# Wasting time

**Story:** Wasting time  
**Storylink:** <http://www.fanfiction.net/s/4555966/1/>  
**Category:** Sonic the Hedgehog  
**Genre:** Romance  
**Author:** cornwallace  
**Authorlink:** <http://www.fanfiction.net/u/251681/>  
**Last updated:** 09/24/2008  
**Words:** 998  
**Rating:** K  
**Status:** Complete, Deleted  
**Content:** Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters  
**Source:** FanFiction.net  
  
**Summary:** The following was initially inspired by a song by the same title, and the story Freckles by Beatrice Lily. Call this an attempt to prove to myself that I can write a wide variety of genres. Even if it comes out terribly. Like this. And it is.

## \*Chapter 1\*: Wasting time

The following was initially inspired by a song by the same title, and the story Freckles by Beatrice Lily.

Call this an attempt to prove to myself that I can write a wide variety of genres. Even if it comes out terribly. Like this. And it is.

You might want to turn back now, before it's too late.

“I think I‘m falling in love.”

Sitting on the side of the bed, my back turned to her as I look back at her naked form over my shoulder. The thin white sheet draped over her legs and stomach. Her breasts exposed, her arms stretched out over her head. No pillow. Eyes closed, chest slowly rising and falling with each breath she takes. The sunlight, filtered by the blinds, runs across her in horizontal lines. Her eye pops open and her head lolls around while she stretches her back, and emits the cutest yawn I’ve ever heard in my life.

She rolls over onto her left side to face me. A smile on her face, she giggles.

“With who?”

Her head resting on her arm. Hand in the air, hanging limply. She stares at me with bright, wide open eyes. Eyelashes darkened with mascara. Wearing only her smeared makeup and the sheet you can see her pink outline right through. I turn away. Look down at the hardwood floors.

“I don’t think you would know her” I say sarcastically.

“Oh?” I feel her readjusting on the bed. Rolling around. “Is she hot?”

“She does okay. A little chubby around the waste line.”

A second of silence, and I’m hit in the back of the head with a pillow. Laugh, and lay back. Head resting on her soft stomach. Close my eyes.

“You’re not in love, Miles”

“How do you know?”

“I’ve been where you are. It’s not love. It’s excitement.”

“You don’t understand” I tell her.

“I do.”

“I’ve never felt this way before.”

“Is that what you told Cream?”

“That’s what Cream told me..”

“And how long did that last?”

“You’re wrong. It isn’t like that. This is different.”

“You’re not in love with me, Miles.”

“I am. I really think I am.”

Turn around, resting my left leg up on the side of the bed, the shin crossed over my right knee. She’s laying on her back, staring up at the back of her outstretched hand. Examining her fingernails.

“In any case,” she says, her hand swooping around and hooking her fingers to get a better, closer look “I’m not in love with you.”

Her words are unintentionally cold. As much as I hate to admit it, they hurt me a bit.

“Ouch”

She giggles again. I look away.

“Don’t take it too hard, honey. It was a mercy fuck.”

I don’t know what to say to that. That was the worst possible thing she could say to me. The butterflies feeling or my serotonin going wild is replaced by the empty feeling I felt before she walked through that door. That same feeling Cream left me with. That same pathetic feeling you get after masturbation sometimes.

I hate myself.

“I’m sorry.”

“For what?”

“I don’t know. I feel like an idiot.”

The bed shakes slightly as her light form crawls over to me. Her nails gently brushing against my back.

“Don’t”

“Why shouldn’t I?”

“You’re confused right now. Fresh out of a bad relationship. It’s completely understandable.”

“I guess..”

Suddenly she’s sitting next to me, kissing my neck and gently running her nails up my back. Sends chills up my spine and it gives me a funny feeling that I can’t kick. I hate these powers she has over me.

Her mouth level with my hear. Her hot, slow breath sending chills all over my body. She whispers to me, telling me it’s okay.

“We all mistake love,” she says “for what it really is.”

“What is it, then?”

“What is what?”

“Love. If you’re so sure this isn’t it, than what is it?”

“It can’t be defined.”

“That’s such a cop-out. If you can’t define it, than how the hell do you expect me to take you seriously on the subject?”

“I guess you can’t.”

“Have you ever been in love?”

She sighs and lays back, flat on the bed.

“Yes.”

“With him?”

“Yes..”

“How do you know it’s love?”

“Because it won’t go away. He’s never even so much as given me a second glance, and the feelings won’t go away.”

“And how do you know mine will?”

“Did you love Cream?”

“I thought she loved me.”

“That isn’t the same thing.”

“I know.”

“You know this is all temporary, right?”

“That’s what I’m afraid of.”

“Don’t be afraid. Just enjoy what we have now.”

“How can I enjoy this moment, when I know I’ll be alone again the next?”

She shushes me and her fingertips lightly graze my back. Hair stands on end. Goosebumps cover my skin. I hate what she does to me.

“Come on,” she says, smiling warmly and grabbing me by the hand, pulling me onto the bed “let’s waste some time.”

Lose myself within her warm embrace, for when I wake up it will be like it never happened.

At least for now, I can be whole. I can accept that, I think.

Until I’m alone again, that is.

dedicated to anyone who reads my work, whether you review it or not

thanks for wasting your time on me. sorry it wasn't better.