quiet until they reached the park; Tucker was bugging her about it the entire time and once they reached the park he was only able to laugh.

Sam s arms remained across her chest. If you tell anyone, She pointed a finger towards Tucker with another death glare to accentuate her point. Tucker had a problem with keeping his mouth shut. He couldn t keep a secret if his life depended on it. Come on Sam, you wouldn t actually Kill me would you? He asked with a gulp. Sam was about to retort that statement when a better idea popped into her head, oh of course not Tucker. I wouldn t kill you. He was about to sigh in relief when she pointed at his pocket and said, I would demolish your PDA. He held the breath and snatched the device and hugged it to its chest. You wouldn t. He asked in a shocked and challenging tone. Danny saw the smirk on her face and copying it replied, I think she would Tuck. Better watch what you say. He wagged a finger at him smiling. Tucker stood up still clinging to his PDA and walked off, mumbling something like *they wouldn t dare* to the device.

Danny and Sam began laughing. I still think its wrong how he thinks of that thing as his baby. Sam smiled. Danny couldn't help but smile too as he agreed.

The two of them just sat there for a while until Sam broke the un-awkward silence by saying, Well, since the human megaphone is gone, (Danny chuckled) there s something I want to show you. She stood up taking his hand and took him with her to the far side of the park. After a minute or so they came across a clod of bushes, Sam led them into the bushes, and up a rather steep hill. She didn't let go of his hand, for fear they might get separated. They had been climbing for about five minutes when Sam said Aha! Here we are. She led him out of the bushes and into a clearing that was occupied by only a tall tree similar to the one they were previously under. About ten feet away was a gorgeous view of the city and even the forest that led out from the park. Wow. Danny simply stared at the view. Sam noticed she was still holding his hand and let go to go sit under the blossoming tree. He followed her over and sat next to her again. Sam, h&how did you find this place? He asked in awe. By total and complete accident. (A/N: and how is she gonna accidentally stumble up a hill? You think of somthin then lemme kno.) I come up here sometimes just to think, or to be alone. You know, kinda just get away for a while. She looked at him from the corner of her eye. He was still staring at the scene in front of them. She smiled and turned to look at it herself. Its beautiful huh? She said. She continued to look forward as he spoke. Yea. He waited a moments before continuing. It s not the most beautiful thing I ve ever seen though. This caused Sam to turn towards him. Well, what is the most beautiful thing you ve ever seen? She asked. *What on earth could be more beautiful than this?* The clouds had cleared temporarily, letting the watercolor sunsets light to peak out in beams, scattering over the panorama, causing it to shine with a magical air about it. Sam had turned her head away after she asked. Staring once again at the setting rays of pink and orange light. When she heard Danny start speaking she looked at him through the corner of her eye. I dunno. He was looking directly at her. But I know it s been around for a long time. There was a sly twinkle in his eyes. Just how long? Exactly? Sam just wanted to know something. Danny thought for a few minutes, About fifteen years or so I think. (A/N: they are all 15 now) He was smiling now. Sam turned towards him for a second. He gave her a little wink. Upon realizing what he probably meant she turned away blushing.

She turned back to him after collecting herself and gave a wry smile. You got a lot of guts saying that. He seemed surprised until he saw the playful glint in her eyes. He returned to smiling again. You could say that. He said. Sam was about to pick up another topic when she heard him mutter something under his breath. More than you I m sure. He was looking up at the mostly gray sky now. Was he challenging her or something? Well whether he was or not, he had caught her interest. So you don't think I have guts? Sam questioned folding her arms across her stomach. His face was shocked. *She heard that? Oh crud.* He thought turning his head towards her. She raised an eyebrow at him waiting for an answer. Suddenly he caught on and so the game of life or death began. (A/N: not literally of course!)

Well, I don't know Sammy, it's not that I think you don't have any. It's more like I don't think you have a lot. That's all. He couldn't help but grin. She seemed taken aback at this and saw that he thought it was a game again. This is gonna be fun! she thought. What did you just call me? She asked in a false-angry tone. What? You don't like that nickname Sam? Okay. He shrugged his shoulders and folded his hands behind his head lying against the tree closing his eyes as if he were getting ready to take a nap. Sam cocked her head at him. *Over so soon? No, Danny never gives up that easily. He must have something up his sleeve. And I have a feeling I'm not gonna like it.* His eyes remained closed. Ya know if ya don't like it I'll stop calling you Sammy. He definitely had an idea brewing in that clueless head of his. He opened an eye to look at her and he finished his sentence. If you want me to& he closed his eye again, Sammykins. She just sat there staring at him for a moment. You better not have just called me that! She said with a bit more real anger in her voice. He opened both his eyes and sat up placing his hands on the ground on either side of him. What? You don't like that either? Sammykins? she looked at her and smiled. No. And you know it! She gave an angry smirk at him. Well I like it. He seemed to think for a moment, Yeah. I think I'll stick to that. He leaned back again as if nothing had changed. So, Sammykins, what do you wanna do now? He was smiling like mad at her reaction. Her face was red with anger and embarrassment. Her eyes narrowed with a miniscule speck of humor in them. The muscles in one arm were constricted at her side as she held it down with the other arm. He sat up so he could call the entire thing off before she lost it. But just as he was going to speak, she seemed to calm down to a more& sincere state? That was weird. Especially for Sam. You know what I have to say to that Danny? She asked almost sweetly, he looked at her, curious. She smiled slyly at him and got up on her knees in front of him. (He's sitting upright away from the tree by the way) He cocked an eyebrow at her in response. YOU ARE DEAD FENTON! (A/N: okay maybe a little literal) she yelled as she jumped at him, throwing her arms around his neck and trapping him beneath her on the ground. All he could do was gawk at her. She was staring at him evilly. He blinked a few times trying to register what was going on. He gave her a nervous smile. Ya don't REALLY mean that do ya Sam? He asked faking a gulp. She seemed to ease a little at what he had resorted to calling her. I might. She winked at him. (A/N: teehee + karma!) He gave a slight chuckle. Hehe, um& any way I can change your mind?

No

You sure?

Yep. Nothing you can do will change that

Not even this? he asked giving her the best puppy dog pout he had. (A/N: You know, big irresistible eyes and the quivering lip thing?) Sam couldn't help but smile. Please don't kill me Sammy? if it didn't go with the pout she would have socked him for using that name on her. You know Danny whining wouldn't suit you if you weren't so good at that look. She giggled as she spoke. He was the only person who could make her giggle. His face went back to normal as he said, Yea I know. He smiled as she let him sit up. She removed her arms from around his neck and sat back still right across from him and only a foot or so away. It was a few minutes before Danny began speaking again. Sam, this basically started when I said you don't have guts right? Sam nodded. And you don't want me calling you Sammy right? he asked. Well, I guess I don't really mind that as much as Sammykins. She blushed. It was humiliating to admit, but it was true. He smiled. Okay. What if I make you a deal? Sam looked up at him in curiosity. Okay. Shoot. She was more to her normal self now. K, how about this. I'll give you two things to do. If you can do at least one of them, than I won't call you Sammykins ever again and I won't tell anyone. Okay. What if I don't do either one? Than you have to let me get away with calling you whatever I want. Okay. You're on. What are my options? Sam crossed her arms smirking as she waited for the gut-necessary things she had to do. (A/N: gut-necessary. I made it up. The computer had no objections.)

Danny thought for a second. Then something clicked in his head. Something Tucker had told him just the other day. Now he had the perfect options. He knew Sam would do at least one of them. He was just scared of which one she would have the most guts to do if not both. He knew which one he wanted. Okay, your options are. He waited a moment for emphasis. She looked at him waiting. You either punch me, She was suddenly afraid of what the other challenge was.

Or, you kiss me. He sounded so sure of himself. Sam knew which one she wanted. But what if she hated her for it? *No. That couldn't happen. He wouldn't have suggested it if he wasn't willing to take the risk of it happening. Being very high actually.* Sam gave him a look saying, *You kidding me? That's nothing!* She smiled and said, Okay, but you have to close your eyes. He seemed surprised but closed his eyes, a basic look on his face. Sam began to crack her knuckles loud enough for him to hear. He suddenly grit his teeth in fear. *Uh oh. I didn't expect this!* She made a sound saluting that she had swung her arm back ready to strike. He gulped. Peak and it'll hurt more. After that he shut his eyes even tighter. She

smiled. Finally she said, Now hold still. Danny closed his mouth calmly as if he didn't care that he was gonna get knocked out by his best friend. A worried look on his face courtesy of his eyebrows.

He heard her arm coming forward. *Here it comes. I was practically asking for it.* He braced himself and got the exact opposite of what he was expecting.

Instead of colliding with his face her arm joined the other around his neck again. *Is she gonna strangle me instead?* Then what happened next nearly made him fall backwards down the hill. After feeling her arms around his neck he felt her lips against his. *She&she&she s kissing me?* His eyes opened in shock at first. Then he closed them again enjoying the moment. He wrapped his arms around her waist. After a couple of minutes she leaned back as they both opened their eyes. They smiled at each other and blushed. I guess that proves you have guts& Danny said showing he had enjoyed it as he did. Do I need to punch you too? Sam asked their arms still around each other. Nah, but there is one other thing I want you to do. He said smiling down at her. And what would that be? She returned his smile. He leaned back a bit more and looked into her lavender eyes, drowning her in his two pools of blue crystal. Tell me what you REALLY feel about me. This had caught her off guard. He noticed and added something else. How about this, I'll tell you how I fell about you first. But only if you promise to tell me the same thing after I do. Knowing he was aware that he was endangering their friendship she agreed. They remained there in each other's hold, vaguely aware of it.

Danny pulled into a hug and whispered in her ear, I love you. She couldn't move. She didn't want to. She wanted to stay like this forever. But she knew that could never happen if she didn't come out and say it now. He didn't move either; he was waiting for her response. He wasn't too frightened of her reply. He even had a pretty good idea of what it was going to be. She wanted to say it so much, but couldn't get it out. Finally she took a deep breath, *just say it!* she tightened her grip on him and said it, I & love you too. it was so quiet she was afraid he didn't hear it, but he did.

He pulled back enough to look into her eyes, once again trapping her in his gaze. She was drowning again. Drowning in those eyes, that apparently weren't that clueless after all. Either that or, *Tucker*. She was gonna slaughter him later. They both smiled and leaned in for another non-fake-out-make-out kiss. (A/N: long hyphenated word,)


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*Maybe guts can do something else other than give you courage and keep you alive. Maybe they can also lead to something wonderful&*

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Meanwhile in the bushes a figure wearing a red beret turned of a video camera concealing his joy. I m never gonna let them live this down, he whispered to himself as he began his silent retreat back home to copy and hide the footage he had gotten, smiling like crazy the entire time.

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*For everyone.*

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The End

A/N: whaddaya think? I dunno what the inspiration for it was but anyhow. I had to add the last part cuz I thought it was ironic and funny. But please tell me if you think otherwise.

I might be working on a sequel one shot for this one by the way explaining what the heck Tucker was doing in the bushes and what he was gonna do with that footage shot and how Danny knew that Sam liked him in the first place (coughtalk-Tucker)

Comment. I m new at this so don t be tooooooooo cold.

Thanks!

