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Creative Writing

Alexis

Alexis peered around the corner and stared intently at the counseling group that began to gather ahead. What was she doing here? Her olive skin deepened with embarrassment as some students walked past her. She hoped they didn't know where she was going. Alexis had just turned seventeen but her newly dyed red hair made her look twenty-two and her Brazilian nationality definitely did not help with improving her innocence. She hated coming here. She couldn't relate to these people about anything but the underlying topic and she definitely didn't want to. They weren't her friends. These were the friends the court and her parents thought she should have. She told her parents it would be a waste of money but it's not like they could actually waste their ever-replenishing funds. "Welcome to the world of the elite and troubled," Alexis thought.

Brandon

Brandon's eyes caught the long red hair peering from behind the south wall towards the counseling group for raped women. There was Alexis again. She did this every week -- stood behind the south wall debating before she ended up leaving anyway. He knew he could always look forward to seeing her here. She was so beautiful that her story seemed to almost taint her. Her olive skin was in direct contrast with her new red hair but everything looked good on her. Her full breasts and round bottom told stories no senior in high school would or even should know

and her full quivering lips were always begging to be kissed. She used to be perfect. Used to be. Brandon couldn't get over what happened to her and now, seeing her every week as she walks to support group only made it worse. This wasn't who Alexis was supposed to be. She was pretty, rich and popular and hadn't a care in the world. Now she had every problem in the world. "Welcome to the world of the elite and troubled," Brandon mumbled.