
THE RESULTS OF TOMORROW
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"To love and be loved is to feel the sun
from both sides."
-David Viscott

First and Last Love

"I'll love you forever!" She screamed across the quad as everyone stopped and stared. Well, let's just get this straight, this isn't a happy love story, it's the saddest one there's ever been. Dahlia was just a person with the life no one ever wanted, although a lot of people wanted her. She had medium black hair that faded into blonde, many piercings, the face that many people dreamed of having, and she was in high school. She was asked out many times, but her eyes were on one person, Dylan. He was around Dahlia's height, he was a few months older, and had brown hair. No matter how hard Dahlia tried, he never loved her back. She had abusive parents that hated her more than anything in this world. Now you know the basics, just remember, I warned you.

"Girl, you need to give up," said Tasha, Dahlia's best friend.

" Yeah I should, but it's too hard. For the past eight years, he is the only person I've ever wanted, ever needed," replied Dahlia.

"You sound cringe," Evie, her other bestie, said while staring at her phone.

" Leave her alone, let's go home Dal" Adelynn, another bestie, replied.

"Alright," Dahlia said as she started walking to her house with Adelynn.

When Adelynn left, Dahlia thought about how much her life sucked. *Another day of hell, how fun,* she thought. She slowly walked in through the door when a shoe was thrown at her. Luckily she dodged it.

"WHERE WERE YOU, YOU'RE TEN MINUTES LATE!" Screamed her mom.

"THERE ARE DISHES IN THE SINK GO CLEAN THEM!" Yelled her dad as he slapped her harshly.

Dahlia fell on the floor, as tears streamed down her face. She quickly got up and cleaned the dishes before running into her room and bursting into tears.

"What did I do to deserve this!" She sobbed.

She cried herself to sleep. She couldn't bear it anymore. All the bruises and marks all over her from the abuse, her only medicine was seeing Dylan, even if he didn't want to see her.

When she woke up the next morning, she hurriedly ran to school so she didn't have to face her parents. The moment she walked in, she saw Dylan.

"Dylan!" Shouted Dahlia. "Hey, do you wanna hang out after school?"

"How many times have I told you, I don't like you, leave me alone." He replied with a slight tone of frustration.

"No, I just wanna hang out as friends," She said as she held his arm.

"NO, LEAVE ME THE HECK ALONE!" He shouted as he jerked his arm away from her.

Tears welled up in her eyes, but she was used to it, she didn't let them escape, she wouldn't, not in front of Dylan.

"Well I guess right now is not a good time," Dahlia said as she walked away.

"Bro you need to stop being so harsh," Dylan's friend, Isaac, said.

"Then you tell her to stop annoying me," Dylan replied, rolling his eyes.

"Give me one good reason," Isaac said.

"Why the heck should I, just do it" Dylan reluctantly replied.

Dahlia sat down on the bench and put her airpods in to listen to music. *He's being such an I-* her thoughts were interrupted when Emma came up and said, " How many times have I told you to stop sulking over that loser, he's got such a huge head and ego, what the heck do you see in him?"

"I don't know, we used to be best friends, guess that's what made me like him," Dahlia said sadly.

Dahlia and Dylan used to be best friends back in elementary school, but when she confessed in middle school, he ignored her. She tried so hard to talk to him but he didn't want to see her. Then from there, this happened.

"What do I do?" She sobbed.

"Girl what'd she just tell you to do," Said Tasha out of nowhere.

"Shut up, leave me alone for now," Dahlia said as she resumed the song.

After five periods, it finally came to the sixth period with Dylan, which was obviously her favorite period. When she walked in, Dylan was already seated. When he saw her, he rolled his eyes. She sat next to him.

"Hey!" Dahlia said enthusiastically.

"Shut up, you're just my partner, I don't have to talk to you," replied Dylan.

"Alright class, I will group you with your partners for the project," said the teacher.

God, I hope he will be my partner. Oh my god! I would explode with joy if that happened! Dahlia thought.

" Alright we have Emma and Emily, Linh and Raynen, Evie and Bryden, Tasha and Kyle, Landon and Ava, and lastly we have Dylan and Dahlia," said the teacher, reading off the list.

"WHAT, NO!" shouted Dylan at the same time as Dahlia shouted," HECK YEAH!

The Sad Truth Revealed

"What do you mean by 'heck yeah,' huh?" questioned Dylan with a death glare.

"Well, um, nothing really," Dahlia spoke.

"Miss, I want a different partner," asked Dylan.

"Don't be so stubborn Mr. Le, you and Ms. Kim will be great partners," the teacher implied.

Dahlia was so happy that she was partnered with Dylan but on the other hand, Dylan seemed so angry. *What did I do to make him hate me so much, he used to love me so much, a kiss on the cheek everyday after school, now it's an insult everyday after school,* Dahlia thought.

After class Dahlia ran up to Dylan.

" Where do you want to meet after school for the project?" Dahlia asked.

"I'm going to your house after school," Dylan replied shortly.

Oh no! Dylan's gonna see my horrible family, what do I do, thought Dahlia.

"Wait, can't we go to yo-" Dahlia was cut off.

"WHAT I SAID IS FINAL!" Dylan yelled.

Dahlia nodded and walked quietly with Dylan to her house. When she opened the door her mom yelled," You're finally here, do the laundry!"

"Oho, who is this?"

"Um this is my frie-" Dahlia was cut off once more.

"I DON'T CARE DO THE LAUNDRY!" her mom yelled as she slapped her.

Dylan just stood there watching silently. His eyes had widened for a second but then he just brushed his brown bangs out of his eyes. He couldn't *even care,* Dahlia thought.

"Okay," Dahlia said as she walked to the laundry room.

"You go upstairs," Dahlia's mom said to Dylan.

When Dahlia was done with the laundry her mom grabbed her wrist harshly and pulled Dahlia towards her.

"Listen to me you brat, if that kid is rich make sure you take some money and give it to us or I won't hesitate to make you black and blue," whispered her mom.

Dahlia couldn't believe what a gold digger her mother was. She really expected her to take money from Dylan. She would rather be black and blue than be a gold digger. Dahlia immediately ran upstairs only to be faced with the dark gaze of Dylan.

"Let's start working," Dylan spoke coldly.

Wow, he didn't even feel the slightest bit of sympathy, Dahlia thought as she scoffed.

"Alright, let's go, the project was about the map of Asia right," said Dahlia.

"Wow, do you even pay attention in class," Dylan said, rolling his eyes.

They spent three hours creating the most detailed map they could make of Asia. It had physical features that were made from clay and flags marking cities and countries.

"Alright, I'm going home, I don't want to be near you anymore," Dylan said.

"Wait before you go, can you at least tell me why you hate me so much, please," Dahlia spoke with teary eyes.

"You want it simply?" Dylan said.

Dahlia nodded.

"You're annoying and a stuck up, complete brat!" Dylan criticized and left.

Dahlia fell on the floor and started crying and crying until her father yelled from downstairs.

"GET DOWN HERE YOU BRAT!"

"Yes father," She replied wiping her tears.

"Did you get any money, if so hand it over right now," He said

"I'm sorry, but this was a project we weren't talking about anything like that," Dahlia sniffled.

Now they were mad. They started continuously beating her. Kicking, whipping, punching, and slapping until they were satisfied.

"NEVER DISOBEY US, LISTEN OR WE WILL DO MUCH WORSE!" yelled her mother.

"I'm s-"

"SHUT UP, WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR YOUR ANNOYING VOICE!" screamed her father.

They walked to their room, while Dahlia dragged herself to the kitchen to get ointment and bandages. *They threw away the first aid kit! How much worse can they be!* Dahlia thought.

She pulled herself to her room. It was extremely difficult, her parents had gone too far this time, she could barely walk. Her whole body was aching. She wanted to leave but she couldn't. This was just the beginning of her living hell.

School Trip

Dahlia woke up the next morning, her whole body aching. She was dreading the walk to school. She wouldn't be able to do it. She got up and dragged herself to the bathroom and changed. She covered all her visible bruises before leaving. She always has breakfast at school because she doesn't want to be near her parents.

When she finally reached school, she realized none of her friends were there except Isaac, but she barely talked to him. She limped over to him.

"Hey Isaac," she softly spoke.

"Oh, hey Dal, why are you limping?" replied Isaac.

No one knew about her abusive parents except Dylan, who just figured it out the day before.

"Oh, um, I was running the other day and pulled something in my leg," she hastily replied.

"Hey, do you know the slips for the New York trip are coming out today?" he asked.

"They are?"

"Yeah, they told us last week. Did Dylan say anything rude to you yesterday during your project?"

"Um, I can't recall"

"Why are you lying?" a voice said from behind. It was Dylan

"W-what do you mean?" she stuttered.

"Wow, you really are dumb," he replied.

"Stop annoying her," Isaac said."

"Fine, only if she leaves," Dylan replied.

Dahlia walked away and left the two of them there. She was used to it, but it still hurt. When it came to the sixth period.

"Okay, everyone I will pass out the slips for the eleventh grade trip to New York," the teacher spoke.

The teacher gave out the permission slips to all the students and started going over them.

"We were not able to go on the trip for the last two years, so we had money saved up. Now you don't have to pay, everything is completely free!" The teacher beamed.

Oh my god! Two weeks with Dylan! Life couldn't get better! Dahlia thought. She took a glance at Dylan who was staring at her deeply. He was watching her for so long that it actually scared her.

"Um, do you need something?" she asked.

"Why do you have so many bruises?" he questioned looking her up and down.

"I just, um, fell?" she said hesitantly.

"How far did they go this time?" he asked.

Dahlia's eyes widened,"What do you mean?"

"I've known all along what they do, your parents I mean." Dylan said.

"What, how?" she said, shocked.

"Since we were kids, you were always crying in the park with bruises all over you, I was watching you," he said emotionless.

"Um, well-"

"You should go on the trip, you'll be away from them for two weeks," he interrupted.

Dahlia was shocked. He had never been this nice to her in a long time. Maybe somewhere deep down, he was a good person, who actually liked her.

"Do you think they'll let me?"

"It's free, and they're eager to get rid of you, I mean who isn't"

Dahlia scoffed. *There's the side.*

"I know what you're thinking, I'm a great person somewhere deep inside who actually likes you, but let me tell you, I couldn't care less about you."

"I know, it's just a hope," she smiled at him.

What the heck, why did I just feel butterflies all of a sudden, maybe it was the gross school food. Dylan thought as he side eyed Dahlia curiously.

When the class ended, Dahlia walked home clutching the permission slip in her hand.

"Father, mother," she called when she entered the house.

"What do you want, brat!" they shouted in unison.

"Can I please get permission to go to the New York trip, it's completely free, and for two weeks," she said frightened.

"Two weeks all alone, and it's free? Give me that slip," her mother grabbed the slip and signed it.

"Now get out of our sight," her father spoke.

"Thank you," she spoke.

Yes! Me and Dylan for two whole weeks! No parents, oh my god I could never be happier! Dahlia thought. *Fun starts next week!*

The Start of Longed for Fun

One week had finally passed. Dahlia was so happy she couldn't stop talking about it with her friends.

"Guys, guys guess what happens to-" Dahlia was interrupted.

"We know!" they shouted in unison.

"Wow, you just interrupted me," Dahlia said dramatically.

"Oh my god, we didn't know," Kristina said sarcastically.

"Yeah, we thought you were done," Tasha rolled her eyes.

Dahlia scoffed. They all walked together with their suitcases to the bus. Dahlia was a little too excited, which increased when she saw Dylan.

"Oh my god! There's Dylan!" she said while shaking Evie.

"Girl, let me go," Evie yelled.

They were all getting their assigned seats when the teacher said something that made Dahlia's head shoot up. "Dahlia and Dylan, you two have plane seats and bus seats together, please go find a seat," the teacher said with her eyes on the paper.

Yay! Dahlia thought. She looked at Dylan, who was staring at her again. For some reason she is always catching Dylan looking at her, whenever she looks at him, he looks away. Her thoughts were interrupted when she heard her classmate, Landon, talk to her.

"Hey Dahlia, can we talk," he asked nervously.

"Yeah sure," she said hesitantly.

Landon was kind of weird, that's why she didn't want to talk with him. She looked at Dylan, he looked angry. She ignored it and turned to Landon.

"Dahlia, I like you, will you be my girlfriend?" he hesitated.

Bro just straight up said it. She thought.

"No, she won't," a voice said. It was Dylan. Dahlia stared up with her jaw hanging open.

"Keep your mouth shut, there are flies," he glared.

"Who are you to say that?" Landon shot him a death glare.

"Why does that matter to you?" Dylan spoke coldly.

"Are you her boyfriend?' Landon asked.

Dahlia's head shot up, and she took a glance at Dylan, who looked really mad.

"You know what, I am!" Dylan said.

"Prove it!" Landon shot back as he shoved Dylan.

Dylan grabbed Dahlia and kissed her. Dahlia's eyes widened. She couldn't believe it. He was kissing her when Landon grabbed him and yanked him away from Dahlia.

"You know what, forget it!" Landon yelled as he stormed away.

"W-why'd you do that," Dahlia stuttered.

"He was making you uncomfortable, even a toddler could tell that, I helped you. Just remember this doesn't change anything, I still hate you. You owe me," he said as he walked towards the bus.

I can't believe it! But how come I'm not happy about it? I should be screaming in joy right now, but why? Dahlia thought to herself. She followed after Dylan and they found a good seat in the back of the bus.

She put her airpods in and started listening to her favorite song, boytoy. When the bus started moving, she took out her notebook and started thinking about what to draw. She turned to Dylan and said, "Hey, can I draw you please?"

"Fine, only if you give one of your airpods, I left mine at home," he asked.

She hesitated because she didn't want him to hear what she was listening to, but she really wanted to draw him, so she took one airpod out of her ear and gave it to him.

"Thanks," he spoke softly, putting in the airpod.

She started drawing him. Dahlia had been drawing since she was a child. It was her get away from all the world's problems.

Dylan made a weird face as he asked,obviously disgusted," Why do you listen to this?"

"It's good!" she replied and continued.

"Whatever you say," Dylan said as he relaxed in his seat.

When she finished the drawing she put her notebook back and by then they were already at the airport. They all walked to their flight. When they finally boarded the plane and got to their seats, Dylan spoke again,"Can I have your other airpod again?"

" I thought you hated my music?" Dahlia said as she handed him the airpod and started to draw again.

"Well I need some music," he said, putting the airpod in.

This time she drew a bouquet of flowers. When she finished the outline she felt something heavy on her shoulder. When she looked she saw that it was Dylan's head. She was surprised and was about to tell him to move his head, but he was already asleep. Dahlia decided to just fall asleep with him. She rested her head on his and drifted off to her favorite place, dreamland.

The Height

Dahlia woke up when the plane hit turbulence. She took a glance at Dylan but he was still asleep. She looked across the aisle and saw Tasha still awake watching a movie on her phone.

"Tasha!" Dahlia whispered.

"What?" she whispered back

"Look, he's asleep on my shoulder!" she excitedly whispered.

"I know I took a picture," she replied.

"Do you know where Melissa is?" Dahlia asked.

"Behind you," Dahlia heard Melissa's voice say.

"Oh, hey!" Dahlia exclaimed.

"I gotta finish my movie, I'll talk to you later," Melissa said.

"Alright," Dahlia said as she turned around she was surprised to see the phone in Dylan's hand. It used to be in her hand. Then she realized the song that was playing was in her *I <3 Dylan* playlist. *Oh my god! The playlist was different. Did he change it to this playlist! Oh no what do I do! I'll just ignore it, yeah.* Dahlia frantically thought. The song that was playing couldn't just be ignored. Dahlia closed her eyes and rested her head again on Dylan's to try and fall asleep. *His head is like a pillow, what the heck!* Dahlia thought in a calm state. It took a while but she eventually did fall asleep, forgetting everything that was going on in her life. The plane wasn't going to land for another two hours.

When the plane landed an announcement came on telling everyone to gather their belongings, that was when Dylan finally woke up and realized his head was on Dahlia's shoulder. *Since when was my head on her? Did she notice? You idiot! She obviously noticed, she's awake!* Dylan thought.

Dahlia and Dylan didn't say a word to each other and just grabbed their stuff to get off the plane.

"Ah, beautiful New York!" Melissa said.

"Shut up, you sound like a freak," Kristina said.

"Hey! Dahlia tell her to stop talking to me. I'm trying to listen to TXT's new song in peace," Melissa said, rolling her eyes.

"Kristina, stop annoying her!" Dahlia said.

"Fine, I'll be back," Kristina spoke. Melissa scoffed.

"Stop fighting!" Tasha shouted.

"Alright class, we're first going to the hotel to drop our stuff, then we go to the Lady of Liberty," the teacher said.

"Yes ma'am," they all said in unison.

They all walked to the hotel together. The hotel wasn't very far. It was just a little down the road from the station they were at.

When they entered the hotel the employees in the lobby greeted them.

"Hi, I just made a reservation the week before for 50 people," the teacher said to the person at the desk.

"Alright, is your name Park Amy?" the receptionist asked.

"Yes."

"Alright, here are the key cards," the receptionist said as she handed the teacher twenty-five key cards.

"Thank you," the teacher turned to the class," Everybody, your roommates are the partners you had on the plane and bus."

Dylan and Dahlia were expecting this. They were always grouped together, it was like Ms.Park secretly shipped them together. They walked together to their room with the key card.

"Hey, um, I'm sorry for falling asleep on your shoulder in the plane," Dylan said.

"It's fine, I also fell asleep on your head after that," Dahlia calmly replied recalling the events from the plane.

"You did?"

"Yeah"

The rest of the walk was awkward. Dylan tried to look down while Dahlia tried to look up. She wasn't paying attention and bumped into a guy. She fell on top of him. Dylan's eyes widened.

"Hey, are you okay?" The guy asked.

"Yeah, I'm-" Her eyes widened when she saw how handsome he was," f-fine, I'm fine."

"Hey, you're really pretty, what's your name, I'm Sean," he asked.

"I'm Dahlia," she replied blushing.

"I hate to interrupt, but we need to get to our hotel room," Dylan interrupted.

"Oh, sorry, I'll see you around," he winked.

They put their stuff in their room and boarded the bus to get to the Lady of Liberty.

When they got their Dahlia started whining. "I don't want to walk all the way up there!"

"Well deal with it," Dylan said.

After the long walk to the top it was worth it. The view was breathtaking.

"That was actually worth it," she said.

"Will you just shut up," Dylan said.

"Are you perhaps jealous of that guy in the hotel?" Dahlia spoke, raising her eyebrow.

"What, me, jealous, no," Dylan shortly replied. Dahlia noticed the slight blush on his face.

"Mmhmm," Dahlia didn't believe him. She may have been correct.

Can't Sleep

The view was beautiful, but it was starting to get dark. They loaded the boats with students, then they loaded the buses when they got off. They all walked through the lobby to their hotel rooms when Ms.Park shouted,"Y'all better go straight to sleep!"

Dahlia and Dylan walked to their room silently. The room wasn't that big. It had two beds, but they were in one room. It had one bathroom and a mini fridge.

"Which bed do you want?" Dahlia asked.

"That one," Dylan said as he pointed to the right bed.

"Alright," Dahlia said and walked to the bathroom with her clothes.

She changed into her pajamas and walked to her bed. She started to scroll through tiktok when Dylan came out of the bathroom.

"Go to sleep," he said.

"Nope!"She said her eyes were still on her phone.

Dylan scoffed and layed down. He shut his eyes but he couldn't sleep until he finally drifted off to sleep after about an hour. He woke up to a loud noise. He checked the clock and saw that it was two in the morning. He checked and saw that Dahlia was still awake. She was scrolling through tiktok.

"Hey, why are you still awake?" he asked, rubbing his eyes.

"I can't sleep, I tried, but I can't," she said, putting down her phone.

"Well try again! I wanna sleep too but your phone is so loud!" he exclaimed.

"How is it my fault I can't sleep?" she said," I can't sleep without hugging my old plushie!"

"You're such a child," he replied.

"It's the one you gave me back in middle school, it's so soft, I'm just used to sleeping with it!"

"Oh my god you're so weird! You still have that thing!"

"Shut up! I love that 'thing' so much!"

"Well then I don't know how to help you!"

"Did I ask for your help?"

"Well are you just gonna go not sleeping for two weeks? So I think you need my help."

I have an idea but I don't think she'll agree. She won't be able to sleep for two weeks if she doesn't agree. Dylan thought.

"Hey, just sleep next to me then," Dylan said.

"W-what?" she stuttered.

"Are you deaf?"

“No.”

“Then sleep hugging me, I mean you got that thing from me so what difference is there,” he said casually.

“The difference is that, YOU’RE NOT A DOG!” Dahlia shouted but not loud enough for others to hear.

“Don’t yell at two in the morning!”

What am I supposed to do! I want to sleep but I won’t sleep next to him. Even if I do have a crush on him! Dahlia thought.

“Last chance,” Dylan said.

“Fine, but only because I’m tired," she replied.

She slowly got out of bed and walked toward Dylan. She laid down on his right side. She wrapped her arms around him and closed her eyes. He did the same.

I think I might be able to sleep better too, it was pretty cold, now I’m warm. He thought.

“Hey Dylan,” Dahlia whispered.

“Yeah,” He whispered back.

“Thanks,” she softly spoke before falling asleep.

“Anytime,” he spoke before falling asleep with her.

First Show

Everyone on the trip was set to wake up at eleven. When Dahlia woke up Dylan was already in the bathroom. She got up and picked her outfit for the day.

When Dylan got out of the bathroom, she walked in without saying anything. *What's wrong with her?* Dylan thought.

"Come on let's go," Dahlia said walking out of the bathroom.

"Alright," Dylan replied.

"Here, you take one key," Dahlia handed him the key as they were walking to the breakfast room.

"Everybody, today we will go to see a Broadway show," Ms. Park said.

"Yes ma'am," they replied in unison.

When everyone ate their breakfast they walked outside to the buses. They were allowed to sit next to anyone they wanted to sit next to. Dahlia sat next to Melissa and Kristina. When Dahlia sat down, Dylan walked up to her and said to Kristina, "Move, I want this seat."

"Well I already got this seat," she calmly replied.

"I'll pay you ten dollars for that seat," he said back.

"It's yours," she got up taking the money and went to another seat.

"Why didn't you just sit next to Isaac?" Dahlia asked.

"Why does that matter to you," he replied.

"Okay," Dahlia mumbled.

The whole time Dahlia was talking to Melissa and completely forgot Dylan was even there.

"Hey, can you give me your other airpod?" Dylan finally asked.

"Here," she handed him the airpod.

The rest of the ride was quiet. When they finally got off the bus and walked into the theater Dylan spoke again," Hey can I sit next to you?"

"Why not Isaac?"

"He's sitting with Tasha," Dylan replied.

"Alright, knock yourself out," she said and sat down.

Yay! I got an awesome seat! On top of that this is my first play! Dahlia thought.

"Everybody, the play we will be watching is, Hamilton! So enjoy it!" Ms. Park exclaimed.

When the first actors and actresses came everyone started clapping. They started their lines. The songs and dance were just amazing. Dahlia was so excited she was just smiling the whole time. Dylan on the other hand was bored and was just looking here and there. He felt his eyelids get heavy. He fell asleep. His head was leaning against the back of his chair

when it fell over onto Dahlia's shoulder for the second time during their trip.

Dahlia looked over and wasn't surprised to see Dylan. *He falls asleep so easily! He looks so cute sleeping!*

"Girl stop staring at him, he's going to wake up if you look at him like that," Melissa said.

"You think he can see if he's asleep!" Dahlia exclaimed.

"You never know, now pay attention!" Melissa snapped.

They both turned their attention to the stage and watched the performance.

The show ended after about two hours. Dahlia thought that the show was great but Dylan on the other hand hated it.

"That was so boring," Dylan said.

"You were asleep, how would you enjoy it?" Dahlia replied.

"I fell asleep because it was boring," he said.

"Alright, I gotta go, I'm going shopping in the mall, the teacher said we can go wherever we want," Dahlia spoke.

"Okay, see you later." Dylan calmly said.

"Bye, love you!" Dahlia exclaimed.

Dylan just mumbled something but Dahlia didn't hear it. She wondered what he had said.

Dahlia and Melissa had a really good time at the mall but they didn't really find anything they liked. The only thing Dahlia bought was chocolate for Dylan.

When she got back into her room she walked up to Dylan and handed him the chocolate,"Here I got this for you."

"Thanks!"

It was the first time she had ever seen him happy because of her. He was smiling while eating the chocolate.

"Hey," she sat down beside Dylan," why are you so happy, did something happen?"

"Nope, today was just really fun!"

"Alright, let's go to sleep,"

"Okay."

They both layed down and Dahlia hugged Dylan and fell asleep. Dylan, however, took a while to fall asleep. *Why was today fun? Dahlia's pretty fun.* Dylan hugged Dahlia back. *And warm too. Do I lik- No I can't! I hate her!* While Dylan was fighting against himself he fell asleep wondering what he actually felt about Dahlia.

Huge Ocean

When the morning arose, so did Dylan. He always woke up really early. The sun was shining through the windows and onto Dahlia's face. He brushed the hair from her face and walked to the bathroom for a shower.

Dahlia stretched and woke up. She heard the water falling from the shower and knew it was Dylan in there. She grabbed her clothes and scrolled through her phone waiting for Dylan to come out.

"Hey you can go take a shower now," he said drying his hair.

"Okay," she said as she walked in the bathroom.

When she was done they both walked downstairs for breakfast. The breakfast they were served were pancakes with coffee or tea. After breakfast they planned to go on a cruise to see the ocean. Dahlia was again excited. She was really enjoying the whole trip and she couldn't wait for the rest of the events. It was their third day in New York. They had two more activities after that anyone could do whatever they wanted.

After their breakfast everyone boarded the buses. They drove to the sea to get on the cruise.

"Melissa, what are you listening to?" Dahlia asked.

"Moonlight Sunrise," she replied.

"By who?"

"You're stupid! The song by Twice!" she exclaimed.

"Sorry! Calm down," Dahlia said.

It took a while to get to their destination. Dylan decided to sit with Isaac, it had been a while since he was with Isaac.

When they finally reached they all were excited to board the boats. There were two boats for everyone to board. The people were divided onto the boats based on the first letter of their first name. The letters A through M were on boat one and on boat were the letters N through Z. Dahlia and Dylan had the same first letter so they got to go together.

The boat was huge on the outside but seemed even bigger on the inside.

"Oh my god, it's huge!" Dahlia said while twirling.

"Stop, you look weird," Dylan said.

"Why should I listen to you, come on let's go to the top!" Dahlia held his hand and started dragging him to the stairs. Dylan just smiled and followed her.

When they reached the top the sea breeze was blowing gently. Dahlia didn't let go of Dylan's hand, but this time Dylan didn't mind. She held his hand sniffing the sea air.

“The ocean is huge! I love it!” she said.

The boat was moving at a steady speed, it wasn't too fast and it wasn’t too slow either. Dylan and Dahlia just stood there and watched the ocean.

“I’m hungry, are you?” Dahlia asked a while later.

“Yeah, kinda,” Dylan replied.

“I brought Takis!” Dahlia said, pulling a bag of Takis out of her bag, “Do you wanna share?”

“Yeah, sure!” Dylan smiled.

They shared the Takis enjoying the view. They were going to go back at night, so they all had a chance to watch the sunset.

After a few hours it became 6 o’clock. The sun was beginning to set. Dahlia ran to Dylan and grabbed him and dragged him to watch the sunset.

“Let’s watch!” Dahlia exclaimed.

“It’s beautiful,” Dylan said after a while. He wasn’t looking at the sun but at Dahlia.

Dahlia never realized it would be her last happy moment for a long time.

True Hurt

The boat finally reached back to the dock at about 8 o'clock. The buses were still there waiting for them. Dahlia fell asleep on Melissa's shoulder as Dylan was sitting with Isaac.

When they reached their room Dahlia immediately went to Dylan's bed and fell asleep. Dylan however took a shower then laid down. He hugged Dahlia and fell asleep thinking of the results of his actions tomorrow. It felt as if morning came in seconds.

In the morning there was something wrong with Dylan no matter how many times Dahlia tried to talk to Dylan he was ignoring her and if it was absolutely necessary he would speak coldly, it was like he had become a different person.

"Dylan what's wrong?" Dahlia would ask again and again.

"Nothing," he would reply over and over again.

The activities for the rest of the days were canceled because it started raining heavily however people were allowed to go out, just not for the activities.

"Dahlia, let's go shopping!" Tasha exclaimed.

"Please," Melissa pleaded," It'll get your mind off of Dylan."

"Fine," Dahlia said as she went with them.

They didn't go to that many stores, just Sephora and Forever 21. Dahlia forced a smile on her face; she couldn't be happy if Dylan wasn't happy. Dahlia bought chocolate for Dylan again because she thought that it would cheer him up for whatever reason he was sad.

"Dylan!" Dahlia shouted when they got back.

He shot her a death glare. She ignored it. It was her sign to turn around and leave, but she ignored it.

"Here," she handed him the chocolate," I bought it for you since you seem sad!"

"Does it ever hit you that maybe I'm not sad," he said," I'M IGNORING YOU, BUT YOU'RE SO DUMB YOU CAN'T FIGURE THAT OUT!"

"What did I do?" her voice cracked as she said that.

"EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING YOU DO PISSES ME OFF, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD, YOU'RE ENTIRE EXISTENCE IS A MISTAKE, I WISH I NEVER MET YOU!" Dylan shouted.

The words hurt more than beatings ever did. She ran away sobbing. Dahlia couldn't handle it anymore. She thought that maybe he had started liking her, even if it was as a friend she was happy. Everyone watched her running up the stairs, then turned to Dylan.

"BRO, WHAT WAS THAT FOR!" Isaac yelled as he shoved Dylan," SHE DID NOTHING AND YOU JUST YELLED AT HER LIKE THAT!"

Dylan just put his head down and didn't say anything. Tasha and Melissa ran up the stairs chasing Dahlia. Kristina, Linh, Emma, Evie, and Adelynn ran behind them. But then all of a sudden Kristina turned and yelled at Dylan," I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY NOW, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME YOU MADE HER CRY! GOOD LUCK FINDING SOMEONE WHO'LL LOVE YOU THE SAME WAY SHE DID!" she had put extra emphasis on 'did'.

Tasha and Mellissa reached the top first. "DAHLIA, DAHLIA WHERE ARE YOU!"

She was sitting on the edge of the building. She was crying so much you could hear it over all the cars. Her hair was wet from the rain and you couldn't tell which were raindrops or tears.

"Hey, are you okay?" Melissa asked.

"I told you to give up, you were obviously gonna get hurt in the end," Emma told her.

"You're not making it any better for her," Evie said.

"Come on, let's go back," Tasha said.

"Just leave me alone for now," Dahlia sobbed.

"Come on, let's go," Linh said.

They all went back down the stairs. When they got to the bottom they all walked to Dylan and all yelled the same thing to him.

"GO TO HELL!" they shouted in unison.

Dylan just walked outside and sat on the wet steps.

"If you knew the real reason, would you still have cried?" Dylan said as if he was talking to Dahlia. The tear had finally rolled down his face when he said that.

Realization

Dylan just sat there for three hours and Dahlia sat on the roof until everyone had gone to sleep.

When Dahlia walked into her room Dylan was asleep. She didn't lay next to him, she went to her own bed. She hugged her pillow but still didn't fall asleep. She spent the rest of the night restless.

When Dylan woke up in the morning Dahlia wasn't there. He brushed his teeth and walked to the roof. He thought Dahlia would be there but she wasn't.

"I'm sorry Dahlia," he started crying again. In the same spot Dahlia had just the other night. It was still raining.

Dylan pulled out his airpods and started listening to music.

"I know I told you I hate you," he sobbed," I always had my airpods I just wanted to share with you!"

"I never hated you!" he continued.

"When you said you like me, I was scared!" he said as if Dahlia was listening to his every word,"I always liked you, I just didn't want you to leave me! Relationships never last! I always loved you!"

"I tried to lose feelings, that's why I yelled! I realized I can't lose them!"

"I love you Dahlia," he whispered into the rainy weather.

Dylan just sat there until noon. He spent so long just crying. He tried to stop but he couldn't stop the tears, It's too hard to.

Dahlia on the other hand was walking through Central Park. She sat down on a bench alone and continued crying. There was nobody there so she didn't mind sobbing. What Dylan had said the day before had really hurt her. She couldn't handle it.

"What did I do to him?" she cried.

Back at the hotel roof," Why does she do this to me! No one makes me this crazy!" Dylan sobbed.

Dylan wiped his tears and walked downstairs. Everyone was staring at him.

"Dude, where were you? I've been looking since this morning, and you're soaked!" Isaac asked.

"I was on the roof," Dylan glumly replied.

"Hey, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, leave me alone for now," Dylan walked away.

All of Dahlia's friends were very worried, but they knew Dahlia would come back, right?

Dylan walked to his room, he sat on the bed and just stared at Dahlia's empty bed. "You don't know how crazy you made me."

"Please come back soon, I'm worried about you, I always am," Dahlia wasn't there to hear him, she was still crying somewhere in Central Park.

Dahlia wasn't able to cry anymore, it was as if all her tears were gone, she walked to the hotel, where Tasha was screaming with joy.

"Hey, what happened," Dahlia asked.

"Girl, are you kidding me, we should be talking about you, are you okay?" Tasha asked.

"Yes, I'm fine, now tell me," Dahlia said.

"You know Kyle stayed back at home," Kyle was Tasha's crush, she had liked him ever since the seventh grade," He asked me out on a date for when we come back!"

At least one person was happy while Dylan and Dahlia were crying because of each other.

Favorite Place

The class trip was almost over, it was the last day. Dahlia spent most of her days in the park or on the roof. Dylan didn't know what to do; he was cutting himself off from everyone. He enjoyed Dahlia's company and didn't understand what he could do without her.

Dahlia would walk up the stairs to the roof but if Dylan was there she would turn around and walk back downstairs. Dylan wasn't the only one cutting himself off from people, Dahlia barely talked to her friends, she would only say hi.

"Hey guys," Dahlia said.

"Oh, hey!" Kristina replied.

"I'll see you guys later, I'm going somewhere," Dahlia said.

"Where. Can I come with you?" Adelynn asked.

"Nowhere important,"Dahlia walked away.

Dahlia walked to Central Park. It was her favorite place. It was so beautiful. It would always calm her whenever she saw it. She loved watching all the people having fun, the fun that she wished she could have.

When Dahlia got there she walked to her favorite bench, but she was shocked when she saw that Dylan was sitting on it. She turned around and walked away, but Dylan had already seen her.

I should have expected that she would come here, I want to apologize but I don't know what to say! Dylan thought.

Now where do I go! He just had to be here! Dahlia frantically thought. She walked back to the hotel making a pit stop at the confectionary store next door. *Tonight I have to take the plane back to hell, how fun!* She was thinking about her life while munching on candies and chocolates in her room when Dylan came.

"Hey," he said softly.

Dahlia just ignored him and continued eating her candies. The wrappers were all over the floor.

"Hey, aren't you gonna clean it," Dylan asked, Dahlia heard a trace of sympathy in his voice but she just ignored it.

"Come on, you can't ignore me for that long, you love me right?" Dylan said, but he realized it was a mistake after saying it.

"No, I still love you more than anything," Dahlia sarcastically spoke," No! You think I would love you after you yelled at me saying my whole existence was a mistake!

"I'm sorry! I didn't meant to-"

"To what! Huh! Make me cry for the past week in public places!" Dahlia screamed.

"No matter how many times you say rude things I still forgive you, but not this time!"

Deep down, she wanted to forgive him, but she didn't want to make the same mistake, so she decided to hold a grudge against him this time.

Dahlia stormed out of the room and ran to the roof. She started crying again. *How could he just say sorry after saying those things! But I still do like him! What the h-* her thoughts were interrupted by Kristina.

"Hey! Why are you always up here?" She asked.

"No reason," Dahlia sniffed and wiped her tears.

"There's always a reason," Kristina said.

"Well, it's peaceful here," Dahlia looked away.

"Are you sure that's the only reason?"

It took her a second then she finally responded," Leave me alone."

"Alright, from now on please just ignore Dylan, it's the best thing for you to do," Kristina said as she turned away.

It was Six o'clock now and everyone was boarding the buses to go to the airport. Dahlia just wanted to be home, home isn't worse than being with Dylan, who hates her.

Dahlia got to choose her seat, the teacher saw the argument between Dylan and Dahlia and let her choose who she wanted to sit with. She chose to sit with Adelynn.

The airport wasn't crowded, they were able to reach their plane really fast. The fourteen hour flight had started.

Return

Dahlia sat listening to music trying to sleep, she put her head on Adelynn's shoulder and just peacefully enjoyed the music.

After about one hour Dahlia got up to stretch her legs, she went to the back window. She looked outside and she could see the sunset.

"It's beautiful!" she said in awe.

"It really is," A voice spoke from behind.

Dahlia turned and saw Dylan. She turned to leave but Dylan grabbed her wrist.

"Please just listen to me," Dylan pleaded.

You don't know how badly I want to, "No," Dahlia simply responded.

She walked back to her seat and turned on a movie on her screen, she was really bored and when she listened to music the only thought that roamed her mind was listening to music together with Dylan.

She fell asleep while watching the movie and woke up with three hours left in the flight. She hated the entire flight and she was so bored. She couldn't handle this much boredom. She tried to fall asleep again but couldn't.

She decided to just talk to Adelynn for the rest of the boring flight. After a while Melissa came and switched seats with Adelynn to talk to Dahlia.

"Hey, what are you going to do about Dylan?" Melissa asked.

"Honestly, I don't even know," Dahlia sighed.

"I think you should just ignore him, it has to be the best decision," Melissa suggested.

"He's the one trying to talk to me now," Dahlia looked out the window.

"I bet you wish that's how it always was," Melissa joked.

"Shut up," Dahlia put her head against the window and just stared out the window for as long as she could.

When the plane finally landed Dahlia was excited to get off after sitting for so long. Then she remembered the family she has to go back to. They had a bus waiting for them to take them back to the school. From there whoever was waiting for them would pick them up.

Dahlia had told her parents to pick her up but she wasn't expecting them to come. She thought she would go on the bus.

When they reached the school most of the parents were already there waiting for their children.

“Hey, Dylan come on let’s go,” Dahlia looked at Dylan who was leaving with his family. He looked at Dahlia before leaving. He looked sorry but Dahlia ignored it.

She walked to the school parking lot and to her surprise she saw her parents waiting there for her.

“Get in!” Her mom yelled.

Dahlia sat in the back and watched the road. She missed the streets, just walking on them and riding her bike.

When she got home her jaw dropped. The floors were covered in wrappers and food. The tables were covered in bottles and food wrappers. She walked through the hall and saw her parents room covered in dirty clothes, she walked to the laundry room and saw more dirty clothes on the floor. The entire apartment was completely trashed.

“What happened?” Dahlia asked in shock.

“What do you think, now START CLEANING!” Her father raised his voice and slapped her.

Dahlia ran through the entire apartment cleaning as fast as she could, scared to get hit again. All the cleaning took her so long, she finished very late at night.

She took a shower and laid down to go to sleep and dreamed about someone who she both hated and loved, Dylan.

Peace

"HEY GET UP!" Her mom yanked the blanket off her and spilled a glass of water on her.

Dahlia instantly woke up and ran to the bathroom looking down, avoiding her parents' gaze.

"Today we are going to your grandma's house, we will be back tomorrow," Dahlia's father said.

Dahlia ran down the stairs and hurriedly made their breakfast. "What time are you leaving?"

"At five o'clock," her mother rudely spoke.

Dahlia placed the food on the table and walked back to her room. *Whenever they go to grandma's, grandpa always picks them up. Maybe I can leave with their car! I've already been hurt a lot, by Dylan and my parents, it's best if I leave. Where will I go?* Dahlia planned but then it hit her, *I don't know how to drive! I don't care, I'm leaving this hell to wherever the road leads me!*

Dylan was lying on his couch, *I'm gonna confess today, I have to.*

"Dylan!" His mom called him.

"Yes mom?"

"We are going to your sister's house, we will be back at four o'clock, don't go anywhere," His mom said.

"Okay, but when you come back I have to go to someone's house," Dylan said.

"A friend?"

"Not really."

"Oh, is it your girlfriend," His mom teased.

I wish. He thought before saying "No, I don't have one."

"Alright, we'll hurry back," she said.

Dahlia was waiting for so long then it finally hit four and her grandpa came. Her entire family was rude to her so she didn't say anything to him. Her parents left a little earlier than she thought. She waited for ten minutes then grabbed her parents' car keys.

When she walked outside she saw Dylan running towards her house from his car. He was still very far away. He was all the way at the end of the road when he stopped for a breather. He leaned against the fence that was there and stopped to breathe.

Dahlia hurriedly got into the car, she brought all the food she could, she also brought some clothes. She sat in the car and started and backed

out of the driveway, when Dylan saw that she was leaving he started to run again.

"DAHLIA, WAIT, PLEASE," She heard him shouting.

She drove out through the way Dylan had come from and he chased behind her again telling her to stop, then it happened all at once, no pain, no screams, no realization. The car hit another car and flipped. She was driving too fast. The windows were shattered, Dahlia was bleeding out, unconscious. There was a huge pool of blood where she was.

Dylan fell on his knees. He watched as people came out of their cars and called the ambulance. The other car was broken badly but didn't flip, and no one was hurt. He didn't know what to do. Tears subconsciously fell from his eyes. He was having trouble breathing. He just watched and watched as Dahlia was carried into the ambulance.

He finally snapped into his senses when the ambulance closed the back doors where Dahlia was. He ran to the person who was going to drive,"Please tell me where you're taking her!"

"Who are you to her?" he asked.

"I'm her boyfriend!"

The man hurried and gave him the name of the hospital and jumped into the ambulance and hurried to the hospital.

Dylan got into his car and drove as fast as he could crying and following the ambulance," Hold on Dahlia please, hold on, I'm coming, don't die on me!"

Never Ending Pain

When Dylan reached the hospital he ran inside to the desk," What happened to the girl who was in the crash? Kim Dahlia!"

"I'm sorry I can't give you that information if you are not family," she responded.

"I'm her boyfriend! Her family is out of town!" He said frustrated.

"She is in the ER and is having surgery, we have called her family, they are on their way back. She will be moved to room 204, if the surgery succeeds," She went back to her work.

Dylan sat down and waited in front of the surgery room. It had been longer than an hour when the screen showed that the surgery was successful. Dylan ran to room 204 and saw the doctor by her bed.

"Is she okay?" he asked, breathing heavily.

"Yes, but she is in a coma, she is also in extreme pain, we can tell by her brain activity that the pain isn't going away, even when she is in a coma," The doctor said, and walked out of the room.

Dylan sat by her bed. *This is all my fault! I told her she was a mistake and she decided to escape. I'm sorry Dahlia please wake up!* Then the Doctor burst into the room and said," I'm sorry but no one is coming to take care of Dahlia, her family just drove off a cliff. They were hurrying here and their car fell off the side of the cliff."

"What!"

"We're sorry for the loss, they're bodies have been recovered though."

"So what are you going to do!"

"They're already dead, we can't help them."

"Do you know when she is going to wake up?"

"We don't know, it can be either next week or next year, maybe even never, the crash was very severe, do you know how this happened?"

"Yes I was there, she was driving out and she hit another car very hard, it was her first time driving, I think she went too fast," he was holding back his tears.

"She doesn't have a driver's license?" The doctor questioned.

"Yes, I think she was trying to leave while her family was gone, you see they abused her everyday," Dylan said.

"I think that may have been a good reason to leave, but without a license, this happens, at least she's still alive," he said.

The doctor left and Dylan let out the tears again. *I'm sorry it's all my fault!* He kept repeating that in his head while crying until he fell asleep with his head on Dahlia's arm.

He woke up the next morning and checked his phone. *Twenty missed calls from mom! She's going to be really mad!* "Dahlia, I'll be back in a while, hold on!"

When he got to his house his mom yelled. "WHERE WERE YOU!"

"Calm down, you know the girl's house I was going to, she got in a car crash and is in a coma, I was at the hospital," Tears were coming down his face again.

His moms anger melted,"Which hospital, let's go. HONEY WE'LL BE BACK IN A WHILE!"

She grabbed her purse and Dylan's arm and him into her car, back to see Dahlia.

Dried Tears

When they got to the hospital, they ran to Dahlia's room. She was still in a coma. They sat by her bed and then Dylan's mom spoke, "What happened?"

"She was driving too fast, and hit another car. Then her car flipped." Dylan said.

"Do her other friends know?"

"I forgot to tell them! I need to call Isaac to tell them!"

"Why can't you tell them?"

"They hate me, stuff happened during our trip."

Dylan walked out of her room and called Isaac to tell them. None of them picked up, though. They were still mad.

Days passed and Dalia still wasn't awake. Dylan wasn't in the right mind set. He would skip school and just stay by Dahlia and cry. He couldn't stand it. He would wipe his tears whenever Isaac, his mom, or her friends were coming. Isaac had told them at school. They were no longer mad at him because of what had happened to Dahlia. Dylan kept asking the doctor every day when she would wake up, but the doctor didn't want to give him false hope.

"Dahlia, please wake up," Dylan sobbed.

She wouldn't. He didn't know if she ever would. That small hope kept him going. He had known her for so long. He didn't want her gone now. All the lies he had told himself about how he felt about her had led this to happen.He wouldn't leave now he felt very guilty.

When his mom was finally able to convince him to go to school, it was like he was in another world, he barely talked, he wouldn't listen to anything the teacher was saying, and he kept failing all his tests. He was always worried about Dahlia.

"Dylan do you wanna go bowling, it might take your mind off things?" Isaac asked.

Dylan didn't say anything, he was still looking outside the window, with an emotionless expression on his face.

"Dylan? DYLAN!"

"Huh, what happened, why did you shout?"

"I was talking to you. You didn't hear me."

"Oh, what were you saying?"

"Do you wanna go bowli-"

"No," Dylan interrupted and walked away.

"Tasha, that didn't work," Isaac said.

"Well you're gonna have to find another way," she responded.

"I don't know everything! Why don't you do it!"

"The only thing I've ever said to him was 'go to hell.'"

"Well, I guess we'll just let things play out."

"Things don't work that way," Kyle said out of nowhere.

"Where'd you come from?" Tasha said, shocked.

"The door," Kyle sarcastically said.

Tasha rolled her eyes and continued talking to Kyle making Isaac feel like a third wheel.

"I'm gonna go grab a snack from the vending machine," Isaac said and left.

Dylan was just walking through the school hallway when he hit someone. "Sorry," he said before turning around.

"Hey, wait, you're that guy who was with Dahlia at the hotel in New York, right?" the guy said.

Dylan instantly turned around and looked at the guy and realized it was the guy Sean.

"You go to this school?"

"Yeah, just started. Where's Dahlia?"

When Dylan heard her name, tears welled up in his eyes again, "She got in an accident, and is in a coma."

"What! How?"

"Its h-hard to say," Dylan stuttered, he was trying hard to not cry.

"It's fine, which hospital is she in?"

Dylan told him the name of the hospital and walked away. Tears were coming down again. He walked to the bathroom and looked in the mirror, the tears had dried. He was tired of wondering when Dahlia would wake up, he felt too much worry, pain, sadness,anger, and guilt, which he would feel for years to come.

Awake

Dylan finally graduated. It had been a year since the accident, and Dylan still wasn't the same. When he was driving home he got a call.

"Hello," he said.

"Hi, is this Dylan Le?" the person said.

"Yes, who is this?"

"I called to inform you that Kim Dahlia has woken from a coma."

The car skid and Dylan hit the brakes," What! Actually!" Dylan hadn't lost hope, but now he was happy.

"Yes, if you can, please come here."

"I will be there right away," he said.

Yes! Finally! Dahlia I'm coming! Dylan sped to the hospital and ran inside.

"Hello Dylan! It's been a while!" the receptionist said.

"I'm going to Dahlia, I'll talk to you later!" He ran for Dahlia's room door.

When he walked inside, Dahlia was looking out the window, there were fresh flowers by her bedside. When she heard the door close, she looked at Dylan.

"D-Dylan, what are you doing here?" Dahlia asked.

Dylan didn't know what to say, he was so happy, he hadn't felt that in over a year.

"I've always been here, everyday!"

"Why? You hate me, right?" She said sadly.

"Should I leave?"

"I know you want to, don't come back from guilt!"

Dylan left, he had waited a year, and she didn't want to see him. He couldn't believe that the same person who said,'I'll love you forever' had said she didn't want to see him.

Dylan kept coming back every day and tried to be nice to her, but she always said the same thing," Don't come back from guilt."

One day he said to her," Please just listen to me, I didn't come from guilt!"

"Why should I believe you! You're one of the reasons I'm here!" She shouted at him.

The words pierced his heart, but he knew that this was the same Dahlia had felt so long ago. He still didn't leave, he was determined to get Dahlia to love him again. No matter how much explaining it took, no matter how many tries.

"I'll hear you out but only this once," Dahlia sighed.

“I’ve been waiting to tell you for more than a year.“
“More than a year?“

Secrets Told

"Well, go on!"

"Well it started when you confessed to me in middle school."

"What started?"

"My crush, on you."

"W-what? On me? But you hate me!"

"That was a lie!"

"Why did you lie!"

Dahlia was shocked, she couldn't process what was happening. It was so hard to understand that Dylan had actually liked her.

"I thought that all relationships would end someday, and I didn't want us to be strangers in the future!"

"How could you think that without ever trying to be in one!" Dahlia snapped at him

"What did you want me to do? Go around and date other girls to see if those relationships will last!" He yelled.

"Even if ours didn't work, and you tried to lose feelings doesn't give you the right to insult me like that in front of everyone!"

"Dylan, you know me better than anyone, I thought you would've known that I can't handle that!"

Her words were still hurting him, but he didn't want to stop until she would forgive him.

"I HATE YOU!"

That was all he had to hear to break down. He started crying. "D-do you though?"

Dahlia hesitated. She knew she was lying, she was making the same mistake Dylan was always making, trying to lose feelings.

"J-just give me one more chance, please!"

"I get out of this hospital in one week, if you change my mind then, we'll give it a try."

Dylan wiped his tears and said," Thank you!"

Everyday Dylan would come and give her flowers and donuts. He would do everything he could to make her happy.

By the time the week ended Dahlia had already made her decision, that would determine his and hers happiness.

"Dylan," Dahlia started.

"Yeah?" Dylan said as he was driving Dahlia to his house. She couldn't stay at her house alone.

"I made my decision."

Dylan hit the brakes in the middle of the road. “Tell me when we get to the park.“ He turned the car around and drove to the park.

He took her to the middle of the field and asked her in the moonlight. “What’s your decision?“

New Beginning

"Dylan, will you go out with me?" Dahlia blurted out after a few seconds.

Dylan laughed and said," I would love to!"

"I'm glad that you decided to forgive me!"

"I was never mad at you. How could I be? I was used to rejection!" Dahlia forced a smile.

"Hey, don't force a smile. It's not like I wanted to reject you! I always wanted to say yes." Dylan replied.

"In my defense, you were very annoying!"

Dahlia pouted," I hate you!"

"I love you too!" He laughed.

They both laughed and lay down in the grass and watched the stars. "Shouldn't we be going home?" Dahlia asked.

"Do you want to though?"

"No, I want to stay here forever!"

Dylan turned and faced her and just stared at her.

"You know you look much happier than you used to!"

"I do?" Dahlia asked.

"I finally realized that all your smiles were fake," Dylan said.

"Not all of them," Dahlia turned and faced him," When I was with you, they weren't!"

"You know, I always had my airpods," Dylan confessed.

"I know you did, I saw them on your dresser in the hotel," Dahlia smiled.

"What!" Dylan stood up instantly.

"So now tell me why you pretended like you didn't have them," Dahlia asked standing up too.

"Um," Dylan hesitated, trying to find a good excuse to tell Dahlia,"Um."

"I-I actually like your music and wanted to listen." Dylan lied.

"Like hell you did!"

"Fine, I wanted to share."

"Ha, I was right!" Dahlia yelled in triumph.

"Also I didn't want to lose battery," Dylan added.

"YOU!" Dahlia started chasing him.

"Stop, stop! I'm joking."

They both smiled at each other and Dylan stepped closer to Dahlia and kissed her again after a year. When they broke apart Dahlia smiled and said," I don't owe you anything for this kiss right?"

"Nope, not at all."

Dylan hugged her and repeated the same words Dahlia had said to him so long ago, and he meant it, “I’ll love you forever.“

The End