

## **Be My Valentine (The Love Square 2)**

**from Glitterrrz!**

**online:**

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# Introduction

I was asked to write more, so this is the continuation of Home School Prom (The Love Square)...  
Valentine's Day is approaching... what could happen?

# Chapter 1

Isobel

I like Oliver, I really do. But only as a friend... I think. No, most definitely as a friend... only. But maybe... You're seventeen and you hardly know him. Hardly know? We've been sitting at the same table for two months! And I've known him before that, too.

"Isobel?" Carly, one of my friends, asks. I point to my mouth--I am chewing! "Well, once you're done chewing, what sort of traditions do you have for Valentine's Day?"

"None, really, except sometimes making cards for my family. And getting some candy," I reply.

"Valentine's Day isn't even for three more weeks," Jill, another of my friends, interjects.

"Hey, at least I didn't ask you two weeks ago," she replies.

"I didn't even know Valentine's Day was so close last year," Sammy, who I'm not super close to but we know each other, adds.

"How long have you been sitting together?" I inquire. Last year I had sat with Marielia, but now we both sit in different places.

"Carly and Jill for four years, Hannah and I for three years, Annie for two years and you since the beginning of this year," Sammy swiftly responds.

"Okay," I say.

Ethan

"Marielia, why do you keep on hiding away? Aren't we friends?" I query. Ever since the prom, we had started to sit together. But lately, she's been going to different spots instead of our usual. I start to doubt whether we are really friends...

"Of course," she smiles pleasantly, "but these days are so crazy... I sometimes want a few minutes to myself and this is the only time I can find, well, time. I'm sorry."

"It's all right. I guess I'll just leave you to it," I sigh.

"Oh, don't be that way. I'll join you soon," she replies. But her heart doesn't seem to be in it.

## Chapter 2

Marielia

I hate to disappoint Ethan, but I also have realized we're just not meant to be good friends. Also, he seems to want to be with me so much. I think he might even have a crush on me. So that's why I can't let him know why I'm here. I thought I'd made the right choice, but my heart really wasn't in it.

2:58 P.M.

I escape to the back before Ethan finds me. I know that Oliver had been distracted during Spanish and I think it's because of Isobel. He likes her. Suddenly, I hear a guitar start to strum. I walk a little closer and see a grand view of hills and valleys, pine and mossy green. Isobel is standing there, playing the song "Teardrops On My Guitar." I start to hum along with the song and see Isobel waving me over. She sings the chorus, and I decide to join when she sings "The only thing that keeps me wishing on a wishing star."

I like Isobel, I truly do.

But she is the girl in the song, and Oliver is "the only thing that keeps me wishing on a wishing star."

Oliver

"You were distracted a couple weeks ago in Spanish," David, one of my friends, announces.

"I know, I know, I'm trying not to be this week," I answer.

"But you are distracted," Zack probes. "Why?"

"Next subject!" I call, "how have your classes been?"

"Oh, you're not changing the subject," David warns. I smack my forehead. These guys never give up!

I do not want to talk about Isobel. Period. She doesn't like me, I think.

"What distracts Oliver..." Zack wonders aloud. I give in.

"Fine! It's Isobel!" I exclaim.

"The girl you went to prom with?" David inquires. Zack nods emphatically.

"I know. He likes her," he guesses.

"Eh, don't worry, Oliver. You'll get over it," David assures me.

"But she's just... so... so... so her, she's just... I don't know! But I think that..." the words burst from me, suddenly.

"How long have you felt like this?" David queries.

"Since the beginning of the year," I say.

"Well, Oliver, I do believe that you are in love!" David declares.

## Chapter 3

Ethan

It's Valentine's Day, and I have a plan that will hopefully restore Marielia and I's friendship. There's a table where you can put cards on for other people, and I have a card for her. In it, I wrote what is probably a bad poem, but I hope that it's enough for her. I'm sure she'll want to be friends again. Maybe she'll even want to be something more than friends.

Isobel

At lunch, I take a look at the table. I see a card with the name Isobel on it in swirly letters. I pick it up, walk to a bench and open it.

Dear Isobel

I hope you like chocolate.

Meet me where I asked you to prom.

There are five chocolate hearts inside, four red and one silver wrapped.

I don't know when Oliver means, but I assume it's around this time so I go to the place, my place which is becoming less mine and more everybody's hideout and see him standing there.

"I hoped you would come," he says.

"I don't know why I wouldn't," I reply. He holds out his hand, and I hesitate for a second before taking it.

We're suddenly close.

Way too close.

And he's suddenly leaning in.

And we're suddenly almost--almost--

I'm terrified.

I'm not ready.

I break his embrace and sprint away.

# Chapter 4

THE END...

NOT!