A Match Made in CyberSpace

By : ForeverChanging

This is a work in progress, inspiration just kind of hit and I wrote it. It seems like something I could have fun with, and it would be 100% true from my personal experience. I've been with this boy for almost 8 months now and I believe he truly is the love of my life. But I can't help but wonder, what if I picked one of the other two guys I was pursuing at the time. Do YOU think I made the right decision?

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Can anybody truly explain or even understand themselves what true love is? When I was in kindergarten I thought true love was building a wedding cake with my best girl friend and getting married at the age of six. When I was in middle school, I thought my first make out session with one of the prettiest girls in school was finally my hopeful victory to this everlasting game called love. But no, these people did not fill a hole that I was unaware was in my heart. They were but meaningful accomplices in the dirty, vicious game.ï¿½

It wasn't until last summer. I had just returned from my scandalous, drama-filled, adventurously daring, and dangerously ignorant Freshman year and was ready for the summer I'd have trouble remembering. The first few weeks started off exactly how I had planned. My best girl friend in the whole wide world, whom I actually knew since kindergarten when we pretended to get married and express our love with the help of small and colorful, plastic shovels. We spent the days thinking we were getting into shape by going to the gym and then spending twice the amount of time filling our fatigued bodies with fatty oils and carbohydrates.ï¿½

I had come out about four months prior to the start of the summer, beginning my life as a proud, successful gay man roaming the streets of suburbia, my conditioned head held high. But I realized it was much more difficult for me to find somebody who I wanted something meaningful with. It was always so simple before I realized I liked men more than I liked myself. Girls were attracted to my feminine, yet not flamboyant personality, and I have problems being alone, so I always just attached myself to the first pretty girl that seemed the least bit interested. But now, I was left all alone in a foreign land with nothing but a pair of designer shoes and a few shots of Vodka to keep me going.ï¿½

So one night, after the last drops were consumed and I was now alone and without liquor, I decided to do something impulsive. I made a profile displaying my most highly-edited and self-dubbed gorgeous photo on a gay dating website. At first it didn't get too much activity, other than a guy who liked heels more than he seemed to like me, let's call him Gucci. Then there was the quiet yet intriguing golfer, we can call him Tiger. And last but not least, the beefed-up muscle jock who was as far from PG as Joan Rivers is from canceling her next plastic surgery appointment. He's going to be Butch.ï¿½

But this story isn't just the gay version of the Ryan Reynolds' movie,ï¿½*Definitely, Maybe,* it's a classic love story with a modern-day twist. A cross between Skins, Will & Grace, and Cinderella, if you will. This is the story of two boys who fell in love and changed each other's lives. As for which boy is the love of my life, see if you can figure it out.ï¿½

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To be continued...ï¿½

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