

The lock clicked. Light from the hallway briefly shined inside. He called out, "Hey, I'm home! You ready for dinner?"

"... Anna?"

I felt his voice, his warm, sweet voice, wrap around my heart and clench tight, choking out another sob that I tried to bury in the pillow.

The room breathed gently as he entered. His hand hovered around the light switch before he decided against it.

*Good. I don't want him to see this. To see me.*

"Hey Anna, what's wrong? Did something happen when you went to the party?"

*I went. And I came. That's what's wrong.*

"It's okay, I'm here now. I'm here."

*But I'm not. I'm out there, remembering every detail.*

"... Anna?"

I breathed in slowly in one more pitiful attempt to calm myself. "Yeah, hey honey." A couple more sobs escaped me. *What do I say, what lie do I tell him?* "I just.. felt really lonely at the party." *Kinda true.* "Nobody was paying attention to me." *Not true.* "So I just left. Alone." *Jesus fucking Christ, fuck me, did I really just say that I left alone.* I glanced away, anywhere so I didn't have to see his face as I lied to him.

I closed my eyes, and an image rushed into my thoughts. His eyes were a strong, deep blue, his smile confident. I felt the ghost of the firm pull of his hands on my hips and of his charm on my loneliness, and my body pushed forward.

I touched something with my lips, the present interrupting the dream as I opened my eyes. He was there, watching me with those warm, brown eyes and that soft, caring smile.

"It's okay, I'm here, you're not alone. You have me," he whispered to me as he kissed away the tears, gentle as always. I closed my eyes.. and all I could see was me, swimming in that deep cerulean blue-

I snapped – *What is wrong with me??*

He pulled me in and kissed my forehead before tilting my head back up. "I love you, don't you forget that."

*I did forget. I forgot all about you, and that's why we're here now.. Did I choose to forget?* I closed my eyes to drown everything out, the shame and the embarrassment, but instead I drowned myself again in blue-

“Did you hear me? I love you.”

*He'll help me. He's always been here for me, he's always been so good to me.* I pulled at his shirt by his collarbone and pressed myself to him, my lips on his as I whispered, “I love you too”, taking him in with all my senses, eyes wide open, using him to drown out the blue.

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Additional question for r/DestructiveReaders:

So the above piece is written from the first person view of a young woman named Anna. Do you think she's written well, or does she come across as a woman written by a man? Alternatively, do you think she is poorly written, but for different reasons?

Thanks for reading! I hope you liked it =)