

Most Wanted Love by Lexi Chapter 12

Andrew's POV (AL)

The next day wasn't that enthusiastic. I woke up at 7, Edward was already awake, and his daughter was sleeping peacefully. Actually, he told me that his wife had gone to her family for two-three days. She would be returning today itself.

"So, you're telling me that you hired people and bribed Antonio to spread the fake news of your death just so that girl can forget you?" Edward asked while sipping his tea.

"Well.. yes," I said.

"You really don't know what is love, do you?" he asked me.

"Less than you, I'm sure," I said.

"She doesn't believe that you're dead," he said.

"What?" I asked.

"I'm sure she doesn't," he said. "Of course if only she loved you" he added.

"Of course she did!" I said.

"Then your plan is a complete failure," he said and kept the cup down.

"But.. I did everything. I can't return to that world, Ed. I love her but that's what is keeping me away from her. If anything I can ever give her is pain and that's what I never want to, even if that means staying away from her. I wrote a fake note, I made fake calls, just to make her feel that I'm not good and that she should forget about me, or at least hate me, so that if one day I forget that my return would hurt her and if one day I return to her being a selfish one, then she will push me away herself" I said.

"Listen, Andrew," he said. "It's not the way you think, to be honest, it's totally the other way round"

"Means?" I asked.

"She needs you and you need her. You're hurting her" he said and got up and left the room.

Am I hurting you, Ivy? But that's the only way I have. If I stay with you, you may even lose your life. I'm sorry Ivy, you fell for the wrong person.

It's been 1 PM. I had nothing to do, I always keep on thinking about what she might be doing, how was she? Is she sad.. or maybe she is happy that I'm gone? Or maybe she must be finding me or maybe she had already lost hope... Maybe she believes the news of my death or maybe she still believes that I was alive?? Maybe she continued her life or maybe she took a break because of the

great disaster like myself came and went out like a storm? Or maybe she really started hating me and moved on or maybe she was still waiting for me to come and tell her that it's all a dream?

If I were you, Ivy, I'd.. I'd die. And that's what I fear. It's all on Antonio.

The last thing I had with me the promise we made to our mother. So, Antonio will make sure you're ok.

I called Antonio.

"Hey, bro," he said.

"Please take care of Ivy"

"She moved on from you," he said. I closed my eyes and tear escaped my eyes.

So easily?

"T-That's good," I said.

"I know how it feels like, Andrew and that's what you deserved for what you did with Sophie," he said and I threw my phone in frustration.

When will that leave me!?!?

I don't understand what was my fault for what happened? Am I really that undeserving for everything around me?

The phone switched off because it broke. I moved back to my room. Edward came inside.

"Was it my fault?" I asked slowly.

"Of course," he said.

I nodded my head.

"I can't live like this. I can't, I'm a human!!" I yelled and went on the road. The truck was coming and it hit me. I laid on the street and that's when I blacked out.

Edward's POV

"Was it my fault?" Andrew asked me as I entered the room. I thought he was talking about Ivy, so I answered, "Of course" but suddenly he lost his temper and yelled. He ran out of the house and stood in the middle of the road. Suddenly a truck came and hit him hard. I couldn't understand anything and I took him to the hospital. Luckily, Lilly had returned from her visit and she can look after our daughter now. After a quick check on him in the emergency room, the nurse told me something which made me totally tensed.

"It seems difficult to save him. We're trying our best, but he's severely injured"

Edward's POV

I called Antonio.

"Huh? Who's this?" he said.

Oh yeah, we haven't talked in years.

"Edward," I said.

"Edw- oh Eddie! How do you remember me today?" he said.

"Send Ivy here," I said.

"Why the hell will I do that?"

"Antonio, Andrew... He... He got in an accident" I said.

"Yea- wait. What?"

"He needs Ivy," I said.

"What? How? How did he get into that?"

"I know you don't care and I know you aren't interested. So just send her girl here"

"I thought he needed her to go away?" he said.

"He may n-not live," I said.

"What? What the hell!"

"Do this. At least do one thing for your brother" I said and ended the call.

Please, Andrew just hold on. Once Ivy comes, I know you'll survive.

For her.

Because that's love.

Ivy's POV

I had locked myself in this room from the day I heard about him being shot.

I don't believe it.

HE'S alive.

I can feel it.

I can feel him.

I can feel us.

You aren't leaving that easily, AL.

I'll bring you back.

You push me away, then I'll come to you.

If one day I can't come, you have to come.

I know you aren't dead. You're alive. I know you loved me. I know it wasn't fake. I know you fucking risked your life for me. I know you love me and I love you too.

Just one more time.

One more chance.

Give me one more chance.

I laid in my bed with tears dried, I haven't left the room. My father tried his best to get me out of the room, every time I said I needed time. He even broke the door once, I ran away from home then.

I need some time.

To trust my instincts.

To trust that he's alive.

And he loved me.

My father also believes that he's dead.

But no he's not.

He can't.

He's my hero.

Our story can't end before being started.

No, just can't.

Suddenly my phone started ringing. I ignored it as always.

But it rang again.

And again.

I picked it up.

“I’m bus-”

“AL is alive” that voice caught my attention.

He was my... kidnapper?

“What?” I asked.

“AL is alive and is in Russia. I can take you there” He said and the call ended.

I can take you there?

Am I so foolish to go with my kidnapper?

But what life are you living Ivy?

Isn’t it better to die?

Either he is lying, that means you’ll die.

Or he isn’t lying, it means you’ll get your AL.

You’ve risked many things for me, I can also, AL.

I got up from the bed and left the house. My father asked me and I told him I’m going to work.

I left the place and went to the nearest park. I messaged that number my location and in three minutes, a car arrived.

The person sitting inside was the kidnapper himself.

I remember his name... J.

“Sit on the back seat,” he said to me through the window. I nodded and sat on the seat as he started driving. We reached the airport and then headed toward Russia.

I reached Russia. He left me in front of a hospital saying that I will have to meet a man in front of Ward Number 761. His name would be Edward. I hurried my way to the hospital and found a man.

I went to him and he looked at me with confusion.

“Are you Edward?” I asked him. He nodded.

“And you?” he asked.

I didn’t feel that he was dangerous.

“Ivy,” I said.

“Andrew- I mean AL... Do you know him?” he asked.

“AL? Yes! Yes! Where is he..?” I asked suddenly crying.

“Inside,” he said. As I was about to go. He stopped me.

“Ivy. You need to know something” he said. I looked at him.

“He... He is not in a good state. Support him, mentally and emotionally. You can save him, only you” and with that, he left. I was crying, but mental support means I have to be stable.

I went inside.

How handsome. I have never seen his face but I can definitely feel him.

I sat beside him and took his hand.

“Now. I’m here, you’ll be fine” I said.

Ivy’s POV

I sat beside him.

“You’ll be fine, for now, I’m here,” I said. He didn’t react, he was still unconscious. It’s been three days, sitting beside him. He doesn’t even open his eyes, let alone talk to me.

Doctors say that he is in a coma. He has no chance to wake anytime soon.

I don’t believe them.

I don’t trust them.

I know he’ll come back; and that too very soon.

He loves me, right?

That means he should come back when I ask him to. So why are you still lying numb? Why are you not talking? What’s missing?

“I love you... Andrew” I said before going out, as my usual routine. I met Edward sitting there. He looked at me with hope, when I just nodded in a no, silently.

“So, you wanna hear it now?” he asked me.

“Yes,” I said as we went out to the garden.

“Antonio or I should say the one who you know as J, he is AL or Andrew’s brother, and I’m the third brother,” he said.

“Wait. So, you’re telling me that Andrew’s brother kidnapped me?”

“Yes”

“And that they are enemies?”

“uh.. yes”

“And that you chose to quit the crime world when they didn’t?”

“Yes”

“Okay..” I said.

So much information...

His own brother was trying to kill him? Andrew, you’re so surprising. He was your own brother, you’re fighting with. Why are he and you so different? You’re good, then why is he bad?

“And, I guess.. something you should know about,” he said.

“Hm?”

“There was this girl, Sophia,” he said.

“Who?”

“Sophia,” he said. “Never bring his topic in front of him ever,” he said.

“What happened to her? Who’s she?” I asked.

“I can’t tell you much, I don’t know the reality,” he said. “But she is responsible for whatever we three are today,” he said.

Oh my, that gave me goosebumps.

“Oh,” I said, hiding the shock evident on my face.

Who could she be?

“Now you should go,” he said. I went back to Andrew.

It’s been a month.

Yes, A Fucking month.

He is lying on the bed as he has nothing to do with the world. I’m here like a maniac, when the doctors are saying.. you know what?

“We Don’t Have Hope”

Just go and rot your 'no hope' in hell. I know he's gonna live. He will live. He will come back. I'm warning you Andrew if you won't come back soon, I'm gonna beat the crap out of you!

"Ivy, come on.." my father spoke.

After everything happened, my father finally came to know I went here. I was treated with a serious scolding, but after knowing everything, he let me stay here, but on the condition, he will stay here too.

And that I will do whatever he says, as I've become way too careless.

And much more!!

Whatever, I will always be thankful that he understood me.

"No dad," I said.

"come on. He.. he must not like you like this" he said.

Oh yeah. I haven't slept for weeks. How does that matter? You! Andrew, it's all your fault! Just come back already...

"Today you have to sleep or I will drug you into sleeping" this time it was Edward.

Oh actually, we have become quite friends in the last days. He comes to visit us once in a while.

"You're not in the crime world, right?" I asked.

"Drugs are available to everyone," he said. "Don't force us to use that. Please sleep" he said.

"How can I sleep, Edward, just how? He is lying here unconscious. He won't wake up. How can I sleep? I won't get peace. I won't get sleep"

"I'm sure he would want you to sleep," he said.

"Now get up already!!" my dad yelled. I got up and went to the couch in front of the room.

"Not here!" he yelled.

"Please," I said. He hesitated but accepted, anyway. I tried to close my eyes. Slowly sleep engulfed me. And I met the most beautiful person.

Andrew.

He came into my dreams.

"Take care, Ivy. You know what I need. Your peace and your love. I'll be back, take care of yourself. I love you" and with that, I woke up.

"Wake up, it's already 7 A. M.," they said.

7 AM?

I thought that the dream just started???

Was he really there or just my imagination?

What happened just now!?

“Just I will definitely bring you back, Andrew. I will be fine, and you HAVE to come back, It’s my promise!” I promised.

Nobody’s POV

Sometimes, we have to go through the worst, to get what we love. Or I should say mostly, we have to go through the worst.

Leaving the past behind is the most difficult task anyone could ever do. And that’s what Ivy tried to do. Moving on never meant to be over AL. It was moving over surrendering her to the darkness. She woke up. She woke up from that day.

Andrew wasn’t living, but he lived in her dreams. Every day, he used to come in her dreams, telling her to start a new day with new hope.

As for him, she was the bravest girl one could ever come across.

Apart from everything, she held herself together. She started gathering clues, shreds of evidence to prove AL’s innocence. That was the least she can do for him. And she was ready, ready to face everything.

Every evening, she came back to Andrew, talked to him about the day, told him how much she missed him, and of course, told him that she loves him.

In her dreams, he comes back and tells her how much he misses her and how much he loves her.

She didn’t come to know if it was an illusion or did he really use to come in her dreams. But she believed in him. She believed in love.

She didn’t lose hope in the last six months.

She was on the way back to the hospital when she received a call.

“Miss Ivy, Patient in ward number 761 has gained consciousness”

Ivy’s POV

I ran all the way towards the hospital. I was so happy that the tears of happiness automatically came running down my cheeks. Edward was standing on the door.

“Go inside, Ivy, you should meet him first,” he said. I smiled at his generosity, wiped my tears, and went inside.

He was still laying with his eyes open, staring at the ceiling.

“Andrew..” I said. His eyes snapped in my direction. Slowly his lips broke into a small smile, that became the most beautiful and biggest smile.

“Ivy,” he said. “Is it you?”

“Yes, it is me, Andrew,” I said and went closer to him, now sitting on the floor of his bed’s side. “You’re back... you’re back, Andrew!”

“I wasn’t dead?” he asked. I shook my head and kept his hand on my heart. “It would’ve stopped if you were”

“It’s going fast..” he said. “And faster”

“Because you are here,” I said. “The one who makes it beat”

“uh-uh” we heard coughing and he removed his hand. “Well, this is a hospital room, okay?” Ed said as he came inside.

“Yeah, just got with the flow,” I said and he looked at Andrew. They both shared a smile. “Welcome back, man!” Ed said.

“Thanks, man. I know you both did a lot of work” he said.

“And actually, him too,” I said as my dad stepped inside. All the colors drained from Andrew’s face.

Andrew’s POV

There walked in her dad. HER DAD HATES ME. I’m dead, I’m really dead.

“Hey, A. L.” he spoke exaggerating at the name.

“H-hi S-sir,” I said sitting and looked at Ivy for an explanation.

“Actually, my dad helped a lot in taking care of you,” she said. I looked at him and swallowed the lump in my throat.

“I don’t hate you Andrew,” he said. “Ivy told me everything you did for her”

I smiled. “Really!?” I asked.

“Just look at the most wanted criminal smiling and being all childish at just his fiancés’ father’s words!” Ed commented.

“Fiancé!?” We all three snapped at him.

“Oh, come on, don’t tell me, Andrew, you don’t love her and don’t want to be her husband, and don’t tell me that Ivy doesn’t want to be his wife and don’t tell me sir that you’re now gonna separate them like some villain!”

“Okay, that’s true” we both again said in a unison.

“Okay, I then would TRY not to come in between,” her dad said.

“Please dad, you aren’t doing this” Ivy said.

“Oh Ivy, I need time to think about this,” he said. “And you, Andrew, you have to leave all this criminal world if you want to be hers”

“I will leave everything for her, sir!!” I said.

“That we will see” and with that Ed and her dad left, but the nurse came.

“Is he having some strange post-amnesia or any traumatic symptoms?” she asked checking the files in her hand.

“NO, he’s perfect,” Ivy said.

“Okay” and the nurse left.

“Andrew..” she said. She looked at me.

“Sorry,” I said. “Sorry, sorry for everything, Ivy. You know I didn’t mean an-”

“I know Andrew, I know it all. I never believed any word because I know that you love me and that you were true to me all along”

“Oh god Ivy you’re making my heart crazy for you,” I said. She smiled.

“Well, mine already is,” she said and got up. “Not get ready to leave this place”

“Okay..” I said and got up. She smiled at me again and then we went to the receptionist and completed all the formalities.

Ivy’s POV

“You aren’t wearing this!” my dad said as I chose another dress for my wedding. Yes, my wedding.

“But dad, this one is just perfect!” I replied back.

“Oh look, Ivy, this is good,” my dad said picking another dress.

“Whatever,” I said. He isn’t gonna listen to me anyway.

“Haha just kidding. Take that one” he said pointing at the one I chose earlier. I smiled and took the one I liked.

We returned back home and then I went to my room and found Andrew there.

“Hey,” I said.

“Hi” I replied.

“So, have you chosen the dress?” he asked.

“Yup” I showed him the dress. He smiled. “The dress is lucky”

“Haha,” I said. “Well, I wanna tell you something serious”

“Hm speak”

“Antonio.. he helped us in your recovery,” I told. He looked extremely shocked for a few moments, but then returned to normal.

“Why wouldn’t you talk to him?” I asked.

“Just I can’t”

“You could go and make everything fine, and then you both will-”

“I said no!!” he yelled. I stepped back.

“o-ok,” I said.

He stood up and came near me, and pulled me in a hug.

“Ivy, I-I can’t tell you some things,” he said.

“You trust me?” I asked. He hummed. “Then tell me everything”

