~ Note ~

 The story you’re going to read below is not a true story. Therefore, you’re not going to benefit from attempts to figure out what’s lying between the lines.

 I appreciate your cooperation in this matter.

Enjoy Reading ☺

Confessions

 **I love you.**

 **I burst out. Shocked at myself. I never expected to say this to a boy. To feel that way even. Especially towards him. Because he’s my best friend, and always was. But, I couldn’t let him leave just like that. I had to do something, and confessing my love to him, seemed a good way to make him stay.**

 **He sounded puzzled. Obviously, he didn’t expect that either. He kept staring at me with his gorgeous, unbelieving eyes, as though it’s the first time he ever sees me.**

 **What?!**

 **He asked incomprehensibly.**

 **I said I love you**.

 **I murmured. Looking down, hiding my blush.**

 **Then we just stood there, for what seemed like a lifetime. Him staring at me, me staring at the ground embarrassingly. I was extremely curious to know what he’s thinking about.**

 **I wanted to read his mind as much as I need to breathe. I thought maybe he was cursing the fate for making a girl like me fall in love with a guy like him. Probably he was wishing he never knew me before, so he wouldn’t be in this awkward situation right now. Or perhaps hopping that he didn’t come to tell** **me he’s leaving. Therefore, he wouldn’t be feeling pity for me, and to have to change his mind about leaving.**

 **A sudden wave of guilt washed over me, and I wished the ground would break apart and swallow me. That might make it better for both of us. I should’ve let him leave.** ***Selfish, selfish, selfish,*** **I thought to myself. That was really selfish of me to say it now, after all this time that I could’ve said this in, that was more than selfish of me.**

 **Suddenly, he threw his long arms around me, hugging me so tightly, making it impossible for me to breathe. I wondered what was wrong with him, why was he acting like that, like I’m the world’s bestest person, and like I’m really his favourite person on Earth.**

 **What is it?**  **I asked** **Are you alright?**

 **But he ignored my questions, and said:**

 **I love you, too, Scarlette. Always have, and always will.**

 **Once again, I had that feeling of wanting to read his mind, to see if he was serious. To know what he’s really thinking about, so I wouldn’t do or say anything dumb. I stared into his marvellous, amber cat-like eyes, looking for any trace of humor, any evidence of joke, to finally realize that he’s hundred percent serious, with not the least bit of mockery.**

 **So I threw my arms around his neck, hugging him tightly in my turn, as if keeping him from going.**