

JUST BECAUSE... I LOVE YOU

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Just because he loves her

"I love you"

She finally whispered...

...Words unspoken for so many years, finally out in
the open.

... It was shame,
It was too late now.

Two seconds ago, he had been on cloud nine.

They were barefoot on the grass, as he held her nearer than he ever had, heart
beating loud, hoping she wouldn't hear it over their laughter.

She was... radiant.

The way her eyes wrinkled as she gingleled, the way her smile showed that
normally hidden dimple, the way she floated in his arms and just... existed.

She was a sight to be seen, with a laugh to be heard and fragrance that would
drive any man mad.

And that...

That was the moment,
the song written moment,

the one they would tell their children,
and repeat to their grandchildren.

A moment that for one second made him believe in forever,
think in their forever,
and worse, think it was his to have.

Then it was broken, because of a barely audible mumble in his chest where she had been resting her head after the previous energetic song had finally ended and the laughter had stopped.

He could have been selfish, he could have said it back, he could have pretended he had never seen that letter.

But he loved her too much, he wanted her to be the best version of herself he knew she could be.

She had so much to see, so much to do, so much to be.

But he knew that if gave in,
if he told her the truth,
she would give it all up.

And she had never been meant to stay in this small town like he had been.

She was meant to be seen, meant to be heard and meant to go so much farther than stay stuck in this town with him,

So he couldn't say it back, because she was a ride or die and he had chosen to let her ride while his heart died.

He might not be able to be selfish just because he loved her, but he was allowed to be petty just one last time.

Just because she loves him

“I love you”

He heard it...

...It was no more than a murmur,

but he heard it all the same,
... Because he always did,
Because he always had.

It was two seconds later and she was still smiling.

She just couldn't stop smiling.

Not even when he was crushing her heart,
shattering it to pieces

Because...

She was in his arms,
listening to his heartbeat,
just loving every second of it.

Because...

Everything had been just so perfect,
the moment, the scenery, the music,
just everything.

Because...

Maybe that had been the problem.
The perfection of everything, the calm before the storm.
That she had been just oh-so-happy.

Because...

Maybe the world had always had a thing for breaking her heart,
for destroying her inside out,
just to leave her miserable once again.

Because...

She had thought he felt same,
that he had also loved her for years.
And that thought hadn't been,
just this time

Because...

Maybe he had,
maybe he hadn't.

But now it no longer mattered, because it was clear that now all she was and all she would ever be was...

“Just a friend”

So, she smiled, hugged him and spent the night chatting and laughing like her heart hadn’t just died.

Because she is just a friend.

They no longer danced.

Because just friends don’t slow dance.

Their eyes no longer shined with awe and wonder at the other.

Because just friends don’t look at each other like that.

And everything just...

Felt wrong,...

Was wrong.

Because they weren’t just friends, because they both knew that they could never be just anything, because they were far too much to only ever be just.

**Because they never just loved each other,
They just did that because they love each other**

Hours later, in the comfort of her room, with tears sliding down her rosy cheeks and the most heartbreaking smile she could muster, her hands gripped her only hope.

An opened envelope, that held inside the dream of millions of students worldwide: an acceptance letter to an Ivy League.

An unique opportunity.

And now her only escape.

Another acceptance letter lay crumbled on her floor, the one she truly would've wanted to accept.

Because even if it wasn't the best education she could get, it would have made her the happiest.

Because he would have been with her,
because he made her happy.

Because that would have meant that the world was wrong and they weren't meant for tragedy.

But...

...the world had always had a thing for breaking her heart...

...and she should have known it already.

So..

...that night, while she cried herself to sleep, like never before, hands gripping the letter close to her heart and eyes swollen into puffy red bags...

...she let her heart break for the last time.