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Inhaltsangabe

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Vorwort

Inhaltsverzeichnis

1. Untitled

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I can feel your hands on my chest, cold. Cold as ice. Still, your touch seems to burn me, seems to leave marks behind on my skin, blazing red, only visible for you and me. You can't hear my gasps for breath, you don't notice my attempts to push you away. I want you, desire you, desire you more than I desire anything else in this world. I love you! But can't you see that we don't have a future? That there's not chance for us?

“Bella-“

“Shhh...”

Your finger touches my lips, symbolising me to finish speaking, to trust you, to allow myself to fall. You'd catch me, anytime. You'd never forgive yourself if I got hurt.

“Bella, please... We can't-“

“Do you trust me, Cissy?”

“Of course I do.”

You take my hand, pull me close to you, closer than before. Your smile takes my breath away, your eyes are like an ocean, making me drown every time I look into them. I don't want you to let me go again, never want this moment to end. In your arms, I feel safe.

“You're so beautiful,” you whisper into my ear, your lips barely touching my skin. You don't see that it is you, that you are beautiful, more beautiful than words could ever express.

“I'm not.”

“You're a fairy, Cissy. So beautiful, so fragile. My little fairy...”

I always envied you for your looks. Your long, black hair, your thick curls, wild and unpredictable, just like yourself, your wide, dark eyes, expressing your everlasting readiness for battle. You're a warrior, a fighter, have always been strong. Probably the strongest of us all.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too, Bella.”

I love you, adore you, desire you. But I'm afraid. Your hands caress my cheek, gently, lovingly. You look at me, your eyes glistening as you play with a strand of my hair, so different to yours. Blonde, straight. How disparate we are, always have been. Like fire and ice, ebony and ivory. Black and white.

“There is no need to be afraid, Cissy...”

You always had a feeling for my emotions. Always knew when I was afraid, when I was sad, always knew how to comfort me. You are the only one I entrust myself to, will always be. Without you, I'd be lost, without you, my world would fall apart. You're all I have, my comfort, my hold, my love. Why is it I'm afraid, then? Why is it, I am afraid of falling when it doesn't feel like falling?

“You know I could never hurt you, don't you?”

“Of course I do.”

Your lips touch mine, softly, gently. I close my eyes, allowing it to happen, but then turn my head, away, away from you, for only a second.

“Trust me,” you whisper, as I lay my head against your chest, as you carefully brush away my tears. Of course I trust you. I’ve always trusted you, blindly, with my life and even more. But I’m afraid, so afraid... Afraid of you leaving me, of waking up to find you gone. Of this moment to end...

“Promise me something, Bella.”

“Anything.”

“Promise that you’ll never leave me.”

“Never.”

I wrap my arms around your neck; want to hold you forever, to never let you go again. You’re my everything. I don’t know if, without you, I’d have survived growing up in this family, I don’t know if, without you, I’d have been able to cope. To handle my life, the responsibility of being who I am. You were always there for me, more than anybody else ever was, you always gave me hold, comfort. Losing you would break me, irreparably, even the bare thought seems to drive me sheer insane.

“I swear to you, Cissy, I will never leave you. We’ll always be together. Always.”

“As long as we live?”

“Even longer.”

As long as we live. As long as we live and even longer. Longer... I’ve always been afraid of dying, never had the ability to talk and think about decease as easily as you. But you seem to be able to still all my fears, even the one of death. Your palms touch my forehead as you let your fingers slide through my hair, your eyes are firmly resting on mine. I can feel your desire, just like I can feel my own, but I can’t give in to you, I just can’t...

“Cissy...”

“I’m so sorry, Bella.”

I close my eyes, quickly bite my lip as I feel tears roll down my cheek again. I don’t want you to see me cry, not in a moment like this. Shouldn’t I be happy? Shouldn’t I be happier than ever, now that I’m lying in your arms, safe, free of worries and fears?

“What is it, Cissy?”

“Nothing. I’m all right.”

“You’re not.”

Of course I’m not. I’m not all right, but what is it, bothering me? What is it, making me want to scream, to cry, what is it, overshadowing this entire night? I wish I knew, I wish I could tell you, wish I could forget...

“Forget about control,” you whisper into my ear, smiling at me, your beautiful, wide smile that I will never forget, that will always calm me down. “Just fall, allow yourself to fall, Cissy. You know I will always catch you.”

You’ll always catch me. Always, I know that there is nothing to be afraid of, nothing to fear. You are mine and I am yours, forever and even longer, will always be yours, will always be there for you, whenever you want me, whenever you need me. Again you brush away my tears, again you pull me into your arms, close and even closer.

“Am I dreaming, Bella? Is it all a dream?”

“You’re not dreaming. It’s real.”

Again your fingers touch my lips, again they tell me to be quiet, to forget about my thoughts. Finally I let go, of all my fears, all my worries. Finally falling. I let my hand slide under your blouse, touch your belly, feel my skin against yours, feel your lips against my neck. I love you, more than anything else, more than I love myself. You’re mine, and I am yours. Our hearts beat together, always have, and will forever.