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4-1 Microburst Writing Assignment: Romance Genre

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*First Crush*

I thought my world would end when we moved to Cedar Creek. The people there were not used to change and were not open-minded to things different from their sense of normal.

The alarm broke through the silence, as the clock danced across the nightstand. My arm snaked out from under the comforter to catch it, as it continued to yell at me to get up.

Sliding over the side of the bed, my arm was left to dangle. I groan from the darkness of my hiding spot. I have been dreading this day for weeks.

The day we moved in was like a car wreck on the side of the highway to the locals. They would drive by slowly and watch as we unloaded boxes and furniture from the moving van.

I expect it to be the same when walking down the Cedar Creek High hallway. I threw off the covers, rolled out of bed, and headed to the bathroom.

“Jaime, sweetheart, are you awake?” said my mother through the crack she had made in the door of my room. The toilet flushed loudly, giving her my answer. Quietly I walked back into my room to get dressed.

“Breakfast is on the table,” yelled my father from downstairs.

I looked in the mirror and sighed, “*There’s no turning back now.*” I ran my fingers through my short-cropped blonde hair, leaving it spiked up on top, and headed out the door.

This town was so small that you didn't need a car to get around. My dad bought me a bicycle, and though it would be faster to use it. I didn't want to be known as the dork that rides a bike.

Before I knew it, I was walking up to the front doors of my new school. Kids were coming from all directions, funneling through the double doors like a flowing river.

After getting my class schedule from the senile old secretary in the main office, I wandered down the hall looking for my locker. I was busy putting in my combination, when the roar of the crowd around me went silent.

The sound was so muffled I could hear the footsteps coming down the hall. I turned around, and that was the first time I saw her. She was a stunning, stone-cold beauty.

Her long, curly red hair seemed to fly behind her, floating in a non-existent wind. Her thin yet chiseled body filled out the buttoned-up white shirt that stretched across her ample bosom.

Her skirt was nowhere near her knees, it rode high on her thighs. And those red leather boots lifted her off the ground on the thin high heel.

I blinked my eyes a few times to clear my mind of her beauty, but it didn't work. My heart was beating roughly against my breast, and I was finding it hard to breathe.

She and her two friends, who were just as beautiful in their own ways. Seemed to be strolling while every other student was stuck in their position when the girls stepped in.

I was so mesmerized that I didn't even notice that the girls had stopped before me. “Hey, new kid; you awake in there?” said the redhead as she waved her hand before me.

I snapped reality and found myself staring directly into her sparkling green eyes. *"Oh, my God, please tell me she didn't just see me drooling?"* I thought.

"You're new here, right?" she said to me.

I had lost my voice and didn't know what to say, but I managed to choke out, "Yes, I'm new here."

"Your grandfather was Mr. Avery, right?" said the beautiful red-headed girl before popping her gum and smiling at me.

"Yes," I replied, before dropping my binder. I quickly fell to my knees to pick it up, but she had already beaten me. Our hands brushed together as we both grabbed for the binder.

We were each gripping opposite sides of the binder as we stood up. "My name is Britt," she said with a smile. "I work as a cashier at your grandfather's grocery." My eyes washed over her tan skin.

Following the slight glistening of sweat up her neck to where she was tucking her hair behind her ear. "He was a good man, helped my mom and me after my father died."

"I'm sorry," I said as I crossed my arms over my binder and held it to my chest.

"No worries," she said. "See ya around, new kid." And the three girls walked away.

"I yelled after them, 'My name is Jaime.'" Britt looked over her shoulder and winked, and a warm feeling rose in my spine, and I could hear my heart thudding against my breast.

Later that day, after gym class, I was in the locker room showering; the water was running over my head, masking the noise around me.

My mind started wandering, and all I could think of was Britt. Her eyes glistened when she looks at me. Her skin so smooth and inviting.

Before I knew it, my soapy hands slid over my bare skin. I was so turned on I didn't even realize that everyone had already left the shower.

I thought it was my imagination running wild when I felt the touch of a foreign pair of hands slowly moving up my stomach and cupping my breast. The touch was soft and intimate; I leaned into it with a sigh.

"It's tough when you know your friends and family will never accept you for who you are," came a gentle voice whispering. It's in that moment, I realized that this was not my imagination.

I quickly turned around and stared intensely into Britt's mesmerizing green eyes. Jumping back in shock slamming right into the wall. She stepped forward, and her moist, naked skin pressed against me. Her hands slipped between my fingers as she leaned in close.

"Mr. Avery was the only person who knew my secret and still accepted me for who I was," said Britt as our bodies brushed over each other's.

I had lost my words and kept repeating, "I, I, I..." repeatedly.

"There is no need to be nervous, Jaime," said Britt as she lifted my arms over my head and pinned me to the wall. "It was you who helped me accept who I truly am."

She ran her plump lips along my neck and cheeks. "Your grandfather told me of your bravery when coming out." She tenderly bit my ear lobe, and I closed my eyes in pleasure. "Even though I knew it would be tough to do the same in this town, you inspired me to act upon my feelings."

"You're wonderful," I managed to say.

"And so are you," she replied. "Do you want to kiss me?"

"Yes."

She leaned in, and our lips pressed against each other. It was soft and tender as our lips parted slightly and our tongues mingled.

I had only a few kisses in my life, but this one was by far the most intimate. Hell, the most passionate. Not just the little pecks on the lips I had experienced before.

My inhibitions slowly melted away, and I removed my hands from hers and wrapped my arms around her. The tips of my fingers glided over her back as I pulled her body into mine.

Our kisses became hungered, and our hands were exploring each other's bodies in a great frenzy. As if we both wanted to memorize every inch of one another's skin to remember every tiny nook and crevasse.

Our lips and tongues struggled to maintain our feverish pace. when we heard a noise coming from the other side of the locker room. We both gasped and looked at one another; fright was on both faces.

Britt quickly crossed the shower and stood beneath another nozzle, pretending to be finishing up her shower, when Ms. Johnson came around the corner and saw us.

"You two finish up and get to your next class," she said to both of us. Britt wrapped a towel around me and gave me a big smile before walking away. The water rolled down my body as I melted into myself.

Not long after, I walked into class and took my seat; a tap on my back startled me. One of Britt's friends passed me a note. When I open the letter and saw that it was from Britt. My heart leaped with joy.

It said only one thing, "Meet me tonight at ten outside the grocery."

My heart started pumping like a freight train speeding down the tracks as I looked over my shoulder to see Britt staring at me. I smiled, letting her know that I would meet her. And she smiled back in agreement.

This would be the start of something magical, something I never would have expected when my parents first told me we were moving to Cedar Creek.