

Testament of Love

By : VenusDeMilo

Summary: A love triangle between the characters, coldness, hatred, passion, and heartaches. Love is sacrifice. One would do anything and everything for the one they love. Love is sweet, yet itâs also painful. This, all the characters are aware of. The thrill, the tingles, the tears, itâs a dead red crimson love. Despair, heartbreaks, all kinds of feelings mixed into one. When Declan left Pamela for someone new, she never thought she would love again. Her world felt so cold and all she could see was darkness. The romance between Declan and his new woman happened before her very eyes, as if Declan did it on purpose, as if he did it only to hurt her, to confirm that itâs really over between them. And it did hurt. It hurt a lot. 3 years of love, might not be too long, but there were so many memories and stories inside Pamelaâs heart, things that made it hard for her to move on. She was devastated. Crushed to pieces. All she felt was anger and resentment toward Declan. She couldnât believe, the love that she thought was real, was just a lie that she found out in the end. All his promises, the true love that he promised, it was just a lips service from a player. She always believed, he was a faithful kind of guy, different from the others, as he always said. Their relationship was rocky, Declan was a very jealous guy, and a total control freak. 3 years full of struggle for Pamela. And if she never left, itâs because her love for him was too great to tame. She couldnât work well without Declanâs suspicions that she might have betrayed him behind his back with her colleagues. He would call every hour just to make sure sheâs really working. Declan would get mad over simple things, and even start a fight when things were okay. He would beat her and treat her bad, constantly curse her even for a small mistake. Pamela could never understand that. But through everything, she endured it all till the end. Yet, it wasnât enough. Declan still wanted to leave. Not long after their break up, she met this man, an arrogant one. And she, being so hurtful after her break up, also the attitude of this man displeased her, so she acted cold. But, that sort of attitude got him curious about her. They would argue everytime they met, but every meeting was so interesting to him. Pamela, that beautiful girl, was the only girl who wouldnât think twice to snap him. Heâs such a glamour guy. Very rich. And a hot good looking guy. But all that he had did not attract Pamela, even a little. That made him upset. At the same time, her high school best friend, knowing that Pamela had broken up with Declan, kept being there for her, and he made his feelings known to Pamela after keeping them secretly for so long, but Pamela wasnât ready for a new love yet. She just contacted him again after she and Declan broke up. Because when she was with Declan, he never let her befriend any males. Seeing those guys around Pamela, made Declan jealous to death. So he tried to get back with her again, butâs. Did it move Pamela? Did Pamela agree to get back together with Declan? The pain of his betrayal was so painful still, but yet, she still loved him too. Meanwhile, that rich guy wouldnât stop coming to her, even just to argue, if itâs needed, then he would argue with her, just to see her. The more he knew about Pamela, the more he fell for her. But he had no idea how to win her heart. She seemed so cold and detached. She didnât seem like sheâs interested in love. This made him upset. How would the love story end? Would Pamela finally find love in her heart again and finally get over Declan? Her best friends told her to try to love again. But sheâs too afraid of getting hurt again.

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Chapter 1: Blind Jealousy

They say, sometimes we have to meet the people that we aren't supposed to meet It was 8:30 am when Pamela just got done eating her breakfast, peanut jam toasts and a glass of milk, when suddenly Megan, her sister shouted, "Pamela, Claudia has arrived!". It's Claudia, her friend at work. Since they lived in the same neighborhood, and went to the same work place, they always went to their office together. "Ok, Meg, tell her I'll be ready in 5 minutes," Pamela replied, while putting on her lipstick and checking her teeth. And Megan did exactly as she's told to do. "You go back home this afternoon?" Pamela asked Megan. "Yeah, ugh. I want to stay with you longer though," Megan mumbled. "You can come over again next week, Meg. Because Declan can come anytime here and he doesn't like other people around when we are together," Pamela said. "Your boyfriend sucks," Megan said. "No, he doesn't" Pamela replied with a serious face, "Don't be spoiled," Pamela added. "Seriously, he does!" Megan insisted. "Whatever, I gotta go now. See you again next week," Pamela said. Pamela rushed to the front door where Claudia was and both of them got into the car, they went straight to their office. Suddenly Pamela's phone rang. "Hello?" Pamela answered the call. "Oh, hi baby. Yea, I'm on my way to work now. Yes honey, I know. I won't baby, trust me. In this world, I only love you. Ok, I hang up the phone now babe, we're almost there. I love you forever," Pamela said, and she hung up the phone. "Declan?" Claudia asked. "Who else? I wouldn't say I love you to any other guy but him, would I?" Pamela said. "Yeah, right. He's very jealous, don't you think?" Claudia asked again, and added, "And also controlling." "What can I do," Pamela replied. She did agree, that Declan was too jealous, too controlling, she couldn't even get close to her own family because Declan wouldn't like it. But she loved him too much and she knew she couldn't complain. But then she quickly added, "But I know, he's like that because he loves me. He said he wanted a total dominion over me, and I don't mind that at all." "No, Pam. If you love someone, you gotta trust them. He doesn't trust you at all. Does that honestly make you happy? A lover is supposed to make you happy instead of feeling stressed and oppressed," Claudia said. Pamela was very aware, no, that kind of relationship did not make her happy. But she loved Declan too much that even though she's not happy with him, she knew, without him it would make her more unhappy. Thinking about being without him got her stressed. She's so attached to him that she didn't know how to go on living without him, although he was as well abusive. "I'm not stressed or feeling oppressed, Claud. He makes me happy, I'm happy with him," Pamela replied. Claudia didn't say anything for a few seconds, she seemed like thinking, but then she finally said, "Well, okay if you say so." Pamela smiled. A forced smile. Claudia noticed that, but she didn't say anything. 15 minutes later, they arrived at their work place. As Pamela walked to her office, her phone rang again. "Hi, babe? Umm, I don't know yet, sweetheart. As you know, my job isn't a job where I can take lunch on time, because maybe I will have a task to do during that time that requires me to be awayâ!" Pamela said. "Umm, okay. I'll see if I can honey. I love you too," Pamela said, and she hung up the phone. She shook her head, "If you keep calling like this, how will I get my work doneâ!", she sighed talking to her phone. She then rushed to her office and checked all of her papers. "Pamela, Ms. Banks wants you to meet her in her office," suddenly her colleague said. "Ok," Pamela replied. She got up from her seat and rushed to her boss' office. "Yes, Val?" Pamela said soon as she entered Ms. Banks' office. "Can't you call me Ms. Banks? We're in the office," Valerie said. "Oh, come on. There's only the two of us," Pamela grinned. "Geezâ! Could you do a report on the coming of Japan's Prime Minister to USA, at 4 this evening?" Val asked. Pamela looked so surprised, "What? Why me? Why so sudden?" Pamela asked. "Because Carla said she couldn't," Val replied. "But I thought she had already prepared everything? I am not prepared yet. As you know it, I gotta prepare my report on Coldplay's interview last night and air it today," Pamela replied. Val reached the phone and called, "Sandra, please take Coldplay's report from Pamela and take care of it, must be aired at 7 this evening, can you do it? Okay, it's in your hand," Valerie said and hung up the phone. She winked at Pamela, while Pamela stood there clueless. "You can't do this to me!" Pamela protested, and she added, "It's a Prime Minister, Val, you're killing me!" "Am I the boss, or are you the boss? Do what I ask you to do, you have no option," Val said with a naughty smile, "If you want to excel in journalism, you have to make your name known to great people. I'm helping you to excel in this job, Pam, you know it," Valerie added. "Ugh, ok, whatever," Pamela said and got out of Val's office. "Do your best, Pam," Valerie said from her office. Pamela didn't respond, she

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kept walking. "Sheesh!" Pamela mumbled to herself while walking to her desk. Such interview really did make her nervous. She then went to Carla's desk and asked the materials so she could study them. After that, she went back to her desk. She texted Declan and told him, she got a work to be done so she couldn't meet him for lunch. "You must be having a date with a guy there, just be honest with me," said Declan's reply. Pamela got so shocked reading it. "Of course not, babe. I'm a journalist you know it. I'm just doing my job. I'm not going to have a date with anyone, but I'm going to interview the Japan's Prime Minister," Pamela replied to Declan's text. "LIAR!!!" Declan replied again, so short yet sounded mean. Pamela sighed. She looked panic. She's afraid Declan was angry. But she couldn't do anything since it's her job. She couldn't forsake her job just because of Declan's childish jealousy. "I'm not lying," Pamela replied. Pamela waited a few minutes but there was no reply back, so she texted him again, "Babe, I really am not lying. My boss asked me to do an interview with the Japanese Prime Minister." Still no reply. Declan did tell her sometime ago that he suffered from a mental sickness, that's what the doctors told him. That's why Pamela wanted to be by his side all the more. Because none in Declan's family cared about him. Not even his mother. His parents said, their son had an attitude problem. Declan did not have a friend, not even one. He's too introvert that he couldn't make any friends. So he could only count on Pamela on everything. Seeing this fact did not make Pamela stop loving him, because she thought Declan needed someone to be there for him, and that someone could be her. But whenever Pamela tried to show him how much she loved him, he would hurt her more and more. One thing that Pamela could never understand. Pamela checked all the materials she could use to interview the Japan's Prime Minister. She then went to the cameraman to organize everything, and there she had a little meeting with the cameraman. "Trey, make sure that you shoot from good angles, since this is about international affair that involves our country," Pamela said to the cameraman, Trey. "That's for sure, beautiful," Trey replied. "Stop calling me beautiful, can't you?" Pamela asked. "Because you are," Trey winked. "Sheesh!" Pamela mumbled, Trey chuckled, "Just be grateful when someone calls you beautiful, doll. You wouldn't like it either when you're called ugly, would you?" Trey said. "Yeah, okay. But I think you're just playing," Pamela said. "I'm not. You really are beautiful," Trey said again, with a smile. "Thanks I guess," Pamela replied, blushing. And they continued talking, after that Pamela went back to her desk and gathered all the materials about Coldplay's interview and handed them over to Sandra who was already waiting at her desk. Trey, he's about 3 years older than Pamela, he really knew how to cheer her up. And he had been a good friend at work, because Trey was Pamela's cameraman, they had been working together for about two years now. At 3:30 pm, Pamela, Trey, and some other crew with her went to the hotel where the Prime Minister stayed. The interview took about 2 hours, and since it's not a live program, they did it without rushing. They asked the Prime Minister about 20 questions, about the purpose of his coming, his schedule in the USA, to simple questions such as his favorite food and restaurant. The Prime Minister was very friendly, it made Pamela feel comfortable. And it seemed he liked Pamela, he gave her a ribbon, it's Japan made. He said he brought a lot of ribbons for the female orphans that he was going to visit in the USA, and thought he could give one for Pamela, because her long blonde hair looked unkept. Pamela liked it, it's a red ribbon, her favorite color. "We did it," Trey grinned. And Pamela and all the crew high fived with each other. They felt glad, it's done. "The Prime Minister said your beauty was exceptional," Trey told Pamela when they were on the car. "Really? When?" Pamela asked. "When we had done the interview, he told me that," Trey said. "Ah, bullshit," Pamela laughed. "I swear!" Trey insisted. They all laughed, one of the crew said to Trey, "You ain't trying to flirt with her, are you? Trey dude, she's taken!" "Bruce, please don't tell that secret! She ain't married yet," and Trey laughed hard. "Heart and soul I belong to one man, nothing's gonna change that," Pamela said. They went back to their office and processed the interview that they just did into a program. After it's all done, Pamela told her friends she's going back home. Val asked, "Don't you want to come to have a drink with us to celebrate the success of your interview with the Prime Minister?" "Nah, it's late. I gotta rush," Pamela replied. "Wow, you're so afraid of Declan! It's so obvious!" Val shouted. "Yeah, whatever, I'm tired. See ya tomorrow," Pamela said, waving her hands. Val shook her head in disbelief. Everyone in Pamela's office knew about Declan. Because, for one, Pamela would talk a lot about him, for two, when Declan bruised her, people would notice, and for three, because Declan wouldn't stop ringing Pamela's phone. Pamela checked her phone as she walked down the corridor. Some missed calls, some texts, but none of them were from Declan! "Wow!" Pamela mumbled, "What's wrong with him? Is he really mad at me?" Pamela wondered. She then

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made a call to Declan. No answer. She dialed his number again. Still no answer. Pamela's heart began to thump real hard. She panicked. She felt that something bad was going to happen. Usually, something bad would happen if Declan refused to answer the phone. She looked at her wristwatch, it's 1 am in the morning. She headed to the bus stop and went back home. On the way back home, she became so anxious. She got a bad feeling. She's afraid Declan would leave her again. It had happened many times, he would disappear without prior notice, too often he did that, that Pamela could easily predict the end result of Declan's madness. Declan wouldn't think twice about leaving her over unreasonable petty things, over his unreasonable jealousy, he wouldn't listen to any explanations. And he would beat her to death. Pamela didn't mind the beatings, she loved him too much, she knew she wouldn't be able to live without him. All was good, as long as Declan stayed by her side. 25 minutes gone, Pamela arrived at the destination bus stop. She knew she had to buy a car, but she wasn't that rich to afford such, though she was paid very nice by Valerie. She had to help her parents financially. She rushed to her apartment with a heart that wouldn't stop thumping hard, she wanted to call Declan once she's in the house. At the apartment, she slowly opened the door, and got in. It was dark. "Megan must have forgotten to turn on the lights," she said to herself, and she turned on the lights. How surprised she was, seeing Declan sitting on the sofa!

Chapter 2: Nothing is Enough

"Hi babe," Pamela said with a smile, but her face said, she's afraid. "Did you have fun today?" Declan asked, playing his cigarette. "What do you mean?" Pamela asked, she's very afraid. Declan's tone wasn't too nice. "How was your date with the Japanese Prime Minister going?" Declan asked again, looking at Pamela's eyes so sharply. "What are you talking about? What date? I told you I was going to interview the Japanese Prime Minister. Please don't overcomplicate matters!" Pamela replied with a high tone. "Bullshit! Overcomplicate matters you say? Are you saying I'm making things a big deal?" Declan asked with a loud voice, "You know what, if you keep lying, I may as well break your teeth, and you know I am deadly serious!" Declan snapped. "I was working, for God's sake, babe, stop it!" Pamela said. "Working? Pleasing the Japanese Prime Minister as his prostitute you call it working, you slut?" Declan replied, still with a high tone. "I'm tired, I need to shower and then rest," Pamela said. "So now you're tired. You weren't tired pleasing that old man, but now you're tired talking to me?" Declan asked. "We ain't talking, we are arguing and I'm tired. Please understand," Pamela said, heading to the bathroom. But Declan rose from the sofa, grabbed Pamela's hair, and dragged her to the sofa and push her body onto it. Pamela got so shocked. "What are you doing?" Pamela asked in fear. "Bitch, shut up and listen when I'm talking to you!" Declan roared, and continued, "Where did you spend your day with that man? I heard you both were in a hotel." "The interview did take place in a hotel where the Prime Minister stayed," Pamela replied. "So you call your passionate sex with him an 'interview'? Were you both role playing?" Declan asked. "Wwwwhhhhhhaaaattttt?!!!" Pamela asked out of surprise. She couldn't believe Declan really thought she was whoring around with the Prime Minister! "Please, just stop, you're being deluded. I was just doing my job as a journalist!" Pamela said, but Declan slapped her mouth. "Why'd you slap me?" Pamela asked out of surprise. "I had to give your lying mouth a lesson, that's why," Declan replied, so calmly. Pamela's cheek felt really hot, it was a hard slap, she kept rubbing it. "Why you keep doing this to me? I really was just doing my job, I didn't do what you accuse me of, I swear," Pamela said, her voice sounded weak. "You think I believe you?" Declan asked in cynical voice. "Why won't you trust me? You know how much I love you," Pamela said, she reached to Declan's waist trying to hold him, but he warded her off, "Don't fucking touch me with your dirty hands, bitch!" Declan said. "Baby please, I love you only and you know that," Pamela begged. Declan then sat on a sofa opposite to Pamela, "Then give me your body," Declan said. Pamela got so surprised. "I thought we agreed there's no premarital sex?" Pamela said. "We've been together for 3 years, and until now you won't let me have sex with you, what is it? You said you're a virgin still, if so, prove it! What do you got to hide from me? If you're really a virgin and you truly love me, you gotta let me know, 'cause I feel like raping you tonight," Declan replied. "Baby, please, let me preserve my body 'til the night we're married, I preserve it just for you, because I can see my future with you, you said you will marry me, I want to honor you with my body babe," Pamela said. "What's the difference now or later it's going to be mine still, so do it now 'cause I feel like doing it now. If you love me, you will do it for me without thinking twice, without letting me repeat myself like this. That's your punishment for being a whore the whole damn day with that old man," Declan said. "Baby please, I was just doing my job. Let me just preserve my body 'til the day we are married please?" Pamela kept begging. "Are you so afraid that I'll find out you're not virgin or something? What you gotta hide?" Declan sounded upset, and he continued, "It's been 3 years!" "Babe, if you love me, you will wait for me," Pamela said. "I've been waiting for 3 damn years. How long more do you want me wait? If you love me, you will do it for me, you are mine, your body is mine, I own you, you're my property!" Declan snapped. "But babeâ!" Pamela sounded so helpless, she was afraid. "But what? So I conclude it's either you don't love me or you're not a virgin, simple as that. Ok, I'll go home now, goodnight and goodbye," Declan said and rose up from the sofa. "Wait," Pamela said, and continued, "Is sex really important to you?" "Of course, it will let me know that you really love me," Declan replied. "But isn't everything that I've done for you enough to prove that I really love you? I am not so close to my family now for you, I don't go out with friends, I don't befriend guys, all for you," Pamela said. "No, of course not. Because who knows, you fake it all," Declan said. "How could you say that? I never faked anything with you," Pamela said. "Well, as you know it, I don't believe you," Declan winked and smiled. "How can you say you love me yet not trust me?" Pamela asked. "And why can't I say I love you and not trust you?" Declan

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asked back. "Because I've been with you for 3 years already, you should have to trust me by now. And if you love me, you will trust me. That's how our relationship will work. If not, we will only fight, fight, and fight, and I'm tired of fighting with you, I wanna be loved," Pamela replied. "Well, I have trust issue with you, who knows what you do behind my back when I'm not around," Declan said, and continued, "Hey, don't waste my time. If you ain't giving me your body, I better go home." "Now you're talking to me like I'm a whore," Pamela said. "Because you are a whore and you are my whore. I'm just treating you the way you should be treated," Declan said, with no expression. Pamela's heart felt like it's torn apart, "Ok," she said. "Ok what?" Declan asked. "You can have my body tonight," Pamela said. "Are you sure?" Declan asked. "Yes," Pamela replied. "Don't worry, I will not do anal with you as I'm afraid your anus might be dirty and I don't want to catch a sexual disease," Declan said. A tear rolled down Pamela's face as Declan was undoing her clothes, "Can you say you love me babe?" Pamela asked. Declan stopped undoing Pamela's clothes and looked at her with a sharp look, "Why so lovey-dovey, huh?" Pamela didn't respond. Tears kept rolling down her face. And Declan, out of sudden, tore Pamela's clothes. Pamela got so surprised, "Babe?!" she said. "Shut up! I told you I wanted to rape you!" Declan shouted. He then dragged Pamela by her hair to her room and threw her body to the bed. He took off all her clothes and took off his as well and started to look at Pamela's body. Meanwhile, Pamela closed her eyes, she's so afraid, her heart thumped real hard. "Wow! Look at your body! So soft, I like it," Declan smiled and started to do a soft massage to Pamela's breasts, while Pamela still closed her eyes, her heart thumped really hard. "Why you close your eyes? Don't you enjoy this? Don't you want to see me naked?" Declan asked. "Yea," Pamela said, she was so afraid that she couldn't think of what to do. "Open your damn eyes!" Declan snapped, so Pamela opened her eyes. "You wet yet?" Declan asked. "What do you mean?" Pamela asked back, she's not experienced in sex. "Are you acting dumb? Come on, you know what I mean! You've been doing this with so many guys and yet now with me you pretend like you don't know what I mean?" Declan asked in disbelief. "Babe, please, I've just been doing this with you," Pamela said. "Bullshit," Declan replied, and continued, "However, make this fun for me. Open your legs wide." Pamela shocked, "Why?" she asked. "I want to see that candy," Declan replied, forcing Pamela's legs to open. "Babe, can we just do oral?" Pamela asked. "What?! Why oral? I thought you're a virgin? And I thought I could have your virginity as you kept saying?" Declan asked out of surprise. "That's right, but I'm afraid," Pamela said. "What are you afraid of? That I might find out you're not a virgin?" Declan asked. "Why you keep saying that? It's not that. I'm just afraid, please understand," Pamela said, with tears that kept rolling. "No, I can't understand. Try to enjoy this and don't dare to ruin my mood," Declan said. "Babe, please, oral is so far I can give you for now. I love you, yes I do, but please, you can take my virginity on the day we're married, I promise you, I cannot do things against the voice in my heart, please sweetheart understand me," Pamela said, begging. Declan stood there, he stopped forcing Pamela's legs to open and he looked at her eyes. He didn't say anything for a few seconds but then he said, "Then let's not do it." It surprised Pamela, "What? Why not?" she asked. "Why do something when you're not willing. Why must I take something that you're not willing to give," Declan replied. "It's not that I'm unwilling to give, I just feel that it's not right," Pamela said. "What's not right? We love each other. Each couple that love each other would share intimate moments together," Declan said. "Yes we do love each other, but it's against my conscience," Pamela said. "Are you saying that I don't have conscience?" Declan asked. "No, I'm not saying that babe, please understand," Pamela said. "Yeah, okay. Wear your clothes back," Declan said. "We can do oral if you want," Pamela said. "No, it's okay, I've lost my mood. Just wear your clothes back," Declan said. "I'm sorry. Are you sure?" Pamela asked. "Yes, I'm sure," Declan replied. "Are you really okay?" Pamela asked again just to make sure. "Yes, I am okay, quit asking if I'm okay over and over," Declan said. "Okay, I'm sorry," Pamela said. The two of them did not say anything, they wore their clothes back. Pamela felt uneasy. She knew she had disappointed Declan. And although Declan said it's ok, she could feel that Declan was disappointed. "Can I stay here for the night since it's too late for me to come back?" suddenly Declan asked, and he added, "Don't worry, I will not rape you, or ask to have sex with you. It's all clear to me now." "Yes, of course you can stay here tonight. What's clear to you now?" Pamela asked. And continued asking, "Have you misunderstood me?" "No, it's all good. So, where can I sleep?" Declan asked. "You can sleep in my bed," Pamela replied. "Are you sure? You're not afraid that I'd do what you don't want me to do?" Declan asked, wondering. "No, babe. I know I can trust you," Pamela smiled. They both went to Pamela's bed, and Declan wrapped her in his arms, while he kissed her forehead. "I

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love you," Declan said. "I know," Pamela said, and continued, "I hope you don't lose your interest in me for what happened just now." "No, you're my baby that I love and loves me. Our love is beyond anything. I truly love you. And if I act up sometimes it's 'cause I freak out you might do something behind my back when I'm not around. I own you, you're mine, you're my beautiful baby," Declan replied. He certainly was disappointed. But he hid it. "Aww baby, I know you love me," Pamela grinned in joy. Declan wrapped her in his arms more tight, "Yes I do, and I love you so much," he said, giving another kiss on Pamela's forehead. Pamela rubbed his chest gently, they're wearing their clothes. "I'm so sorry about earlier, I just want to preserve my body until the day we are married," Pamela said. "It's okay babe, I understand," Declan said, and kissed her again. "I love you sweetheart," Pamela said, giving a kiss on Declan's lips. "I love you too. Let's go to sleep because tomorrow you have to go to work," Declan said. "Okay, darling," Pamela said. They both kissed and closed their eyes to sleep. It's their first time to sleep together. They had been together for 3 years, but Pamela, being a conservative girl, never gave Declan a permission to sleep together in one bed. Today, it was because of her fear of losing him, that's why she allowed him to sleep with her, but just that far, no sex. The only thing they ever did as a couple was tongue kissing, touching, but never till they took off their clothes.

Chapter 3: Abusive Love

The next day, Pamela woke up at 6 sharp. She only got 3 hours sleep. Declan was still sleeping. She kissed his forehead, and then took her clothes from her wardrobe and walked to the bathroom to shower. It took her about 20 minutes in the bathroom, and then she got out and went to her room to wear her makeup. Declan was still sleeping. She looked in the mirror and saw her swollen cheek, Declan slapped it hard last night, and she sighed. She put on thick powder just so the bruise won't be visible to others. After she got done wearing her makeup, she went to the kitchen to prepare some toasts and eggs for her and Declan. She imagined herself being his wife, it made her very happy. She then woke Declan up. "Honey, wake up baby, I have to go to work and I've prepared the breakfast," Pamela said softly, waking him up. Declan did not react, so Pamela woke him up again shaking his body and said, "Baby, wake up sweetheart, I have to go to work. I've prepared some toasts and eggs for you, babe." "Mmmh?" Declan said. He's not fully conscious. "I've prepared the breakfast babe, I've to go to work," Pamela said again. Declan opened his eyes, and looked at the clock, 8:00 am. "Damn, can't you let me sleep a little bit longer?" Declan asked, his voice sounded a bit angry. "I'm sorry that I have to wake you up, but I have to go to work, babe," Pamela replied. "Am I a stranger or your lover, huh? Do you have to get rid of me whenever you're going to work? Can't I just stay here while you're at work? Should I even ask your permission for that? Asking for a permission to stay at my girlfriend's place, that's ridiculous, you gotta be kidding me," Declan said. "No, of course not, babe. Okay if that's what you want. I was just seeing if you'd want to be here while I'm at work. I thought you'd feel lonely staying here alone, that's why I woke you up," Pamela replied. "You know that I've been staying alone in my apartment for 6 years, right? Nobody with me, no family, woman or friends, completely alone. So there's no way for me to feel lonely. I'm used to feel lonely," Declan said, lighting up his cigarette. "I'm your woman, sweetheart," Pamela said, she's about to give Declan a kiss on his forehead when he suddenly shouted, "Hey, watch out! You don't want me to feel sick of your morning breath, do you?" It shocked Pamela hearing him say that. "What?! Ok, I'm sorry," Pamela said. "What are you sorry for? I should be getting my beauty sleep, but because of you now I'm getting a headache!" Declan replied. "Why are you so moody, huh? Last night you were okay and now this again?" Pamela asked, she got angry because she thought Declan had crossed the line of being disrespectful to her. "Fuck off!" Declan said, and he pulled the blanket to cover his face. "Sheesh!" Pamela mumbled, "The breakfast is on the table, I go now!" Pamela said, and rushed to go to work. She waited for Claudia at the front gate of her apartment. She felt so sad because of Declan's words. Sometimes she couldn't believe that Declan really loved her. He was always mean and rough toward her. He was always harsh even from day 2 they started their relationship. Declan left his ex girlfriend for Pamela. She thought Declan really loved her. But now she began to doubt about his love. When they got together, Declan lied about breaking up with his girlfriend. He said he had left her, but Pamela found out that he did not leave her yet, so she asked him to choose between her and his girlfriend, and Declan chose Pamela. 10 minutes of waiting for Claudia, finally she arrived. 10 minutes that felt like ages for Pamela. She really wanted to cry that morning, but she knew she couldn't. No, her friends must not know about her unhappy relationship. She wanted to make Declan appear to be a good guy. Though her friends knew just how harsh he was toward her. Because he wouldn't think twice about humiliating Pamela in public. He had done that many times in Pamela's office, whenever they were into a big fight that wouldn't end in one night. So instead of waiting Pamela till she had gotten home from work, Declan would come over to her work place to straighten things up and he wouldn't care about Pamela's friends at work. Some people would call the security guards to get rid of Declan, but Declan would threaten to harm Pamela, so the security guards couldn't do anything to get rid of him, they just let him rant and shout at their office. "Hey, are you okay? You look pale," Claudia said while Pamela got in the car. "Yea, I'm ok," Pamela replied, while closing the door. "Did you eat your breakfast yet?" Claudia asked. "No, I didn't have the appetite to eat," Pamela answered. "You should eat, Pam. What is it? You don't look well, seriously," Claudia asked. "I'm okay, really," Pamela tried to convince Claudia. "Did you fight with Declan again?" Claudia asked. "No," Pamela answered. Claudia felt that something was wrong. "I sense something has gone wrong with you, Pam. I'm your friend, you can tell me anything," Claudia said. "Geez, why can't you stop asking questions, I said I'm okay!" Pamela snapped. "Ok, you don't have to snap," Claudia said out of

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surprise. But Pamela averted her eyes from Claudia. She looked really frustrated. A tear finally rolled down her face. Claudia noticed, but she didn't say anything. She knew it's not the right time to ask why. Pamela needed her time alone. Pamela felt like giving up on Declan, but she loved him too much to even really give up on him. She didn't know what to do. It took them 20 minutes to arrive. Pamela and Claudia got out of the car, together they walked to the office. Claudia kept looking at Pamela, and she noticed something unusual on Pamela's right cheek. It's blue. Pamela did cover it with thick powder, but the powder thinned out as time flew by. "Pam, what's wrong with your cheek, girl? Did somebody bruise you? Was it Declan?" Claudia asked. Getting such question made Pamela surprised. She didn't know that anyone would notice that. "Huh? Oh, um, I bumped my cheek on a door last night," Pamela said, smiling. "Don't lie, it's more like a handprint than a bump of a door," Claudia said. "Really, I bumped my cheek on a door. Why would Declan slap me, he's a perfect boyfriend," Pamela grinned. Claudia knew that Pamela was just trying to hide it. "Well, okay, but if you need a friend, I'm here for you," Claudia said, with her arm around Pamela's neck. "Thanks, Claud, but I'm okay," Pamela said. "Yeah, of course, you're always okay," Claudia replied. Pamela just grinned, and they both went to their office. When Pamela was walking to her office, everyone that was walking pass her looked at her like she's a new apprentice. Her right cheek got bluer. But she didn't know why they looked at her like that. When she had reached her desk, she asked Trey, "Hey, what's wrong with me? Everyone kept looking at me on my way here as if there's something really wrong with me." Trey looked at her and shouted, "Good golly, Pam! What's wrong with your cheek, sug?" Pamela knew, it's her right cheek! She took her small mirror to see her face, and she saw her blue cheek, "Gosh," she mumbled. "What's wrong, Pammy?" Trey asked, "Did somebody hurt you?" he asked again. "Nothing, I bumped my cheek on a door, that's why," Pamela said the same thing she said to Claudia. "Come on, Pam, you can fool a 5 year old, but I'm way too old to believe your lie. Tell the truth and I'll give a lesson anyone who has hurt you!" Trey said, clenching his fist and punched the table. "I'm okay, Trey, really. Nobody has hurt me. You should punch the door that I bumped into. It's that door that should be given a lesson," Pamela grinned, and it felt sore. "Honestly, Pam, it looks more like a slap than a bump of a door. Did somebody slap you?" Trey asked again. "Ugh, you and Claudia are the same! Stop asking me questions! I said I'm okay!" Pamela snapped Trey. She felt annoyed. No, she felt like she had to defend her pride and Declan's image. She wont let people know about Declan's bad side Declan, he's handsome, he's tall, he got brown eyes and dark blonde hair. He's well-versed in music and movies. When he's mad, he roared like a lion, yet when he loved, he's sweet like a dove. He would love her tenderly when he was sane. And Pamela couldn't tell when he was sane, or when he was insane. Because of his mood swings that could change within seconds. Pamela tried her best to keep busy at her office. She felt a little bit sleepy as she didn't sleep much last night. But she knew she couldn't sleep at her office, and staying awake made her mind wander about Declan, so she kept herself busy. She arranged the reports of some news and compiled them into a program. Valerie bought her ice cream because she's worried about Pamela so she decided to buy her ice cream, because who knew it could cheer her up. "Pam, have lunch with me at a nearby restaurant, will you?" suddenly Trey asked, when Pamela was busy with her work. Pamela looked at her wristwatch, she didn't realize it was already 2 pm, and she said, "Umm, okay. But it's too late for lunch, don't you think?" "Yeah, but I want you to eat something. Claudia said you didn't have your breakfast," Trey said. "But I'm not hungry, Trey," Pamela said. "No, sug. You have to eat something. Come on, let's go," Trey said, and he grabbed Pamela's hand. Trey did like Pamela a lot, but he knew, he didn't have the chance. So he just tried to treat her right as a best friend. Pamela knew, that if Declan knew that she and Trey had lunch together, it would be a doomsday for her. But today, she just didn't want to care about anything. The way Declan treated her this morning still made her feel bad. They both went to a caf  nearby. Pamela ordered a Cr me Br lee, a bread, and a latte, while Trey ordered some breads and a corn soup. They went to sit in the corner of the restaurant. "The Cr me is really delicious, here," Pamela said, scooping the Cr me into her mouth. "You never went here before?" Trey asked. Pamela shook her head, "No, never. It's my first time here," Pamela said. "Whoah! This restaurant has been standing here for ages and it's only 200 meters away from our office, where have you been?" Trey laughed hard, and he continued, "Does Declan keep you away from enjoying your life?" Pamela wanted to say yes. She didn't know how much she had missed, but, she said, "Not at all. And just because I never went here before doesn't mean that Declan keeps me away from enjoying my life." "Well, he keeps you away from socializing with your friends," Trey said, eating his soup, "He's such a

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jealous guy," Trey added. "Why's everyone subject is always Declan, Declan, Declan, whenever they talk to me?" Pamela asked, wondering. "It's because of that mark on your face, doll," Trey said. "I told you it's not because of Declan! What's wrong with you people!" Pamela sounded upset. "Hey, hey, hey, relax. I was just guessing," Trey said, and they both continued eating without saying anything. Pamela did realize, whenever she and Declan had a date, they would just spend all day, whether at Declan's apartment or hers, watching movies, cooking some foods, or just cuddling. They both went out together only 4 times in 3 years. Because of how guys looked at Pamela, that's why Declan never keen on going out whenever they had a date, moreover, Pamela's job drained all her time, so they were rarely together but a few hours. It was never a matter to Pamela, she's happy enough as long as she's with Declan. The silence made Trey feel uncomfortable, so he tried to break the silence by asking Pamela, "Did you hear about the murder of Barbara Kleine, that actress?" "Yea, who didn't. It happened about a year ago. Why you ask?" Pamela asked. "The murderer hasn't been caught yet," Trey replied. "Yea, I know. That sucks," Pamela said, drinking her latte. "Police are now investigating the case again. They suspect it's her latest boyfriend that killed her," Trey said. "Really? Why so?" Pamela asked in curiosity. "Because, the night when she was murdered, some witnesses said she spent her last night with him, this, the boyfriend did not deny. And it was him who found her dead. Pretty weird. Yet there was no evidence on the spot that could be used to prove that he was the murderer," Trey explained. "Yea, that's weird. Why so though?" Pamela asked. "His alibi said, he was in the bathroom when it happened. Investigation said that his testimony was true, he was indeed in the bathroom when it happened. But who knows he was cleaning up some shit in the bathroom after murdering her, right? Here's the problem, the gun that was used to shoot her dead hasn't been found until today, and there was no finger print that told us there was an outsider besides Barbara and her boyfriend. But the boyfriend said, the murderer is out there with his gun, wearing hand gloves, of course he would not leave a single finger print. Now, if the boyfriend's testimony was true, than the murderer must have sneaked in into Barbara's apartment and hid himself there. Yet, this is not possible, because we know how high the security level in apartments that are resided by people such as Barbara," Trey explained again. "Wow! That's true! Your analysis is awesome, Trey! You should try to apply for a detective job!" Pamela grinned. Trey smiled wide, "I was going to, but my certificate is journalism," he said, laughing. Pamela laughed too. "Hey, I'm serious. I really think, it's Barbara's boyfriend. She's murdered with a gun. It's impossible if the boyfriend didn't hear the sound when it's shot, because, as he said, he was in the bathroom and the location where she's murdered was like 2 meters from the bathroom," Trey said again, trying to look serious. "A silent gun, maybe?" Pamela guessed. "I don't know. But I think, even if it's a silent gun, it would still send a sound even though just a soft sound," Trey said, frowning, as if he was thinking hard. Pamela chuckled looking at him like that. "Interesting, Trey, you should tell the police about your analysis," Pamela said. "Hey, I'm serious," Trey said. "What makes you think I am kidding?" Pamela asked, with a smile. "Really?" Trey asked. "Yea, sure. I think you should let the police know about your analysis," Pamela convinced him. "I thought so, but, wouldn't they have guessed it as well?" Trey asked. "I don't know. What if we ask Val to make a report on that matter since the police now reopen the case?" Pamela asked. "I was going to tell you that too," Trey grinned. "Yea, I think that's a good idea, Trey," Pamela said. "I just hope that Val doesn't give this interesting topic to other reporters, since both of us are the only ones qualified for this," Trey said. "Yea, I hope so tooâ laaaaaaaahhhhhh!!!" suddenly Pamela screamed, someone grabbed her hair. Trey looked up and saw Declan! It got him shocked! "It's your boyfriend, Pam," Trey said and quickly held Declan's arm, "Release her," Trey said. Pamela holding her hair feeling painful, "Babe, what's wrong, why do this in public, people are watching us," Pamela said, but Declan didn't respond to her. And instead of releasing Pamela, Declan kicked Trey's leg, "Fuck off, punk! You don't tell me what to do to my girl!" "Honey, please, it hurts," Pamela begged. People in the cafÃ© were looking at them, but none of them tried to help Pamela. They didn't want to intervene on other people's business. Trey shook his head in disbelief, "You're so uncontrollable, Dec," Trey said, "Release her," Trey said again, trying to make Declan release Pamela, but Declan grabbed her hair tighter and ready to drag her. "Shut that whole in your face, asshole! None gave you the right to speak a word to me!" Declan replied. Trey shook his head again. He couldn't believe at what he saw. He wanted to save Pamela, he knew something bad was going to happen. But however, he tried to keep his mind sane. He thought that it's better to let Pamela and Declan fix their problems. Although he knew, the problem tied with him. Declan dragged Pamela by her hair to the parking lot

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and forced her to get in to the car. He looked very furious. Even though he might get caught by the police for being so abusive in public, he didn't care. His heart was burned with fire to the core. "Get in the car, bitch!" Declan pushed Pamela's body to get in the car, so Pamela got in. She's in pain. Declan dragged her by the hair so roughly. "Babe, I have to work still," Pamela said. "Fuck your job! Now go home with me you whore!" Declan snapped and slammed the door. "How did you know I was there?" Pamela asked soon as Declan got in the car. "Your friend told me, bitch! Who else! What a whore you are!" Declan answered shortly as he started the car and drove like a mad man. Pamela knew, something bad was going to happen. Something really worse than what had happened last night. "Be careful, sweetheart," Pamela said. "Fucking stop calling me sweetheart!" Declan snapped as he was driving. He drove really fast. "What? But why? You are my sweetheart," Pamela asked in wonder. Declan didn't say anything. He kept driving. His face looked so red. He was very angry. Pamela knew, it's because he saw her eating with Trey. Declan drove to Pamela's apartment. Both of them got out of the car, and Declan walked to Pamela's direction. Pamela was so afraid he would hurt her again. "Be quick, whore!" Declan said, he grabbed Pamela's hair again and dragged her to her unit. Declan quickly opened the door and threw Pamela on the sofa. Pamela was so scared of him. "So you turned off your phone just so I won't bug your date with that punk?" Declan asked. "I turned off my phone?" Pamela asked in wonder. And Pamela remembered, she had not recharged her phone's battery yet! But she found another argument to say against Declan. "You forgot how you treated me this morning? You were so harsh!" Pamela said. "How did I treat you harsh, huh? You're mine, you're my property, I own you entirely and I have a full right to treat you the way I want to treat you, you spoil brat!" Declan roared, and continued, "That doesn't give you the right to turn your phone off and go to a date with another guy!" "Who said I was dating! Geez! I was just having a lunch with my colleague! You see this bruise on my cheek that you gave me last night? Why you treat me like I'm so worthless, huh?" Pamela asked. "What? Why? You want another slap?" Declan said and quickly slapped Pamela again, and said, "Because you are worthless, bitch!" and Declan slapped her again and repeated his words, "Because you are so fucking worthless!" Pamela shocked upon hearing what Declan said! Worthless? "So I am worthless?" Pamela asked, just to make sure. "You deaf? I said you are worthless, whore! A total piece of shit! You're so fuckin' worthless!" Declan roared, "Realize that, bitch!". Pamela looked at him with a sharp look. Her tears rolled down uncontrollably. She's shocked upon hearing what Declan just said. "Since I am so worthless, then what are you doing with me?" she asked calmly with tears that won't stop rolling. Her heart broke the moment Declan said she's worthless. He had said it many times, but this time, Pamela couldn't take it anymore. "Shut up, bitch!" SLAAAAAAPPPPâ! And Declan slapped Pamela. "Go ahead, slap me again. Slap me again till you're satisfied! SLAP ME AGAIN!" Pamela screamed in her despair. "I fuckin' said shut up! Who gave you the right to scream at me, huh? You're lucky I only slapped you! I didn't kill you! Though you deserved to be killed!" Declan yelled. "What do you want from me? Since I am so worthless, I have no use for you, right?" Pamela asked. "What the fuck are you trying to say, bitch? Are you telling me to go just so you can be with that punk? Huh? So that's what you do behind my back? Dating guys and whoring around? Excellent!" Declan clapped his hands in sarcasm. "How do I whore around? Why do you conclude that I whore around just because you see me with a guy? I was freakin' talking about our job!" Pamela said. "Oh, yeah? Whoring around in the guise of talking about job. Nice, Pam. You're such a professional whore! Or, is he your pimp?" Declan laughed saying that. "Why won't you listen and accept my explanation, huh? What's wrong with you? There's nothing between me and Trey. We're just partners in job, he's my cameraman," Pamela insisted. "Oh, I see now. It's getting clear. So he's your cameraman. Nice. So you two have been together, betraying me behind my back! Asshole! You really deserve to be strangled to death!" Declan said and he tried to strangle Pamela. Pamela tried to release herself from his clutch, but he's too strong. "Get your hands off of me! You're hurting me!" Pamela yelled. Declan finally released her. He then took a seat on the sofa and light up his cigarette. He just sat there didn't say anything. It was silence all over. Pamela looked at him and noticed a tear fell from his eye. "I never betrayed you behind your back," Pamela finally spoke to break the silence. Declan didn't say anything so Pamela repeated her words again, "I never betrayed you I swear." "Didn't I tell you that relationships with other men in any shapes and forms cannot be justified?" Declan said. "He's just a colleague at work, as I said, he's my cameraman. Too bad there's no job that offers environment that consists of females only," Pamela replied. "If you were faithful to me, you would have refused to work with him when your boss asked you to. But my ex was right about

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you. And I've been right about you all along. You're just a worthless whore, ain't worth fighting for. It was a big mistake to leave Gwen for you," Declan said. Pamela got so shocked, "What?! What did your ex say about me anyway? So you both are still contacting each other?" Pamela asked in shock. "She said that you're not a faithful type of girl," Declan answered. "But how could she say that when we never knew each other? We never even talked, yet she concluded things about me? How cool!" Pamela said again. "I told her about you," Declan admitted honestly. And Pamela got shocked even more! "So you sold me out to her? You accuse me of betraying you yet you still in contact with her?" Pamela asked in disbelief. "You're my biggest mistake. I'm sorry," Declan said. "What do you mean?" Pamela got so confused, she knew what Declan was saying, but she couldn't believe he would say that. "It's over," Declan said. Pamela felt like a lightning thunder struck her in the middle of the day! "What the hell are you talking about, Dec! No, we ain't over! No! you're wrong about me! Why listen to her, why not trust me! She don't know a damn thing about me!" Pamela said in tears, but Declan didn't say anything, so Pamela continued, "Listen, it's just your assumption that I've betrayed you, okay. I never betrayed you, I swear," Pamela said, trying to change Declan's decision. "I'm leaving now. Be good. I wish you well and goodbye," said Declan, and he rose up from the sofa, but Pamela tried to hold him back, "No, baby, no. Don't do this to me, don't do this to us. Don't forsake our 3 years, don't forsake me, don't forsake our love," Pamela begged, she began to cry uncontrollably. But it did not move Declan's heart a bit. He's determined, he had to leave, "Let me go," he said, and warded Pamela's hands off. "No, baby, no, don't go. What do you want, honey? You want sex? I can give it to you, but don't leave me," Pamela kept begging and holding him. "Now you're talking to me like a whore. Let me go," Declan said, he warded her off again. "Would I beg you to stay if I wanted somebody else? Can't you see how much I love you? I cannot be without you," Pamela said. "But I can't be with you, Pam. You're so unfaithful, I cannot trust you," Declan said. "But it's just your assumption. You believe you're right when you're not. I've been faithful. It's just a lunch," Pamela insisted. "Look, I'm sorry if this has to hurt you, but I really can't be with you, I'm really sorry," said Declan and he walked out but Pamela chased him. "No, Dec, don't do this to me, I love you, you'll kill me if you go," Pamela kept begging while walking after him, but Declan didn't care. He kept walking to the parking lot, to his car. "Babe, stop please," Pamela begged desperately. Declan got into his car and said, "This is the punishment for being untrue to me. Be good." After saying this, he drove off, leaving Pamela alone crying in the parking lot. "Baabeâ !." Pamela said in her cry, but Declan had left. She was so devastated. She sat on the ground crying. She couldn't believe Declan really left her. Her heart was really broken and torn apart to pieces. It was a simple lunch with Trey that turned out to be a tragedy. After crying on the ground for awhile, she got up and went back to her apartment. She couldn't think straight at all, she tried to call Declan by the public phone, but he didn't answer her call. "Babe, please answer. No, honey, you can't do this to me," Pamela said to herself, while kept dialling Declan's number, she couldn't stop crying. She thought for awhile and she remembered that Declan always got back to her after a few hours or a few days. So Pamela decided to not take Declan's words seriously. "No, he can't be serious. He will come back again, maybe he will come back tomorrow. As always," Pamela made believe. She recharged her phone and turned it on. the reports said she got 13 missed calls, she also received 9 texts from Declan, and she cried again. She quickly ran to the bus stop to look for Declan. She thought he might be in his apartment.

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