

Thing

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Haven't posted anything in ~6 months, just had to get something off my chest.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/romance-/thing.aspx>

Adrian Gabardo

It's been long since I last wrote to you, but its times like these, when my thoughts are so scrambled that I can't think straight, that I need to pick up the pen and put these feelings down somewhere.

It's been a long year, very much useless and very eventful. I could tell you all about it, how I've cared less and less about my well-being, about my own self, how I can't keep a relationship going for more than a couple of months, or how much closer I'm getting to true adulthood, but I'll keep it "simple" and only talk about what really matters, Jenna.

I've been lonely, very lonely indeed... my days are filled with the routine of sitting in a chair and wasting my time on things that will in no way help my life. My evenings have been full of contemplation about how I got nothing and no one by my side, how far away from home I am and how farther and farther away I am from my true self...

But there is one thought that keeps reverberating in my small mind, the thought of her beautiful green crystal eyes, her smooth slightly curly hair.

There's so much to tell you, so many stories of all the things we do, of the way my heart pounds quickly every time I think of her brightening smile shining into my eyes, so much time spent together and so many things my memory will never let me forget.

I guess I could start from day one... my stupid self managed to rip his arm open on the first day in the new school while running around like a fool... I guess I should have cleaned myself right away, but I decided to go to class instead, where the teacher told two girls to guide me to the toilet in that big scary new place I had found myself at. As I look down, I find a beautiful smiling girl looking up at me, sitting next to her best friend. Of course, I would have a crush on the beautiful, outgoing, popular girl who helped me meet basically everyone in school, but that didn't last very long, unlike my friendship with the girl sitting next to her would, as that is how I met Jenna, and so we've been friends ever since.

No reason to lie, I can tell you she was very unnoticeable at first, and even though it's different now, at that time the only way you'd be able to pay attention to that shy girl would be by actually knowing her and realising her impressive personality and uplifting character, which took me a while to notice... I cannot stress enough how stupid and idiotic I was, being a little more privileged now.

I guess it took an entire year of small talk and short questions such as "how are you?" before I finally spent some time talking only to her and finally taking true interest in what happened in her daily life, but once I did, there's no way I can make you fully understand how that was the best decision in my life.

Those ten minutes of useless chatter soon became hours of lively humorous talk; those emotionless questions finally turned into worried checking ups, and bits by bits, she became the closest person in my life.

Definitely, you're done listening to how great she is, so maybe I should just tell you about the best

night in my life. Lizotte's. Biggest performance in my musical year, the most nervous day I can possibly have, but this time it was also an opportunity to invite her for dinner and spend some decent time with that beauty. I remember every second of the night, from the moment we met outside the restaurant. Where I felt the happiest I had ever been, just for being there, where I saw her and had to make sure my jaw didn't drop, as I could never, in a million years imagine such a stunning woman. Her body, a perfect mix of curves and gentle bumps, her face, the perfect set up for beauty products that I wonder if any other woman is capable of reproducing such result and her dress, Oh, her beautiful black dress displayed just enough skin and beauty in just the right places whereas her curly brunette hair dyed with purpled ends was just an eclectic set of gorgeous.

But that's enough description; otherwise, my perverted thoughts might take over this little memoir that is meant to be a set of happy memories and with the purpose to enlighten my current situation. I remember much more about that night, not just her figure, but the sweet talks we had, her small kicks to my leg, trying to keep me from going insane for the thoughts in my head. Also, I should note the best part of my night, all the little moments where she put her tiny cute hand over my monstrous one, smiling at me while at it and telling me "calm down, you'll do great." To be honest, that's all I needed to have enough confidence to go up on the stage that night. I felt invincible; I felt loved, and I felt wonderful.

I should not tell you this, as I feel stupid just for thinking about it, but sometimes I imagine someone hurting that charming little creature... of course that is the moment I feel my entire body burning from the inside out, I feel the urge to punch something as hard as possible until my hand brakes, I feel as if I should hug her and protect her from anything that may ever come her way, taking any risks I need to, just to make her feel safe. Too bad I was the one to hurt her after all.