

Not-So Bittersweet

On Valentine's Day, both of you decided to get each of yourselves a pint-sized tub of yogurt filled with a variety of toppings from that expensive Korean yogurt with an aesthetic storefront. The sun is prickly on your skin, but the air is cold as it sweeps past you gently, reminding you that summer days are nearing.

However, a gentleman in a three-piece suit offered to pay for said yogurt with a wink, and you could not refuse a free food opportunity. You sense that he only drew himself close to you after you thanked that gentleman, then quickly left the store. From the periphery of your eyes, you can see his gaze is fixated on you. Only you, and not even the nice-looking man.

For the record, all that you cared about was the yogurt you two will be devouring together, and not the person that made it possible, but you fear it might not go well with him.

"Leaving me for someone you just met on the streets?" He lifts an eyebrow at you playfully.

Cautiously, you decide to go through whatever he is thinking. "Yeah," you reply thoughtfully after the yogurt melts deliciously on your tongue. "There is what we call 'love at first sight.'"

He shakes his head while fighting through a smile that he hides with a smirk. "I see that you gave that stranger a second glance."

You follow the direction he is leading you at, then roll your eyes. "If you say so, he might be a hotshot lawyer that can question me all day on the witness stand, then treat me to a scandalous one-night stand," you say with a lascivious wink at him.

He frowns in disgust. "What if he was a preacher?"

As you laugh together, he realizes his stomach did not sink into the darkness that used to gnaw his insides. Finally, the war is over with his overthinking tendencies, trying to puzzle you out whether you truly love him or are in just for the thrill. He has spent days thinking about all the people that held their hand out for you, and those who will hold out theirs in the future. Would you or will you have taken them?

Now, he feels that his demons lay rest from their torment over him. If he could, he would have ordered them to dance the tango with their demons. Both of you are strolling aimlessly, not caring if you have been passing through the wrong roads that do not lead to home. He is there, and that is all that you care about.

For some reason you could not figure out, he does not ask where you were both supposed to be going in the first place. This is because he will follow you to the ends of the earth if you do so. If you just tell him, he will go up to the heavens and shake the pearly gates for you so a

nondenominational genderless deity will absolve you from all your sins. He is at your beck and call, and he can do everything you ask for that no one can do as well.

You do not have to say a word, and neither does he, but your smile leaves every fiber of his being entranced. He knows for a fact that you hold his heart in the palm of your hand, while his mind runs a hundred miles and another about you.

It seemed like an eternity that both of you were staring at each other in silent agreement, but it was almost immediately that you both turned in the other direction.

He smiles as you continue babbling happily about the new coffee and pastries shop that just opened a few streets down from your house. You could have anyone at your side at this very moment, smiling the same way he is. But, no one would listen to your thoughts the same way he can. No matter the topic, or sometimes it does not make sense, he will still listen to you like a podcast.

He is your best friend, the best out of all the ones out there. From all of your darkness, he remains right beside you, never letting you go until you tell him to.

“Hey,” he calls unto you softly. His heart is beating wildly in his chest as if it is running a marathon.

You hum in response as you turn to him. First, with your head, then fully to make a small twirl that he finds so endearing.

“He’ll never love you the way I can,” he says. You know he is not referring exclusively to that nice-looking man in the nice suit, but to anyone that will have the privilege of meeting you. “There might be people who try to be with you in a relationship, but I’m the one for you.”

Suddenly, the world tunes out inaudibly into the background like white noise. The traffic behind you is still buzzing with cars awaiting the green light, the pedestrians around you taking long strides while avoiding hitting people—but you did not pay attention to any of those.

“I know,” you breathe out immediately.

As a response, he holds out his hand, which you take with a firm grip like it is meant to be.

He just knows that no one can love you the way he does.