

BreakEven (1# BreakEven Saga)

By : **AemmaBella**

This story was inspired by an awesome song called "Breakeven" by The Script. Summary: A man will do anything to keep his love happy, satisfied, pleased. Promises are kept- held fastly to his breast, but is there such thing as obsession? Is there such a thing called "Too Much Love"? Dam finds himself struggling with the reality of his once beloved Anya's moving on, romantically, to another man, named Stan... He wants- even feels it as a need- to have her back, and goes through torturous memories only to be swayed by his friend- a man who may indeed have a questionable past himself- who suggest the only solution to a fair break. Murder.



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Spinningâ twirling, skins touching, laughs breaking through massive ranges of natural silence forced in to a wheat field in the middle of spring time.

Dancing waist, clasping fingers, locking lips, and desperate hands play across bare flesh exposed not so accidently than you might think; and we laugh heartily, at nothing at all.

Lustful stares, and daring kisses hissed into one anotherâ s ear.

â Weâ re alone, Dam.â she says; so soothingly- she pulls me close.

A smile in to her ear with a breath of nothing but lust in the mist.

â Are you daring me, Anya Deaucate?â I countered with my own dare.

And the sweetest of giggles splay from her cherry kissed lips as she holds me closer in her warm, smooth embrace that one man could only dream of in sin and never mind the comeuppance he would later receive for it.

â If it were, would you play?â she drew me with a growl.

Oh, she was a daring one, Anya was. She dared my heart on several occasions, sometimes with trinkets, sometimes with sex, but she never dared to leave me. She loved me.

Past tense was never my favorite.

It is a vile attempt to rekindle a past that was never meant to play any part in your future. The past is full of pains and mistakes that forever bombard your imagination and conscience. Foreverâ ! and forever is a long time, for I remember events like these daily- hourly at the most, and it gives me a headache in more than one form, mind you.

But she was my one, that laugh- the one I miss so dearly it hurts my heart to even think of it, and I think of it every day- that laugh that played thievery in my ear and those hands that had done me pleasure with just a caress upon my cheek, and a kiss on my lips.

I love her.

Present tense; and that will never change, mind you. She is my addiction; my forever mi amore.

So, I will ask you one question: If this woman broke your heart, left you for another man, and never so much as turned around and said she was sorry- said that she sympathized with you; that she felt the same way as you, but it would never work and it pained her to say so; if this woman stood by with a smile on her face and held another man close to her side- let him kiss her!- with his filthy, crusty, sap sucking lips; wouldnâ t you kill him too?

With an angelâ s laugh playing and replaying in your conscienceâ ! as you watched the only love youâ ll ever know let her body close to anotherâ s in loveâ s embrace; she is happy- and that, in itself, should have been enough, no?- she is happy with this man, and she feels nothing for you. And it is your fault.

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Who do you blame?

Do you blame a God you never believed in?

A man you have never met whom takes greedy pleasures in running his hands all over your love?

Allah, then of course, no?

Who is to blame!

The rosy cheeked dame, whose long silver hair and eyes the color of a bleeding Violet, mocked you in your dreams every single night?

“Dam,” she whispered me as she lie in my arms; her skin touching mine- this being no accident- and her hair lay as a blanket upon us, tickling my chest and face, “if I ever left you, would you come after me?”

“Yes, I would.” And then, “why do you ask me this?” my heart fluttered at the very mention of her even hinting at wanting to leave me.

“Hypothetical reasons, nothing more.” She utters, “I would never leave you, you know that.”

And I believed her.

“And I would never let you go.” I said to her.

She never knew how true that statement would be.

Is it love? Or a Disaster in disguise?

“I never said I was cheating on you, Dam.” She explained. At this point she had been talking, and talking; no action of course, just that blasted talking! “I never, ever cheated on you.”

“Until recently.” I finished for her.

“But until then I had never done it!” she impressed.

She sat across from me in a diner we found ourselves going to for “important talks” every... single time. I loathed this diner, very much so that I now hate it to this day. Her body was awkwardly adorned in what is called a “Boyfriend shirt”, which is ironic now particularly because I had no idea who her boyfriend was or if she even had one and why she would possibly want to wear one during a break up session was beyond even my comprehension. Her eyes were raised above her cheek bones by bags, which indicated either a sleepless night due to our break up or other, rather, productive occupations. Her hair blonde- silver hair was tied into a messy bun and she didn’t bother to raise the glasses that sat low on the bridge of her nose.

I leaned over, suddenly to her, and pushed them gently upward for her. She was taken aback only for a moment before the glasses slid back down at the same time she suited herself, as if indicating that she was now calmed down to her normal state just by the sliding of her glasses.

“You’re obviously leaving me,” I stated plainly, “why should it matter whether you cheated on me now or then?”

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She scowled lightly at me: "Don't be so sour, Dam." And yanked her gaze away from mine, which was evenly placed on her, impenetrably.

"Sour is for grumpy old men who've stubbed their gout toe against the coffee table." I countered.
"No, I'm pissed and horrified. Who is this guy?"

She sat back in her glossy red booth and folded her arms defiantly over her chest; the chest that rose and fell with every intake of sweet oxygen.

"What's it to you?" she countered back.

I raised my hands in surrender: "No. Forget him. What happened to *us*?" I gestured between she and I.

Her arms slowly unfolded and her countenance shifted from that of someone who was angry to someone who felt nothing.

"We grew apart."

"You *didn't* grow apart. From me." I corrected.

"I don't have time for this," she began to stand and so did I, "I have to go meet Stan."

"Stan is it?" I returned quickly, "Couldn't find a guy with a spicier name?"

She gauffed: "What, like Dam?"

I winked at her.

She gasped a laugh and shook her head.

"You *lâ*" she wagged her finger at me, "you are-"

"Not letting you go." I finished for her.

Her finger dropped as did her expression and she hoisted up a rather large pocketbook that looked as if it weighed half a ton.

"-impossible." She turned to leave but I took her hand in mine. She looked at it as if it were covered with germs and spittle.

"I can't let you go." I told her again.

She stopped glaring at our hands and held my gaze with a neutral look.

"You don't have a choice."

"And what if I did?"

She was taken aback by my response.

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“What if I didn’t want you to throw away four years of magic? Four years of this miraculous thing we have together.”

She took her hand out of mine and began stepping backwards toward the door.

She shook her head: “Had, Dam.” And she turned away and toward the door; opening it swiftly before exiting without even a good bye.

One month later | And a hernia

“Dam!-Jesus will you- no don’t throw that!”

But of course it was too late, I had already thrown his “Velvet Rope” album out the window.

“Bastard! You could have at least thrown it on the bed.” He scratched his head. “She still not talking to you.”

“Argh!” A chair went out the window subsequently.

“I take that as a no.”

I turned to him, my face was dripping with salty sweat from my “eh” heated activity.

“She won’t even text me.” I told him. “Or Poke me on Facebook for that matter!”

He squinted at me: “Dude, nobody Pokes anymore.”

I was pacing and even that had been stopped by the then and very sudden and blasphemous words that had escaped his mouth.

“Really?”

“Really.”

I wiped the sweat from my forehead and lip and dropped myself on Cray’s bed. This young fellow has been by my side since even before Anya so that i now consider him my best friend. He is twenty-three years old and still lives with his mother which, in term, has left him alone without any such handsome suiters coming and going at all hours of the night such likes your modern bachelor. But, he is a good fellow- trustworthy, and kind; he has done very much for me, which is why i knew he would forgive me for throwing his items out the window.

“Dam, I may- may not be in, you know, the right position to say this, but you need to get layed-”

“No!” I shouted before he could finish his sentence.

Cray shrugged his bulky shoulders: “It was an option.” I glared at him, “I was obviously kidding.” he added.

I gaped out a sarcastic laugh and searched his room for some other pointless artifice of his I could throw out the window.

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“H-hey stop that!” Cray demanded, “You are not throwing anything else out the window.”

And I started to cry, which is when Cray threw his hands in the air.

“Dam, I think she really is ready to move on. You can’t force her to take you back, it won’t work. Stop trying.”

I shook my head: “No, no I can’t do that! I told her I would never let her go.”

He clapped a burly hand on my shoulder: “I think it’s about time you have a—”

I continued to shake my head.

“Cray, you know what this feels like.” I quietly stated, knowing that there was nothing but plain truth in my words.

He released my shoulder and dropped himself down heavily on the bed next to me.

“Yes.” Was all he said.

“So don’t stop me.”

He looked at me, but said nothing. His grey eyes had gone dim and his body seemed smaller than its usual largeness. He was thinking about Raven; a girl who long ago had broken his heart to be with her best friend, who was a girl. Pity, she was adorably subtle and charismatic when the need arose, quite the toy as well, at least that was what Cray had told me.

I yanked out my phone while Cray tortured himself with reveries and dialed Anya’s number.

It rang: one, two, three, four- an answer!

“What, Dam?” she said tiredly, there was a lot of indifference in her tone, as well as malice.

“H-how are you?”

“You don’t really want to know that do you?”

She was right, I could care less. What I really wanted to know was where Stan was and if he was at a small enough size for me to throw him out Cray’s window without throwing my back out.

“I-I do, really.”

“You’re lying, Dam.”

“How would you know that!”

Silence.

Then a sigh.

“You stutter when you lie.”

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I could feel my cheeks heat up.

â Have I always done that?â

â Yes.â

â And youâ re just now telling me this why?â

I could hear her shrugging her smooth shoulders.

â Didnâ t seem relevant at the time.â She said.

â Right. Anyway, where are you?â

â Uhâ ! if I tell you that-â

â Never mind.â

â You donâ t even-â

â Yeah I do.â

â Then why did you ask-â

â Because I am really bored and tortured and I wanted to hear your voice.â I told her quickly, â I miss you, Anya.â

Silence again.

I could feel the tension on her; hear it through the slightly bothered signal.

â Dam.â

â Yes?â

â Stop calling me,â she said, â it annoys Stan.â

I mimicked the name Stan silently with what had to have been a very dramatically over produced facial expression.

â I donâ t care about Stan.â I quietly told her.

â What?â

The line started crackling.

â I-I donâ t care about Stan!â I practically yelled.

â I canâ t hear you your phone is breaking up.â she nearly shouted into the receiver

I exhaled heavily.

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â Stan can kiss my ass!â I bellowed before hanging up. â Goddamn cell phone service!â I hissed as I threw my cell down on Crayâ s bed.

Cray looked from me to the cellphone to me again.

â Okay, now how come you didnâ t throw that out the window?â

Two months laterâ | And absolute insanities commence

Psychology could tell you that any man in love would do anything for his beloved. This is not an overstatement, an hyperbole, or an exaggeration.

I would have killed for Anya, and served that lifetime in prison if it meant seeing her every day; feeling her skin on my cheek, my back, my neck- my arm. Her lipsâ |

Her Violet eyes on mine alone, a gaze that was only meant for my own.

â Dam, I- I canâ t believe you did this, for me.â She is mesmerized by the garden house I had built for her myself in her small but comfy backyard. â This is so beautiful- but it must have cost you a fortune.â

I smile at her and shake my head, taking her hand- her softly slightly jittering hand- in mine; leading her slowly into a greenhouse filled with Rhododendrons, Lilies, Oleander, Birds Of Paradise, Tulips. Yet there was not a Rose in sight.

â No Roses?â she asked me curiously.

â Why? Such an odd question coming from the Rose herself.â I return her.

And she smiles at me, with red lips and bright eyes. She grasps my hand more tightly; with love- nothing but love traveling through her fingertips to mine, and into my heart, forever warming it as it beats.

Nowâ | Now I walk along these streets alone, watching couples ogling at one another, and do they truly love each other? Would they stay?

A lovely Brunette strolls by me; she is alone as well, and she seems so busy with herself- chattering on her little cellphone- swaying her hips as if she dares the first young fellow that spots her to come to her; come speak to the pretty dame mocking you this very instant.

Then she does something I had not expected. She turned around once- oh!-she double takes and her eye catches mine. She was, truthfully, very pretty, yet I could not have cared less. She smiled a neutral smile at me, seeing my gaze on her just the same- only in different degrees of course- and she turns back, reluctantly, and continues on her mysterious journey down the noisy sidewalk by the busy streets.

I assure you if a heavenly light had shone upon her I would have missed it. Not even Godâ s most Angelic broad could distract me from the one I truly wanted. Truly loved, and needed.

Suddenly a shoulder crashes against mine from behind.

â Iâ m sorry.â The silvery blonde muttered to me.

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A man following behind her like a dog turns around to me with his hands in the air gesturing something that I suppose was supposed to have been some bodily apology.

“Sorry, man, she’s rather in a hurry.” He smiles kindly.

And I know right away who this dismal walking disaster is.

“Anya.” I said in a low, rather pitifully cloaked hurt tone.

She heard me, surprisingly, and turned around. Hanging up her phone without so much as a TTYL to her recipient.

“Dam!” I saw her lips form. Then she did something I had not expected. She smiled. “Dam! This is Stan!”

She tossed her phone into that giant bulk of fabric she calls a purse and leans almost all of her weight on to Stan’s skinny little arm.

“Wow! It’s been awhile.” She said excitedly. I looked about her to see if there was some subtle hint of satire in her tone. There was not.

I shrugged.

“Yeah, well, you told me never to call you again.” I reminded her halfheartedly.

Her smile only faltered a hint before she caught and held it, fiercely.

“Wait,” Stan finally breaks in, uninvited, mind you, “you’re Dam? *The Dam*?” He did a quick swipe of palm against his trousers before presenting it to me for a handshake.

But why would I take his hand?

“Yes,” I told him slowly, ignoring his outstretched hand, “I am

The Dam as you put it.”

He cleverly took his hand back and ran his fingers through his hair with the hand that would have graced the presence of my right hand: “Right,” he said, “I’ve heard so much about you.”

My eyebrows rose automatically to this: “Really now?” I wondered, “What has she told you?”

“Oh- well, she-”

“Dam, what brings you out on this fine day?” The way was particularly cloaked with dark gray clouds and a sprinkling atmosphere, just so you know.

“A walk,” I blatantly told her. I very much wanted to hold her hand, though. And I wanted to tell her this. I wanted to shove Stan away from her and kick him into the streets. “I never can get too much exercise.”

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She nodded, indifferently, but with that ingenuous smile still plastered on her face: "Right, yes. Never enough" she looked off into a random direction. She was uncomfortable. And that, somehow, made me a little more comfortable. "Stan, darling, tell him the news." She suddenly broke a much more genuine smile. One that I remember dearly. One that at more than one occasion was focused on me, followed by her body hugging my arm, like she was doing now with Stan.

"What news?" I dumbly asked.

"Ah!- yes! The news." He looked at her uncertainly. Then, with a subtle nod of her head he straightened into a surer position. "Yes, Anya and I are to be married!"

Somehow I managed to choke off of nothing: "Really!" I bellowed, "Fantastic!"

And seeing as how I was choking I couldn't bring myself to say another word. So, I did what any sane man in his mid twenties would do; I turned around and ran.

And quite impressively quick, if I might add.

*

I cannot remember how I got to this place, only that I was with my mother's friend, Vain- I think his name was- though I can't see how I could forget him, after all, he will later play a large role in this story.

I had run for some time after hearing such "fantastic news". I know I was out of breath, and "crying-sobbing for use of a better word. No one loves a sugar-coater.

"Dam, my boy! What brings you here-" Vain, oh Vain, he is a sweet old man, of, possibly, sixty-two, and I've gone to him on more than one occasion to ask this well-seasoned man for romantic advise. He had never failed me. Which leads me, now, to believe that he was the one who our love together; like glue holding the Ming vase together. Vain now sees a bothered young man sobbing his eyes out in what is now a dreadfully wet evening. He quickly glanced about the grounds around his warehouse and tucked me under his wing into a dryer yet even darker interior.

There are no lights on in this room, I see nothing- hear nothing except my own ragged breaths and his calm one. I can feel the thick layers of dust floating about the room kiss my skin, my face and arms, as he leads me through a black maze.

"Dam," I heard him say in the dark, "what has happened to you?"

I sniffle like a fool in answer to him.

"It is not Anya?" he wonders aloud.

Suddenly a single light comes on and I see an old square table that I could describe as being used for various card games or tentative discussion.

He sat me down gently in a rickety chair and sat himself down across the table from me in a similar one.

"Speak to me, Dam."

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But I couldn't. My head was spinning and my stomach felt awful. Indescribable: my stomach fluttered with violent butterflies; my head obscured my vision with dizziness and nausea; it was awful hot, claustrophobically hot; I was sweating nearly uncontrollably.

I shook my head.

Vain leaned back into his chair, rubbing the thin stubble of graying beard on his chin.

"She left you."

I scoffed soundly: "Well obviously!"

He raised his hand to calm me.

"Speak to me," he slowly uttered, "don't punish me."

I fingered my hair, nearly pulling it clean out of the roots on my scalp, and I rocked- slightly on the chair; hearing it *scringe, scringe, scringe*.

"I didn't think it would be this hard," I said, "I didn't think it would hurt this much."

He watched me distantly with knowing eyes- eyes that burned with something I had never seen before. I had known Vain to be a calm, peaceful man. My mother had met him at one of her AAI meetings, twenty years ago. While she, herself, is only forty now; this old man had played quite a game over her eyes, she could not part with him since.

"Vain?" his foot was tapping rapidly on the dusty stone floors.

Then a sudden focus came into his eye; the fire extinguished.

He let out an exhausted sigh and flung his hairy, mass-tamed arms into the air.

"It is supposed to hurt, Dam," he said, and then, with more sorrow in his voice I know he never meant to reflect me, "it always hurts- it never goes away."

We sat silently across from one another in two rickety chairs in front of an old poker table. I heard his foot, the *Tap, Tap, Tapping* of an honest man's nervous foot as he played with his oddly shrill fingers.

"She was not supposed to find him, Vain." I suddenly said, "I can't be the only one left to suffer."

His gaze snapped back to me: "Who says she is not suffering?"

"Have you seen her Facebook?" I practically shouted.

Vain only sat there, looking confused, and amused.

He smiled: "Facebook is where storytellers bread with their imaginations, Dam," he quietly said.

I ran my fingers, once again, through my now damp, dark locks, and let my foot force my chair back on to its two back legs.

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“The point is,” I explained slowly, “that she is happy, with him! I dropped my feet and slapped my hands on the table; feeling the prickling sting of the impact from the wooden surface against my palm and fingertips.”

Vain sat still across from me; his soundless foot no longer tapping, and yet a smile continued to play across his face.

“Then, my friend, you break your heart in two,” he said, “and give her half- give her half of your broken heart. And you will be even.”

My gaze rose to his after first examining my burning, red palms: “And how,” I defiantly asked him, “do you suppose I do that, Vain?”

He looked at me as I had asked the dumbest of questions.

“Break her heart,” he stood, “-kill Jamberee.”

“Hi-his name is, Stan, Vain.” I corrected him.

“Whatever!”

I dropped myself into the chair shoved slightly further behind me than before, and stared into nothingness; not believing what Vain had just suggested.

“And I can’t do that?” I told him after some time of impenetrable silence, “Would you do it?”

He looked at me sternly, unwaveringly: “I have done it,” he said, “but do I regret it?” he gradually lowered himself back into his chair, obviously removed from his sudden spur-of-the-moment hype, “I don’t.”

We watched each other intently; playing lost reveries for one another in each other’s eyes.

Vain had never told me of his own past loves, and I wondered if this was reason why.

My mother’s best friend was a murderer.

He cleared his throat: “Dam, have you ever wondered why I hardly- if ever- see your mother?”

I shook my head.

He nodded curtly: “Good.” He stood again, “lead the way, Dam.” He gestured at the door.

“I-I can’t do it, Vain.” Though, I knew I was lying to myself. I could kill Stan, I wanted to kill Stan. Stan took everything from me. Stan was Stan.

“You’re lying to me.” He stated.

I sighed exasperatedly: “I know, I know. It’s the stuttering.”

“Not likely, the lie is in your eyes.”

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I stood with him: â If I do this,â I reluctantly asked him, â will she take me back?â

He smiled a pitying smile: â if a woman killed your love in the hopes of your falling back into love with her,â he said, â would you take her back?â

I yanked my gaze away from his.

Why did he want me to do this?- you must want to know.

Because: a heart breaks evenly, one cannot feel pain without the other feeling it too.

But could I risk her never speaking to me again, just so she would feel the same pain I felt?

No, no I have to admit I could not. Not now, anyways. But then, I would have done anything to make her suffer like I had suffered; to make her feel those violent butterflies every time she saw me like I did for her.

Stan was in the way; Stan was my barrier; Stan kept her from me.

Stan needed to go.

â What do I get out of this?â I whispered to the dusty air around me.

â Satisfaction.â He simply answered.

But would it satisfy me?

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