

Little to late?

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Louise Robins has never been lucky in love. She has always been let down by the one she never thought would, but is she going to make a huge mistake and forget about the one who has been there all along? The guy who is perfect for her

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Little to late? : Chapter 1

its a new year and a newbeginning i tell myself yet again.(clichÃ©i know) Its something that everyone does but never follows up on . But at my new years eve house party this year unlike any other year yet i have felt so alone and like i have alot to prove, so this year i will follow up on my new years resolutions. i know its stupid that this years new thinking has been sparked from a bad breakup .Darren broke up with me 3 weeks ago just beforeChristmas (great timing i know.) He was my first boyfriend we were together for 5 years i was with him since i was 20. Just two weeks after we broke up he got a new girlfriend. A stick insect model Tasha, i've never seen what she looks like but i can guess that she looks amazing, she is a model forChristsake. She is the totaloppositeof me who is short and has curves, makes me wonder what he ever saw in me . Even more reason to get into shape, being a size 14 does not help when your ex isdatinga super model. I asked him for a reason for breaking up with me and hedidn't even give me one. He just said he wanted to see other people which in my book means, i want to shag other people. In all honesty i was crushed and had a Christmas of food and alcohol. (I wassedatedfor my pain!) Which was not good for myphysique, just another reason to diet and get in shape andembracemy new single life. Who knows what will be waiting for me this year but i guessI'm just going to have to be prepared for whatever happens. Its a brilliant party, with music blaring, lights, decorations and cocktails. We are well knownamong our friends for throwing good partiesand this was nodisappointment. Despite all the festivities and happiness in the room i couldn't help but think that there was something missing. I just keep thinking that Darren is going to walk out of the kitchen with a cocktail for me and put his arm around my waist and kiss me on the forehead like he used to, but now i'm looking at him doing just that to Tasha. Ididn'tthink he would turn up i only invited him to just be civil, but this was almost too much for me to stomach. Watching him do that knocks me sideways i never knew that watching him with her would hurt so much it takes everything within me not to just breakdown and cry right then and there Liz saw my face andimmediatelycame to my aid. "what's up ?"

"Darren and the giant stick" Liz looked over at them scowling if death stares could kill they would have been a flaming ball of fire by now

"i cant believe they had the audacity to come"

"I cant believe i was stupid enough to invite him Tasha cant want to be here and icertainlydo not want them here so why come?"

"He wants to flaunt his new girl say look what i got and Lou you cant have me he is just being the biggest twaty fuck face ever."

I soon decide that its not worth my time and eventually i look away from the loved up couple.yes i still love him and it hurts to think that all the feelings he had for me are now reduced to nothing. Don't get me wrong I'm glad he is happy i truly am, i just wish it was me who still made him smile, who made him happy but that isn't my jobany moreits hers. I need to move on like he has no matter how hard or how much it hurts to let him go there will be someone out there who will love me andappreciateme, and that love wont go anddisappearlike his did. Before i know it midnight is racing ever closer and the new year almostbeginning. Everyone rushing to the sides of their other half for a new years kiss and all that is left is me and the only other single friend we have Stan we both look at each other and he starts walking towards me. Stan is like those guys you see in fitness magazines his arms and body are the best i have ever seen in real life (i have last years holiday to thank for that!) he is also a really nice guy and were good friends. "evening lou lou belle" he greets me with one of his cheeky grins

"Hey Stan the man" i reply smiling. we both instantly know what we will both do when big ben chimes in the new year and soon enough the countdown begins our arms poised for what is to come and whilst everyone is kissing their way into the new year bam! goes our secret handshake.

"happy new year Lou Lou Belle" he says hugging me believe me i could live forever in those arms.

"Happy new year Stan the man"

Mine and Stan's relationship people always question people always think that there is something going on but there really isn't don't get me wrong i wouldn't turn him down but i am mostdefiantlynot his type he doesn't

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talk to me about girls much though lord knows why, but he is like a manet he is a guy that you could be yourself around say whatever and it wouldn't matter sometimes i don't know what i would do without him he fixes everything somehow or another which is why i call him Stan the man. After the excitement of the strike of midnight passed Liz come over to chat to me as im happily starting the mammoth clean up "why the hell didn't you kiss Stan you silly girl"

i turn around and laugh "we are just friends Liz you know that i wouldn't want to ruin that."

"who says you would?"

"me" i say handing her a tea towel

"i bet he is the reason you have perked up though" said Liz elbowing me in the side

"shut up" i say giving her one of my looks that mean your right but shhhhh. She laughs at my silliness and carries on drying up. We soon give up and rejoin everyone chatting and messing around but Darren and the giant had gone thank god i could now be myself again. Soon enough it was nearing dawn and everyone was leaving. At about 5:30 am we all went to bed not that i could get much sleep all the emotions of the evening were still swirling around in my head (dont think the amount of alcohol consumed helped that at all) but eventually i dosed off and gave way to a dreamless sleep.

Chapter 2: Back to Reality

The New years eve party now over along with the Christmas holidays, it was time for everyone to go back to normal boring daily lives. With my list of new years resolutions in my hand, i set off for work. Walking towards the London underground, i read the list of resolutions that i will abide by for the rest of the year.

1) Diet (a must!) i groan as i read the first one. I know its something that i have to do, but i know how difficult it is going to be. Then i think of how much better i would feel about myself, and my new life that i have now.

2) Don't waste time on people who don't/won't give a shit about you. Easier said than done when it comes to guys, i'm a gullible wreck, but not this time. I am going to make sure i never do that again, been there done that got the t-shirt.

3) Just live life and do what makes you happy. Now that one i'm looking forward to, i know abiding by these all year is going to be difficult, but i can at least try what is the worst that could happen ? This year i plan to stick to these 3 seemingly simple resolutions, and i will be one happy girl i can tell you. I then glance down at the time on my phone "shit" i was supposed to be at work 10 minuets ago. I love my job don't get me wrong but the break for Christmas was defiantly needed. I finally get to the studio 15 minutes late, with half of the Ireland rugby to style for this weeks sport issue. As the country is going mad with sport because of the Olympics this summer. I burst in after running about 5 minutes from the underground, the French photographer Luke shouting profanities at me for being late I apologise and get straight to work. I walk over to the group of players who were waiting to be told what to wear. I apologise for my lateness and start picking out clothes. I hand over the first players outfit.

"Thank you." He says smiling at me he does have the most beautiful accent (i'm a bit of a sucker for that).

"Don't worry about it it's my job." I say smiling at him, the other players look at each other and then at me. Momentarily i'm lost to what they could mean, and then i get it. The little conversation with their team mate. He looks at me all embarrassed by his team mates reactions, and says. "Don't worry about them there just acting like children."

"It's fine don't worry about it." I say putting on my best smile and trying not to look too interested in his beautiful face, Which was very difficult i must say. I eventually finished getting them all ready and looking fabulous, and I decide to stay and see how the photos turned out. By the looks of them they are all naturals, I didn't do a bad job myself either they all looked pretty damn good. I then wait for the team to be done with the clothing, and go to put them back on the rack. When the guy I spoke to earlier comes over, to speak to me. I confess I am a little shocked, he has no reason to talk to me now, and in my experience no one really talks to the stylist. They just take and give back the clothes when asked.

"Thanks for doing a good job today your good at what you do." He said smiling shyly at me.

"Don't mention it its my job, you didn't do too bad yourself, your a bunch of photogenic guys." I say smiling back.

"Thanks well if you ever want to do anything sometime, just give us a ring or text or whatever." He said handing me his number written on one of the complimentary napkins, you get with coffee.

"Of course sure thing." I say looking down at it questioning its existence, when my friend Liz the sport editor of the magazine comes over to interview them.

"Not holding them up are we?" she says teasingly.

"Of course not I would never do such a thing, they are all yours." I say smiling gesturing towards the very attractive man I had just been speaking to.

"Good well I will see you at home later then." She said waving at me walking towards the rest of the team. I then quickly get to work on putting the rest of the clothing on the van to go back to the office. I cant take my mind of off the number that is in my back pocket, deciding what to do with it is more difficult than I had anticipated. Then I think. I always take the safe option just in case I get hurt, but this year I should live a little. Love is about taking risks anyway, and I have never taken a risk when it comes to guys. I never want to get hurt, or waste my time on a looser who doesn't actually give a damn. So I always leave it to them to do all the asking, this time I will. All of a sudden I'm giddy with excitement at the prospect of what could happen with

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the rugby player. This happy daydream lasts until I get to the tube, then I think of what happens if he turns me down, if it doesn't work. I suddenly am in momentary panic, I know I can't do it. Who was I kidding that I could ask out a member of the Irish rugby team? I've never asked anyone out in my life. The giddy excitement now totally gone. By the time it's my stop my happy mood is now turned into one of self-loathing and annoyance. I trudge home in the cold rain to start dinner for me and Liz, wishing that I was still in that daydream haze of happiness. Planning what me and the new Irish rugby team member, could do on our imaginary date. When Liz walks in, happy and smiling as she normally is. I then think to myself I want to be happy, and going on a date with the very attractive Irishman would make me happy. All of a sudden Liz is standing behind me.

"Soooo I hear you got the number of a certain very attractive Irish rugby player." She says teasing me. I couldn't help but laugh.

"Yes I did as a matter of fact." I say smiling at the thought of the fact I actually got a cute guy's number.

"What you going to do with it then? you going to ask him out?" she says nudging me in the side. I think for a moment before replying. "I want to but I'm not quite sure how to. I haven't asked anyone out before, and I certainly haven't asked anyone as cute as him out." Liz laughs at my silliness and promises to help, which is something I could defiantly do with. We end up having a nice night in with a bottle (or 3) of wine. talking about what I'm going to do with the number acquired earlier. We then both end up crashing on the sofa at about 4 in the morning. From what I can remember of our conversation that night, she made me feel a lot better about the whole thing.

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