

Waiting

Waiting

Tristin

I shouldn't have. Yet, I couldn't help but come to her room in the middle of the night.

But, she was not here.

So, I waited. I sat on the chair in the corner and stared at her perfectly made bed as I tried to come up with something I should say to her.

'I fell in love with you.' She said to me, and I couldn't hear anything more.

I could only stare at her, watch her mouth move, her eyes sparkle under the sunlight. I knew I loved her too, and she was important to me.

But I didn't realize how important she was until she uttered those words.

After hearing her tell me that she was falling in love with me, the guilt grew, threatening to swallow me as a whole.

I gave her a week to come to a decision, and she never once reached me. But now, I can not wait.

I want to tell her that I am sorry, that I didn't mean to stay silent when she said she loved me. It was just that...

My mind went numb.

Waiting

It felt like I was in a dream, and I didn't want to speak up. I was scared she would disappear if I just opened my mouth or moved.

So many things to tell her, yet she is nowhere to be seen.

As the sun starts to rise in the sky, I am forced to grab my phone and call the Butler. He says that she didn't leave the Villa.

Then, where is she?

Is she hiding from me?

She can't possibly be with Mom for the whole night?

Frustrated and on the edge, I make my way back to my room. The moment I open the door, darkness greets me and I come to a stop in the doorway.

The darkness is not surprising. It's the light fragrance of flowers that makes me stop dead in my tracks.

My heart misses a beat as I step inside, and close the door without making a sound. My gaze roams my room until I narrow my eyes on the small bundle on my bed.

For some moments, I find myself unable to move from my spot. I rest my back against the door and stare at her curled-up body.

She looks so small and vulnerable as she shivers because of the cold.

She is supposed to be angry. She should scream at me, and tell me that she will never forgive me.

Waiting

But here she is, sleeping in my bed without a care in the world.

Was she waiting for me like I was waiting for her?

My heartbeat picks its speed as I finally manage to peel my back off the door and approach her. Her face is turned away, her hair covering it from my view, but she is mumbling something under her breath.

I grab the blanket and pull it over her, before turning on the heat in the room.

Now...what?

Will she be angry if I slip in beside her?

I wonder for a moment.

After everything, one more thing to get angry at won't mean much, right?

Silently, I slip under the blanket behind her and pull her body into mine unconsciously. I only realize what I am doing when she turns in my arms and melts right into my body, snuggling in as if she recognizes me even in her sleep.

"I...am...tired." She mumbles in my neck, her soft breaths hitting my skin.

I swallow, wrapping my arms around her cold frame, trying to transfer some warmth. Was she trying to catch a cold?

A frown settles between my brows and before I realize it, I am already

Waiting

planting small kisses on her head.

"Tri...Tristin, you jerk." She smacks her lips, before rubbing her freezing nose on my neck.

My lips twitch, a smile threatening to spill. How can I find this amusing?

She definitely came here to fight and ended up falling asleep while she was waiting for me.

Running on instinct, I press another kiss to the side of her head, a kiss to her forehead, to her hair again. My hand runs up and down her back gently.

This feels right...

For the past week, I couldn't sleep because I impatiently waited for her to call me. And now, I can't sleep because I want to live in this peaceful moment for a long time.

But this still feels right...

She makes me feel normal, like I am only Tristin, like I can be myself and it will be enough for her.

"I...love you too." I murmur, unable to stop myself from kissing her head again.

She grumbles, wrapping her cold arm around my torso. I stiffen, scared that she will wake up and slip out of my arms. So, I go silent and just hold her.

Waiting

Maybe when she wakes up, I should tell her what I didn't do until now.

I am sorry, Grace.

But will a sorry be enough for her?

I don't want her to think that I will continue to do this in the future,
continue to hurt her only to say a mere sorry to make up for it.

People used to do this to her before. I don't want to be a part of that
fucked group. That's why I couldn't bring myself to do it...

So I must come up with a way to show her that my sorry means I
won't repeat the same mistake again. It will not become a habit but a
thing of the past.

After she told me she loves me, there is no way I am letting her go.

ENJOYING THE BOOK?

Give it a rating to show your support!



Not interesting at all

Very interesting