

Never ending love

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*It's a love story.O.O

Sorry some typos....*

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1. Love?

I always hated him. I hated him since I first saw the love of my life meet his eyes. I saw the look in her eyes and knew she loved him. HIM! I swore that I would kill that man, that when I was finally through that she could not love him. You think me mad? So be it. I killed him. I succeeded in tearing his heart from his chest-A fitting end to him. But I did not realize the true extent of her love for him. She saw my act, and screamed, "Why? Why did you do this!?" And with those words, she took his blade and thrust it through her own chest. I AM MAD, but I am no liar. This story that I have penned by this guttering candle, on December 20, 1009 is true. Just ask her, Sitting by my side all bandaged up, with not a robe nor flame able to warm her from the darkness of death.