

To have loved and lost...

By ToLoveAndLoss

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This was written two years ago, when I was in a very dark place...

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I am broken. But that's okay, I got over it a long time ago. Some times I even wonder if I was born this way, and then I remember, I wasn't fully smashed to pieces until about a year ago. But it's getting better and I'm moving on. Only there's a big dark cloud hovering over me, and it's like no matter how hard the wind blows it won't go away. And I haven't seen the sun in the longest time, I'm beginning to wonder if it's even still there. So, in an attempt to get rid of said black cloud, I'm going to tell you, in full detail some things that happened to me, that I have been too scared to say out loud to anyone. Jason was a boy I met when I was about 13 years old. He moved to my high school and we became inseparable after about a week of knowing one another. I was soon welcomed into his family, which contained his two brothers and two sisters. I had been living the past 13 years with just me and my mom, so it was nice to be welcomed into such a big group. I remember his mom would call me sweetie and would sometimes even refer to me as her daughter in law, though me and Jason never had a romantic relationship. we would play for endless hours under the old willow tree that was right at the bottom of the garden, but to get to it first, we would play leap frog over the paving stones. On summer nights we would spend them sleeping under the stars on his big front garden, laughing about the world, we were too naive to know about. By the time I had turned 15 I was hopelessly in love with this blue eyed, blond haired boy and wanted nothing more than to be held by him, to be loved by him. I wanted him more than anything I had ever wanted before. I fought with myself for hours on whether to tell him how I felt or whether I should keep it to myself, because my hopeless fantasies would be much better than any reality. But my arguing stopped when we turned 16. When he told me he was in love. With Ryan. To some people it was hardly a shock when he came out. everyone knew he was a little different and would rather spend his time doing anything but boys' activities. But this shattered my heart into a million tiny pieces. I never let anyone know this though. I kept my head strong and kept myself together. I then later hooked up with a guy called Tobey. I fell in love, but not the same extent I was with Jason. I lost my virginity to Tobey in his old wooden tree house and it was one of the best nights of my life. I stayed with Tobey for three years, but when we turned 20 he asked me to marry him. And I knew it wouldn't be fair, when I was still so in love with Jason, so I turned him down. We broke up that night. And if you are reading this Tobey, I hope you met an amazing girl and had the life of your dreams. And I am so sorry for hurting you. At the same time I didn't get married, Jason

did. He and his boyfriend Ryan decided to have a civil partnership, and I was asked to be the maid of honor. I did this gladly, happy to be involved so much in the happiest day of his life. But I still couldn't find it in me not to hate Ryan for giving him everything I couldn't. You may think me a silly, jealous little girl, but have you ever been so in love, you would kill just to hold them? I stood by their side and watched him say 'I do', so proud of the man he had become. The man I was so in love with. When we turned 25, he asked me to be a surrogate for their baby. I again agreed, so happy to be part of his life, with such an important role to play. On May 31st, I gave birth to a healthy baby girl, which they named Lilly after me. I was over the moon, glad I got to be such an important part in all of their lives. Silly, I know. And then when we were 26, Jason died. He caught an aggressive cancer, and passed away, but not before making me promise to him to live. He told me to make sure I got all the hopes and dreams I ever wanted, and told me that he had always loved me. He said I was like the little sister he never had, and even though it was not the same love it was enough. Enough for forever. He told me to make sure I met a great guy who would love and respect me the way he had always wanted to. The way he said he would have, if he were straight. I went to bed that night, and dreamed about the life we could have had together. We would have been married, with children and we could have been so happy. I woke up and I cried, for what was and what might have been. And then I began to smile. And then laugh. Because I remembered the saying that Jason always used to say to me. "Don't cry because it's over. Smile because it happened." And even though it never happened exactly as I wanted it, it did none the less. And for that I can only thank you, Jason. At his funeral, I had to stand over his coffin and read a poem. "I never got a chance to say goodbye And now when I think of you all I do is cry You left a message upon my heart One with which I shall never part The things you taught me the world will never know And now thanks to you I can finally grow You taught me strength, you taught me courage You taught me love and gave me knowledge You made me smile when the tears poured down You helped me to turn my life around We hurt each other it is true But for the rest of my life I will always love you" And here I am, sat alone in a bar drunken in my sorrow, when a guy walks by and sits next to me. I take one look at him and I'm in shock. Because, Jason, he looks so much like you. The same blond hair, the same blue eyes. I'm about to faint when he looks at me and says, "You look like you could use a drink." I nod and smile and ask his name. "Jay," he replies. I ask if it's short for Jason and he says yes. I smile and nearly cry. "But for the rest of my life I will always love you." And Jason, I promise you I will. But maybe this new Jason will be somebody who can love me back. Anyway, I have your promises to keep...